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The Nation:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1872.

The Week.

THE *Times* has maintained that the attempt of Mr. Trumbull to revive the Retrenchment Committee in the Senate was a "Schurz-Fenton trick"—or, in other words, we suppose, that these two gentlemen got up the movement between them with the view of annoying and injuring the President, and diminishing his chances of renomination. In support of this view, it not only abused Schurz, Fenton, and Trumbull, but went so far as to abuse the Patterson Committee who enquired into the condition of the New York Custom-house last winter, and took that institution under its wing, and gave us to understand in plain terms that anybody who said there was anything wrong with it, or with the eminent man who lately presided over it, was a "rascal." It likewise threatened to "expose" both Trumbull and Schurz, and made several unpleasant allusions to Fenton's early career. It has since "exposed" Schurz, and we suppose will before long perform the same office on Trumbull. In the interest of public morality, we hereby sum up conscientiously its charges against Schurz: 1. That he emigrated from Germany in 1852, and was naturalized in 1857, at the age of 27. 2. That two years later he tried to get the nomination for Governor in Wisconsin, but failed, and, being offered the Lieutenant-Governorship, "spurned it contemptuously," and refused to support the ticket. 3. That having contracted with the Republican party to stump the West in the canvass of 1860 for $250 a week and his expenses, when he got out there "he struck for higher wages," and refused to go on unless the local committees paid him an additional sum, *which they did.* 4. That when Lincoln was elected, he asked for a foreign mission, and *got the Spanish one.* 5. That he resigned it in a year and came home, and demanded a brigadier-general's commission with a major-general's command, and *got them.* 6. That he participated in the battles of Bull Run (the second), Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, "without manifesting any striking evidences of military genius." 7. That he got himself retained in the service after the war longer than there was any use for him. 8. That he then edited the Detroit *Post*, and, in the opinion of the *Times*, by "no means favorably distinguished himself in that position." 9. That he drove Henderson out of the Missouri senatorial canvass, by persuading the people that he was unfit to represent them, and got himself elected senator in his place. 10. That he was elected temporary chairman of the Chicago Convention, but had to have the aid of two "prompters" in parliamentary law. 11. That he got his brother-in-law appointed internal revenue collector of the Chicago district, an office which that depraved ruffian held for two years.

We have here omitted nothing, and have, we admit, as we have often defended Schurz, softened nothing that told against him. But we fear that after this we must give him up. We believe he has no family, and, if so, his case has not those pathetic features about it which mark the case of Paymaster Hodge and others. His participation in the battles of Bull Run, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, without manifesting any striking evidences of military genius, and his editing the Detroit *Post* without favorably distinguishing himself, will strike everybody as perhaps as remarkable displays of mingled depravity, ferocity, and corruption as even our times have afforded. The *Times*, somewhat cruelly, perhaps, but not altogether unjustifiably, darkens its picture of poor Schurz's career by an occasional fond mention of that eminent citizen, and good and pure man, and faithful friend of the President, Mr. Tom Murphy, late of the Custom-house. Tom, unlike the guilty Schurz, did not display any want of genius either at Bull Run, Chancellorsville, or Gettysburg, because he was not present in those actions, being engaged in saving the Union in the hat and blanket line; nor did he edit the Detroit *Post* or any other journal in an efficient manner, being protected against such follies by a want of familiarity with the rudiments of a plain English education. Happy is the country in which the chief magistrate hates the like of Schurz and loves the like of Murphy—in which the government organ "exposes" Schurz and praises Murphy.

Now for Trumbull: and we trust the *Times* will not spare him. We venture to assert that if the truth were known, it would appear—1. That the *Times* thinks Trumbull is not so wise or learned as Trumbull thinks he is himself. 2. That he was born in the United States, of Protestant parents, attained his majority at the age of twenty-one, *and voted the same year.* 3. That, being admitted to the bar, he induced large numbers of persons to entrust causes to him, and obtained money from them in this way for his personal use. 4. That he persuaded the Illinois Legislature to elect him twice to the United States Senate, well knowing that other respectable men were willing and ready to accept the place, and that somebody else would have got it if he had not. 5. That he has obtained places for two clerks in the civil service, by personal oslicitation, one of whom was named Bull, the *Trum* having been evidently dropped to cover up his connection with the senator. 6. That he has advocated a searching investigation into the condition of the civil service, with the malignant design and expectation of discovering abuses therein, whereas a proper respect for the President and proper regard for the party prescribed an investigation with the design and expectation of not discovering any abuses whatever.

Mr. Boutwell has issued a circular addressed to all Collectors of Customs, ordering them hereafter to make appointments and promotions as far as practicable under the new rules, and directing them to select three persons from among their subordinates to form an examining board, who are to discharge the duties until some other committee shall have been provided, and until Congress shall have made appropriations to pay its expenses. We hope that in the meantime the Supervising Board will look sharply after these gentlemen, and see that the examinations are not a farce. We think they strangely misunderstand the situation. The President, we are glad to say, has given additional proof of his sincerity by appointing the Commission, which made the report and drafted the rules, to be the Advisory Board which is to superintend their execution. This makes it certain as can be that after the new system begins to work, it will not be a sham. All we ask for now is that the manners and excesses of actual office-holders be in some manner corrected.

Tweed's resignation of his position as head of the Department of Public Works clears the administrative branch of the city government of all members of the Ring except Hall, the Mayor. Tweed was apparently driven into this last step by his having to hide himself for two or three days from the Sheriff, in consequence of one of his bondsmen in the civil suit having withdrawn; and, perhaps, the ingratitude of the bondsman, Terence Farley by name, who has risen in the world as one of Tweed's creatures, did more to vanquish the Boss and convince him that he was a ruined man than any of the preceding events. His new bondsman is his own son, who confesses that he is owner of over a million and a half dollars, received from his fond parent since August last, in consideration of "natural love and affection." Tweed has now nothing more to resign except his seat in the Senate. Hall holds on gallantly to the mayoralty, but is a mere wreck. He had to resign his membership of the Union Club this week to avoid expulsion, and his paper, the *Leader*, one of the rascally Ring organs, supported largely with stolen money and filled with Hall's own contributions and those of the "literary circles" in which he moves, died on the last day of the old year, the stoppage of the municipal supplies being fatal to it.

The closing days of the old Common Council were very amusing. The term for which that body was elected expired on the 30th ult., but the Ring last winter got their term prolonged for another year by statute, and provided likewise that vacancies in that body should be filled by the Mayor. The prolongation was clearly unconstitutional, but they, nevertheless, determined to hold over, and, if the courts declared their places vacant, to get the Mayor to reappoint them, and so bid defiance to the new board elected in November by the Reformers. The Mayor was preparing to play his part in the emergency when he was served with a writ of prohibition, forbidding him to recognize them; and while in this dilemma, the old Board, under some strange impulse, prepared to impeach him for malfeasance in office. While thus engaged, officers armed with writs of prohibition from the Supreme Court made their way into the room, and the aldermen took to flight, pursued round the room and over the desks by the messengers, discharging writs at them, and finally the whole body made their escape into the streets, and the new Board took possession. Hall, overcome by this treachery of the old Board, at once recognized the new one.

The Albany Legislature has opened auspiciously by the election of a Speaker of whom everybody speaks well, and Attorney-General Barlow is making preparations for the impeachment of the judges and for legislative operations against Erie. Abundant evidence against the judges is said to have been accumulated by the Bar Association, and the culprits have engaged a great array of counsel, many of whom, curiously enough, have a reputation which may be best described by saying that they are "gentlemen of easy virtue." The two Republican factions—the "Custom-house Ruffians" and "Tammany Thieves"—had a desperate fight at Albany over the speakership, the Custom-house coming off victorious. There was on the ground directing the operations, according to the *Tribune*, the surveyor and naval officer of this port, one United States marshal, two United States district attorneys, four deputy collectors of this port and one Buffalo collector, and no end of weighers, appraisers, and inspectors, which may be a sign that the civil service is being reformed, but it requires some education to understand it. Does not *Harper's Weekly* think that a general order forbidding these gentlemen to leave their posts to "engineer" party politics would be a good thing? *Harper's Weekly* says, in reply to suggestions made on this subject, that "to prohibit all persons in the employment of the Government from such an interest in politics as their feelings dictate, would stigmatize the service so as to defeat one of the objects of the reform—namely, that a higher class of persons should be attracted to the service." This is quite true; we do not ask for any such prohibition. We do ask, however, that custom-house and other officers may be forbidden to quit their duties and go off to a place one hundred and fifty miles away to take part in electing the speaker of a legislature of which not one of them is a member. Any official whose feelings would be hurt by such a restriction, certainly does not belong to any "high class of persons." The thing is ridiculous on its face and dishonest in its substance. Is it not cheating the public to apply taxes to paying the salary of a New York collector or weigher while he is passing his time at Albany helping the State Legislature to select its own officers?

The proposal to impeach Governor Scott and Treasurer Parker of South Carolina has been thrown over in a curious way. The Legislature wanted to adjourn for the holidays, after having resolved on the impeachment, but the Governor convened them again for December 23, and, when the prospect of spending Christmas over the matter fairly presented itself, the courage of the body gave way, and the resolving clause of the resolutions both in Parker and Scott's case was stricken out by a vote of 63 to 32 and 63 to 27 respectively. The proceedings were, according to the correspondent of the *World*, not inappropriately closed by one of the majority asking one Byas, who led the forces of the Ring, "if he had not at that moment in his pocket a check for $12,203, given him last year for reporting the bill for fitting up the State House," to which solemn enquiry Byas made no reply.

Of the distinguished dead of the year just gone (and a more distinguished necrology is seldom recorded in the same space of time), we may say that, so far as man can judge, hardly one passed away with his work unfinished or left his life apparently incomplete. The death of Don Juan Prim, which occurred on the last day of 1870, and which may be counted as in our list of the deaths of 1871, still seems, in view of the political condition of Spain, the untimely ending of a career which promised great usefulness. Perhaps equally influential in European politics was the death, also violent, of the unfortunate Henry of Bourbon, whose life could not have been so injurious to his cousin, Montpensier, perhaps the most over-prudent of the prudent Orleans princes, as his death has been. The other names of military celebrities who appear in the necrology of 1871 are the once famous name of Omar Pacha, who fought the Russians so well; that of Marshal Benedek, whose last campaign was so Pompeian in its ruin of a hard-earned reputation; that of General Anderson, who has a sure place in history, and honorable mention while the story of the American rebellion is told; and that of Schamyl, the intrepid, skilful, and indefatigable Circassian warrior. Besides these, there died also General Thomas Rodman and General James Totten, of our service, General Sir James Scarlett, of the British service, and Rossel, the general of the Communist army. Among the naval officers deceased, the most distinguished was Baron von Tegethoff, the Austrian admiral; less distinguished was Commodore Tatnall, who, indeed, was held in some of that undeserved contempt in which we of the North were accustomed to hold our adversaries when we got the better of them, and with less reason when they got the better of us.

The literary world has lost Dumas, Grote, Gervinus, Eötvös, Afanasieff, George Ticknor, Henry L. Mansel. Of less importance are the names of Prosper Mérimée; Charles Hugo, the son of Victor Hugo, and, as they say, "the son of his father"; Alice and Phœbe Cary, much and justly regretted by a large circle of personal friends; Dean Alford; Mr. Charles Buxton; John George Kohl, the traveller; De Gasparin; Mr. Tuckerman; Mrs. Nathaniel (Sophia) Hawthorne; the Princess Belgiojoso; and Charles Paul de Kock. Among the men of science, as distinguished from the men of letters, whom literature has lost within the year, we count Murchison, Herschel, De Morgan, Babbage, Keith Johnston, and William Wilson, the botanist—a roll honorable to England, but one the full measure of whose honors diminishes, as we have suggested, the regret which the death of great men inspires; they had worked their work. France adds to these names of savans that of Becquerel, the electrician; Germany that of Schultzenstein, the botanist; and Italy that of Claparedi, the zoölogist. As allied to the followers of literature, her ministers the publishers and booksellers may properly be placed next in order; and first among them, as having been bookmakers as well as booksellers, and as having done very much for the promotion of intelligence among their countrymen, we may properly place Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, who excellently exemplified that common Scottish union of hearty goodness as a man and as a man of business. American publishers and authors sincerely regret the death of Mr. Charles Scribner, a man who deserved success and had it in large measure, and ungrudged by any one. Mr. Richard Bentley, of London, who died at the age of eighty, was another widely-known and widely-respected publisher. The victim of the Communists, Archbishop Darboy, is the principal clergyman deceased in 1871, if eminence in the church is to be measured by position in her hierarchy of offices. In this country the Rev. Albert Barnes, "Father" Taylor of Boston, and the Rev.

S. J. May were the best known of the clergy who have died within the twelvemonth.

The political world misses most Mr. Vallandigham, but perhaps the two figures of politicians most likely to become historical who died in 1871 are those of Slidell and Mason. Of these, the one was a low and thoroughly bad politician; the other was no bad representative of a political system which was infinitely worse than many of the men who upheld it, and personally was a man who had much of the respect of his opponents. Mr. Howard, of Michigan, ex-Senator; Mr. Thomas Ewing; Mr. John Covode, to whom some people gave the epithet of "honest"; and Louis Joseph Papineau, the once famous Canadian rebel, are the other politicians in our list. Among the names of men for one reason or another celebrated or noted or notorious, we find that of Mirès, the French "operator," who was one of the characteristic glories of the Second Empire; that of Mr. Hackett, the comedian, and doubtless *the* Falstaff of the last half century; those of Mr. Henry Steinway and Mr. Thomas Chickering, each so closely associated with the history of the piano, and who finally laid aside their rivalry within a week of each other, the one dying on the seventh and the other on the fourteenth day of February last; Delsarte, the accomplished French instructor in elocution and acting; Mr. T. W. Robertson, the dramatist; Mr. Sigismund Thalberg, the pianist; Mercadante, the composer; and Auber, who died in the enjoyment of a cheerful old age.

The new system of education in England, with all its valuable features, is by no means working smoothly. The power which it gave localities to establish denominational schools, under rigid restrictions as to religious instruction, has been taken advantage of by the Established Church, owing to its enormous wealth, to set up a great number, so great, indeed, that through a great portion of the country the new schools are virtually in the hands of its clergy. This has infuriated the Dissenters, who are everywhere up in arms against it, and have been holding a great conference at Manchester with the view of forcing the Government into some sort of a compromise; and their hostility is so great that it is believed a general election would now be a dangerous experiment for Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Lowe has made a pacificatory speech in which he says he sympathizes with the Dissenters, but that the Government did all it was possible for them to do without running the risk of leaving another whole generation uneducated.

The English papers, of all shades of opinion, concur in treating the popular anxiety about the Prince of Wales as genuine and widespread. The exact truth of the matter, as of all similar matters, such as the interest, for instance, of the Northern people in the war of the rebellion, would be impossible to get at. Every observer is most struck by those indications of popular feeling which best accord with his own notions of what it ought to be. Everybody who is disgusted by a public demonstration can find some reason for believing that it is all humbug, and has been got up by a few designing persons. In fact, anybody who wants to know what widely different views may be taken of such phenomena has only to read the Democratic and Republican accounts of a political mass-meeting. But unless all ordinary signs fail, the Prince's illness did produce a profound sensation in England, though to what proportions anxiety, sympathy, political curiosity, and loyalty entered into it it would be impossible to say. The Queen has been stirred by it into writing a letter of thanks, and is going to open Parliament in person, her failure to do so through so many years having become a standing grievance. The most interesting subject of speculation arising out of it now will be the probable effect on the Prince himself. He has been down in depths from which many a man comes up very much sadder and wiser, but then what a man brings out of such crises depends very much on what he takes in. The *Economist*, which is not given to sentimental views of any subject, and discusses the future of royalty very much as it discusses the cotton crop, and has at its head one of the coolest and clearest political observers in England, says "that no sooner was there any fear of losing the heir to the throne than the whole people gave, with one accord, signs of sorrow and even of grief."

The repudiation by Austria of a portion of the bonded debt, in 1868, by compelling its creditors to submit to conversion at a loss, has been punished in a curious way by the London Stock Exchange. All Austrian Government securities were struck from the lists and their quotation prohibited. The Hungarian Government now wishes to negotiate a loan of $15,000,000 on the London market, and on making proposals is met by the prohibition, and told that, though not perhaps directly responsible for Austrian bad faith, Hungary was in 1868 part of the Austrian Empire, and must take the consequences. It has accordingly offered, in order to have the ban taken off its credit, to pay five per cent. on $25,000,000 of Austrian bonds, or about one-third of the loss suffered by the creditors, and on these terms has been allowed to come again upon the market, but Austria remains in the same position as ever, and the effect is such that it is difficult or impossible to get money for any Austrian enterprise.

Count Andrássy is firmly seated at the head of the Austro-Hungarian Cabinet, as the successor of the Imperial Chancellor Beust, now ambassador at the Court of St. James; and the official and semi-official journals of Europe vie with each other in extolling the character and talents of the once proscribed Hungarian, and the excellence of his peaceable professions, as set forth in his inaugural circular. In fact, both the man and his circular deserve a great deal of praise, and if he succeeds in managing the external affairs of the empire half as successfully as he managed the internal affairs of its Hungarian division in the five years of his premiership there, he will have done a greater work than many a student of Austrian contemporaneous history is inclined to expect, or many a foreign journal, such as those of St. Petersburg and Moscow, will be glad to discover. His successor in the Hungarian Ministry, Lónyay, has also, as it seems, successfully entered upon his new duties, supported by the Deák party and the strong common sense of the Magyar people, which is almost regularly displayed in critical situations.

Francis Joseph seems actually to have finished his experimental swinging around the circle—a kind of *circulus viciosus* of the great nationality and constitutionality problem of Cisleithania. In the speech from the throne, delivered last Thursday at the opening of the Reichsrath, he solemnly reasserts his determination to uphold the constitution and the laws, and to make no further concessions to the single states, except through the constitutional activity of the Reichsrath itself, "where alone the attainment of an understanding is possible"; his readiness "to grant extreme concessions," he is sorry to say, has not been productive of internal harmony. This, of course, refers to the late futile transactions with the Czechs, the failure of which leaves Bohemia unrepresented in the central parliament. He promises a continuation of the attempt to bring about a constitutional settlement with the Poles of Galicia—who, by refusing to appear at the late federalistic convention convoked by the Czechs at Prague, have, on their part, evinced a similar readiness for a compromise. He also promises measures of reform intended to render the Reichsrath "a completely representative body," which probably refers to changes in the election laws calculated to prevent the absence of entire provincial delegations from that assembly. Various other reforms, of a liberal character, are also to be proposed by the Cisleithan government, in special bills. The Emperor closes with the declaration that Austria, weary of conflicts, desires harmony and order within, and that the European combinations entitle her to expect peace and friendly relations without. Her material situation is represented as highly prosperous—a fact now generally accepted, but undoubtedly exaggerated in the flattering exhibit of the Minister of Finance.

WHO WILL ELECT THE NEXT PRESIDENT?

We by no means contend that the following figures, facts, and views afford a conclusive answer to the above question. Political mathematics is a very inexact science. Figures based upon past political results are proverbial for playing tricks upon those who too confidently use them to forecast future events, as is well known even to the eminent scientific man who has charge of the arithmetical department of our esteemed contemporary the *World*. It is always well to bear this fact in mind, and it is particularly desirable to bear it in mind in examining the present political situation. We may not succeed in what we are about to say in satisfying anybody that we know who will be the next President or who will not, but we think we can satisfy all candid readers that the contest will be a close one, and that indeed the parties are so nearly balanced that very trifling agencies may turn the scale.

There are two methods in vogue of marshalling political statistics for purposes of prophecy. One mode is to present the returns of the elections at which were chosen the members of the existing House of Representatives. Another mode is to adduce the results of the last State elections. Political prophets resort to one or the other of these, as shall seem most likely to put the prospects of their respective parties in a favorable light. We shall not attempt to decide which is the better method, but shall use both. First, then, we give a comparative statement based upon the election of the present House of Representatives. The number of electoral votes set opposite each State in the table is the number to which the State will be entitled under the new Apportionment Bill, which we presume will become a law:

States in which a Democratic majority of the popular vote was cast for present Representatives.	Electoral Vote	States in which a Republican majority of the popular vote was cast for present Representatives.	Electoral Vote
Alabama	9	Arkansas	6
Delaware	3	California	6
Georgia	11	Connecticut	6
Kentucky	12	Florida	3
Maryland	8	Illinois	21
Missouri	15	Indiana	14
Nevada	3	Iowa	1
New Hampshire	4	Kansas	7
New York	34	Louisiana	15
North Carolina	10	Maine	7
Oregon	3	Massachusetts	13
Pennsylvania	28	Michigan	11
Tennessee	11	Minnesota	5
Texas	8	Mississippi	8
Virginia	11	Nebraska	3
West Virginia	5	New Jersey	9
		Ohio	22
Total	175	Rhode Island	4
		South Carolina	7
		Vermont	4
		Wisconsin	10
		Total	182
			175
		Republican Majority	7

The majorities indicated on one side of the above table, under the head of "Democratic," ranged in round numbers from 300 in Nevada to 47,000 in Missouri. Those indicated as "Republican" ranged in round numbers from 500 in Connecticut to 38,000 in Massachusetts. The whole vote cast was over 5,500,000, and the aggregate Republican majority about 40,000. It will be seen that, could these figures be taken as a reliable guide, the Republican candidate would, out of the whole number of 357 electoral votes, receive a majority of only seven. But if we suppose that either South Carolina, Arkansas, Connecticut, Louisiana, New Hampshire, or California will cast its vote against the candidate of the Republican party, his opponent would have a clear majority. Under the old apportionment, the above table would show a Democratic majority of the electoral vote.

We now give a comparative statement of the strength of the two parties, as indicated by the result of the last State elections, thus:

States giving Democratic Majorities in the last State Election.	Electoral Vote	States giving Republican Majorities in the last State Election.	Electoral Vote
Alabama	9	California	6
Arkansas	6	Connecticut	6
Delaware	3	Illinois	21
Florida	3	Indiana	14
Georgia	11	Iowa	11
Kentucky	12	Kansas	5
Maryland	8	Louisiana	7
Missouri	15	Maine	7
Nevada	3	Massachusetts	13
New Hampshire	4	Michigan	11
New Jersey	9	Minnesota	5
North Carolina	10	Mississippi	8
Oregon	3	New York	34
Tennessee	11	Nebraska	3
Texas	8	Ohio	22
Virginia	11	Pennsylvania	28
W. Virginia	5	Rhode Island	4
		South Carolina	7
Total	131	Vermont	4
		Wisconsin	10
		Total	226
			131
		Republican Majority	95

According to this statement (in which the position assigned New Jersey may be objected to), it will be seen that the Republican candidate would receive a majority of 95 electoral votes. But a glance at the table is sufficient to convince the candid that several States put down as Republican can by no means be relied upon to cast a Republican electoral vote in 1872. Among such States may reasonably be counted New York, Pennsylvania, California, Connecticut, together with Louisiana, South Carolina, and, perhaps, Mississippi. Should New York, together with California, Connecticut, and Louisiana or South Carolina, pronounce against the Republican candidate, his opponent would have a majority of eleven electoral votes. Should the four last-named States, together with Pennsylvania, prove Democratic, and New York Republican, the Democratic candidate would have a majority of twelve electoral votes.

It is worth noting, for the comfort of desponding Democrats, that if the two senators in each State were not used in determining the number of electoral votes, the popular strength of the Democratic party would be more evident. Thus, in the first of the above tables, the Republican party is credited with a majority in twenty-one States, giving 182 electoral votes. Two of these votes in each State do not represent the popular vote, but are added to make the whole number equal to the representatives and the two senators. Deducting 42 electoral votes from the Republican vote of 182 leaves 140. Making a corresponding deduction of 32 on account of the sixteen States in which the Democracy had majorities, we have left 143, a majority of three popular votes for the Democracy.

So much for the relative strength of Democrats and Republicans. We now advance a step further. Present appearances indicate that the opposing forces in the next Presidential campaign will, whether ostensibly or not, really be arrayed against each other as Administration and Anti-administration men. This may not be proclaimed by the inscriptions upon the opposing banners, but such will be virtually the case. We do not see how it can well be otherwise. When the party in power proclaims the watchword by which it will be governed in a Presidential contest, the natural, if not the only, course of its opponent is to accept the challenge, and, whether announcing a positive and aggressive policy of its own or not, must mainly fight on the field chosen by the challenger. Now, it is undeniable that for some time past a large proportion of the Republican press, and particularly that portion of it which a Frenchman would call "inspired" from the White House, have been proclaiming defiantly that General Grant and nobody else shall be their candidate. This is neither more nor less than a challenge to the opposition, of whatever elements it may be composed, to meet not the Republican party and its principles, but General Grant and his personal following; we say "personal following" because his failure to identify himself with any policy (unless we give that name to the San Domingo Annexation scheme), or with any particular set of ideas, restricts the number of his warm supporters to those who have confidence in his personal character. But the disadvantages of this position are obvious. By putting forward an individual in the forefront of its battle, as the primary and great object of its devotion, the party proclaims itself a "personal party"; and, we may add, it deprives of all its force the taunt so often thrown out against the Democrats, that they have nothing better to rally on than personal hostility to the President. What should they attack except what the Republicans declare to be the key of their position? and what better encouragement could they have to make the President the object of their onslaught than such declarations as this which appeared in the New York *Times* the other day: "The truth is, that the Democracy see plainly enough that, if they can only succeed in breaking down General Grant, they have made a pretty easy course for themselves"? We might furnish hundreds of other extracts like this from Republican papers, showing the strong tendency there is in certain quarters to convert the next election into a great contest over the number of Grant's relatives in office, over his investments, his presents, his cigars and horses—in other words, into one of the most ignoble contests in which any people ever engaged.

The *Times*, whose course occasionally makes one fear that its recent success may prove too much for its judgment, was bold enough to insinuate, the other day, that the *Nation* had given circulation to the same class of stories about the President as the *Sun*. The fact is, that not a line has ever appeared in our columns saying or insinuating that he ever took a present or gave a place to a relative with an improper motive. We have criticised freely, frequently, and, in our opinion, none too often, his course with regard to the civil service, but we never noticed his difficulties about his investments and his "relations," until we found him giving a long semi-official explanation about them in one of his organs. We then, and then only, took the liberty of stating how far, in our opinion, that explanation was successful, and had no hesitation in saying that he had made a complete answer with regard to the presents and investments. But we look upon the discussion which has raged on this subject as paltry to the last degree. One of its bad effects has been the betrayal of the "friends of the Administration" into the delusion that, if they can beat their assailants on the great questions, Who gave General Grant his house at Long Branch? and who gave him his stock in the Seneca Stone Company? and how many relatives has he in office, whether twelve or twenty-five? they clear the course for him at the next election. The *Sun* says he has twenty-five "relations" in office; the *Times* demonstrates that he has only twelve, and two or three of them appointees of Andrew Johnson, and forthwith concludes, this being true, that he is sure to be the people's choice. Relying, too, on the effect of these small triumphs on the popular mind, his champions in Congress think they may venture to oppose investigation into the condition of the civil service, on the avowed ground that the result might damage his prospects, and his newspapers even go so far as to take the New York Custom-house under their wing, and violently denounce the persons who sought to expose the iniquities of that establishment last winter; a fortnight of "victory" of this sort ending, not inappropriately, with a "serenade" to that eminent personage, "Tom" Murphy, who was actually introduced to the crowd by Republican politicians as a distinguished and creditable representative of the Administration.

Now, we think the figures we have given above prove at least that it will not do to make this campaign a personal one, and that the Republican party cannot safely identify either its fortunes or its reputation with those of any individual in its ranks. General Grant may be a much-abused and much-maligned man, but it will hardly do to make him a champion on the simple ground that he is a victim. The country begins to sigh more and more every day for positive qualities or views in the conduct of the Administration. It wants a President who, when he talks about revenue reform, knows what he means; who has, on the great questions of the day, the fixed opinions of a man who has studied them and enjoys the study of them, and who, when he attempts a reform, attempts it in such a fashion that half the nation shall not look on, doubting whether he really means to have any reform after all. If this be true, it will readily be seen that General Grant may easily overthrow all comers in the Seneca Stone matter and the "relations" matter, and yet not have the power of retaining on the Republican side that small but powerful force of the lukewarm or discontented who really hold the Presidency in their gift.

SOME QUESTIONS FOR THE LABOR COMMISSION.

THE labor question has, as events in Europe have shown, and as events in this country may yet show, been involved in new and dangerous complications by what may be called the unpopularity of political economy, and, in fact, the unpopularity of science generally. Science is frequently a very disagreeable thing. That two and two make four only, and not five; that two straight lines cannot enclose a space; that a part is less than the whole; and that something cannot be made out of nothing, are all truths which in actual life are far oftener found unpleasant than pleasant. Now, side by side with the increasing faith in the government of the material universe by laws, there has grown up an increasing dislike to admit that the relations of men in society, and especially the operations of human industry, are governed by law. This is the result partly of the breakdown of the old social organization, in which authority decided everything and accounted for nothing, and in which contentment was one of the virtues, and partly owing to the appearance in the arena of legislation and speculation of a large and powerful body of persons of small experience, of limited training, laboring under a strong sense of wrong; and their appearance is contemporaneous with a great extension and activity in the regulation of human affairs of what is called the "principle of love," or of "the brotherhood of man." These are welcomed on their arrival by a large body of philanthropists, who are profoundly impressed with the misery of human life, and eager, as many have never been before, to do something to make the lot of the majority more tolerable. Indeed, it may be said that nearly every decent man is now a humanitarian, and wishes to be thought one. Indifference to the sufferings and privations of others is one of the worst charges that can be made against any one, either in public or private life: made against a politician, writer, or lecturer, it is almost ruinous unless refuted, and every such person spares no pains to ward it off from him. This state of feeling, of course, produces a vast amount of good, develops a great deal of active public and private charity, and is beginning to make social improvement the first object of the legislator.

But it has, as is not unnatural, begun to produce also a sentiment closely akin in its nature and results to the "loyalty" to the king which exercised so powerful an influence on Christendom during nearly six centuries. That kind of unreasoning reverence, without reference to the mental or moral character of the object of it; that profound respect for his whims and caprices; that horror of gainsaying him, or of doubting the feasibility of anything he desires to have done, which once made death welcome if only met under the king's eye and in his service, now begins to be lavished on the Workingman. That the tide would rise when the king wanted to sit below high-water mark, that gold could leave the kingdom if the king wanted it to stay, were things which no loyal subject would, in old times, openly admit. When the Dauphin asked his tutor if kings died, the most the latter would acknowledge was that they died "sometimes"; and everybody is familiar with the court lady's reply to the Abbé, who was afraid that a certain prince of the blood might depart without the viaticum, "that God Almighty would think twice before damning a man of the Prince's rank." Of course, if any of these people were questioned closely in private as to their beliefs regarding the king's person, they would probably have owned that in their secret souls their views about him were strictly rationalistic; but they none the less sedulously, and even religiously, cultivated a habit of mind about him which took him, though perhaps only imperfectly, out of the category of human beings, and made him a demigod or hero.

Now, the Workingman is beginning to play a part somewhat similar in our day, and exercise a similar influence on people's imaginations. We are all cultivating, with care and deliberation, in our literature, schools, churches, and legislation, a habit of considering him as a peculiar being, who is not to be gainsaid, or even reasoned with, and who must be saved at any cost from the hearing of unpleasant truths, and on whom it is almost wicked to hold that the laws of the universe act injuriously or disagreeably. The Workingman's courtiers, we grant, are better men and women than those who throng royal ante-chambers, but they are not one whit more sincere or less superstitious. Whether one worships a man because he is his brother or because he is "his king" makes little difference in the position which the reasoning faculty holds in the worshipper's mind. If, for instance, we take up almost any of the papers which profess to devote themselves to progress in a peculiar degree, or any of the lectures that are delivered in the service of humanity, we shall find in nine cases out of ten that the fact that discontent exists among the working classes is of itself a sign that "something is wrong," and that, unless society or the government does something speedily (they nearly always cautiously abstain from saying *what*), something dreadful will happen, the facts of human nature to the contrary notwithstanding. We have had, apropos of the proposed Labor Commission, one of the usual outbursts of this kind of talk, even from ordinarily calm, moderate, and considerate writers, and we have half a dozen lecturers who make a profession of preaching that whatever the Workingman wants he must have.

Consider the question of capital. Everybody knows, at least in a general way, what capital is. It is the product of past labor, saved and put away for the support of the laborer while engaged in other work. There is not much of it in the world. The whole accumulations of the race would, if it stopped working, probably not keep it alive for three years. But the essential characteristic of capital is, that it is created by somebody's doing more work than is actually necessary for his support, and denying himself the pleasure of consuming all he has produced. Is it possible to conceive of a better title to a thing in the forum of morals than that which a man has to what he has created by his labor and refrained from consuming? Is there any habit which a civilized society ought more carefully to encourage than that of producing more than we consume, and saving it? Does not everything that is precious in civilization depend on its strength and prevalence? And yet, who that reads the average article, or lecture, or speech on the labor problem would not imagine that it was a deleterious practice which ought to be suppressed by law—that the saving man (the capitalist) was an enemy of the state, who ought in some manner to be prevented from ever having more than the men who do not save? And if we ask why, we are solemnly told that the workingmen who have no capital do not like capitalists, and want all to be on the same level—that is, nobody to have any savings.

Take, again, the employment of capital. As soon as capital begins to exist in a community—that is, as soon as it finds that it possesses more than is sufficient for the support of the producers of food, it begins to ask itself the question: "What shall we do with these savings?" The answer is always the same: Use them in the production of other things than common food and clothing: that is, of articles which will gratify the higher class of human wants. Now, when a community finds itself in a position thus to diversify its industry and gratify the higher wants which always make themselves felt as soon as the lower wants are satisfied, its capital or savings—by one of the most beautiful and effective of all the arrangements by which the world is governed—flows into the hands of those members of the community whose talents best fit them to discover what the strongest wants of the community are, and by what process of manufacture they may be most economically, that is, with least waste, be met; or, in other words, into the hands of good investors. To this class of persons, all those who feel that they have not these peculiar talents lend their money, if they have any to lend. Those who have none profit by the skill, and foresight, and sagacity with which this class finds out the prevailing needs and satisfies them; and in this way the great capitalists grow up. They could not be great capitalists if they were not prudent managers of the savings of the community. You may give a man as much money as you please, say ten millions, and yet, if he be not a natural capitalist, he will not have a cent left in ten years. He will have wasted most of it in producing articles nobody wishes to consume, or making roads on which nobody wishes to travel, and what he has not wasted will have flowed silently but surely away into the hands of men who possess the faculties in which he has shown himself wanting. If we go into Mr. Stewart's dry-goods store in this city, we shall in nearly every room see men employed by him in subordinate positions who have tried to be capitalists, that is, to use a portion of the savings of the community in providing for its wants, and have failed. Now, what has happened in their case is, that under the operation of this law of which we are speaking, the community has dismissed them from the position of investors and sent them back to do mere ministerial work, while their capital has been transferred to Stewart and others like him who know how to use it.

This process is perfectly familiar to every man who has ever saved and tried to invest, or who has seen anybody do it. He knows that a large proportion of those who try to invest on their own judgment lose all they possess; and he knows that it is a perfect godsend to the mass of men to get one of the great business men to take his savings and put them where they will produce more. But who ventures to say this to the workingman when he comes along denouncing capitalists as tyrants and monopolists, and asking to have them dismissed, and the capital divided between Tom, Dick, and Harry, to be spent as they see fit, or to have it taken charge of by philanthropists and popular politicians? Capitalists, of course, have great power, and often abuse it; but by what law or regulation are they to be prevented from abusing their power without limiting the play of their judgment? This is the problem which society really has to deal with; but the task to which the workingman is setting himself, with the timid connivance or encouragement of people who ought to know better, is the discovery of some means of preventing capital from flowing into the hands of the only class in the community which is competent to use it, and he talks of the money in the hands of capitalists as if it were a simple means of personal gratification, the fact being that hardly any capitalist appropriates more to personal uses than any co-operative society would have to pay as a salary to a competent manager. There is no way under heaven in which the work of production will cease to need superintendence, or, in other words, can ever become a pure democracy. If we have co-operative societies, each one must have its business manager, in whose judgment it must confide, and whose orders it must obey, if the concern is to escape ruin in the competition with other societies. If we abolish competition, and convert the nation into one vast co-operative association, as the socialists would have it, who is to direct the machine? Who is to decide in what industry each man shall engage, and how much he shall produce, to give him out the raw materials and distribute the finished product? Are human faculties equal to any such task, to say nothing of the regulation of all the other social relations? Would it not need a board of archangels to discharge it, and is there not something melancholy as well as ludicrous in huge bodies of civilized men dreaming of a happy time in which these vast and complex duties should be performed by a general council or such other body, composed of voluble politicians such as now figure at labor reform conventions? Fancy the work of production going on under the perspicacious eye of Alexander Troup or General Cluseret or Vermesch, while Moses Taylor and H. B. Claflin or E. B. Bigelow stood idly by, or was put to digging or sweeping floors!

There is one other question to be considered on this subject, and it is that which lies below them all. Is it or is it not true that the condition of the Workingman in this country, like that of every other man, is made up in large part of the result of the free working of his own will, and of the operation of agencies which are among the mysteries of the universe? Can a workingman eat his cake and have it? Can a workingman, any more than any other man, spend all he earns and yet have something for a rainy day? If not, why should he, more than any other man, be saved from the direct consequences of improvidence? If he is lazy and idle, should he share in the gains of the active and industrious? What would be the effect, we will not say on industry, but on human character, of any system in which there was no visible relation between what a man did and what he enjoyed or suffered? Is there any class of the community any more content or happy than the Workingman, and is there any mode of dividing happiness equally among all, or of rooting out from the human heart the envy with which misery, however caused, is sure to look on comfort, however won? How much of the sorrow of the world comes from death and disease? Why do children inherit bad constitutions and bad natures, and why does the sun shine on the just and the unjust? Why does the honest laborer fall from the scaffold and break his neck, leaving his family to destitution or charity? If the Commission knows of anybody who can answer all these questions, we trust it will summon him at an early day; if it does not, we trust that it, and all who counsel it, will give up pretending that there is a key to this labor problem, as some other people pretend there is a key to the marriage problem which human hands can find, and a single turn of which will take the bitterness out of toil and pain, and the sting out of unrequited love. What we need in the regulation of society, as well as in getting at the secrets of society, is facts, and the greatest fact of the labor problem, and the one of which the laborer and all of us should be constantly kept in mind, is that he is a man living among men. Of course there are things to be done for him by legislation. He is entitled to education and to security, and to the careful removal of all laws, whether affecting currency or taxation, which in any manner affect the distribution of products so as to disturb the natural relation between industry and high wages, frugality and savings, honesty and independence, peaceableness and peace, skill and talent and social elevation; in other words, the business of the state is simply to help him to train his faculties, and then to see that they have free play—this, and nothing more.

ENGLAND.

London, December 15, 1871.

TO-DAY for the first time we have news which seems to imply the probability of the Prince of Wales's recovery. We are, of course, very much pleased and relieved. For the last fortnight we have all been following the fluctuations of his health, and, two or three days ago, hope had been almost abandoned. It was the general expectation of the lower classes, and it is an odd instance of that superstitious feeling which is always ready to break out on the slightest provocation, that the Prince would die yesterday, because it was the anniversary of his father's death just ten years previously. He has, however, survived that critical period, and, though I presume that he is far from being out of danger, it seems that his good constitution is likely to get the best of the struggle. In any case, the excitement of being all but spectators of such a fight for life by a strong young man would be considerable; and it is safe to say that the prestige which still attaches to royalty in England has given us an unusually keen interest in the case. In short, the nation at large has been moved in an unusual degree, and there will be very sincere rejoicings should the Prince be finally restored to health.

I will not enlarge upon a feeling which is sufficiently intelligible without further comment. Moreover, I refrain from doing so, for a reason which I can freely express in writing to you, though I should have some difficulty in obtaining a hearing elsewhere. Nothing, I should say, could be more right and proper than the genuine popular sentiment on the subject. There has been an outburst of sincere loyalty, which is, on the whole, becoming and creditable. But it must be added that, side by side with this, there has been an outburst of flunkeyism—I do not like the word, but I know no other equally appropriate—which has really gone near to turn one's stomach. If anything could have damped one's desire for the Prince's recovery, it would have been the unctuous and bombastic eloquence which has been overflowing from nearly all the newspapers. I do not think, in spite of some things that have been said on the subject, that Englishmen are much more given to the vice of foolishness than other people; and I am inclined to hope that it is simply the necessity of writing an article on the same subject every day which has led our journalists to imitate for a time the worst vices of popular preachers. Stronger language could hardly have been used if some fearful epidemic was decimating every household, or if we were in danger of losing some great and good man upon whom the national prosperity might be supposed to depend in good earnest. We hear of the general happiness being overclouded, of a people cast into the profoundest gloom by a terrible suspense, of an agony of anxiety suspending all ordinary occupations, of a whole nation wrestling in prayer with God for the life of its dearest member. When I have had to attend a funeral, I have generally found that the most saddening part of the proceedings was the ghastly mockery of grief affected by the mutes and undertaker's men. I have something of the same feeling now. This ostentation of sorrow, trying to conceal its emptiness by preposterous exaggeration, affects me with genuine melancholy. Cannot a poor young man be allowed to die or to recover without having his deathbed surrounded by an army of officious mourners, howling and gashing themselves with knives (I speak metaphorically), and probably congratulating themselves in private on having such a good job? There has been a little army of reporters lounging about the outskirts of Sandringham, holding confidential conferences with persons, presumably footmen, whom, in their letters, they describe as "authoritative quarters," and spreading a variety of reports, to be contradicted in their next. Their eloquence is disgusting enough, and yet it is fairly surpassed by the leading articles in respectable newspapers. Well, indignation is out of place. It is the curse of kings, and has been so time out of mind, according to various moralists, that they are the objects of a sham adoration which conceals all genuine feeling. Weak as our monarchy has become in many ways, it seems to have as large a court of flatterers as ever, and, by the help of cheap newspapers, they have, perhaps, become more offensively blatant than of old.

The *Times* assures us that the illness of the Prince has quenched all party spirit—which is so far true that, having something else to talk about, we shall probably not begin to abuse each other as vigorously as usual for the next nine days. However, some very pretty quarrels are preparing, and I must venture to trouble you with an account of one incident which is likely to produce no small excitement on the meeting of Parliament. The Ministry have contrived to get themselves into a difficulty which was perfectly gratuitous, and for which it is really difficult to account. The history of the affair is as follows: For some time past it had been thought desirable to strengthen the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which is, as you are aware, the highest court of appeal in many cases, and which, for example, has to deal with ecclesiastical matters, and with an enormous mass of Indian and Colonial business. For this purpose, Government proposed in the session before last to appoint three judges, with the usual salary of £5,000 a year. The radical wing of the Liberal party objected to this plan, as offering a chance for jobbery, and succeeded in throwing it out in the pressure of business at the end of the session. A similar bill was introduced last session, and it was threatened with the same fate. Government thereupon expressed their readiness to insert any provision which would satisfy the virtuous scruples of its opponents. It was accordingly agreed that a clause should be introduced declaring that the new appointments should be given only to men who had already held certain high judicial stations. This, it was suggested, would prevent Government from making the new judgeships rewards for supporters of their own, whom it might be convenient to remove from the House of Commons. The bill was then allowed to pass, expressly on the strength of this concession. When it came to making the necessary appointments, there arose a petty difficulty. It is usual for judges to be allowed a clerk, with a salary of £500 or £600 a year, paid by the public. Government refused to make this allowance for the new judges, and the old judges and others qualified for appointment were more or less reluctant in consequence to accept the post offered to them with what they thought an ungracious reduction. Mr. Gladstone, and the Chancellor, Lord Hatherley, proceeded to evade the law by a very simple device. They made Sir R. Collier, the Attorney-General, judge in the Court of Common Pleas, and, having thus given him the necessary qualification, merely in order to qualify him, immediately transferred him to the Judicial Committee. Obviously, the effect of this was to make the clause I have described altogether nugatory. By thus colorably complying with the act, they could appoint any one they pleased, simply by giving him an ordinary judgeship as a first step. Nor could it seriously be urged that it was the only way out of the difficulty. The matter might well have waited for a month or two longer till the opening of next session, when, if none of the qualified persons had been willing to accept the appointments, Parliament could have introduced such changes as were necessary into the act.

A very strong feeling has been excited in the bar by this piece of sharp practice. The Chief-Justice, Sir A. Cockburn, wrote a strong protest to Mr. Gladstone, before the transaction was completed, saying, amongst other things, that the proceeding thus contemplated was one which he should have felt bound to stigmatize in the strongest language, if it had been brought before him as the act of a town-council. In spite of this protest, the appointment was carried out, and Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hatherley wrote very brief and rather supercilious replies to the Chief-Justice, accepting the responsibility of the whole proceeding. These letters have since been published, and it is the general opinion that the letter of the Chief-Justice is absolutely conclusive. Indeed, none of the papers which generally defend the Government have said a word in its defence, with the exception, of course, of Mr. Gladstone's faithful jackal, the *Daily Telegraph*. It would probably say that he had done quite right if he made himself emperor by a *coup d'état* to-morrow. The position is one of great difficulty; for it seems almost certain that a vote of censure will be passed in the House of Lords, and it will be extremely difficult, even with the help of the strongest party discipline, to obtain the approval of the House of Commons. I speak, of course, without having heard what may possibly be said by Mr. Gladstone and his reasonable supporters. But at present the case looks as bad as it well can; Government seems to have cut off all possibility of retreat; and the Chief-Justice assures us, with every appearance of accuracy, that not a single lawyer could be found to defend the course adopted. Poor Mr. Gladstone had difficulties enough on his hands, what with the dissenters showing symptoms of mutiny, and the Catholic bishops bullying him to make concessions in Ireland, and prohibitionists and public-house keepers threatening him from different sides, and a general demand arising for careful legislation, with a body of legislators daily growing more disorganized and quarrelsome; and it seems to have been by a singular infelicity that he should have wantonly stirred up this hornets' nest of lawyers. Indeed, the question, though it sounds rather technical in its nature, is one of great importance; for the imputation made is that Government have disregarded that honorable observance of the spirit as well as the letter of an agreement which is essential to the satisfactory working of our constitution. Nobody, indeed, would accuse Mr. Gladstone of intentionally dishonorable conduct, but he is apt to be at once impulsive and dictatorial; and, having entirely overlooked considerations which ought to have occurred to any wary politician, he is forced to maintain an indefensible position. Opposition, of course, will make a vigorous assault upon his weak place at an early period, and, as it seems at present, with very good chances of success.

Notes.

ONE result of the Chicago fire has been to bring about a consolidation of the *Congregational Quarterly*, lately published in that city, with the *New Englander*, whose editorial board will be enlarged by the accession of President A. L. Chapin, of Beloit College, and Prof. Samuel C. Bartlett, of the Chicago Theological Seminary. The new arrangement takes effect with the commencement of the present year.

—A summary of the losses sustained by the Chicago Academy of Sciences in the memorable fire may not be without interest to the readers of the *Nation*, since among such are many of the class to whom it is important, in the words of a recent communication to its friends and correspondents, "to know what has become of scientific material known to have been in existence, if for no other reason than to save time which might otherwise be spent in its search." The accumulations, during the five years since the reorganization of the Academy, were of such magnitude that any enumeration or catalogue had been impracticable; and it will excite both surprise and regret to learn that the collections thus destroyed had actually cost, either by purchase or expenses of collection, not less than $200,000. Among the more important were the following: The Audubon Club collection of game birds and mammals of this country, Europe, and Asia; the Walsh entomological collection, of great scientific value from its large number of types; the Cooper-Walker cabinet of marine shells, "one of the most complete in this country"; the Blatchford collection, fully illustrating the zoölogy of the Florida coast; the Hughes cabinet of minerals; the series of specimens of the collections of Bischoff and other naturalists of the Western Union Telegraph expedition, 1865-69, illustrating the natural history of Alaska; the Smithsonian collection of crustacea, "the largest alcoholic collection in the world," and containing, besides the types of species described by Dana and others, hundreds of new species undescribed except in MSS. destroyed at the same time; the invertebrates of the United States North Pacific exploring expedition, 1853–56, collected by Dr. Wm. Stimpson, and in great part undescribed, except in MSS., also lost; marine shells of the Atlantic coast of the United States (8,000 sets of specimens), the results of twenty years' dredgings and general research by Mr. Stimpson and his correspondents, and further enriched by illustrative specimens from the shores of Europe and the Arctic Sea, and from the tertiary and quaternary formations; the Gulf-stream deep-sea crustacea and mollusca, dredged by the Count de Pourtales, United States Coast Survey, 1867–69; tertiary fossils (miocene and eocene) of the United States; mineralogical collections, including the best ever made of Galena minerals; the Scammon herbarium, 6,000 species, with duplicates; the exceedingly interesting results of the deep-water dredgings in Lake Michigan, conducted by the Academy in 1870–71; the Scammon collection of ancient Central American pottery; and, finally, the Kennicott collections, made by the late Director of the Academy, Robert Kennicott, in British and Russian America, 1859–61, one of the most important features of the institution. While, of course, many of these collections are duplicated in other scientific museums, some of the most valuable were unique, and consisted of entirely new material, either undescribed, except in the destroyed MSS., or else not at all worked up. In some respects, both as to material and literature, the Chicago Academy possessed the best working facilities in existence; as, for instance, in the marine invertebrata, the literature of which, particularly in the class Crustacea, was especially full and complete. Among the manuscripts destroyed were some which had been in course of preparation since 1849; others since 1853–56, illustrated by nearly 3,000 drawings, many of them colored; while for others the engravings had been made, as, for instance, for a work on the shells of the East Coast of North America, by Dr. Stimpson, for which about 200 illustrations had been engraved. One set of manuscripts comprised a series of "dredging papers," containing an abstract of explorations by the Secretary along the Atlantic coast from Nova Scotia to Florida, and in the Gulf of Mexico, a perusal of which would have been interesting at this time, when Agassiz has assumed the rôle of prophet in bathymetrical zoölogy. We are advised that the trustees of the Academy, notwithstanding their personal losses, have determined to rebuild, to resume the publication of the *Transactions*, and to re-establish, as soon as may be, the institution upon its former basis. Before the prevailing fashion of contributing to the rehabilitation of Chicago passes away, we bespeak attention to her scientific interests, and especially to this, their most creditable representative.

—The old maxim that bids physicians heal themselves is always more honored in the breach than in the observance; but a notable exception to the rule is manifesting itself in that most unlikely quarter, the legal profession in England. Everybody knows that, by time-honored prescription, four private bodies (for they disclaim the name of corporations), known as the "Inns of Court," exercise the exclusive right of "calling" their members to the English Bar. The position of a barrister is attended with various privileges and some social repute. But what are the necessary qualifications for it? Simply these: To have eaten six-and-thirty dinners in the hall of an Inn of Court, to have attended *at*, not *to*, a course of lectures, or the practice in some barrister's chambers, for a twelvemonth, and to have paid about £150 in fees. Fulfil these conditions, and you may write "Barrister-at-Law, Esquire," after your name without having read a page of Blackstone. In these irreverent days, however, so glaring an abuse and sham could hardly, however venerable, pass unquestioned; and happily the stir for reform comes from within. Under the presidency of Sir Roundell Palmer, the admitted leader of the Bar, the Legal Education Association has appeared before the public with a weight of professional support that compels attention to its programme. The Association was constituted over a year ago, an outline of its objects was introduced to the notice of the House of Commons towards the close of last year's session, and a few weeks ago it met to review the progress of its work. The aims of the Association may be stated in few words. They are, first, to establish an efficient central School of Law; and then to bring about that no person be admitted to practise either at the Bar or as an attorney without a certificate of legal proficiency, to be granted after proper examination by the Central School. Such requirements are not only recommended by common sense—their principle is practically recognized in France, Spain, Belgium, Italy, and in Scotland, in all which countries some systematic study of law, tested by examination, is an indispensable preliminary to the status of a lawyer. That the work of legal education in England must be taken out of the hands of the Inns of Court, Sir R. Palmer soundly and unmistakably insists. Those rich and ancient institutions (he says), governed by excellent men, whose misfortune it is to have inherited a worn-out system, have had five centuries, from Edward I. to Victoria, in which to show what they could do; and, to-day, they are clearly found wanting. The Association does not aim at any such amalgamation of the two branches of the profession as exists in the United States; but it would throw open every lecture in its school of law to students for both branches without distinction, and trust to each man following the studies specially bearing on his intended line of practice. Sir R. Palmer distinctly pledges himself to bring the question before the House of Commons early this spring, and his advocacy alone is sufficient to ensure it serious consideration and discussion.

— In the division "Belles-Lettres" of the general survey of "Contemporary Literature" in the *Westminster Review* for October, there is a valuable notice of Ellis's "Early English Pronunciation," from which we extract the following:

> "In a former number of this *Review* we suggested, in noticing Messrs. Clark and Wright's edition of Shakespeare, that the lines should be numbered as in a Greek play. We are indeed glad to find that our suggestion is supported by Mr. Ellis's authority, who has himself adopted the plan in his phonetic edition of 'Macbeth' and 'The Tempest.' 'Those,' he writes, 'who have been in the habit of using Mrs. Cowden Clarke's 'Concordance to Shakespeare,' where the reference is to act and scene only, will readily acknowledge the great convenience of having only to count the speeches to find the passage with tolerable certainty, instead of having to read through a whole long scene. It would be a great boon if subsequent publishers of Shakespeare would adopt this plan of numbering the speeches, which would give a means of reference independent of the size of the page, and serving for the prose portion as well as for the verses (pp. 919, 920).' We believe that if any publisher were to venture upon such an undertaking, which involves not the slightest cost, as the work might be performed by any intelligent clerk, he would make a fortune. As all references would naturally be made to such a handy edition, its sale would probably be larger than all the others put together."

—We do not quote this passage to call attention to its slovenly English—and that of Mr. Ellis appears to be little less careless than his reviewers—but in order to point out the fact that the late Professor George Craik made, more than fifteen years ago, a much more useful suggestion than that made by the *Westminster Reviewer*, and approved and followed by Mr. Ellis. In that excellent little book, "The English of Shakespeare illustrated in a Philological Commentary on his 'Julius Cæsar,'" published by Professor Craik in 1857, he says, in the preface, which bears date October, 1856:

> "A merely mechanical innovation in the typographical exhibition of the text will at once catch the eye. The present is, I suppose, the first edition of a play, in any language, with the speeches numbered. Possibly it may be the first time that any one has thought of counting the speeches in a play. . . . At any rate, such a method as I have adopted seems to afford the only available means for distinct and expeditious reference. It has a double advantage over the mere pagination: first, inasmuch as a speech is usually much shorter than a page; and, secondly, inasmuch as the division into speeches is the same for all editions. The only other plan that has been, or that, apparently, can be taken, is to make shift with the ordinary division into acts and scenes."

After discussing this latter mode of reference, and giving good reason for its rejection, he goes on to speak of Mrs. Cowden Clarke's "Concordance to Shakespeare," and, having given the highest praise to the work as a noble monument of that lady's patience and carefulness—"it would be hard," he says, "to name a printed volume either of more difficult or more faultless execution; it is rare to find a single figure or letter wrong; it may be questioned if any equally elaborate work, literary or of any other kind, so remarkable for exactness and freedom from error, ever before proceeded from the female head or hand; even as it stands it is invaluable, and in a manner indispensable, for critical purposes"—he draws this conclusion: "But it is much to be wished that, before it was undertaken, there had existed an edition of the plays with the speeches numbered throughout, as in the present edition of 'Julius Cæsar,' to which it might have been accommodated. We should in that case have found whatever we might seek, by its assistance, in about a fiftieth part of the average time that it now takes us."

—We remark, in passing, that Mr. W. J. Rolfe, who has made an American edition of Professor Craik's "English of Shakespeare," has adopted a plan for numbering the speeches which seems to us a poor thing, though his own. He numbers the speeches from the beginning to the end of the play, but puts a number against those only to which the notes in the "philological commentary," which follow the play, refer. Although the notion of numbering the speeches at all must have been suggested to his mind by the editor he was editing, he not only makes no acknowledgment of the fact, but omits from Professor Craik's preface the paragraphs in which he introduces and explains his very useful innovation. We are quite willing to lay to the charge of the printer the way in which these omissions are indicated, which is not by the usual asterisks making a line across the page between the paragraphs, so that the fact of an omission cannot be overlooked, but by four small points at the end of the last line in the paragraph. This may be thought a small matter, but we like to see justice done, and, individually, we wish to see justice done to Professor Craik, who was a most careful and judicious scholar, and, moreover, a most modest one, considering the usefulness of his literary work. We think that Mr. Rolfe should have printed Professor Craik's preface exactly as he wrote it, and, if he chose to adopt another way of numbering the speeches, he was at liberty to do so, giving his reasons for the change. We do not see that he could have given good reasons for the change, but he should at least have let his readers know who suggested to him the numbering of the speeches at all. As it is, between Mr. Rolfe, the *Westminster Reviewer*, and Mr. Ellis, the inventor of a most simple but at the same time most useful device is deprived of the credit which is his due.

—Among the various periodicals called into life by the creation of the new German Empire, the "Jahrbuch für Gesetzgebung, Verwaltung und Rechtspflege des Deutschen Reichs" ("Yearbook devoted to the Legislative, Administrative, and Judicial Affairs of the German Empire"), started and edited by Dr. Franz von Holtzendorff, the distinguished professor of jurisprudence at Berlin, is sure to hold a prominent place. To justify this expectation, it suffices to indicate the main contents of the first number—first part of the "year 1871"—now before the public, together with the names of the contributors. Dr. Thudichum, of Tübingen, contributes the "Constitution of the German Empire, of April 16, 1871," with comments, documents, and an historical introduction; Dr. Metzel, of Berlin, a minute chronicle of the "Doings of the German Reichstag (first period, first session)"; Dr. Ludwig Bamberger, the well-known representative of Mentz in that assembly, a more popular and equally interesting and suggestive review of the same session; the editor, a critical essay on the spirit and the principal legislative acts of the new parliament; August Lammers, of Bremen, two thorough-going treatises on the "Commercial, Customs, and Consular Affairs" and the "Economical Legislation" of the Empire; and Dr. Bluntschli, of Heidelberg, a series of "Observations on Points of International Law, in reference to the Franco-German War of 1870–71," treating, among other things, of the origin of the war, of explosive bullets, bombardments, African troops in European wars, *francs-tireurs*, balloons, capitulations, requisitions and contributions, and the expulsion of the German inhabitants from France. The last-named contribution cannot fail to interest in a high degree every student of international law, as well as every thinking mind, while most of the others must be welcome to all close observers of the wonderful advance of Germany in our day. The "Jahrbuch" is published in Leipsic, by Duncker & Humblot.

—The December number of *Blackwood* has a second article on "French Home Life," which will be found well worth reading as the judgment of a critic as friendly as he is well informed. His conclusion is that the French system of education makes better women than it does men, and that it is eminently successful in cultivating the family affections. On the latter point he remarks:

> "The fact is—and it is a fact, however prodigious it may appear to people who have always believed the contrary—that the family bond is extraordinarily powerful in France. What we call 'united families' are the rule there, and the unity goes far beyond our usual interpretation of the word. It means not only affection and mutual devotion, but it affects the instincts of the nation to such a point that colonizing, and even, to a certain degree, foreign travel, are rendered impossible by it. Neither sons nor daughters will consent to leave their parents; the shortest absence is regarded as a calamity; and the population, as a whole, shrinks from expatriation, not because it is unfit to create new positions for itself (on the contrary, its adaptability is notorious), but because it cannot face a rupture of habits and attachments which date from childhood."

"Where French home life," continues the writer, "puts on a character of its own which distinguishes it from that of most other countries, and especially from England, is in the astonishing power which certain children exercise over their parents—a power almost as great as that which the parents themselves ought to possess over their children." And he gives the following extreme illustration:

> "At a dinner-party of twenty people, two guests, man and wife, did not appear at the appointed hour; after wondering and waiting, the mistress of the house commenced her banquet. At ten o'clock in walked the absentees, looking somewhat foolish, but candidly confessing the motive of their absence as if it were quite natural. Their child, a girl of three, had been put to bed just as they were starting for the dinner; but when they went to fondly wish it good-night, the child said, 'Mamma, I won't let you go out.' The mother argued, but in vain. The child would not give way. The father came and tried his eloquence, with no better success. Then the small creature, seeing her advantage, increased her demands; not only did she insist that neither father nor mother should leave the house, but called upon them to immediately undress and go to bed. They faintly resisted; the baby grew imperious, and threatened to cry forthwith. That beat them, as the mother deprecatingly observed to her astounded listeners. 'Of course, when the sweet child told us she was going to cry, we were forced to yield; it would have been monstrous to cause her pain simply for our pleasure; so I begged Henri to cease his efforts to persuade her, and we both took off our clothes and went to bed. As soon as she was asleep we got up again, redressed, and here we are, with a thousand apologies for being so late.'"

—We learn by a letter written from Rome to the *Athenæum*, by Mr. C. J. Hemans, that a statue in marble of Thorwaldsen is to be set up before the Barberini Palace by the prince of that house. Two studios formerly occupied by the artist are in the immediate vicinity, one on each side of the palace. The marble has been executed by Herr Wolff, one of Thorwaldsen's pupils, from a cast of the portrait statue which the artist made of himself, and which was left in Rome in the possession of his daughter. Herr Wolff's copy is of a larger size than the original, being seven feet high. It represents the Danish master at the age of sixty-five, in his studio dress, with a mallet and chisel in his hand, and leaning upon the model of his own statue of Hope, which now adorns the monument of William Humboldt, near Berlin.

— The *Athenæum* informs us also of the death of Canon Rock, well known as an antiquarian, and for his zeal in promoting art studies in England. He prepared the excellent catalogue of embroideries styled "Textile Fabrics," at South Kensington, for the Art Department. The *Athenæum* says that his knowledge of this recondite subject resembled that of the erudite Dr. Bock, Canon of Aix-la-Chapelle, whose writings deserve translating into English. Canon Rock deserves to be remembered as one of the most ardent promoters of that superb collection of antiquities, "The Loan Collection" of 1862—a collection never to be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to study it.

— A very excellent serial publication for a family where some of the members speak French is "Le Tour du Monde: Nouveau Journal des Voyages." It is published by the enterprising house of L. Hachette & Co., and is edited by M. Edouard Charton. There are already many subscribers for it in this country, and Christern has it always in stock. It is wholly devoted, as its title shows, to voyages, and every now and then a valuable volume devoted to some one country or city is made up from its numbers. Thus we have "Le Japon Illustré," by Aimé-Humbert—taken altogether, the most complete book we have about Japan — and, more recently, "Rome," by Francis Wey, which, to young people, is worth all the guide-books and descriptions of Rome that have been published. These books are carefully written in an interesting style, and filled with the most varied illustrations, very truthful, and beautifully engraved. Every subscriber to the periodical during the ten years that it has been in existence has become the possessor of these volumes and of many others, and has been able to make better acquaintance with them, perhaps, by reading the successive numbers, than if he had waited until they were collected into separate works. Either of these two books, the "Japan" of M. Aimé-Humbert, or the "Rome" of M. Francis Wey, would make a present of lasting value to any intelligent boy or girl.

TAINE'S ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

THERE are two ways in vogue of writing the history of a literature. One is to give in detail the main facts in the lives of authors, the titles of books, the dates of their publication, and the success they met with, together with their influence upon their own and upon succeeding times. This forms the principal part of the work—the part upon which the labor of preparation is chiefly expended. Facts are everything, principles nothing. There is criticism, to be sure, but usually very little, and that little of a kind that leads the intelligent reader to wish there were none at all. The other method is entirely different. If it deal at all with names and dates, it is with the single purpose of setting in a clearer light the history of ideas. It is a scientific exposition of the changes that have taken place in the intellectual development of a people, the causes which have led to them, the results that have sprung from them. Its chief aim is to trace those principles of thought and action which, ruling the lives of men, have found expression in their literature. In this view, the subject leaves the province of annals, and passes into that of philosophy. Literature is in it bound up with the national life, and, in order to know the characteristic of the one, it is essential to study closely the other. Race, climate, political institutions, manners, and customs, all become of importance; for these all affect the man, and necessarily leave their impress upon the work he produces.

It is by the combination of both methods that the perfect history of literature will be written, if ever written at all; but up to the present time the former has been the one usually followed. Especially is this true in the case of works of this kind produced by members of our race, with its fondness for detail, its patient accumulation of facts, its aversion to general principles. But, even in the particular field chosen, with us the work has not been well done. Our histories of literature are full of information, but of information ill arranged, ill expressed, utterly undigested. Masses of fact are heaped together without any logical sequence, without any thread of connection save that of time—an important one, certainly, but by no means the most important. Men are treated of together solely because they happened to be born in the same period, just as words are placed together in a dictionary because they happen to begin with the same letter. These works are, in many cases, eminently useful; in nearly all cases they are pre-eminently stupid. Nowhere, indeed, has the ancient realm of dulness held its own more tenaciously, nowhere has it suffered less from even the semblance of invasion, than in the province of English literary history as written by Englishmen. It is doubtful if, under any circumstances, more successful efforts have ever been made to disgust the human mind with literature itself.

The present work, which, originally published in 1864, has just been translated into English, is of an entirely different cast. It follows the second method so closely that, in the sense in which words have come to have a meaning with us, its very title is a misnomer. It is one of the last books on the subject that any one would take up with the hope of finding any definite information on any point in the history of English literature. Details, so far as they are brought in at all, are the common ones that can be found anywhere and everywhere. They are, for the most part, accurate, because they rarely go outside of matters well known. From one end to the other of these two bulky volumes scarcely a score of dates can be met with in the text. Numbers of inferior writers are not even spoken of at all. You may find them in Warton, the author tells us in one place—these good people who speak without having anything to say. Names high in the world of letters frequently fare no better. What are we to think of a history of English literature, as it is commonly understood, which, in an account of the great revival which followed the intellectual collapse of the eighteenth century, disposes of Coleridge in a few lines, mentions Keats once, and that casually, and does not even do so much as that for other prominent writers? Evidently, indeed, some of these authors have not been spoken of because they have never been read; it is equally clear in other cases that some have been read so slightly and superficially that there has been no independent criticism. Whenever, in fact, he comes to treat of inferior writers, Taine's opinions of them and their works vary little from the regular stock ideas. He generally does the correct thing, praises where everybody else praises, blames where everybody else blames. He looks upon Sterne as a sentimental scamp, finds Richardson very much of a bore, and even falls in with the fashionable denunciation of Pope, the representative of his classical age, in quite the style of modern English criticism. Yet, with all these deficiencies, if one is pleased to call them so, the work is not simply entertaining throughout; it is instructive. It is little praise to the author to say that he has written the best history of English literature that has yet been produced; he could not well have written one worse than those already existing; and the surprise which men have felt at finding a book on this subject which they could read without yawning has apparently led some of them to ascribe to it merits which its composer would not be likely to claim for it himself. For the work is really a criticism of English literature, as it appears in a few of its greatest authors, about whom the others, so far as they are mentioned at all, are grouped. In the fifth and last book, which treats of modern writers, Taine takes six as representatives of the tendencies now existing. What, in this place, he has done avowedly and with design for the representation of tendencies, he has practically done everywhere else for the illustration of the history of results. This is, without doubt, an incomplete way of giving an account of literature, but it is much the most attractive way; nor is it, in certain points of view, the worst as regards details of the highest importance. For the mass of men will not read books of this kind at all if they are compelled to wade through accounts of obscure authors, of whose names they have never heard, and whose writings they have neither the time nor the inclination to read.

To the production of a work written in this manner Taine has brought several qualifications—one qualification in particular, the highest of all; for clearly the first and most essential requisite for the critical treatment of literary history is a catholic sympathy. Important as is fulness and accuracy of knowledge, still more important is the spirit with which one undertakes and carries through such a task. He who sets out to write the history of a literature must not only be free from the prejudices and prepossessions of his own age, but must be prepared to share fully in the feelings and ideas which have touched the hearts and moulded the manners of the men of every age. Obviously a most difficult thing for any man to do; for some natures, probably, an impossible thing. It is hard for the most broad-minded one of us to keep himself from being swayed by his surroundings, yet an absolutely necessary thing for him who aspires to the position of judge. He cannot afford to forget that a literary work which has pleased any generation must have in it some qualities to command respect, however difficult it may be to the men of another generation to find them. Still more certainly must it have such qualities if it continues to be held in high esteem by the men of several generations, even though these may be comparatively few in number. The man who fails to appreciate the peculiar power of an author who has impressed himself upon his time may not be lacking in literary taste—for in that the time itself may have been deficient—but he is clearly lacking in literary sympathy. He has no right to criticise, or rather his criticism is of no value, because there is one class of sentiments and ideas with which he has not succeeded in placing himself *en rapport*. The student of literature who cannot appreciate both Byron and Wordsworth, who admires Tennyson, but denies merit to Pope, may have depth of culture in certain directions, but he lacks breadth. The mere man of letters may consult and gratify the peculiar bent of his mind, may have his favorite authors, may indulge in capricious dislikes; but the critical historian of literature has no business whatever with preferences or aversions.

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* "History of English Literature. By H. A. Taine. Translated by H. Van Laun." Two volumes. New York: Holt & Williams. 1871.

It is here that Taine's crowning merit lies. The literary information he furnishes is none of it new, and as regards amount is scanty. His philosophic views, his generalizations, his opinions of particular men, be they right or wrong, are likely to find many opposers. But the spirit with which he has discharged his task is not simply admirable on its own account. It has enabled him to do for English literature as a whole what no Englishman has as yet done save in part. "The tirade of calumny," he says, "was in vogue fifty years ago; in fifty more it will probably have altogether ceased. The French are beginning to comprehend the gravity of the Puritans; perhaps the English will end by comprehending the gaiety of Voltaire: the first are laboring to appreciate Shakespeare; the second will doubtless attempt to appreciate Racine." It is, accordingly, little wonder that a man of ability who writes in such a spirit should have been enabled, though a foreigner, to present the most vivid and attractive picture of English literature that has yet been drawn. This wide-embracing sympathy which enables him to see how the men of every age felt, and to point out the source of every writer's power, fails him nowhere—at least to any marked extent—save in his criticism of Butler, whose "Hudibras" is, in his eyes, not merely mean and malignant, but, what in a literary point of view is far worse, is also awkward and dull. Here he forgets his own principles. He forgets that a work which is not only mean and malignant, but likewise awkward and dull, does not continue to be read for two centuries. But this is a solitary exception. It is not, indeed, meant to be asserted that his views are always just or his conclusions always sound. It is that they are uniformly legitimate and fair. They are just and true in the light in which the facts upon which they are based appear to an acute observer, who looks at the whole subject from a standpoint altogether different from that occupied by a member of our race. Given his premises, you can hardly fail to accept his conclusions. It matters not that they are different from ours, that in some cases they may be unpalatable. Certain fundamental differences of opinion between the two peoples, perhaps between the two races, must be taken for granted, and for them the requisite allowance must be made. Thus, "The Campaign" of Addison, a fair specimen of the poetry of the prize-medal order, which to the English is generally so distasteful, receives his praise as "an excellent model of a becoming and classical style." True, he recognizes thoroughly that it is poor of its kind; but then each verse is full and perfect in itself, the epithets are well-chosen, the countries have noble names, and there are pretty turns of oratorical address. All the beauties which the Frenchman sees plainly are hardly visible to the Englishman, who simply feels that outside of half a dozen lines the poem is lifeless and insipid. Coming down to modern times, the very words with which he closes the work, "I prefer Alfred de Musset to Tennyson," make us conscious of the wide difference in tastes and sentiments between the two peoples. But it is a thing that has only to be recognized. There is no need of our quarrelling with it.

At the same time, there is always a tendency to push the doctrine of race too far, and Taine has strained it to its extremest limits. It is in race and climate, indeed, that he finds the origin of the leading characteristics of English literature. To him the Englishman has always been a barbarian—in no mean sense, be it understood. A barbarian he continues to be. Modified by centuries of cultivation, he is still, under the surface, the genuine representatives of those fierce warriors whose chief pleasures were to be found in fighting, gorging, and guzzling; who, with the hearts of lions and the stomachs of ostriches, were never happy save in slaughtering foes or washing down half-cooked pieces of boar's meat with huge bumpers of mead, quaffed from drinking-cups made of the horns of wild bulls. A lineal descendant of the Vikings, he, like them, loves the battle and the storm, as well in literature as in life. Civilize him, and place him in a country where the skies are sombre and the climate cold, where it is often dark in the middle of the day, where, when it is not rainy, it is foggy, where comfort is only attained by labor, where the struggle for existence is so fierce that large numbers must nearly work themselves to death to save themselves from dying—place him where he has such surroundings, and life seems to him a constant battle. Hence arises in him melancholy, the idea of duty, lofty contempt for outward show, stern and heroic courage. Seriousness becomes habitual. It enters into his character so completely that he even amuses himself in a melancholy manner. When the Protestant religion comes along with its contemptuous rejection of external forms, he takes to it naturally. Its enthronement of conscience as the supreme guide, its exaltation of moral over physical or intellectual beauty, its belief in an ever-present, perfect God, seeing all things, judging all things, still further intensify the native seriousness of his disposition, deepen it often into gloom. Thus thoroughly ingrained into the character, it manifests itself everywhere in the literature. This, in a few words, is Taine's idea. Again and again he returns to it. That there is truth in it not many will deny; that it is the whole truth, that it has even half the influence which he imputes to it, few close students of our literature will admit. One cannot help feeling, in reading many brilliant but highly-drawn passages in this work which treat of the effect of race, that Calvin, with his stern creed, his deification of duty, his lofty conception of personal purity, was only saved from being Taine's typical Englishman by the unaccommodating fact of his being a Frenchman. Writing an account of English literature in accordance with a preconceived theory, the author has not only exaggerated English seriousness up almost to the point of caricature, but he has been led by it to ascribe to the men of the race what is true only of the men of a particular period. The same characteristics, for instance, which the modern Frenchman finds in Addison are found also by the modern Englishman. To the former Addison's ideas are commonplace; so they are to the latter. Taine assures us that Johnson's essays are a "national food," though to a Frenchman they would seem dull and insipid. Whether they were ever a national food or not, they certainly seem dull and insipid to Englishmen now, who accordingly never read them. Race and climate are great influences. It is the extravagant estimate put upon them which will ultimately lead to a denial of their having any influence at all.

As regards the details of his criticisms, the subject is too vast to admit of much remark. But in it the author is at his best. If there is little that is original in what he says of inferior writers, with the leading ones the case is different. There he is always fresh, suggestive, striking, and, what is even better, fully appreciative both of merits and defects. To be sure, there must always be differences of opinion. There are not likely to be many who will agree with the high estimate placed upon Ben Jonson, as compared with other dramatists of his age, particularly with Beaumont and Fletcher. Outside of lyric composition, in which his genius stood on a level with Shakespeare's, Jonson could hardly claim any such conspicuous superiority as is here accorded him; and the general neglect into which he has fallen shows strongly how little it is that traditional reputation can do for a man, save with critics, commentators, and historians of literature. It matters not that he was the literary autocrat of his own time, that his age rated him full as high as Shakespeare, if not much higher. His pre-eminent position then was due largely to extraneous causes, in no small measure to his vast acquirements. For learning is always apt to impress one's contemporaries far more than wisdom, or even genius—a providentially blessed arrangement in a world where it is so hard to counterfeit the former, and so easy to counterfeit the latter; where, indeed, it takes usually a century to find out definitely whether a given individual has been a wise man or a fool. But, singularly enough, there has nowhere been drawn so satisfactory a picture of our great epic poet, with whom of all men a Frenchman might be supposed to have little in common. After the deluge of indiscriminate eulogy that has been poured upon Milton, it is refreshing to come across a writer who sees clearly the special characteristics of his genius, and points out plainly wherein his strength and weakness lay; above all, one who is not afraid to set forth sharply the truth in regard to that wonderful compound of sublime verse and prosy metaphysics which make up the "Paradise Lost." Perhaps it is only a foreigner who would have ventured to express so bluntly the feeling we all secretly entertain that Milton's Adam is very much of a prig; who would assure us so strongly that, in a literary point of view, there is full justification for that carnal sympathy we all have with the fallen archangel, a sympathy so profound that only an ample supply of grace can enable the most orthodox reader to wish success to his opponents. In the criticism of later writers, it will seem to most men that Wordsworth has not received that justice to which he is entitled by his ability and the influence which, in spite of absurd theories and insular narrowness, he has exerted. It is noticeable here that Taine holds steadily to the view, generally entertained by the poet's contemporaries both in England and on the Continent, that Byron was the greatest product of the literary revival that began with the close of the last century; and that he follows Goethe, and, for that matter, Byron himself, in regarding Don Juan as his masterpiece—both being views to which the English, after years of depreciation, seem on the point of returning.

Of this work there is one thing more to be said in conclusion. Whatever other faults it has, it is not dull. The reader may dissent; he may be irritated; he may, if of a certain class, be disgusted; but he will never be bored. The marvellous vivacity and grace which make French prose the most attractive of reading have not evaporated by transfusion into a foreign tongue. The translation, as a whole, is well executed. We have the author's own certificate as to its faithfulness; and, in spite of some expressions and idioms that are not yet known to classic English, and are never likely to be, it also justifies his additional testimony as to its elegance.

THE HISTORY OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION.*

WHEN Mr. Hoar produced, in the House of Representatives the other day, the Constitution and By-laws of the International as "the work of the leading minds of all civilized countries," and proceeded to base on them a proposal that the United States Government should institute an investigation into the condition of the laborer, with the view, we presume, to legislating for its amelioration, we could hardly avoid the conclusion that he did not know much about the International. We retain that suspicion still. In fact, we doubt very much whether many of its admirers in the United States know much about it, and their ignorance of it will go far to account for the widespread faith in the power and extent of the organization. M. Villetard's book will, therefore, prove very useful, and would prove still more useful if translated, by furnishing a very clear and succinct account, carefully supported at every step by documentary evidence, of the origin, rise, and real character of this attempt to transform society. He writes, it is true, avowedly as a partisan—that is, he does not conceal his dislike for the Association, and, indeed, acknowledges his book to be an "exposure"; but he writes with the restraint and moderation of an educated man, and, as we have said, is very cautious not to assert without proof.

He devotes four interesting introductory chapters to a sketch of the various attempts at social reform which have been made within the present century, and which have finally, obviously, and not unnaturally prepared the way for the foundation of the International. The earliest of these attempts in France, those of Saint-Simon and Fourier, like those of Owen, the Brook Farmers, and the Oneida Communists, and others in this country, were commendable in this, that they were the work of voluntary associations, whose members began the business of reform in their own persons, and sought to carry it on by their own labor and self-denial, and those of such persons as they could persuade into sharing their faith. In other words, they did not seek to destroy or weaken any of the natural motives to exertion, or any of the ordinary restraints on indolence or selfishness, or to make anybody share the cost of their experiments who did not choose to do so.

Louis Blanc was the first to propound the doctrine that competition, on which society is now based, and on which it relies to keep its members at work, and to keep their energies stimulated, and to determine the reward of their labors, should be abolished by governmental force, and the principle of co-operation substituted. Shame, and love, and the might of the individual conscience were, under his plan for the "organization of labor," to keep men from skulking, or taking more than an equal share of the good things of this life. The indolent were to be terrified into industry by the inscription over the door of the workshop—"The Lazy Man is a Thief." Society was to keep all producers fully employed, whether it wanted their products or not. He made a bold attempt, when he got into the Provisional Government in 1848, to put these ideas into practice, with what result everybody knows. His failure did not, however, kill the ideas. They took root, and grew, and grew all the more steadily because it was part of the policy of the Second Empire to let socialism work freely enough to terrify the middle-classes, and yet not freely enough to expose it to free discussion. The gagging of the press, combined with the debauchery and extravagance of the court circles, stimulated to the highest degree the fierce, malignant, and anti-social passions which burst forth so savagely last year.

Nevertheless, it was under the Empire that the International was founded. It took its origin from a visit paid by a large body of French workmen to the London Exhibition of 1862, where they were cordially received by their English brethren, who presented them with an address, in which the germ of the Association is to be found, and the contents of which deserve careful attention, not only because it is really the first document in the archives of the organization, or, as M. Villetard calls it, "its certificate of birth," but because it furnishes a ready means of determining the later tendencies of the association, and the justice of the reproaches heaped upon it by its enemies. The address, after the usual commonplace congratulations on the advent of the reign of industry and moral force, declares that as long as there are employers and employed, and disputes between them about wages, the workmen can only find safety in union; "that concord between masters and workmen was the sole means of diminishing the difficulties by which they are surrounded"; that the introduction of steam machinery on a great scale into industry "had made the proper remuneration of labor a problem of immense difficulty." It raised the questions—"Should the need of human labor diminish in proportion as the power of machinery increased? What is to become of those who have no work to do? Should they remain unproducers and elements of competition? Should they be allowed to die of hunger, or be supported by those who work?" These questions the English workmen did not, they said, pretend to be able to answer; but answered they would have to be, and in the task of answering them "the co-operation of all—philosophers, statesmen, historians, masters, and workmen of all countries—was needed; it was every man's duty to take part in it." They then went on to say that, "in exchanging ideas and observations with the workmen of different nationalties, they would be able to discover more rapidly the economic secrets of different societies." Committees of the workmen of the two nations were, thereupon, appointed to keep up "a correspondence on questions of international industry," and, as a good many of the French workmen settled in London, the correspondence went on actively. So far, nothing could be more harmless or healthy than the aims and ideas of the new combination.

In the following year, 1863, the French workmen who had taken part in the fraternization in London, to the number of sixty, issued a manifesto after the general election of that year, asking that one of the two seats for Paris left vacant by a double election of the candidates should be reserved for a workingman—and they incorporated in their manifesto a declaration of their principles, in which, apart from the usual tirade against "the domination of capital," there was little that was objectionable. They asked, first of all, for the repeal of the law against workingmen's combinations for strikes or other purposes, and then said: "The middle classes, our elder brothers, were able, in 1789, to absorb the nobility and abolish unjust privileges. We seek not to destroy the rights which the middle class justly enjoys, but to conquer the same liberty of action. Let no one accuse us of dreaming of agrarian laws or of a chimerical equality which would put everybody on a Procrustean bed, equal division, maximum of wealth, forced loans, etc. No; it is high time to have an end of these calumnies, propagated by our enemies, and adopted by the ignorant. The liberty of labor, credit, solidarity—these are our dreams." Their candidate, however, was badly beaten; but in the Corps Législatif, in the spring of 1864, the law against combinations was repealed under the auspices of Emile Ollivier, who had just begun to coquet with the Empire. In September of the same year, the French workmen being now at liberty, the International Association was founded at a great meeting in London, at which delegates from both countries were present, and the "Declaration of Principles," which we published in last week's *Nation*, and which is chiefly remarkable for its vagueness, was drawn up, and a general plan of organization framed, and arrangements made for the holding of the first "General Congress" at Brussels, in the following year. In the interval, the work of propagandism, enrolling members, and raising funds, was carried on vigorously both in France and England, and the most startling stories of its success published in the newspapers. Nevertheless, the leaders did not feel sufficiently assured of their success to hold the proposed public Congress at Brussels; so a "conference" in London was instituted for it, the proceedings of which were strictly secret, and arrangements were made to hold the Congress at Geneva, in 1866. The organization, as now completed, consisted of (1) "Sections," forming, when sufficiently numerous in one locality, a (2) "Federation" (or if not sufficiently numerous, a "Local Committee"), while the various federations sent delegates to a (3) "Federal Council," which reported (monthly) to a (4) "General Council," which sat (and sits) in London, and directs the whole body. The "General Congress," a public and general reunion, is held in various places at varying intervals. When we say that the mass of the members are poor and ignorant workmen, and that the managers of the Federations and Federal Councils and General Council are largely composed of old agitators, conspirators, and revolutionists, we give some idea of the extent to which the organization can be called democratic. The privates in the army contribute towards the "reorganization of society" and the destruction of the old civilization from twenty-five to fifty cents a year; but even at this rate there have been serious complaints at headquarters about money.

At the Congress at Geneva, the discussion was confined within very safe limits. The topics were working-class associations, strikes, popular education, labor of women and children, hours of labor, relation of labor and capital, taxation, currency, weights and measures, the necessity of re-establishing Poland, standing armies, religious ideas, benefit societies. There was a great deal of queer stuff talked on all these matters, but nothing at all alarming; but it was evident that the English and the Continental delegates had already begun to take widely differing views of the work before them. The English were disposed to confine themselves to the simple question of wages, while the French were in favor of war against the whole "capitalist system," as they called it, and, in other words, wanted to enter at once on the great work of "reorganizing society."

Another Congress was held at Lausanne the following year, at which it was evident that decided progress had been made in the French direction. One of the first things done was to denounce co-operative societies, as tending to improve the condition of a portion of the working-class, while leaving the rest "out in the cold," instead of using radical methods and operating on the whole social system (*l'ensemble de la société*). There was, however, no open attack on property, beyond a resolution calling on the state to take possession of "the means of transportation and travel, in order to annihilate the powerful monopoly of the great companies, who, in subjecting the working-classes to their arbitrary laws, assail both human dignity and individual liberty."

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* "Histoire de l'Internationale. Par Edmond Villetard, Rédacteur du *Journal des Débats*." Paris: Garnier Frères. 1872.

The third Congress was held at Brussels in 1868, and here resolutions were reported and adopted by thirty votes to four, fifteen out of the forty-nine delegates not voting, declaring that all machinery ought to belong to the workingmen exclusively, and that all quarries, coal and other mines, as well as railroads, should belong to the "Social Collectivity"—that is, the state, but not the state as the unregenerate know it, but the "state regenerated and subjected to the law of justice"—and should then be granted to companies of workingmen, who should guarantee "the rational and scientific working" of them, while the state should examine the accounts and see that there was no "reconstitution of monopoly," and that all the members got their due. This was not all, however. The Congress also resolved that the land ought to belong to "the Social Collectivity" also, in virtue of what it called the "economical evolution," and should be by it leased out to other companies of workingmen, who should work it under the same system as the mines and quarries and railroads. There was not after this much left to individuals, but what little there was, was by other resolutions also handed over to the "Social Collectivity"—the canals, high-roads, and telegraphs, and forests. It will be readily perceived that anybody who could not get into one of the "companies," or could not make himself agreeable to the "Social Collectivity," would probably find himself in a very bad plight. And let us tell Mr. Hoar that this work of his "leading minds" is recorded in the official reports of their third Congress. What does he think of the "Social Collectivity" and the "economical evolution"? How would he like to be drafted into a "mining company" or an "agricultural company," with nothing in the world he could call his own but his clothes, and with his title even to these clouded by uncertainty as to the views of the "General Council" on the subject of the best form of covering for the human frame?

At Bâle, however, in 1869, another Congress was held, in which "the advance" in ideas was very marked indeed. There had by this time a division arisen in the ranks. Some members were not prepared to hand everything over to the "Social Collectivity"; but at the same time could not bear the odious name of "Individualists" which the "Collectivists" applied to them, so they provided themselves with a new name, "Mutualists," and they brought before the Congress their method of "emancipating the laborer"—which was to treat all leases, and hirings of houses, farms, and other property, and all loans, as absolute sales or transfers, or treat the rent and interest as part of the purchase-money or repayment. In this way, if a man hired a house worth $20,000 for $1,000 a year, he would in twenty years be its sole proprietor, or in ten would own half of it; or, if he borrowed $1,000, he would, by paying the interest, reduce his debt by $70 annually. Attractive as this plan was, however, it did not take very well, a large portion of the Congress being "Collectivists," and not willing to let the "Mutualists," or anybody else, acquire property even by this fascinating method. The Congress, under the auspices of M. Eccarius, a tailor, then took up the question of inheritance, this gentleman proposing to levy an enormous legacy duty, to be applied to "social amelioration," and the committee reported that "the complete and radical abolition of the right of inheritance was one of the essential conditions of the emancipation of labor." M. de Paepe, a Belgian "leading mind," defended the right, and said its destruction would do nothing for "social liquidation"; but M. Bakunin, the Russian nihilist, who was one of the delegates, stoutly maintained that "their clothes were all that parents should be allowed to transmit to their children," and he explained what was meant by "social liquidation" by saying that it was the confiscation of all property by the abolition of the state considered "as a political and juridical body."

There was to be another Congress held at Paris in 1870, had not the war broken out, but we have the programme laid down for it by the "General Council," and we may form from the nature of the topics presented for discussion an idea of what the nature of its proceedings would have been. These are "the necessity of abolishing the public debt; the relations between the political action and the social movement of the working-classes; practical means for converting property in land into social property; the conversion of banks of circulation into national banks; the condition of coöperative production on a national scale."

Of the part played by the International in the siege and in the war of the Commune, nothing very definite seems to be known, and, indeed, its connection with these events in any way seems to be inferred from the appearance of leading members of the International in prominent positions in the various tumults, émeutes, mutinies, and revolutions which attended and followed the fall of the Empire. They entered largely into the National Guard in Paris, but the objective point of their battalions throughout the great siege seems to have been the Hôtel de Ville, and the unfortunate Clement Thomas probably doomed himself by his vigorous exposure of their cowardice and insubordination when led against the Prussians. In the troubles of the South, International chiefs figured prominently also. The fact is, however, that the Association, far from repudiating connection with the Commune, has shown itself anxious to assume as much of the responsibility of that body as possible. The International periodicals throughout Europe published impassioned defences of it, and the sections and federal councils in various places, both in France, Germany, and Italy, passed resolutions in the same sense. But at last the General Council sitting in London removed all doubts on the subject by issuing a long official address on "the civil war in France," containing an elaborate apology for the Commune and for all its doings, from first to last, and a fierce personal attack, teeming with charges of the vilest nature, on all the members of the French Government, justifying the massacre of the hostages, and indulging in the wildest denunciations of the existing social order, of capitalists, ministers, lawyers, and courts. What is, perhaps, most remarkable in this document, and what shows the real position of the Association towards society as at present constituted, is the way in which it defends the murder of the hostages. Among these hostages there were no fighting men. They were all, or nearly all, priests, and the Archbishop of Paris and President Bonjean—the chief-justice of one of the highest courts, an old man, who had passed a blameless life, absorbed in the duties of his calling, and had never been mixed up in politics—headed the list, and it must be remembered they were all carefully selected beforehand. The Commune executed them at the last moment, when the resistance was nearly over; Ferré, and others like him, for whom no civilized community has, in the present social order, any better place than the penitentiary, doing the bloody deed. Now, the International might readily have excused this atrocity on the ground that it took place in the confusion of the final assault, or was the work of irresponsible zealots; and it might have condemned it outright, without in any way retarding thereby the "emancipation of the laborer." It boldly declared, however, that the massacre was justifiable, on the ground that it was "the only means of putting bounds to the savage ferocity of the bourgeois government," referring to the ferocity with which the Versaillists treated their prisoners. The Versaillists, however, executed nobody but fighting men or women, taken with arms in their hands, and the proper retaliation—if retaliation were proper—for this would have been the execution of Versaillist prisoners. The killing of the priests and lawyers—that is, men of the most peaceful professions—showed that the Communists sought to strike (and the Internationals, indeed, almost avow it) not at Thiers and his army simply, but at the society behind Thiers and his army, that is, at modern civilization and all its works and ways. The burning of Paris had the same object in view, though the Internationals talk of it as a measure of strategy, for it was committed when the fighting was nearly over. Indeed, it was foreshadowed in a letter which one of the Communal generals, our own Cluseret, wrote from New York in February, 1870, to a leading International, Varlin, in Paris. Referring to the probable downfall of Louis Napoleon, he says: "When that day comes, we must be ready, physically and morally. On that day—we or nothing! . . . On that day—and I never say yes when I mean no—*Paris shall be ours, or Paris shall cease to exist.*" It is easy to see, in short, that we are here dealing with barbarians compared to whom the Goths of Alaric were peaceable and reclaimable. We have left ourselves no space to speak of M. Villetard's suggestions as to the manner in which the International should be met and combated, though this is a very interesting branch of the subject, to which we shall shortly return.

THE MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY.

WE note that the Scrooge and Marley, Tiny Tim and Bob Cratchit, variety of Christmas makes rather less of a figure in the January magazines than it has made in some years. Perhaps the authority and example of its inventor, with his effusiveness of sentiment, were needed to keep in countenance the kind-hearted writers whose milk of human kindness it must have been a somewhat discouraging business to set out in such quantities before the uneffusive American. Be that as it may, in one of the magazines before us we even find a writer presenting us with a cold, cynical view of Mr. Scrooge: In the solemn woods, under an adamantine sky, stands a cottage, which you would hardly notice in the gathering twilight but for a little wisp of smoke curling from the chimney, and growing feebler and feebler, as if it intended in a minute to draw up its attenuated tail, and disappear altogether. Within sits Arthur Tyrrell, and beside him, gathered around the chilly hearth, sit his wife and his little boy and little girl. It is Christmas Eve. A cold wind rushing from the recesses of the forest finds entrance through many a crevice into the Tyrrell cottage, where the last stick from the wood-pile alone defies its challenge, and sits, damp and cold, on every chair, and lies down on every bed, and embraces with a cold embrace every member of the Tyrrell family. The father's fate and heart alike are hard; he gazes moodily out of the window, while the children cower closer to the fire, their innocent questions about Santa Claus piercing their mother's bosom. By-and-by the father rises, and draws about him his threadbare but scrupulously neat coat, which is scant, indeed, as a protection to his form—never robust, and once, in better times, daintily nurtured. He sighs as he looks towards the hearth, and then, hastily taking from the nail his well-brushed straw hat, he leaves the cottage. He passes by the shops where the light from the evergreen-wreathed gas-burners falls on bowls of mince-meat, on heaps of luscious citron, on piled-up boxes of layer raisins, all open, on barrels of Philadelphia apple-butter, on enormous geese, which the jolly butchers are knuckling to show how fat they are, on festoons of sausages, on ribs of streaky pork, on whole flocks of featherless turkeys, swinging themselves by their feet, and reaching down to whisper with the mallard ducks and the canvas-backs about the forest of tame celery in the back part of the bay-window seat. All these Arthur Tyrrell passes, and the warehouses, too, with the heaps of marbles, the toy drums, the jumping-jacks, the Christmas-trees, the boxes of paints, the galloping rocking-horses, the creeping dolls for Aggie, the magnifying-glasses that might be so useful to little Arthur, now that he has to learn his lessons at home, his shoes being unfit for the long walk to the schoolhouse. The straw hat being pressed down over his eyes, as he strides on Tyrrell does not see that he is followed. His landlord, Stephen Skarridge, to whom he is in arrears, is dogging him to see how much he expends in holiday purchases. But he keeps on his way, leaving behind him the markets and the toy-bazaars, and old Stephen follows him into the poorest quarter of the town, where the only sign of wares that could be thought of in connection with Santa Claus is a little magenta-colored pop-corn in some small huckster's window, or, even less tempting, the display of shiny apples, rubbed into daily brightness by the handkerchief of the old Irish lady at the corner, whom Stephen Skarridge, as he passes her, sees with malicious satisfaction to be shaking, not alone with cold and the palsy, but with terror also, for she, too, is his tenant, and she knows well that, unless the month's rent is paid within the week, the miser will distrain and the apples be seized. Arthur Tyrrell at last pauses and enters a poverty-stricken den, where he buys a mackerel for the Christmas dinner, and a little lard in which to fry it. But his marketing he has hardly taken home, and shown to his wife and children, when the landlord, entering, demands the rent, and, failing to get it, takes possession of the mackerel, and walks off amid the outcries of the children and the stifled weeping of Mrs. Tyrrell. We need not relate how Mr. Skarridge goes home and falls into a dream; nor need we say how black his conduct as a landlord appears to him after he has heard it commented on by the dwarf who sits on the ledger and reads off to the fairy, the giant, and the mackerel, the amounts which, in his opinion, Stephen owes to his various tenants; nor will anybody need to be informed that next morning, when the Christmas carols wake up somebody in old Skarridge's bed, it is not old Skarridge that it wakes, but an entirely new Skarridge, who at once rises and goes down-town, with a wallet which is full of checks when he arrives at the tenement-houses, but nearly empty when he comes back, and who, after coming back amid the cheers of the children, pays a visit to the cottage of the Tyrrells, and, instead of taking away the lard as well as the mackerel—which the Tyrrell children forbode that he intends to do—makes Arthur Tyrrell a present of the Hillsdale Farm, with a house in good repair, and an orchard well stocked with young trees, and gives to Mrs. Tyrrell shares of New York Central and other roads, and bonds of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, to the amount, in the joint total, of nearly ten thousand dollars, to say nothing of a Christmas dinner, and a thousand dollars in greenbacks for immediate wants.

But if in the story of "Stephen Skarridge's Christmas"—which is written by Mr. F. R. Stockton—*Scribner's Monthly* admits some not wholly unnecessary satire upon the magazine writer's habitual exaggeration of the sentiment proper to Christmas times—an exaggeration necessary doubtless, but which must be managed with more care than is usual, if it is not to leave the sentiment in danger of seeming altogether factitious—the editors have nevertheless taken care that due recognition shall be given to the natural kindliness which the season calls forth. They give, as a set-off to Mr. Stockton's gibing, no less than five articles, which are generously devoted to the manger at Bethlehem, the yule-log, and the mistletoe. None of the five is of particular value apart from its opportuneness, the best being a translation by Mr. Bayard Taylor from the German of Rückert. It was hardly worth while to translate it, as it is much the same thing as a poem quite well known, we should say, in which a little match-girl, wandering about the streets on Christmas night, and seeking everywhere the lights in merrymaking households, sits down in the snow, and makes a Christmas for herself by lighting all her matches one after another, which, being done, she perishes of cold. The maker of the English poem may, to be sure, have borrowed from Rückert and improved upon him.

Mr. Joaquin Miller contributes to *Scribner's* a fairly good California sketch, of a kind not unfamiliar, entitled "The Last Man of Mexican Camp." We cannot speak from our own knowledge of such places as Mexican Camp, but we have a notion that Mr. Miller's sketch may be nearer the reality than most similar pieces of work, though we do not know of any one of the noted writers who have used this California material, who equals an old miner or Pacific Coast pioneer either in the vividness or apparent life-likeness of his picture of the strange life of that region. California is also in part the subject of the opening article of this magazine, which gives an account of a visit to the Yo-Semite Valley, made by a party apparently composed of politicians and journalists, who apparently enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The account has so much liveliness and jocoseness that its writer, Mr. Isaac H. Bromley, must, we fancy, have been what is known as "the life of the party." This article has better things in it, too, than the jokes and good nature of which Mr. Bromley is prodigal, and shows sincere enjoyment of the grand and beautiful sights of the wonderful valley, and an ability not to be disregarded in the matter of setting down his impressions. *Scribner's* contains much other matter which no doubt its readers will find acceptable, but we believe we need mention only the editorial notes entitled "Culture and Progress at Home," and Rev. George B. Bacon's essay on "Spiritual Quackery." In the former the editor takes for granted the right of the theatres to exist, and offers his readers regular criticisms of the drama as enacted on our New York stage. This is worth remarking when it is remembered that among the readers of *Scribner's* a very large number of church members are counted, and that no long time ago such readers would probably have withdrawn their subscriptions if the editor had mentioned the stage without denouncing it. Mr. Bacon objects, in forcible language, to certain practices which have more or less vogue in the churches. What it is that Mr. Bacon condemns those of our readers will know who have had opportunity to observe the conduct of revivals, especially when an "Evangelist" or So-and-so, "the boy preacher," has been called over into Macedonia. Those who have not had such opportunities will understand, when they read an announcement or two like these, why Mr. Bacon does well to be angry: "We hope for a crowning season of power to-night. Doors open at seven." "There will be a meeting at such a place, on such an evening, with preaching by Mr. So-and-so. We expect the Master to be present to baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire." This way of thinking and speaking, like the denunciation of the opera and the dramatic stage, has a good deal gone out of late years; but Mr. Bacon is doing good service in attacking it, as formerly he has done good service in attacking other church practices which are the children, and the fruitful parents also, of presumptuous ignorance and a needless intolerance.

Lippincott's Magazine as well as *Scribner's Monthly* feels the influences of the season, and comes out with a quantity of poetry and prose calculated for New Year's and Christmas. We do not see, however, that Miss Carpenter, in *Lippincott's*, any more than Miss Rossetti, in *Scribner's*, disabuses us of our belief that the Christmas carol is a sort of composition that nobody now should attempt. "Brown's Christmas Bundles," too, will not make any of us sorry that there are to be no holiday magazines next month, nor occasion regrets because the end of the Poker Flat literature is—must be—near at hand. Such numbers of murderers with their hearts in the right place, and district judges who shoot quick, make one after a while almost homesick for Anthony Trollope and justice of the quorum, who shoots nothing bigger than partridges, and the parsonage tea-tables, and the tepid young woman with the croquet-mallet.

"The Story of Noel," by "Ouida," is best worth reading, we believe, of all the holiday stories in the magazines. It has a bad ending, as both a good story teller and a good story reader would say; but, taking us into Flanders as it does, among the peasantry, and telling its tale of domestic affection and boyish aspiration in art and in love, it pleases the reader by the goodness of feeling which pervades it, and by the comparative freshness of the scenery in some of the incidents. So, also, for its freshness, "A Russian Family Wolf Hunt" will be liked; and Mr. Whymper's scrambles and escapes, and careless, chaffing good nature or self-satisfaction are perennially fresh and entertaining, though persons familiar with Alpine topography will find Mr. Whymper more interesting than the average magazine reader will find him. For the rest, we can recommend in the January *Lippincott's* some verses entitled "In Good Time" as being thoughtful, and giving at the end an unexpected turn to the thought; an article on "Types of Castilian Vagrancy" which is agreeable; some lauds and praises of "The Coming Woman," who we are, for several reasons, gratified to see is, apparently, not coming after any husband; a jocose and rather amusing story about a family cat; and another of Professor T. B. Maury's articles about the storm-signal system.

In "The Editor's Easy Chair" in *Harper's* Mr. Curtis has something to say about the capital, the statuary in Washington, the Hall of Representatives, and the representatives themselves; and on all these topics he talks more respectfully and doubtless more justly than is nowadays common. For some years now the oldtime fashion of glorying in the Federal Congress has been superseded by a habit of regarding that body as rather a joke than otherwise. Some part of the change from the days when a place in Congress was the goal of the highest and most active ambition, to these days, may very likely be due to the long agitation against slavery which, while it habituated great numbers of persons to hearing the Constitution denounced as a covenant with Death and an agreement with Hell, habituated them for a long time to hear of congressmen as being inspired by small doughfaced devils and others of the meaner emissaries of the pit. Mr. Hosea Biglow, for instance, did not encourage his neighbors to regard honorable gentlemen from Connecticut and Louisiana as venerable names; and there were plenty like him and his neighbors before the agitation was over. The war undoubtedly increased the actual power of Congress very greatly, but the popular respect for it certainly was not increased in equal proportion, and its history after the war, during the impeachment days and while the long process of reconstruction went on, did not raise it in the opinion of a public accustomed to the effectiveness and promptness of military measures and to the free use of common sense which business affairs necessarily teach. A great deal, too, of the change of which we speak has been brought about by the irreverence taught us by the graceless newspaper press, to which for a good while nothing on earth has been really sacred, and whose conductors, indeed, have some time since persuaded themselves that they are of more weight than many congressmen, as indeed they are, in many respects, so long as they can sell their papers. Mr. Curtis does not say yes or no to this estimate of the power of the press as compared with Congress; indeed he has nothing to say about it, the question not being raised or discussed by him; but he makes some remarks worthy the attention of the scoffers who, when House or Senate is mentioned, are apt to think of Mr. B. F. Whittemore, or Mr. Zachariah Chandler, or Mr. Boutwell's impeachment eloquence, or the financial policy of Mr. Morton, or the broad views of Mr. Edmunds, or the simpler faith of Mr. Pomeroy. Mr. Curtis points out the difficulties of the congressional arena, and shows how mistaken a notion it is that power of some kind is not absolutely necessary to the man who would be of any weight on the floor of either house. No doubt he might have shown, too, that on the whole and in the long run not even personal force, readiness, and parliamentary knowledge are a match for sound sense, sound morality, and courage. Mr. Curtis's comments on some other things at the capital, as Greenough's statue of Washington, are abundantly kind; and it is being superabundantly kind, and perhaps far kinder than any one who is an accepted public teacher has any right to be, to speak of Miss Ream's statue of Lincoln, as it is called, in the mild words of condemnatory criticism which Mr. Curtis employs. It is outside of the vocabulary of art criticism that one goes when one speaks as one should concerning such pieces of national property as that is, bought and sold as that was, and standing where it does.

Other articles in *Harper's* for January which we have read with some pleasure are two illustrated articles, the one about Holland, the other about the Danish West Indies, which figure so in so creditable a chapter of American history and the history of the old Senate Committee for Foreign Affairs. There are, besides, an illustrated article about the Kemble family; another about Greenland; another entitled "The Poetry of the Zodiac," which is instructive, and a discussion, by Mr. W. H. Dall, on the question whether or not "Alaska is a Paying Investment," which Mr. Dall answers to his own satisfaction in the affirmative. As Mr. Dall remarks, his method of computing the value of given portions of the national territory is not one that leads to very conclusive results, a great part of the value of a State or Territory to the amount at large being not directly ponderable in commercial scales. Probably it was not because we thought we were making money by the transaction that we bought Alaska.

The *Galaxy* promises that it will publish during 1872 several papers by prominent public men, which, in view of the approaching Presidential contest, will be more important and of more engrossing interest than the similar papers by Mr. Welles, Mr. Black, Mr. Weed, and others, which have already appeared in its pages. There is nothing the public would like better than the setting up of some such public confessional or witness-box, and it is to be hoped for the publisher's sake and everybody's else that the *Galaxy* may more than keep its promise. These articles have not yet begun, but the present number has a promising paper by General Custer—the first of a series called "My Life on the Plains"—and a good article by Mr. W. M. Rosenblatt on the religious attitude of the Jews in America. We detect no errors in it, and recommend it as being, so far as it goes, correct in its statement of facts and in its inferences. This number of the magazine contains also the beginning of a series of articles by a lady who for fifteen years lived among the Shakers, holding their faith and practising their observances. Her story is another chapter of the interminable record of human folly committed in the name of religion and in defiance of reason; but it has its special interest, and bids fair to be worth reading. We do not say as much for Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Archbishop Manning," in which there is so much "liberality" that the reader finds himself wondering where all the enemies are gone to out of this world, and if the blessed time has come when it makes no difference how great our differences may be, and when a good hater is a contradiction in terms. And we dare say that a good many readers who know something about Archbishop Manning and the state of his mind will find themselves, as they read Mr. McCarthy's essay, desiring somebody to say that, as a matter of fact, the Archbishop is not at all a man of great intellectual gifts, acute, penetrating judgment, and so on, but that, on the contrary, were his grace's entire contributions to the world's present stock of ideas and of sound sense to be removed and disappear, the subtraction would be very much the same thing as the subtraction of a minus quantity.

The *Atlantic* for January is a number which is throughout thoroughly readable, though—if the heavens must fall—there is more in it to be taken for good as coming from good quarters than as being especially good in itself. For example, Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. T. W. Parsons, Mr. E. C. Stedman, Mr. Bayard Taylor, and Mrs. Celia Thaxter, all and several of them contribute poetry, which would not altogether have made any one of them as much of a reputation as is owned by many people a good deal less considerable than the least of them. Perhaps Mrs. Thaxter's and Mr. Harte's verses have as much in them as any of their companions, Mr. Harte's being a more perfect union of his Eastern manner and his Western than he has before succeeded in making. The return of the sailor is quite after Mr. Harte's old dramatic fashion, and there is some of his old subtlety in the jealous hardness of the mother-in-law, so unconscious of it herself, and so clearly perceiving as she does "the hard, cold Edward's blood" of the more sensitive wife. We wish that "Grandmother Tenterden," besides showing Mr. Harte's own two methods in better union than hitherto, had lacked the admixture of Jean Ingelow also. Poetry at least fully as good as any contained in this poem is required to make up for such a blemish.

Mr. Parton's writing we always rather dislike to read, partly because we do not find that we have that confidence in his statements which he himself would concede to be desirable, and partly because we do not enjoy such utterances as this, for example, which closes a question we should keep open: "The world would never have heard of the Palmerstons if the second Lord had not married the admirable daughter of a Dublin tradesman"; or, take this statement concerning Chatham and King George the Third: "Fauquier could tell the student [Jefferson] something of the mighty genius who found his country an island and left it an empire," and in the student's first year at college, Mr. Parton goes on to remark, though he has no occasion to say anything about it, young Jefferson might have read in the papers "the account of the accession to the throne of George the Third, who found his country an empire and left it an island." The credit of such felicities as these should almost be divided between Mr. Parton and the proof-reader who does not expunge them. It would puzzle either of them to say in what respect the Britain of the Napoleonic wars, mistress of India, of a third of North America, of the seas and their islands, of colonies and posts under every sun, was less imperial, standing the acknowledged leader of Europe, than she was in 1760. However, although Mr. Parton's prejudices and the curious temerity—almost, one would say, indicative of a certain moral obtuseness—with which he hazards assertions of the most dogmatical character, make him a disagreeable companion; nevertheless, he is industrious in collecting his facts, and he sets them forth clearly, so that it is reasonable to expect a wide perusal for his "College Days of Thomas Jefferson."

Doctor Holmes's "Poet at the Breakfast-Table" has for its best part some pleasant reminiscences of the time when the Doctor was a child in his father's house at Cambridge. The article contains, also, plenty of bright talk which will be welcomed by the admirers of the "Autocrat" and the "Professor," and it ends with a poem which, theologically, is all kinds of things, and which the casual understanding also will find baffling when it tries to construct a heaven of any sort worth the name out of the heaven posited by the poet, but which, in spite of its confusion, has much tenderness and truth of human feeling in it; and, at the close, an unexpected turn that will strike the reader as no less probable, so to say, than skilful. The first stanza, we may remark, hardly carries its meaning on its face.

Another good article in the *Atlantic* is that by Mr. John Fiske, who concludes with this instalment an instructive and entertaining series of articles on subjects which have far oftener awakened intelligent curiosity than called forth judicious exposition. "The Myths of the Barbaric World" seems to us noticeable, even among the other papers of the series, for its weight of sense and its lucidity; but all contain work of a high character, and will extend Mr. Fiske's reputation as one of the clearest-minded, conscientiously laborious, and well-trained students in this country.

The rest of the *Atlantic* is filled up with Hawthorne's posthumous romance —"Septimius Felton; or, The Elixir of Life"; the absurdities of the beginning of Mr. De Mille's comic story; Mr. H. James's "Change of Heart"; an unknown author's "Diversions of the Echo Club," which is rather trivial, but embodies some sound criticism, and more than usually good imitations of Browning and William Morris; and, finally, some thirty pages devoted to science, art, politics, and criticism of books, both foreign and domestic. A greater scope, with consequent increase in variety and weight, is to be desired for each of these departments, and doubtless will in good time be had. Each is good this month. The art critic has under consideration a small collection of pictures recently exhibited in Boston by Messrs. Doll & Richards, and representing Delacroix, Decamps, Troyon, Rousseau, Jules Duprez, Daubigny, Diaz, and, among American artists, Lafarge, R. C. Porter, and Vedder. The scientific reporter takes up the recent experiments of Dr. Bastian, the best known of the advocates of the theory of "spontaneous generation," and is very clear and moderate. The musical critic discusses Nilsson and Mrs. Moulton. The politician, who needs the attention of Colonel Forney, thinks that the President exceeded his constitutional powers when he made war on the sister Republic of Hayti, and is not sure that he must be re-elected. The literary critics do some exceedingly pleasant book-noticing, and, like their brethren, need more room. Altogether, we expect to see this critical department of the *Atlantic* very popular with the *Atlantic's* public, and we imagine that it might with advantage be so enlarged as to become a favorite vehicle for such Bostonian wisdom as it may be advisable to reveal to exoterical nations.

Lady Judith. A Tale of Two Continents. By Justin McCarthy. (New York: Sheldon & Co. 1871.)—We fancy that the fact that this novel is a "tale of two continents" has much more to do with its success than any more legitimate merit of the story. Not that the plot is one of ordinary interest; but then it owes its intricacy to nothing in human experience, being simply an exaggeration of the conventional complexity of the sensational novel. Quarrels and mysterious separations do their best to chill the ardor of young lovers, who meet in one continent to glance at one another, and in that glance to become deeply enamored, when they are sundered by angry seas, and further complications must take place before love gets its own. It is hardly fair to criticise too sharply the machinery of a novel which so evidently depends for its interest on such artificial aids. We want to be amused wherever the hero is transported, and are willing to humor any geographical whims that may enter the author's head if he can manage them fairly, and especially if he can also give us in his characters studies of human beings. In this novel we get a taste of English life, of life in this city, in San Francisco, in a free-love community, and we have also a glimpse of the Paris Exposition of 1867. But no matter with what accuracy these scenes are described, we require something more, for the book is a novel and not a gazetteer.

The domestic habits of this country are carefully observed and recorded. Judge Atheling, for instance, travels through Europe with an American rocking-chair, and the bill-of-fare of his breakfast is given—and the reader will please notice what an intensely American breakfast it is: "hominy and succotash," which the Judge liked; "milk toast," in which his wife delighted; buckwheat cakes, stewed apples, preserved peaches—the fresh peaches were gone with the summer; "scrambled" eggs; potatoes done in various ways—the sweet potato and our old familiar mealy friend; apple sauce; and several varieties of bread, besides tea (which only Isolind drank); chocolate, which pleased Mrs. Atheling; and a great bowl of milk, to be swallowed by the Judge, who never touched tea, coffee, or any such beverages. "It is almost needless to say to any one who knows New York, that great glasses of ice-water stood beside each plate." This is a fair breakfast for three—two of whom are women. Perhaps Mr. McCarthy is saving for another novel the other peculiarly American dishes which our fellow-countrymen are fond of calling for at breakfast, either at home or in Europe. We miss the familiar pie, the large oysters generally so impressive to the stranger, pork and beans, waffles, desiccated cod-fish, beef-steak (though perhaps that is not American enough), pork-scraps, Lake Erie teal, buffalo and antelope steaks, Boston brown-bread, doughnuts, hoe-cake, crackers (this is a serious omission), baked Indian pudding, hominy and molasses, pickles, tea-biscuit, cookies, and glasses of molasses and water, it is almost needless to say to any one who knows America, to be swallowed by all at the end of the breakfast. But while the book is crowded with the results of the author's observations of streets, breakfast-tables, and hotels in the course of his travels, they are but the frame in which the picture of society is set.

The characters of the tale are many and various. There is the haughty English aristocrat, Lady Judith; the affable American gentleman, Judge Atheling; the American swindler—of English birth, however, that no one may take offence—Chesterfield Jocelyn; the warm-hearted lover, Angelo; the intellectual young woman, Isolind; the poet, Eric Walraven; and the ill-trained Alexia—we need not go through the list; they are all very different from one another, and, we believe, from any human being that ever lived. Even those which are most evidently copies from well-known people of the day are the most unreal. They are all described with care. We have a long description of Isolind's bed-room, and a list of the books on her table; among others we find "Mill's 'Essay on Liberty'—with daily draughts of which latter Isolind refreshed her convictions as to the supreme human need of individuality, and the bane of mere conventionality." She wore a dress that showed "a good deal of a very neat, picturesque little boot of buff-colored leather, coming high above the ankle, and fastened with a row of buttons." Then we have a disquisition on the relative merits of short and long dresses in hiding the ankles, and we are told that Isolind's "limbs were straight, firm, and shapely." It is disagreeable to have to mention a blemish of this kind, which cloaks itself under the pretence of avoiding prudery, but it is simply prurient. It runs through the book, reminding one of Balzac at his worst, while we get very little that reminds us of Balzac at his best. The villains bite their nails, enraptured lovers tear their hair and swear fidelity, when misfortune comes the young girl weeps, the haughty dame is always imperious, the affected poet never forgets that he is playing a part, the poetess soliloquizes—but all as coldly as if they were actors reading off their parts from printed pages, and taking especial care not to omit the stage directions. Thus, we have the poetess soliloquizing in this fashion: "What a world of thought, of rapture, of hope, of passion and joy, is in fragrance! The scent of this flower opens up a whole new world to the senses and the soul, as the microscope and the telescope do to the eye and the intellect! I have only to smell this leaf, and I pass into a land of magic, where everything is rich, aromatic, and delightful; where every yearning finds an answer, and every dreamy hope becomes a reality. . . . Poor little flower! Poor little talisman that opens the wonder-world! it seems a pity to throw it away, even though it already wilts and droops." And, indeed, we need not wonder that "a publisher brought out an English edition of her poems, and that they were quite a success," nor that "Isolind became, to her own great surprise, a celebrity of the season in London," and that "West End drawing-rooms were delighted to welcome her." Mr. McCarthy here comes very near the borderline of facts.

If the poetess soliloquizes with a certain amount of deadness, in the same way we find a great deal of coldness in all the would-be passionate part of the story. Notwithstanding this fault, however, it should be said that there is a great deal of cleverness shown in the management of the plot. It is, in fact, a good imitation of a good story. That is at once the merit and the fault of the book.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1872.

The Week.

THE Custom-house investigation has been going on vigorously during the week, the principal point of it being the "general order" system, of which there was so much talk in Congress. This system, we may explain for the benefit of the uninitiated, is one under which imported goods, for whose removal to the Government bonded warehouses or the owner's store a permit has not been obtained by payment of the duties or otherwise within forty-eight hours after the arrival of the cargo, are transferred to a general order warehouse kept by a private individual with the authorization of the Government. The interest of this individual is to get as many goods landed before the owners can get permits for them as possible, and when they are placed in his store to charge as much as possible for keeping them. The control of this business, or of a great portion of it, was obtained soon after General Grant came into power by a person named Leet, whose case has excited a great deal of comment in and out of Congress, and has been used freely against the President. It was examined by the Congressional Committee last year, and has now been examined again. We shall attempt a brief summary of the evidence about it, setting down nothing which seems doubtful.

Leet, a Pennsylvanian, served on General Grant's staff, and in 1868 was still in the army, and a clerk in the War Department. In that year he came to Mr. Grinnell, with a letter of introduction and of warm *general* recommendation—not recommendation for anything in particular—from the President, and, on presenting it, informed Mr. Grinnell, what that gentleman did not then know, that he was to be collector at New York. The announcement and the letter, coming at the same time, seem to have made Mr. Grinnell deferential, and he asked Leet what he could do for a person in whom the President took so much interest; whereupon Leet frankly informed him that he must have the general order business, or, in other words, the keeping of the stores in which the class of goods above mentioned was deposited, from which Leet acknowledged that he expected to make $60,000 a year. Mr. Grinnell forthwith gave him a portion of it, and this Leet farmed out to a man named Bixby, under an agreement by which Bixby paid him $5,000 a year certain, and half of all profits over $10,000. During the year 1869–70, this went on, Leet continuing in the army, residing at Washington, and drawing his pay in the War Department, but complaining bitterly all the while of his not having more of the general order business than Mr. Grinnell had given him, and threatening him with removal if he did not give him more, but at the same time concealing his connection with it by having himself represented in New York by Mr. Lindsay, a friend of Mr. Grinnell's. These threats against Mr. Grinnell appear to have continued throughout the year, though the gains of Bixby and Leet were large. Finally, Mr. Grinnell was removed, in a little over one year after he had taken office, he never knew exactly why; and then Leet moved into New York, and openly took charge of the general order business under Collector Murphy, and still holds it. It is right to add that it appeared that, during the first year, he was living in the same house and "messing" with Generals Babcock and Porter, of the President's staff. The unfavorable inferences which might be and have been drawn from the President's share in the transaction with him are met by General Porter's testimony, which Leet corroborated in communications made to Lindsay, that General Grant gave the letter to Mr. Grinnell, not as a recommendation for a place, but as a general commendation to Mr. Grinnell's kind offices, and in the belief that Leet was going to settle in New York in business, as a private individual, and that he (the President) also told Leet of his unwillingness to have him take any office, after having served on his staff, on grounds of "propriety." This testimony would have more weight if, when the scandal was first brought to light, Leet had been dismissed, or had retired, or ever given any signs of uneasiness.

In the matter of "assessments for political purposes" there has been a good deal of evidence. They were levied in Mr. Grinnell's time, but against his will, by a mysterious power, to which the witnesses all referred vaguely and darkly. "A paper" would come to the Custom-house assessing the officials at so much, left, if one might judge by the evidence, by an invisible hand, but which we with our carnal eye have no hesitation in declaring to have been brought by a common two-legged messenger from the chairman of the National or State Committee. It was then "passed round," and every man put down his name. It was once passed round in aid of an election in Connecticut or New Hampshire, the free and enlightened citizens of that State being apparently unable to select their governor or legislature without getting a small pecuniary help from a parcel of poor clerks in this city. Mr. Grinnell could not stand this, but he could not allow "the paper" to go back unfilled, lest the Mysterious Power should be vexed, so he paid the whole sum, $7,000, out of his own pocket, a portion being refunded to him afterwards by other high officials. There is plenty of testimony that the practice still continues. In one case, which came to our own knowledge the other day, the victim, an elderly man with a family, was not asked coarsely for money, but was "advised" by his superior as "a friend" to join a certain Republican organization, which he did, and then the organization levied on him, not as a Custom-house officer, but as a member. Mr. Greeley testified, on information and belief, that the "serenade" to Tom Murphy the other night was paid for by assessment. We hope it was well paid for, for we can hardly imagine a more trying *rôle* for a musician than fiddling and blowing away on a cold night in the street in front of a window or balcony presenting nothing more inspiring than the dark outlines of "Tom's" graceful form, and those of two or three politicians of the same age.

Mr. Greeley testified at some length on the subject of the interference of Custom-house officials in State politics. He knew very few things positively and of his own knowledge; but he brought out pretty clearly that there were sixty Custom-house officers at Albany helping to elect the Speaker of the Assembly. Mr. Greeley is, however, almost disabled in this controversy by his deep sense, which he cannot conceal, of the wrongs of the Fenton wing of the Republican party. He hardly disguises that he is troubled above all by the use of the Federal patronage to proscribe and discourage the Fentonites; and the *Times*, of course, uses his avowed sympathy with the Fentonites to support its theory that the *Tribune's* efforts in the direction of reform are mere outbursts of Fentonite spleen. Now, there is only one difference between a Fentonite and a Conklingite known to finite intelligence, and it is simply this—that a Fentonite thinks highly of Fenton and lowly of Conkling; while a Conklingite thinks highly of Conkling and lowly of Fenton. On questions of public policy, except the question of the proper distribution of offices in this State, there is absolutely no difference of opinion between the two factions. In fact, no fight in an Irish fair was ever more senseless and ridiculous, and the possession by each faction of one of the principal Republican papers makes the quarrel a serious impediment to all reform. The *Times* is now not simply a thick-and-thin Administration paper, denying whatever the Administration needs to have denied, and affirming whatever it needs to have affirmed; but it is a thick-and-thin Murphy-and-Custom-house paper, and the sworn foe of all enquiries or investigations likely to damage Murphy or the Custom-house, his most powerful stronghold, from which large bands of retainers sally out every now and then and make raids on the Fentonites. We think we are only expressing the general opinion—and it is an opinion which all past experience of "Administration organs" justifies—that the *Times* is not simply leading people to distrust reformers, but is seriously injuring General Grant. If he is wise, he will direct it not to display too much zeal—at least, to affect moderation of statement, and, above all, to avoid personal attacks on his opponents. It is pleasant to make these attacks, but it is bad policy.

Fisk was shot on Saturday afternoon by his old rival in the affections of Mrs. Mansfield, as he ascended the stairs of the Grand Central Hotel, and died the next morning, having created by his decease a genuine sensation, greater, probably, than he ever created in his life, and which it is almost a pity he could not have enjoyed before his departure. The news flew about the city, and was telegraphed all over the country considerably faster than wildfire, and his condition and prospects were, as long as he lived, the principal topic of conversation. Some of the papers—by way, we suppose, of making the best of a bad job—try to see a certain retributive appropriateness in the manner of his death, but we doubt very much whether this will be the impression made on those whom his career has dazzled. Any man may be murdered, and the moral of his murder, to his admirers, is that one should avoid getting into scrapes about women. The only end that would have made his career a warning, instead of a model, would be his death in old clothes, and in penury and neglect. But to be struck down in a "Grand Central Hotel," in his velvet and his diamonds, and with his gorgeous coach at the door, and to die with a dozen physicians round his bed, and a hundred reporters outside, and leave an enormous amount of property in a will drawn by a leading member of the bar, was not, to the children of mammon, a very dreadful way of quitting the world; nay, we should say that the majority of them think, in their hearts, it was a very fine way. He died a little early, to be sure, but if he had tarried longer, his figure would have grown more corpulent, and his digestion feebler. There is only one thing wanting to make the disgrace which Fisk's life and death have inflicted on the community complete, and that is that Stokes, the murderer, should escape justice. That the courts and newspapers should have been occupied for months with the quarrels of the two scoundrels about a common strumpet, and that the helpless stockholders whom Fisk had swindled should, after vain appeals to legislatures and courts, have at last been reduced to hoping for succor from Mansfield's production of Fisk's "love letters" to her, was humiliating enough, in all conscience; but the lowest depth would be reached if Fisk's rival—a blackguard of the same tribe as himself—should be allowed to end their quarrel by ambushing and murdering him in broad daylight, in a great city, on the staircase of a crowded hotel, and escape punishment, either through legal quibbles or jurymen's stupidity.

Mr. Schurz has taken up the *Times* "exposure" of him in the Senate, and, we are sorry to say, accuses that paper of "cumulative, intrepid, and shameless lying." The charge of "spurning with contempt" the nomination for the Lieutenant-Governorship of Wisconsin in 1859 he says is false; he declined it. The charge of not supporting the ticket he says is "false"; he did support it, and stumped the State for three weeks in its favor. He did take $250 a week from the Republican Committee in the Presidential canvass of 1860, but it went to pay the expenses of incessant travel, between July 1 and Nov. 6, through five States, during which he made 160 speeches. Moreover, he says, he has spent just seventy-two weeks, or one year and five months, since 1856, in public speaking for the Republican party, and has received less for it than a popular lecturer receives in three weeks. The charge that he asked for a brigadier-generalship, with a major-general's command, he says is false; Mr. Lincoln offered him a brigadiership. The charge that he used his influence with "the German element" to secure his stay in the army after the war was over longer than there was any use for him, he says is false, and indeed it appears to be curiously and boldly false. Johnston surrendered April 26, 1865; Schurz was then with Sherman's army in North Carolina, and he immediately got leave of absence and went to Washington, for the purpose of resigning, and the first major-general's resignation recorded in the War Department was Sigel's, May 4, and the second, Schurz's, May 5. The charge about getting the collectorship for his brother-in-law has this foundation—that the appointment was proposed and urged by the Illinois delegation; that Schurz was asked to urge it in person, and refused; and finally, after pressure, endorsed the recommendation, with the remark that the Chicago Germans were entitled to some consideration. The charge that he pestered General Grant for offices is met by the fact that General Grant politely reproached him after he took office for not coming to see him. We are sorry to add that the *Times* returns to the subject in a second article, and does not notice one of these corrections, though it publishes the speech in full, but walks up and down in front of them, cursing and calling names and throwing out insinuations, in the style of Oakey Hall's *Leader*.

Mr. John Sherman has been put in nomination by the Republican caucus of the Ohio Legislature without much difficulty, his opponents, on the whole, making a poor show, but apparently foreseeing the fate that awaited them if they went into the caucus. Mr. Ashley's and Mr. Bingham's denunciations of the caucus have furnished, and not unjustifiably, much matter for merry-making to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, which thinks they have been rather slow in becoming virtuous. Sherman's "record" did not appear to hurt him in the least, though not one of the facts which we recently brought against him, and which show him to be a base politician and ridiculous chairman of a finance committee, can be or has been denied. Indeed, we may mention as an illustration of the widely different ways in which different people look at things, that the Chicago *Evening Journal*, after mentioning these charges, and gainsaying none of them, declares that the triumph of Sherman is a "cause of national rejoicing"; "that every citizen who has the best interests of the country at heart . . . sees in the success of Sherman an assurance of national prosperity," and it adds that "he is one of the few great statesmen of the country." It ought to have said "the only great statesman in the country," which would be as much as any respectable party paper could be expected to say.

It is rather difficult to tell the story of the Louisiana troubles in a comprehensible way, and in small compass; but the main facts are these: The Republican party is divided into two factions, as in this State—a Custom-house faction, headed by the United States Packard, and Collector Casey, the President's brother-in-law, who has, the New York *Times* says, "taken the Custom-house out of politics," and a Warmoth faction, headed by the Governor. There are no differences of opinion between them, any more than between our factions; but they hate each other, and struggle fiercely for the control of the Federal patronage. Last summer, Casey got the better of the Warmothites by holding the Republican Convention in the Custom-house, and overawing the enemy with United States troops and Gatling guns. The quarrel has raged fiercely ever since, and now Dunn, the Lieutenant-Governor, who was a Custom-house man, and a very dark-colored man, has died. The Governor got the Senate, which is on his side, to elect Pinchback, who is a light mulatto, in his place, thus infuriating the dark party among the negroes. Hereupon arose disputes, into which we shall not enter, as to Warmoth's power to convene one branch of the Legislature without the other. Anyhow, an extra session is called, and the Custom-house men do all they can to prevent a quorum, and for this purpose send some Senators down the river in the revenue cutter, while Carter, the Speaker of the

House, gets some Representatives indicted by the Grand Jury, and then has them arrested and expelled, and then the Governor and others are arrested by Packard, under United States warrants, for violating the Force Act—and so the wretched quarrel goes on, each party having collected armed forces and keeping the city in hourly fear of a bloody riot. Casey, the Collector, has, however, been rebuked by Secretary Boutwell, and ordered to land his cargo from the revenue cutter, and refrain from interference. We may mention that, according to most accounts, at the bottom of this fierce struggle is the desire by each side to control the delegation to the next National Convention. We think *Harper's Weekly* will agree with us that down in New Orleans, too, a little reforming, anticipatory of the operation of the new rules, would not come amiss.

It is certain that none of the carpet-bag governments at the South, not even the South Carolina Ring, is more corrupt and debased than that of Louisiana. Under it the taxes have risen from thirty-seven and a half cents on the $100 in 1866, to two dollars in 1871, and it has raised the State debt from $14,500 in 1868, to nearly $49,000,000 in 1871. Before the war, a sixty days' session of the Legislature cost from $100,000 to $200,000; the regular and extra session of the Legislature cost $750,000 in 1870, and the regular session alone of 1871 cost over $900,000. The modes of stealing, too, adopted by these rascals bear the most striking resemblance to the operations of the New York Ring, from which they have doubtless been copied. We have before us the report on the accounts of the Legislature for 1871, made by order of the District Court in New Orleans, in proceedings instituted against the State Auditor. The Commissioner only got hold of the books with great difficulty, and he found enormous frauds of five kinds: alteration and erasure of warrants; forgery of names on warrants; issue of warrants by unauthorized persons, for purposes forbidden by law, or in payment of services not rendered. We cannot give illustrations of all this knavery, but we will cite one or two. The Legislature appropriated for the expenses of the General Assembly $647,440 for 1871. Under this the Thieves forthwith issued warrants for $888,128; and when enquiry is made, it is found that the books of the Warrant Clerk and of the Chairman of the Committee on Contingent Expenses have been lost! The Committee on Charitable Institutions stole $7,420, by drawing "mileage" for tours of inspection which they never made. The Committee on Railroads stole $13,356 in a similar manner. The Committee on Banks stole $6,200 in the same way, and the Committee on Canals and Drainage followed their example.

We have never yet read the platform of a "Labor Reform" Convention without finding in it somewhere, wrapped up in the fustian of which these documents are usually composed, a little scheme for enabling people to get money without working for it. All else is apt to be mere verbiage or humanitarian platitudes. It is into this that the reformers put their whole minds. There was one of these conventions held at Bridgeport, Conn., the other day, which drew up one of the biggest platforms of the year; but we had not to run very far through it before we came on what the thimble-riggers call "the little joker," in the shape of a demand that the Government should issue a "national paper currency, which should be a full legal tender, based on the wealth of the nation and not on gold, and issued by the Government directly to the people at a low rate of interest." This idea frequently finds expression on these occasions, and it is due to the irritation caused in the minds of large numbers of persons by discovering that they cannot have capital without saving, and cannot borrow without satisfying the lenders that they are likely to repay. The "credit" which frugal and industrious persons of good character rapidly create for themselves, the reformers always regard as an "odious monopoly." Indeed, they are not very far from regarding a good character as an "unjust privilege." The difficulty which the honest, hard-working, and thrifty poor men frequently experience, at the outset of their careers, in borrowing money to be used in carrying on or extending their trades, the Schultze-Delitzsch plan, which is attaining enormous proportions in Germany, meets exactly, and, while doing so, stimulates instead of weakening energy, and rewards instead of discouraging probity. Under that plan, a man has only to save a little from his wages regularly in order to join one of the co-operative banks, and then he has only to establish a character for integrity and punctuality to be able to borrow at low rates of interest.

Although the steady decline in prices in most articles of merchandise throughout 1871 has left the year's business unsatisfactory in its general results, the recent upward reaction in many leading staples causes a good feeling among the commercial classes, and the markets are generally buoyant. Cotton, under the influence of declining receipts and an excited speculation, has again advanced sharply, and our market is generally higher than that of England, our chief consumer. The exports are consequently light, and stocks are rapidly accumulating at our ports, to the great delight of warehousemen, who for the first time in some years see their stores well filled. The insurance companies are likewise reaping a temporary though dangerous harvest from this accumulation of combustibles. Breadstuffs are firm and advancing, also in a measure influenced by speculation. The deficiency in England's crop last year is shown by the increase in her imports of wheat, which were nearly a third larger in 1871 than in 1870. But of this increase the United States furnished only an insignificant portion, owing to our high prices, the chief increase coming from Russia, which sent to England alone nearly sixty per cent. more wheat in 1871 than in 1870—a striking illustration of the extraordinary fluctuations in the respective production of cereals in the same country in different years. Groceries continue to advance, but meats of every description have once more declined. Dry-goods are quiet; coal declining, with an ugly-looking strike in Wilkesbarre, which it is hoped may be adjusted before it spreads.

The money markets of the world are now presenting some extraordinary features. France has for the time being abandoned specie payments, and is flooding England and Germany with her useless coin. France has always had the largest metallic currency, estimated by her best statisticians at from 800 to 1,200 millions of dollars, or from three to five times as much as the United States held prior to the war. Of this enormous circulation, about 400 millions have disappeared from the channels of commerce, probably largely hoarded, but, at the lowest estimate, 100 millions have been exported to England and Germany, in payment of the Prussian war indemnity. The result is equal to more than doubling the total annual production of gold, and confining the use of that product to these two countries. As England and Germany together have not probably heretofore received more than one-fourth the total production, it is not unreasonable to assert that their usual receipts have, since the French war, been quadrupled. The effect is magical. Credit, which, according to the present ideas of commerce, is based not upon the wants of commerce, but on the casual or accidental abundance or scarcity of gold, has received an enormous impetus. The stolid Germans are more crazy with the speculative fever than ever were the mercurial Yankees. Banks, credit companies, and corporative enterprises of every description are springing up like mushrooms over-night. In England, railroads, mines, and manufacturing companies are the prevailing form of the mania; and before long we may expect to see both countries alike suffering the unexpected calamities inevitably to result from the blunder and folly of the indemnity proceeding. Strange to tell, while money in Germany and England goes a-begging at two and three per cent. per annum, we here are not able to derive any material relief from the abundance. All that Europe can lend us in the shape of money is gold coin, and for that we have no use. Our greenbacks have for the last three weeks been worth, on an average, certainly not less than twenty per cent. per annum, but of these Europe has no surplus supply to send us.

SOME REASONS WHY CIVIL-SERVICE REFORMERS ARE NOT ALL SATISFIED.

A NUMBER of friends of the Administration will have it that the course of those who are not satisfied with the President's relations to civil-service reform is captious and unreasonable. *Harper's Weekly*, which is the most respectable of the President's defenders—inasmuch as it is not capable of playing the part of a common "henchman," and standing by the Administration "right or wrong"—is even of opinion that those who twitted members of Congress with being in favor of civil-service reform in the abstract, but always opposed "to this particular measure," are now guilty of this same inconsistency themselves in refusing to be content with the President's recent action. As we believe we originated this joke against Congressmen ourselves, and made a good deal of use of it, we are, if anybody is, exposed to the reproach thrown out by the *Weekly*. We shall now, in self-justification, say one or two things which the *Weekly* has apparently, in the not unnatural interest it takes in the success of the new measure, overlooked in judging those observers who still complain. Nobody, let us say, who has made up his mind that General Grant's re-election is necessary to the salvation of the country can see this matter from all sides, and there is one important side which the *Weekly* has not seen.

General Grant went into office as a civil-service reformer. He tried the plan of making appointments for fitness solely, during his first year, and surrounded himself with excellent men. He found, however, that it did not work well. Politicians persuaded him that he was estranging the party, and that unless he fairly and frankly allowed "claims" to tell in the distribution of the higher places and in the general discharge of his duties, his Administration would prove a failure; and there was, in fact, a good deal of truth in what they said. We thought, and still think, that a President who did not care for re-election, and had enough fire in his composition to throw himself on the people for support, might have overwhelmed the politicians, frightened Congress into submission, and have had his way. General Grant had, however, to act according to his light and his temperament, and he succumbed. Cox, Hoar, Wells, and the like were speedily got rid of, and Cameron, Morton, Forney, and their like took their places around his chair, and a total change of policy was entered on. The worst abuses of the civil service were deliberately taken up, as instruments of government. To mention but a few illustrations—the Federal patronage was used openly and wholesale to influence the State election in Missouri. Mr. Grinnell, a respectable New York merchant, who was as much of a politician as was consistent with honesty and decency, was summarily dismissed from the New York Collectorship, and a mere politician of the lowest class—as close an approach, perhaps, to a Tammany politician as could be found in the Republican ranks—was put in his place, and, as this worthy confessed himself, for the express purpose of "running it" as a party machine. To oblige B. F. Butler, the Consulate-General at Alexandria was filled, in the place of Mr. Charles Hale, with the curious animal whose public orgies have been described in the *Independent* by the Rev. Dr. Strang. The Government banking business abroad, which had for ninety years been transacted with probity and honor by the great house of Barings, was taken from them and given to rich New York politicians who had supplied money freely to "the party," on the pretence that it was desirable to have it in the hands of "Americans"—the fact being that the new firm was composed of a Swede and an Englishman.

Now all this was rather mortifying, especially to those who had indulged in as much enthusiasm over General Grant as we had. But still, it was possible to excuse it on the ground that no single man could overthrow the old system; that it was unfair to expect any single man to do it; that the President meant well, but could not resist the force of circumstances; and that we must prepare for a better state of things by working on the public mind, so as to force Congress into legislating for reform. So, after dropping a tear or two over the dimness which the cares and temptations of office had brought on General Grant's reputation, we turned ourselves to public opinion. We hammered away at the abuses of the civil service, in season and out of season, and, finally, so much ability and energy was enlisted in the work that caucuses and conventions began to feel the pressure, and civil-service reform began to crop out in platforms and to be mentioned in campaign speeches, and at last Congress gave to the President an authorization to appoint a Commission to frame rules and regulations; and the Attorney-General gave his opinion—all lawyers of eminence, we believe, concurring—that the President could in his discretion carry these rules out without the aid of Congress. The Commission made its report, and it was an excellent one. It drafted rules, and they were very good. It left the power of removal untouched; and we thought it did right, because we believed that if this power were taken away, in the existing condition of the service and of political morality, great abuses were sure to present themselves, and high officials, and especially the enemies of the reform, would endeavor to break it down, by denying all responsibility for them. We are not aware that any other serious fault was found with the new regulations.

Now, at this point, what is the duty of all honest civil-service reformers? That is really the question of the hour. To this question there could be but one answer, if the President had shown by his general use of his discretionary power that he had the reform really at heart, and had it at heart more than all else, and would allow nothing to interfere with it, and had no personal ends to serve by slighting it: Support him with all our might, and bear patiently with his delays, mistakes, and shortcomings. The new measure being not a law, but the discretionary act of the chief executive officer, of course our estimate of its value must largely depend on his character and aims, as displayed in his conduct; and, indeed, an estimate of its value in which no count of these things is taken is utterly worthless. Our own fears that the work of reform would not be heartily carried on, and that, indeed, there might be only enough done to make "capital" out of it, but not enough to displease politicians, were excited by a number of circumstances, which were either contemporaneous with or subsequent to the organization of the Civil Service Commission. One was the pertinacity with which "Tom" Murphy was kept in control of the most important Government office. Murphy may be a spotless contractor; but his best friends will not deny that he is the very type of the scheming, managing, "rotating," "decapitating," jobbing, bellowing politician, who feels about civil-service reform very much as the devil feels about holy water. Another was the appointment, a month after Congress had authorized the Civil Service Commission, of Colonel Forney as collector at Philadelphia. We might find plenty of things in Colonel Forney's career as a politician to warrant us in characterizing this as, under the circumstances, an amazing appointment for a reformer to make; but we shall not refer to his career as a politician for the purposes of our argument. All we say, and all we need say, is that Mr. Forney has been from the very first, in his paper, the most outspoken reviler and ridiculer of the reform movement anywhere to be found. He has denounced it in the most unmeasured terms, both as a humbug and as a covert attack on American institutions; and, indeed, he has spoken, apropos of the Lincoln monument at Philadelphia, of Lincoln's not being a civil-service reformer, or exacting any qualifications except party fidelity for admission to the civil service, as one of his greatest claims on the gratitude and admiration of his countrymen.

Last, but not least, our distrust has been excited by finding that the President has been growing, within the last year and a half, out of the character of a possible candidate for re-election, through that of a probable candidate, into that of the only candidate to be thought of by any good Republican; and that the same men and newspapers who were most clamorous in their praises of his civil-service reform steps are also most clamorous against all interference with existing abuses in this and other custom-houses, and the most malignant in their vituperation of those who ask for enquiry. Now, his appearance in this way and under these circumstances as a full-blown candidate, suggested to our minds what seems a natural and obvious reflection, and it was this: The two great sources of civil-service abuses are the desire of candidates to secure their *re*-election, and their obligation to those who have helped in it. If the President, to whose "discretion" we are now told to look for reform, be really a candidate, it is hardly likely that he will throw away the tools others in his situation have found so useful. If he does throw them away, it will be a crowning proof of his sincerity; if he does not, it may not prove that he is insincere, but it does prove that the time for vigilance and criticism has not gone by, and it seriously lessens the chance of the reform proving permanent—for nothing will ever sanctify it and give it a root in the popular heart and the political traditions of the country except the self-sacrifice of a president or a party in its behalf.

Now, on raising our eyes, with the history of the last two years in our mind, what do we see?—the President a candidate for re-election; a reform of the civil service going into operation, but certain to produce no sensible effect on the service for two or three years; the great seats of civil-service abuses, the custom-houses, in the hands of old political jobbers of the most degraded type; the minor custom-house officials scouring the country, while receiving the people's pay, helping to pack legislatures and conventions with partisans, without an attempt at repression or any sign of disapproval at Washington; the ablest and purest men of the Republican party savagely denounced by the Administration papers for asking for investigation; the reports of a damaging enquiry into custom-house abuses carefully cut down by Government organs, the bad parts left out, and the rest stuck away in small type in a remote corner of their columns, and all of it pooh-poohed; and, in fact, the whole of the wretched party machine grinding away for dear life in preparation for the nominating convention. Now, we may not be saying exactly the thing we ought to say; but we are right well assured that neither we nor any other honest paper ought, in the presence of these facts, to keep silent and smile. It is a time for vigilance, and not for applause; a time to question, and not to rest and be thankful.

To this long array of suspicious circumstances the President's friends have nothing to offer by way of reply but reports of conversations with him, at which he said he meant well. We need hardly explain to our readers how impolitic it would be, even if it were not absurd, to permit any officer to escape in this fashion the operation of such inferences from his conduct as one's experience of human nature and of the course of human affairs would justify. We stand ready to note carefully and report fully all improvements in the civil service which the new code may effect; but as long as beside it abuses of the worst kind are being perpetrated, and perpetrated apparently in the personal interest of the President, we shall not be restrained by any consideration of the incivility or hardheartedness of doubting him from saying our say about them. Nor shall we, as far as our small influence goes, help to encourage the practice, so much loved by politicians, of taking men's own account of the state of their hearts, either as a substitute for good deeds or a palliative of bad ones. To that well-known old argument—"He has made mistakes, as who has not?" there is always the conclusive reply: "Let him stop his mistakes, then. A mistake repeated is no longer a mistake, but an offence."

THE USE OF FISK.

THERE remains very little to be said about Fisk's career which has not been said already in the way of doctrine or reproof. The very most has been made out of him as a warning and example. All are agreed that he was a most abominable and disheartening product of commercial civilization. He lied, and cheated, and stole, and was lewd, and gloried in his vices, and loved to parade them, and, in spite of all, he was an eminently successful man. He got everything in life that he set his heart upon. He loved luxury, and lived like a prince. He was licentious, and kept a harem with even less concealment than the Sultan. He loved power, and he had perhaps as much as it is possible for any man to have in a community like ours. He heard much talk of honesty, but perhaps rarely encountered it. He found little or no difficulty, in the course of his career, in getting the service or co-operation of any man of whose service or co-operation he had need. During the last two or three years, too, he was evidently rising in popular estimation. He commanded a regiment of volunteers, one thousand strong, and was swelling the number of his retainers every day by his "goodness of heart." If he could have lost his riches, and died in want, it would have been well. But there was great danger that, had he lived twenty years longer, the errors of his "hot youth" would have been forgotten, and we should have seen him quietly received into the rank of respectable "operators" and politicians, and, perhaps, finally rewarded for a large contribution to a campaign fund with a foreign mission. Things nearly as strange as this have been witnessed among us. Rascals as great as Fisk, though less notorious and brilliant, have outlived their infamy, and occupied, under the eyes of their own generation, positions which, we tell our Sunday-school children and our newsboys, the Lord reserves for the honest, industrious, and thrifty. The Sunday-school children and the newsboys are apt to find us out by degrees; but let us be thankful that Fisk has been removed before his honored old age aided them in their investigations into our pious little frauds. He was too conspicuous a scoundrel to be covered up or explained away.

We are not going to add anything, therefore, to the mass of moral reflections which his assassination has called forth. We do not believe anything more is needed to deepen the pain and humiliation with which all decent men and women among us think of him and of his works and ways. Most of them, too, we have no doubt, he has filled with much useful anxiety about the condition of our commercial morals, and about the necessity for greater care in the education of children, greater scrupulousness in the manner of doing business, and greater fastidiousness about the company we keep. What we should, however, like to impress on the public, and not the public of this State only, but of all the States, is that the one practical consideration suggested by Fisk's career is the danger of a corrupt judiciary. People as eager for money, and as unscrupulous about the means of getting it, will always show themselves in commercial communities, as long as human nature remains unchanged, and we would remind our Sentimentalist friends that an early change in human nature is not likely. Various systems of philosophy, and, finally, the Christian religion, have been trying to bring about such a change for three thousand years, and with but a very moderate degree of success. Fisk's heart, carefully examined, would not have been found very unlike the heart of Sardanapalus or Caligula. The disappearance of Fisks from the earth may yet be achieved, but it will be in the remote future, although there is no doubt that every man who is taking heed to his own ways, and to the ways of his children, is hastening that most desirable consummation.

In the meantime, however, the main and pressing business of society is to take care that, when Fisks appear, they do not succeed in getting what they strive for. Fisk, as a ruined broker in Wall Street, with a silver watch as his sole possession, was just as noxious a beast as Fisk, the colonel, and admiral, and opera manager, and railroad proprietor, but he need not have been dangerous. There are hundreds like him, as far as cupidity and want of principle go, and possibly even ability, in Wall Street now, thirsting for the good things which he enjoyed, and there will always be hundreds. We can never prevent that. What we can do is to put insurmountable obstacles between them and their prey in the shape of honest courts. We prepared the way for Fisk and Gould, and all their tribe, when we, under the guidance of the Sentimentalists, made judges elective for short terms, and still more when, knowing the bench had been corrupt, we made no attempt to purify it. We are, therefore, as much responsible for his crimes as a general who gave his sentinels permission to sleep at their posts would be for the surprise of his army. He and Gould could not have got possession of the Erie Railroad, or, having got it, could not have kept it, if they had not found judges ready to aid them. There is not a single stage in the Erie swindle, except the passage of the Classification Act, in which judicial connivance was not necessary; and without the Erie swindle Fisk would have been a nameless and unhonored rogue. Its success gave him his wealth, and produced or supported his other scandalous enterprises. His fleet of steamboats, and his opera, and his express company, were none of them profitable in themselves; they were all supported by the profits of the Erie road. Moreover, there is no doubt that the success and expansion of the municipal Ring, until it overshadowed the State and began to threaten the nation, were in a very large degree the result of Erie co-operation. To produce the amount of popular indignation and effort necessary to overthrow the Ring, we had to submit to the theft of $50,000,000, and to witness the city handed over, bound hand and foot by a venal Legislature, to a little clique of men whom very few decent citizens would have allowed to enter their houses, and whom everybody believed to be dishonest. Now, we do not think we exaggerate when we say that from all this loss, and shame, and disgrace an upright and independent judiciary might have saved us. Had Fisk in his first bold attempt at robbery been met with the hand of an incorruptible judge, not only would his depredations have been stayed, but the courage would have been taken out of him. Nothing, we may be sure, did more to inflame his imagination than his discovery that, in planning any raid or speculation, he could set down judicial decisions among the purchasable things as much as stock, or carriages, or hotel accommodation.

We hear a great deal every day about the wrongs the workingman suffers from the capitalists, about the rapacity of speculators and monopolists and great corporations. There is much truth in it; but when we come to enquire what is going to be done about it, we find that the grumblers generally propose to pass some law or other—they are never very clear what—and leave it to Providence to execute it; for your labor reformer is almost invariably the enemy of honest human tribunals. He hates the "legal mind," and would fain extirpate it; so that it is almost impossible to convince him that laws are not worth the paper on which they are written, unless you can get upright men to put them in force. The satisfaction of getting a favorite theory embodied in a statute is to him so great, that his mind does not care to descend to such details as the method of securing obedience to it, so that he contemplates the spectacle of timid, servile, corrupt judges with perfect equanimity. Nevertheless, it is literally true that the very first step in "labor reform," as in all reforms, should be a vigorous effort, in all parts of the country, to restore the judiciary to the position of independence, dignity, and security it once occupied. There cannot be too much money paid to secure this end, and the more the power of great capitalists increases, the more necessary it becomes. A cheap judge is about as dangerous an article as a cheap gun: you can rely on a cheap gun's going off, but you can never tell at which end; and you may rely on a cheap judge's deciding cases, but whether the rogues or honest men will profit by his decisions nobody knows. We might, if we had space, fortify our argument by reference to the great loosening of the bonds of habit and tradition which we are witnessing in all parts of the country—the declining influence of the church; the growing love of aleatory modes of getting a livelihood, the dislike of steady, meritorious industry—as additional reasons for strengthening the institution through which society at large applies its morality to the relations of its members in daily life. Out of the moral confusion which we are witnessing, we have no doubt a better state of things will arise. We shall yet see a general consensus, or a near approach to it, about the foundations of society and government, but there can be no more valuable aid in crossing the troubled sea called the "transition period" than a pure judiciary. We do not need to be told, as we probably shall be, that, as men go, an absolutely pure judiciary is not to be looked for, just as we are told that no civil-service reform will make all Government officers honest. We know all this very well, brethren. We are as much depressed as you by the scarcity of perfectly holy men; all we ask is that you do not give way to despair, but go on trying to find them, and get them to take office; and in the meantime, knowing the weakness of human nature, that you remove from the path of such unworthy instruments as you employ all removable temptations.

Correspondence.

CRAIK'S SHAKESPEARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The remarks in your paper of January 4 upon my edition of Prof. Craik's "English of Shakespeare" were apparently written without reading the book or comparing it with the English edition. When a critic indulges in that way of reviewing, he ought to be discreetly vague in his praise or blame. If he makes specific charges against his victim—of meanness or dishonesty, for instance—he should at least see that he has some grounds for the accusation.

After commending Prof. Craik's way of numbering the speeches of the play, you assert that I have adopted a substitute, which is "a poor thing, though his [my] own." It may be a poor thing, but it is none of mine. It is no modification of Prof. C.'s method, but *an exact reprint* of what I found in his book, as any one will see who will take the trouble to compare the two. In his third edition, on which mine is based, *he* "numbers the speeches from the beginning to the end of the play, but puts a number against those only to which the notes in the 'philological commentary,' which follow the play, refer." For purposes of reference, this is an improvement on his *first* edition, in which he numbers only every *fifth* speech—the 5th, 10th, 15th, etc. I cannot at this moment refer to the *second* edition, but, if I remember right, the system of numbering is the same as in the third edition.

In editing the book, I wished to avoid making it larger, and therefore omitted what I thought could be spared as well as not. From the preface I struck out several pages, including the reference to the author's system of numbering the speeches. The latter I should certainly have retained, if it had occurred to me that anybody would suppose the method to be mine. But no one who reads as far as the end of the "Prolegomena" (p. 58) will be in danger of making that mistake, for there he will find a note, which states that the numbering is Prof. Craik's, and that his accidental misstatement of an error in his figures had led me astray in an attempt to correct the error.

You will see, then, that I neither modified Prof. C.'s method of numbering, nor deprived him of a credit which is his due.

I may add that I have not adopted Prof. C.'s numbering in my editions of "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Tempest," recently published by the Harpers, nor in the "Henry VIII." and "Julius Cæsar" of the same series, now in press. If the *speeches* are to be numbered, Mr. Ellis's plan of numbering each scene separately appears to be the better one. Prof. C.'s is of no use to those who have not the numbered edition, while Mr. Ellis's will be of more or less service to all Shakesperian students. "Julius Cæsar, 721," or "J. C., v. 3, 721," is an example of the one; "J. C., v. 3, 7," of the other. The former does not help us unless we have Prof. C.'s edition; the latter directs us at once to the *seventh* speech in the scene, which is readily found in any edition. In the case of very long scenes, the number of the speech (5, 78, or 142, for example) would at least suffice to show whether the passage is near the beginning, middle, or end of the scene; and that, in the majority of cases, would be all the help one would need for finding it.

In the "Globe" edition, the *lines* in each scene are numbered, and the references in Abbott's "Shakesperian Grammar," in Clark and Wright's "Select Plays" (Clarendon Press edition), in the privately printed "Notes on 'The Tempest,'" by the Shakespeare Society of Philadelphia, and a few other books, are added to that edition. The chief objection to the general adoption of this device is that the number of lines in the *prose* portions of the plays will vary with the size of page, the type, etc., in different editions.

On the whole, Mr. Ellis's plan is the best that has yet been suggested, and numbering the *lines* may be placed next. Prof. Craik's way is the worst of the three; and I am not surprised that, in the fifteen years that have elapsed since he proposed it and filled three whole pages of the preface to his "English of Shakespeare" with its praises, no editor has been led to adopt it. So far as I am aware, it has not been commended by any critic or reviewer except the one in the *Nation*, who considers it a "most useful device" in the English edition of a book, but "a poor thing" when reproduced without alteration in the American reprint of that book.

W. J. ROLFE.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Jan. 6, 1871.

[Had our critic been able to procure the third edition of Craik instead of the first, he would not have been guilty of the error into which he has certainly fallen, and for which we are heartily sorry. —ED. NATION.]

Notes.

A LITERARY announcement made by Mr. J. W. Bouton will, we are sure, give great pleasure to some of our readers. He has almost ready for publication "Gesta Romanorum; or, Entertaining Moral Stories. Translated from the Latin with Preliminary Observations and Copious Notes by the Rev. Charles Swan, late of Catharine Hall, Cambridge. A new edition, with an Introduction by Thomas Wright. In two vols." Mr. Wright's introduction has been written expressly for Mr. Bouton's edition, and the book is beautifully printed on handsome paper. We are sorry that Mr. Bouton has thought it best to print only a small edition, for it is a book that must please a great many people—it well deserves its fame—and it has hitherto been difficult to get. Many years ago, Mr. Putnam of this city published a selection from the "Gesta Romanorum" in that admirable series, "The Library of Choice Reading"; but the books of this series have been some years out of print, and, so far as we know, there is no other edition of the "Gesta Romanorum" in the market. We may refer in passing to Mr. Bouton's quaint and attractive business card, which the venerable George Cruikshank designed and etched for him during Mr. Bouton's recent visit to England. It represents an old book-worm seated at a table poring with delight over a huge and ancient tome. On a parchment scroll hanging over the table is written: "Designed and etched by George Cruikshank in September, 1871, who was born on the 27th September, 1792."

—A correspondent asks us to lend our influence in favor of a "national notice" of Mr. Samuel A. Goddard, of Birmingham, England, "the persistent writer of some well-known letters during the slaveholders' rebellion, and vigorously kept up, without flagging, under peculiar difficulties, from the commencement to the end." We have already done what we could to make Mr. Goddard's services known in connection with the published collection of his "Letters on the American Rebellion"; and we improve the opportunity to say again that they are highly creditable to Mr. Goddard's sympathies and to his familiarity with the subjects discussed, and that we hope the few copies yet remaining unsold in the hands of Messrs. Noyes, Holmes & Co., Boston, may soon find purchasers and a place in public or private libraries. But the number of persons abroad who defended the American cause with all the resources at their command is too great, we fear, to admit of singling out one for "national notice," and one, too, whose relations to America were such as to make his defence of her both natural and obligatory. We say this not to detract from Mr. Goddard's merit, but to show the impracticability of our correspondent's suggestion.

—"Almost all other things in this world have been done one or more times; but surely the disbursement of over three millions of dollars among seventy-five thousand persons so as to give universal satisfaction, is a problem upon which experience throws but little light." All the light that can be thrown upon it, however, is reflected in the pamphlet from which we quote these words, the "First Special Report of the Chicago Relief and Aid Society." It is a singularly clear and interesting account of the efficient labors of this organization (which was incorporated in 1857 and was merely enlarged to meet the exigencies of the fire), and conveys a lesson in charitable management none the less valuable because operations on so vast a scale are, happily, seldom called for. One cannot help feeling, who reads this report, that the labors in behalf of the Sanitary Commission for which Chicago was distinguished, bore their fruit in this more terrible crisis, and that thus the calamity of war proved an invaluable preparation for the calamities of peaceful times. Perhaps no one item of the statistics here presented by the Relief Society is more striking than the number of isolated houses put up under its auspices in the interval from October 15 to November 18, on the plan already described in these columns by Mr. Olmsted. Most of these temporary structures were an outright gift; but on not a few an obligation was willingly given to refund part of the money within a year. All furnished, such a house cost $125, and 5,497 had been erected or were in process of completion, at a saving of rental to the occupants estimated at 60 per cent. of the cost of the mere building, in six months. The week's rations for a family of five (two adults and three children) have been brought down to the low figure of $1 98. The pay-rolls of the Society for the week ending November 18 amounted to $9,758 98—which would have been much greater but for the gratuitous service of the principal officers. The white and colored American families needing succor have numbered 1,965, out of a total of 18,478, divided among twenty nationalities, of which the three most numerously represented were as follows: German, 7,280; Irish, 5,512; Scandinavian, 2,104. Our space will not permit a more extended notice of this very suggestive report, which is infinitely creditable to the Society and the city of Chicago. We recommend it to all who would have some idea of the magnitude of the task which has been so courageously and successfully undertaken, and especially to those who may think that the need of contributions has passed. More than half a million dollars additional will be required to carry through the sufferers till the 1st of April.

—Some correspondence which has just been made public between the leading botanists of the country and the present head of the Department of Agriculture, will convince most people who are capable of judging, that the civil-service regulations, to be complete, will have to provide some examination for Commissioners. It appears from the *American Naturalist* for January, that a few months ago the late botanist of the Department, Dr. C. C. Parry, having been a good deal badgered by the new chief, made a simple request to be informed in writing how he should sign his answers to official communications addressed to him on botanical subjects—whether with his own name as botanist, or in the name of the Commissioner; and was abruptly notified by the latter that his services would be no longer required. Professors Torrey, Gray, Brewer, and Eaton having in a joint communication expressed their high opinion of Dr. Parry's character and scientific ability, "as well as of his peculiar qualifications for the position," and requested a reconsideration of his dismissal, Judge Watts replied that he could not in self-respect restore Dr. Parry, and would rather not assign reasons for his action, or say anything that "might disparage him [Dr. Parry] in the estimation of his friends." On behalf of these friends, however, Dr. Asa Gray insisted on having the Commissioner's reasons, all the more on account of the intimation, in his letter, of some moral delinquency on Dr. Parry's part; and asked leave to print the correspondence if it was to end there. Thus challenged, Judge Watts made a clean breast of it, from which it appeared that he was plainly jealous of his subordinate, and wished every function of the Department to be absorbed in himself. He charged Dr. Parry with the enormous offence of sending sealed letters away, without submitting them to him either for revision or signature—letters, in the elegant English of the Commissioner, "which I deemed objectionable because of his mode of expression, wanting in perspicuity and not creditable to the Department." His only other ground of complaint not growing out of the first is contained in the following choice excerpt:

> "This Department is designed to render the developments and deductions of science directly available to practice, that farmers and horticulturists may be benefited by them. The principles of vegetable physiology, their relations to climate, soils, and the food of plants, and the diseases of plants, which are principally of fungoid origin, it is clearly the duty of a botanist to investigate. If possible, he should throw some light upon the origin and condition of growth of the lower orders of cryptogamic botany. This is a domain into which I could not discover that Dr. Parry had ever entered, so far as his practical work here gave any indication. The routine operations of a mere herbarium botanist are practically unimportant."

—This sheds a fine light on the Commissioner's fitness for his place. Dr. Gray, in closing the correspondence, has the cruelty to remark that a "mode of expression wanting in perspicuity" is "a fault into which more practised writers may sometimes fall," and tells the Commissioner that he has solved for Dr. Parry's friends "the alternative of supposing either bad conduct on the part of one hitherto highly esteemed, or of very hard usage towards him." That the public, in judging of the hard usage, may also have a still further test of the Commissioner's capacity, there is appended to the printed correspondence some extracts from reports of the Board of Trustees of the Agricultural College of Pennsylvania, made by the Hon. Frederick Watts, 1865, 1868, as examples of "perspicuity," etc. It was not necessary for that to go back of the Commissioner's late report to Congress, one of the most fearfully and wonderfully written documents ever submitted to that body; but this extract would perhaps be hard to beat:

> "These farms will all differ essentially in the character of soil and situation, and will be conducted under the eye of a skilful Professor of Agriculture, for the purpose of testing and developing the thousand mysteries which now cloud the knowledge of the farmer. These experiments, carried on under the direction of a scientific observer, who will constantly keep note of the weather, *the signs of the Zodiac*, the application of manures, and all the various actual and supposed influences which affect the growth of plants, and this, too, at three different points of the State, and upon different soils, cannot fail to produce an amount of information exceedingly valuable, and which could never be collected by individual exertion."

—As it is clear that the abuse of the majority rule, and the facilities which it offers of being abused, are at the root of the evil personified in Tweed & Co., it is fitting that the revolution against the Ring should be followed by an experiment of some one of the numerous schemes of proportional representation now actually in practice or proposed by speculative writers on constitutional reform. The Committee of Seventy's advice that the new charter should provide for the cumulative vote is, therefore, a step in the right direction; but it may be doubted whether the choice of systems is the best one. We hope that the Legislature, and all persons who are interested in the right solution of the "great-city problem," will carefully examine an admirable paper on Proportional Representation, covering the whole ground, in the January number of the *American Law Review*, just issued. The writer justly remarks that "the discussion has gone about as far as it can profitably go without actual trial"—meaning, of course, in this country, where the trial can be made on a larger scale and with more decisive results than anywhere else. Evidently partial to the Hare system for universal application, he finds no difficulty in proving its theoretical superiority to any other scheme, and its practical superiority in non-partisan elections, such as those which take place within societies, stock companies, and other corporate bodies. But he inclines perhaps to the Swiss "Free List," which differs least from the Hare system, and which, if an ingenious suggestion of his were carried out, would differ still less, as most to be recommended to reformers who are bent on trying something. The Free List, or Free Ticket, is, as the writer points out, relieved of the suspicion of hocus-pocus with which the popular imagination would naturally invest the Hare system, on account not so much of the complexity of its mode of sorting and counting votes, as of the difficulty of making it perspicuous to those who do not actually take part in it. And in fact, a constituency accustomed to the Free List, and subsequently invited to adopt the Hare system, would find the gradation easy and almost imperceptible.

—The article in the *Law Review* has the merit of order and lucidity in a high degree, taking the reader from the simpler to the more elaborate forms of representation by stages which successively clear the way for a perfect understanding of the whole matter. As it also gives a chronological list of works relating to the subject, it has a double value, historically and for purposes of reference, and, indeed, furnishes a complete guide to the student who seriously wishes to inform himself. In general, treatises of this sort are to be regarded as rather solid reading, and we do not say that this one can be digested rapidly without previous preparation of any sort; but it is enlivened by a note on the "gerrymandering" of electoral districts, which, besides giving an account of the origin of this immortal Americanism, illustrates it with a reduced fac-simile of the gerrymander itself, not often seen nowadays. In like manner an engraved illustration is given of still more remarkable gerrymandering by which the Second Empire was enabled to keep up a show of popular support and retain its majority in the Corps Législatif. We presume it is betraying no confidence to say that the author of the article is Prof. William R. Ware, of Boston, well known for his connection with the Harvard College experiment of the Hare system.

—We find pleasure in remembering that the first mention, recommending its purchase in America, of the collection of "Hebraica" and "Judaica," which formerly belonged to Mr. Frederic Muller, bookseller, at Amsterdam, and is to-day opened to the public of this city as the Temple Emanu-El Library, was made, by Dr. Felsenthal, of Chicago, in the columns of the *Nation* (No. 288). That valuable collection well deserves its new title, though comprising but little more than three thousand volumes, and in more than one of its divisions presenting but outlines still to be developed into full departments by the zeal of the American purchasers. The divisions now introduced are the following: A, Bibles and parts of the Bible; B, exegetical and homiletical works; C, Midrash; D, Talmud; E, works on the Talmud; F, Halakhah; G, casuistical writings; H, philosophy, theology, ethics; J, Cabala; K, liturgical books; L, belles-lettres; M, grammar, Masora, rhetoric; N, dictionaries; O, periodicals; P, history, biography, bibliography, geography; Q, archæology, criticism; R, anti-Jewish writings; S, miscellaneous writings; T, dissertations. Divisions A, B, D, E, F, G, H, K, M, Q, and T are the fullest. Many of the divisions are subdivided into Semitic and non-Semitic parts, a considerable portion of the library consisting of works in Latin, German, Dutch, Spanish, French, Portuguese, Italian, and Greek.

—The editions most frequently met with in this, as in almost every other Hebrew library, are those of Venice and Amsterdam, besides which Italy is conspicuous through the publications of Mantua, Soncino, Ferrara, Naples, Parma, Rome, Sabionetta, Bologna, Pesaro, Fano, and Leghorn; and the Netherlands through Utrecht, Leyden, the Hague, Groningen, Franeker, Dort, and Rotterdam. Next come the German publications of Fürth, Augsburg, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Leipsic, Berlin, Göttingen, Dyhernfurt, Rödelheim, Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Vienna, Prague, Altdorf, Cologne, etc. Warsaw, Wilna, Lemberg, and the other Polish towns are less fully represented. Pressburg appears more frequently than either Pesth or Buda. The Hebrew issues of Basel vie in number and value with those of Paris, London, and Oxford. Portugal is better represented than Spain. The prints of Constantinople and Saloniki are very old, but poor. Smyrna and Jerusalem are the only representatives of Asia. Among the oldest prints of the library, some of which are quite remarkable productions of the first half-century after the invention of the printing art, we find those of Pieve di Sacco (1475); Mantua (1480, 1484, etc.); Soncino (1484, 1485, 1488, 1490, etc.); Ijar, in Spain (1485); Casal Maggiore (1486); Naples (1488, 1489, 1490, 1491, etc.); Brescia (1491); Constantinople (1505, 1506, etc.); Fano (1506); Pesaro (1508); and of some unknown Italian presses. The manuscripts of the library are chiefly remarkable as curious specimens of mediæval and modern Hebrew writing.

—A year or two ago the *Fortnightly Review* contained a valuable series of articles by Frederic Seebohm upon the "Land Question." They deserved and received great attention and commendation. It may not, however, be too late to point out one or two flaws in the argument, arising from an inadequate acquaintance with the authorities. The author undertook to determine from the statistics of Domesday Book the portion of the population from which the freeholders and copyholders were afterwards derived; and at first sight his argument is very plausible, and almost convincing. It rests, however, upon two fallacies, which a very cursory examination of the documents is enough to expose. In the first place, he arrives at the number of manors in England by adding together the tenants-in-chief and the mesne tenants in Sir Henry Ellis's analysis—making about 10,000 in all. Now it will readily appear that the number of tenants will afford hardly any clue, for almost all of them held more than one manor. For example, in Tollentrew Hundred, Kent, there were four manors held by three mesne tenants: in Aihorde Hundred there were 25 manors, held by 10 tenants, having from one to seven manors apiece. In all Norfolk there were 1,392 manors, but only 498 tenants of both classes. It would seem likely, therefore, that his number of manors, 10,000, can be hardly more than half the true number. Having thus obtained the number of manors, he proceeds to use it as a divisor, with the several classes of the population, and obtains by this process an average population of the manor, which one might accept as a very probable one if the mode of calculation were correct. But here comes in another error. There are in "Domesday Book" about 13,000 *liberi homines* and 23,000 *sochemanni*. Dividing these 36,000 by 10,000 we have 3 or 4, the average number of freeholders (socagers) for a manor. Next come 82,000 *bordarii* and 108,000 *villani*, from which numbers he gets an average number of 15 or 20, the class that afterwards were villeins, and became copyholders and laborers. Unfortunately for his theory, the *freemen* and *socmen* were, with insignificant exceptions, wholly in the north and east of England, so that no provision is made for the socage tenants in the south and west. We will not undertake here to propose a better theory than Mr. Seebohm's: it is enough, for the present, to show that his will not stand.

—The opportunities for the higher education of women in this country are now increased by the opening of the University of Vermont to students of both sexes, and it cannot be long before one or more of the Massachusetts colleges will follow this example. It may already be said, therefore, that all women who desire a liberal education can have it by paying for it, as men pay for it, though they have not as yet the same choice of colleges in which to get it. We observe that the catalogue of the University of Michigan for 1871–72 contains the names of sixty-five ladies, regularly enrolled and acknowledged members, of whom twenty-five are counted in the department of science, literature, and art—one of these being a candidate for the degree of B.A. with the present senior class.

—Bolivia, with its population of two and a half millions, is now the objective point of three railroad enterprises in which American engineers or capitalists take a leading part. There is, first, the line which Peru is building, under a contract with Mr. Harry Meiggs, from the port of Islay to Lake Titicaca, a distance of 125 miles in a direct line, but requiring 327 miles of rail; of this, 117 miles are now working to Arequipa. The second enterprise is Brazilian, and has in view the carriage of freight by water and rail from Pará to Vinchuta, on a tributary of the Madeira, a distance of 3,200 miles. To overcome rapids and falls in both these rivers, a railroad is projected 170 miles long, and Mr. George E. Church, the engineer, has been seeking support for it in England. The third scheme, however, seems to promise more useful results than either of the others, and has been laid before the Argentine Congress in a petition from our countryman Mr. Edward A. Hopkins, who has been for a quarter of a century closely identified with the material development of the Plate River region. This petition, originally published as a pamphlet ("Memorial sobre el mejor modo de abrir relaciones comerciales entre la República Argentina y la de Bolivia") has been translated into English and printed in successive issues of the *Weekly Standard* of Buenos Ayres (Aug. 30 to Oct. 11, 1871). Mr. Hopkins's plan and arguments for his chosen route appear quite reasonable, and, indeed, a glance at the map will satisfy any one that the natural outlet for the commerce of Bolivia is the Plate, and neither the Amazon nor a pass across the Andes. There is a gravity course to trade as surely as to water, and Europe counts in the scale on the side of the Plate. From Sucre and Potosi, by this route, to Cape St. Roque is no further than from Vinchuta to the same point; and, owing to prevailing winds and currents, says Mr. Hopkins, "a vessel can go from the river Plate to Europe as soon as from the mouth of the Amazon, and nearly as soon to the United States." He contemplates a road through the Chaco, in the valley of the Pilcomayo, for so much of its lower course (285 geographical miles) as it is unnavigable, starting from the present Villa Occidental, on the river Paraguay, and ending at the Puerto Magariños; the road to be narrow-gauge, and built, perhaps, of rails made of the indestructible wood of the country. Its completion would bring the silver mines of Potosi within four days of Buenos Ayres.

—A duller or more barren period of book-making than the present we have seldom experienced. It is not simply the reaction from the holiday activity, but is part of the long-continued stagnation which this activity hardly concealed for the moment. The absolutely new works are few, and the good ones fewer still. English publications of any worth have mostly been mentioned by us, and we believe the following are all that need to be added to our lists for the past year: The third volume of Lord Brougham's Autobiography; the first volume of Forster's Life of Dickens; "Voltaire," by John Morley—in biography. Among books of travel: "Chiploquorgan; or, Life by the Camp Fire in the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland," by R. L. Dashwood; W. H. G. Kingston's "On the Banks of the Amazon," a boy's journal of adventure; "An Australian Parsonage; or, The Settler and the Savage in Western Australia," by Mrs. Edward Millett; "Letters from India," by Hon. Emily Eden; "At Home with the Patagonians," by C. G. Masters. To these we may add: Jonathan Couch's "History of Polperro: a Fishing Tour on the South Coast of Cornwall," and Thomas Bateman's "Ten Years' Diggings in Celtic and Saxon Grave Hills in Derby, etc." "Hungarian Celebrities," by Captain W. J. Wyatt, relates to the most recent phase of Hungary's connection with Austria; "Two Years in the Pontifical Zouaves," by J. Powell, is, we believe, not quite what it purports to be, though not devoid of interest. A first-rate work is Rev. W. W. Skeat's edition, with an essay on the Rowley Poems, of the Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton; and Robert Cowtan's "Memories of the British Museum" is also a work of merit. Finally, we may note these two among Parliamentary blue-books: "East India. Papers relative to Forest Conservancy in India; showing the measures which have been adopted and the operations which are going on—with maps"; and the "Forty-ninth Annual Report of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests."

—Dr. Latham's studies would seem to have been particularly directed of late to "Hamlet." "At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Literature (Nov. 22, 1871)," we quote from the *Athenæum*, "he read a paper on a German play called 'Der bestrafte Brudermord' which was acted at Dresden as early as 1627, and stated that there was also an English play on the subject of Hamlet at least as early as 1589. The German drama has usually passed for a translation of 'Hamlet,' though a mutilated and vulgarized one. Dr. Latham considered this judgment mistaken, and that the German play really represents the Shakespearian play in its rudiments rather than its fragments. It is probably a translation of the English play of 1589, the text of which is now lost. He further stated that scene for scene, and sometimes dialogue for dialogue, the two plays in many cases coincide, and that many of the incidents and events, even to their more minute details, coincide likewise. Nevertheless, the nature of their exhibition is wholly different. In the German version there is no imagery, no trace or germ of poetry, and it offers nothing but a mere skeleton situation. In its external form we find: 1st, a metrical prologue in which Night and the Three Furies act in chorus; 2d, a different list of *dramatis personæ*; 3d, a subdivision of scenes which points to an older stage of the drama. Dr. Latham also thought that an allusion to Portugal which fitted the year 1589, and two classical allusions, were not likely to have been made by Shakespeare."

—The *Contemporary Review*—which, by the way, will hereafter bear for the American market the imprint of J. B. Lippincott & Co.—has during the last few weeks invited the public to an amusing farce in which Mr. Strahan, the publisher of the *Review*, and Mr. Robert Buchanan, the Scottish poet, are the actors. In the number for October there appeared an article "On the Fleshly School of Poetry," written in the good old-fashioned "savage" style, recalling the *Quarterly* in its worst days. The reviewer's wrath was directed generally against the new men, Morris, Swinburne, Rossetti, Robert Lytton, Matthew Arnold, and, though he is hardly a "new" man, "Festus" Bailey. Buchanan is also mentioned, but slightly, and, as is evident, merely to avoid suspicion. All these writers are stigmatized as followers and imitators of Tennyson, but as followers and imitators of what is weak and sensual in him, "Maud" and "Vivien" being the particular poems that have set all this prurient young blood afire. Having mercilessly slaughtered all the brood in general terms, the reviewer selects one in particular to be drawn and quartered, and that one is Mr. Dante G. Rossetti, to whom the bulk of the article is devoted, and of whom, when "Thomas Maitland," the signer and presumed writer of the article in question, has wiped his sword and put it back in its scabbard, there would appear to have been very little left. A paragraph appeared in the *Athenæum* for Dec. 2, stating that it was understood that Mr. Sidney Colvin (a well-known contributor to the *Academy* and to Mr. Hamerton's *Portfolio*) "was preparing an answer in the pages of the *Contemporary Review* to an article which had appeared in that *Review* signed Thomas Maitland, a *nom de plume* assumed by Mr. Robert Buchanan." Next week out comes Mr. Sidney Colvin with a scornful denial of any intention to do so futile and unnecessary a thing as to "answer" Mr. Buchanan's masked attack upon his brother poets. And now, the actors in the farce having all taken their places, we have the play played out in the *Athenæum* for Dec. 16. First, there is a long article by Mr. D. G. Rossetti, in which he defends himself against the sly critic of the *Contemporary Review*, and his defence is very moderate and gentlemanly. Directly following it, the *Athenæum* prints the following note from Messrs. Strahan & Co.:

> "56 Ludgate Hill, December 6, 1871.
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> "In your last issue, you associate the name of Mr. Robert Buchanan with the article, 'The Fleshly School of Poetry,' by Thomas Maitland, in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*. You might, with equal propriety, associate with the article the name of Mr. Robert Browning, or of Mr. Robert Lytton, or of any other Robert. STRAHAN & Co."

Under this disclaimer the *Athenæum* has the barbarity to print the following note from Mr. Robert Buchanan:

> "Russell Square, W., December 12, 1871.
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> "I cannot reply to the insolence of Mr. Sidney Colvin, whoever he is. My business is to answer the charge implied in the paragraph you published ten days ago, accusing me of having criticised Mr. D. G. Rossetti under a *nom de plume*. I certainly wrote the article on 'The Fleshly School of Poetry,' but I had nothing to do with the signature. Mr. Strahan, publisher of the *Contemporary Review*, can corroborate me thus far, as he is best aware of the inadvertence which led to the suppression of my own name. Permit me to say further that, although I should have preferred not to resuscitate so slight a thing, I have now requested Mr. Strahan to republish the criticism, with many additions, but no material alterations, and with my name in the title-page. The grave responsibility of not agreeing with Mr. Rossetti's friends as to the merits of his poetry will thus be transferred, with all fitting publicity, to my shoulders. ROBERT BUCHANAN."

—The paltry figure cut by M. Thiers's government in its treatment of the press, which has differed in almost no respect from that of the Second Empire, may properly be left to Frenchmen to rebuke, as else the retort would be effectual that France had all the liberty she wanted. Camille Desmoulins, whom one fancies too honest and humane to have edited the *Lanterne* of his successor Rochefort, or to have regarded the Commune with anything but loathing and horror, printed in his revolutionary papers words of criticism which are just as applicable now as then:

> "The Parisians," he says in the *Lanterne*, "are like those Athenians who were told by Socrates: 'I am a physician, and plead against a pastryman; you are children, and therefore I shall lose my case.' Athenians of the eighteenth century, will you never understand the necessity of the indefinite liberty of the press? What is the surest pledge of civil and political liberty? It is the liberty of the press. And again, what is the surest pledge of it? It is the liberty of the press. And again? It is still the liberty of the press."

This definition, too (from the *Vieux Cordelier*), is by no means stale:

> "What characterizes the republican is not the age or the government in which he lives, but freedom of speech."

—We borrow from No. 34 of the Journal of the Geographical Society at Berlin a list of indexes to that part of the world's literature which must be sought, with constantly increasing difficulty, in the transactions and journals of learned societies. The earliest of these was Reuss's, which took in the eighteenth and the first years of the nineteenth century. In 1845 was published Walther's systematic index to the papers of all the historical societies of Germany, followed and in a measure completed by Koner, who gave the contents of more than 1,200 journals, as well as of Academic transactions and societies' papers on history and its kindred sciences, for the half-century 1800-1850; and the geographical portion of his index has been continued since 1852 in the *Zeitschrift für allgemeine Erdkunde*. Schubarth's "Repertorium" of technical literature for the period 1823–53 was published in Berlin in 1856, and from 1847 to 1865 appeared half-yearly the alphabetical *Sachregister* of the most important technical periodicals. A guide to periodical literature relating to statistics in the broadest sense of the term has now been begun by Dr. Engel, the well-known statistician of Berlin, in the shape of supplements to the Journal of the Royal Prussian Statistical Bureau, of which two have already appeared—"Repertorium für die cameralistische, insbesondere statistische Journal-Literatur für die Bibliothek des k. statistischen Bureaus in Berlin." The number of the Geographical Society's Journal which contains this useful list has no articles of very general interest. Two of them, by the African travellers Dr. Nachtigal and Gerhard Rohlfs, will claim the attention of those who are given to following explorations in that part of the Old World. The latter's route from Cyrene to Alexandria is laid down on a copy of Captain Spratt's admiralty map of the Libyan coast.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.*

THE life of a true artist is almost always a struggle—against circumstances, against fate, against enemies—a continual fight for bread and for fame. Of none was this more true than of Hector Berlioz, and though a sympathy with his musical ideas would naturally lead one to read his memoirs, yet, even should the reader become indifferent or averse to the story of his struggles, it will be impossible for him to leave it for its interest, or to end it without coming under the influence of his indomitable energy, and being ready to listen favorably to the music he composed.

Hector Berlioz was born, December 11, 1803, at the little town of Côte-Saint-André, near Grenoble. His father was a physician, and devoted much of his time to the education of his son, giving him, among other things, a taste for the poetry of Virgil which lasted him through life. The young Hector had a particularly impressionable nature; he once burst into tears over the pathetic scene of Dido's love which he was translating, and was unable to go on; and, at twelve years old, was violently, hopelessly in love with a young lady many years older than himself—a passion which broke out again suddenly and singularly at several intervals of his life. He was allowed by his father to learn the flute and the guitar, the only instruments available, and, great composer as he was, to the end of his life he never played on other instruments, even the piano. But when he began to study harmony, and to compose, his father, who destined him to medicine, began to be alarmed, and, after vainly trying to combat his prejudices, made a bargain with him, for a fine new flute, that he should study anatomy. At the age of nineteen, he went up to Paris as a medical student, in company with a cousin, and, at first, kept his promise to devote himself to his studies. But the first horrible day at the dissecting-room, and the first night at the opera brought back all his old ideas, and he threw up the scalpel to launch himself into the study of music. In so doing, he quarrelled with his father and his whole family. The father was angry that Hector would not pursue the respectable profession he had chosen for him, while the rest of the family were swayed by more illiberal ideas. To them, and especially to his mother, who formally cursed him, he was losing his soul by associating with actors and wishing to write for theatres, which were, in their eyes, the abomination of desolation. His father at last yielded so far as to give him a small allowance, which he from time to time withdrew when the expected success at the Institute did not come. It was only his final success and his European reputation that made his father finally forgive him and be proud of him. Berlioz, in the meantime, had made friends with Lesueur, and had become one of his pupils, and wrote a mass which, after much trouble, he got executed by borrowing 1,200 francs from an ardent friend.

At last Berlioz entered the Conservatory, and supported himself partly by giving lessons on the flute and the guitar, partly by singing in the choruses at one of the theatres, and, finally, by writing musical criticisms—being in the utmost need, and often dining off a crust of bread. After years of struggling, he made his way, and took a second and then a first prize at the Institute, in the midst of the Revolution of July. This prize compelled him to go to Rome, much against his inclination, for three years. Meanwhile, he was composing. He wrote the "Ouverture des Francs-Juges," the "Waverley Overture," the "Symphonie Fantastique," eight scenes from "Faust," operas, cantatas, and masses, many of which he burned soon after. He even had the audacity to give two concerts, which won him the friendship of Liszt, and made his name known. With his aggressive and enthusiastic nature, it may be imagined that Berlioz's life was not a quiet one; he had quarrels everywhere—in the Institute, in the Conservatory, in the orchestras. He hated violently what was false, and was never able to restrain himself. He defended zealously Gluck and Weber and Beethoven, who were laughed at by the musical world of Paris, and with equal vigor attacked the gods of the day, and among others Rossini, whose music he detested, and agreed with Ingres in calling it "the music of a dishonest man." He even thought of trying to blow up the whole opera-house and all it contained. The new path in which he himself struck out so boldly alarmed the old-school musicians, and, jealous as they were of young rivals, they did their best to crush him. Cherubini, who was then at the head of the Conservatory, seems to have had a natural antipathy to Berlioz, and many were the battles they had, and many the ill turns which Berlioz received from him. In revenge, Berlioz made him "eat several snakes," to use his expression. Berlioz has been accused of irreverence towards a great musician on account of some of the expressions he has used about Cherubini, as well as about Fétis; but where is Cherubini now? The conduct of Berlioz was that of a young enthusiast, just such as we have seen in later days in an ardent Pre-Raphaelite towards an over-praised painter of the old school—if not laudable in itself, at least excusable. What Berlioz has told of it in his "Mémoires" makes one of the charms of the book, for it is neither a confession nor a defence, but a straightforward, amusing story. The most demonstrative features of this part of Berlioz's life were his evenings at the opera, which he says "were solemnities for which he prepared himself by reading and meditation." He and some chosen comrades were early in their seats, with a knowledge of every note of the score, ready to applaud or criticise, in a loud voice, too, and in such a way that managers began to be frightened, and it was seldom that a good work was twice unfaithfully rendered. Truth they insisted on. On some occasions they excited regular tumults, and once the audience rose in mass, invaded the orchestra, broke the instruments, and drove away the musicians. Sometimes, too, Berlioz wanted to make converts, succeeding once, at least, with a neighbor whom he least expected to persuade, and whose enthusiasm he had difficulty in quieting.

By an absurd arrangement, the laureates of the Institute in all the arts were obliged to spend at least two years at Rome, where Horace Vernet was then the resident director. Rome was then of all places the least musical, given over to the worst kind of modern Italian music, and to an adoration for Palestrina, and not knowing or caring about anything better. A learned abbé of the Sistine Chapel said one day to Mendelssohn (whom Berlioz knew there) that he had heard people speak of a young man of great promise called Mozart. Life at Rome, and even journeys to Florence and Naples, all had a depressing effect on Berlioz; he could hear no music, and could not even compose. During his whole stay he wrote but three or four pieces. He was given up to violent attacks of what he calls the "mal d'isolement," a malady which will almost be revived with those who have once felt it as they read the description and analysis of it given by Berlioz. Nothing but constant excursions into the Abruzzi made his life endurable. There he climbed, hunted, talked with the peasants, played the guitar for their dances, and brought away a souvenir which he has left to us in his symphonic poem of "Harold in Italy."

No sooner returned to Paris than he gave a concert, met there Miss Henrietta Smithson, an English actress who had created a great *furore* at Paris by her Shakesperian representations, and with whom he had long been desperately in love. The story of that love he wrote in the "Episode de la vie d'un artiste." Miss Smithson was now ruined, and had broken her leg, but the love was still powerful, his symphony vanquished her, and Berlioz at last married her in spite of the opposition of his family. His domestic happiness was marred by his wife's jealousy, and for some time before her death they lived in separation. Poor enough before, Berlioz now had his wife's debts to pay, and had to have recourse to many means, among others to writing in the *Journal des Débats* charming criticisms, which have delighted us in "A travers chants" and "Soirées d'orchestra," but which he says were a great task to him. He gave benefit concerts, and at one of them made the acquaintance of Paganini, who grew fanatical over him, and asked him to write a piece in which he could play a solo on the *alto*. This led to the composition of "Harold in Italy," and when Paganini heard it for the first time three years after, he fell on his knees and kissed his hand before all the orchestra, and the next day sent him a draft on Rothschild for 20,000 francs. Berlioz was ill and in despair, and it needed a noble act of munificence like this to bring him to life.

These years were all painful. The "Requiem" succeeded, but there was no end of trouble in getting paid for it; the opera of "Benvenuto Cellini" was a failure; "Romeo and Juliet" could not be properly performed; there were disputes and quarrels and enmities, but, above all, debts and family jars. These last finally drove Berlioz, in 1841, to Germany, to try his fortune at concert-giving. The plan succeeded not only pecuniarily but morally, for everywhere, and especially at Leipzig, Dresden, and Berlin, he was received with open arms, and listened to with enthusiasm. This new fame strengthened him for the struggle at Paris. After that there were con tinual journeys—through France to Germany again, Vienna, Pesth, and Prague, and even to Russia, and after that again and again to Germany and England. These journeys, as one may well suppose, were full of most amusing incidents. As Berlioz was leaving Vienna for Pesth, an amateur told him that if he wanted to please the Hungarians, he should compose something on one of their national airs. Berlioz followed his advice, and, choosing the air of Rákóczy, wrote, the night before his departure, the march which serves now as finale to the first part of his legend of “Faust.” The effect of the theme introduced *piano*, and then reappearing in broken fugues in a long *crescendo*, interrupted by the sound of distant cannon, and finally terminating in a furious *fortissimo*, was far beyond what had been expected, and the Hungarians became almost crazy with excitement. This was in 1846. The news of the exhibition of national feeling flew to Vienna, and Berlioz had hardly arrived there before he received a hasty visit from the same amateur, who was in a comical state of anxiety, and begged him not to let it be known that he had suggested the composition of the Rákóczy March, as he would be badly compromised, and might suffer from it. This was not the only time that Berlioz's concerts were suspected by the authorities. The introduction of a chorus from Halévy's “Charles VI.” in a concert at Paris led to the censorship of all future programmes; the language of the dead—mere incomprehensible words—in one of Berlioz's choruses gave great trouble to the Roman authorities, who called in German, English, Swedish, Russian, Irish, and Bohemian interpreters to try to explain it; the Latin student-song in “Faust” was prohibited by the censorship in Moscow as immoral.

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* "Mémoires de Hector Berlioz, Membre de l'Institut de France, etc., etc." Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1871. 8vo, pp. 509.

A trouble of another kind befell Berlioz in Moscow. He applied to the marshal of the nobility for the use of the hall of the nobility assembly, the only good concert-hall in Moscow. The old man consented, on condition that Berlioz should play afterwards at a private reunion of the nobility. In vain Berlioz represented that he played on no instrument. “Impossible! how then give a concert?” A second and a third interview had no better result, even when the marshal's wife was brought in to aid, and Berlioz finally said that he would play a solo on the guitar, flute, or flageolet—instruments he had not touched for twenty-five years—or even on the bass-drum, if only he could have the hall. Fortunately, a general came in, and succeeded finally in getting an exception made, for once only, to the rules of the assembly. The concert was given, and brought Berlioz eight thousand francs, but he could not give another, though strongly urged by every one.

At Paris again there were new struggles. Berlioz organized monster concerts or festivals, brought out the “Enfance du Christ,” one of his very best works, “Romeo and Juliet,” and the opera of “The Trojans,” suggested by his early readings of Virgil, the receipts of which enabled him to give up his place on the *Journal des Débats*, and he finally won his chair at the Conservatory and his seat at the Institute. The deaths of his father, his sister, his only son, and of his second wife left him desolate and alone, and he had recourse to constant musical journeys. It was in one of these, in Moscow, in 1868, that the writer had the pleasure of seeing him direct a concert of the Musical Society, and also a monster concert in the immense Riding School. Berlioz was then feeble, but when he led there was a vigor in all his movements and a fire in his eyes, half-concealed as they sometimes were by his long white hair. As a conductor Berlioz was admirable—one of the few who knew everything about the glorious instrument on which he played, and could develop every part of it. In orchestration he was an acknowledged master, and all the latest musicians, save Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and Liszt, owe much to him. His work on instrumentation is the received authority. As a composer, Berlioz, like Wagner and Liszt, is the legitimate product of the ideas which inspired Beethoven, and, like each of them, is perfectly independent and has worked out his own way. His style and his genius are his own. The continual pressure of his life prevented him from writing much, and he never did what he might and what he ought to have done. As a critic and a writer, he possessed the faculty of expressing himself clearly, with vivacity and humor.

THE WANDERER.*

WE have heard of an intending contributor to an American periodical publication who, when his contribution was returned to him, sent a note to the editor, informing him that the verses declined with thanks had been much commended by a certain distinguished literary person; whereupon it was replied to the poet that his expostulatory remarks revealed a complete ignorance of the nature of the editorial mind, which in that instance, for example, was so far from being induced to revise its judgment of the verses in question on learning the opinion of the distinguished literary person, that, on the contrary, it reaffirmed its judgment, and simply was filled with contempt for the distinguished literary person's taste. We are reminded of this story by the action of Mr. Channing's editor in securing from Mr. Emerson a laudatory preface to the volume before us. “The Wanderer” requires “a good reader,” Mr. Emerson tells us, and such a reader “will find himself rewarded.” Very likely it will not be found “a sure prize to the circulating libraries,” but Mr. Emerson “confides that the lover of woods and hillsides and the true philosopher” will admire it greatly, and read it with pleasure. We, for our part, confess that we should be inclined to justify any one brought face to face with the dilemma presented by Mr. Emerson who should evade it, and decline to make Mr. Channing's acquaintance at all. It looks to us rather hard that the reader must either like “The Wanderer” or else sit down under the imputation of being no philosopher; or a false and incompetent philosopher. The preface appears to be a mistake. Not that most of us are unwilling to hear what Mr. Emerson has to say about a given person's poetry, but that few of us can be told without resenting it a little that the poem which we are about to read is so much above the common run of poems that we may very probably not like it, in which event we shall have shown that so far as our intellectual outfit is concerned we are no Platos, while as for our taste, that, it is clear, has become sophisticated and incapable of enjoying natural, unmeretricious beauty. “I can easily believe,” the preface says, “that many a reader, and perhaps writer, of popular poetry will, after brief experiment, turn away with disdain from this rude pamphlet, and thank his stars that his culture has made him incapable of pleasure from such charcoal sketching.” And then it is added, in substance, that there is so much of valuable thought in Mr. Channing's poetry, and so much that is beautiful in it, that the cultured person above mentioned must be very deficient in true cultivation. This being laid down as the state of the case, how is a person going to say that he desires to thank heaven that education and culture have so far refined and strengthened his native intelligence and taste that he for one would be extremely sorry to acknowledge as his own about three-fifths or two-thirds of Mr. Channing's poetry? The editor must own that he has made the task of so doing unnecessarily difficult, and, as we say, might better have let Mr. Channing speak for himself without prologue.

Take, for example, of the larger proportion of Mr. Channing's poetry, his philosophizing about a certain personage of whom our readers have heard a good deal and, indeed, “several of whom” they may have seen:

“Appropriate transcript of the natural man,
Hero of the old days! There he dreams—
The antique figure, carted from his bed,
Dreams of the time he shot the hippogriff
Trooping about his plains heavy with nightshade;
Or in his torrid swamps bestrode that beast,
The ichthyosaur, and listens to the yells
Of sharp hyena with the savans' talk,
As they debate his bones, and draw the plan
On which young nature laid his wide expanse.
Now drifted to the cities, he may hear
The swarm of pygmies buzzing at the door,
And, for the peal of ages on his case,
Remark the civic clock, politely tuned,
Shoot forth meridian time; the frantic crowd
That worry by his weight breathless to add
A blossom to their days, while his fell off
Or ever Adam gave the palm to Eve.
Fearing the myth, they ridicule his age;
Less credible, they deem a hero dead
Than insects scarce conceived.

“Far eras gone,
Magnificoes like this, old earth put forth,
That pave the brooks in Cardiff to this hour.
Races cropped out, and steady came the dream—
The giant; the Goliaths fought and fell;
Vain was the search, while every shape of beast
Reckoned incredible the soil produced.
The civil congregation fed and died
In war and peace conceiving; but no work
Of sculpture ere the flood, or man of mould
Twice in his stature topping o'er the kind,
Till that good farmer of the Cardiff vale
Flat in the boggy drain barely concealed,
The fossil creature found. Model the form;
Brow of Caucasian eminence and depth;
His figure average in Camper's scale;
And neck and skull right as a theory.

“Behold the entrance of a form in light,
From nations gone ere China or Japan
Baked clay pagodas, and, delightful gleam,
Bushels of Indian hatchets sank to please
Detective Lyell in the Amiens sand,
Or Switzer lake enjoyed the pile-built town.
Form water-worn; the mouth half eaten out,
And half the arm; the soles all honey-combed;
The stone of easy grain, and wrought with art.
More as some serious Roman looks it there
Than the brief creatures flitting on the streets
Bandaged in narrow garments fit to hide
Their scanty moulding. For that native drape
(Such as it is) outdoes the Roman baldness
Ere wig or peruke troubled the occiput.
And never in the brilliant forms of stone
That crowd the Vatican more royal shape
Of young Augustus, or Vespasian stern,
Or Sophocles—the tall, commanding Greek.”

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* “The Wanderer. By W. E. Channing.” Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

Fairly on a level with this profitable scientific excursus upon "John Henry" Cardiff, as the newspapers christened him, are Mr. Channing's views as to "war," which, so coherent and radically sensible are they, would do credit to a Peace Society met to express sympathy with stricken France; and there are numerous other subjects which are not very differently handled by our author, as the rights of woman; wealth; certain ethnological theories; various religions; "the tiresome 'Hamlet'"; "the holy Puritan," of whom, as being a canter and an abater of the Indian, Mr. Channing is not fond.

In dealing with these and similar topics, the poet shows far more of that "talent for causing surprise" which Mr. Emerson mentions as an essential talent of poets in general, and far more of his "invincible personality"—or his uneasy need of self-assertion—than he shows of any really good essential qualities of the poet; more, for instance, than he shows of talent for causing that sort of surprise which is succeeded by the surprise at ourselves for not knowing, till we found the poet expressing them, that we already knew of this beauty and truth which in his words have found happy utterance. But it is true, too, that with all his affectations and perversities—as of deliberately crippled metre—and all his unjustified egotism and his unregulated thought, Mr. Channing's poem is worth the perusal of lovers of poetry, and will indeed give them, *et nobis judicibus*, a good deal of that pleasure which Mr. Emerson promises them. Often it seems to us to be very true to the chill, winter beauties of the New England side-hills, the cranberry swamps, the lonely, unmajestic woods where nature seems to speak her mystery the more plainly in that she never gives herself the fulness of definite expression that she uses in other lands. A good specimen of our author's successful manner is the passage beginning thus:

" . . . . Doth the wind
Blowing across the pasture where the bent,
Long frozen to its core, sighs through the ice.
Survey the landscape? Care if green or gray?"

The last part of it we will quote, and we suppose no one will like it the less on account of its reminding him of another chickadee who has been similarly moralized by another American poet. We may remark that to us the passage seems characteristic as well as good. We think it may serve not only to please as poetry, but also to indicate a trait of Mr. Channing's poetry by indicating a difference between him as a poet dealing with natural scenery, and another poet admirable in the same field. We mean Cowper, the recollection of whom, by the way, Mr. Channing too often calls up by the employment of a diction which we wish his "invincible personality" had prevented his borrowing from Cowper, and Cowper in the last stages of Latinity. One of the elder poet's pictures of nature Mr. Lowell has happily praised as being a good *human* bit of writing. In Mr. Channing's verse, on the other hand, his landscape usually retains all its bleakness, its bareness, its uncompassionate remoteness from the warmth of human sympathies. Or, if his landscape does give us more than its mere self, more than

" . . . . the wind
Blowing across the pasture where the bent,
Long frozen to its core, sighs through the ice";

or the hillside, once wooded, now covered

" . . . . with brush new risen;
Small saplings and thin bushes, where the leaves
Hang mournful through the winter";

or the winter swamp, where still lingers

"The pensile cranberry, redly bright";

or the stern January sunset:

" . . . . the unthinking cold,
The ruddy glare of sunshine in the west,
And the first flicker of the icy stars,
While the pale, freezing moon calmly assists
To point their rays more sharp; . . ."

or

" . . . . a savage air
Amid the ice-clad boulders on the snows";

or

"The russet fields, parched in the July sun";

—if, we say, Mr. Channing's landscape-painting does at any time give us more than the landscape itself—if it informs the scene with something of human interest, the thought or sentiment is rather more apt to be such as to increase the loneliness and the chill. This we say without forgetting that many pages of "The Wanderer" overflow with the noblest sentiments. Priesthoods, however, monarchical governments, the cruelties of War, the hard-heartedness of Opulence, and the sinfulness of other forms of wickedness may be reprobated with great vehemence, and the divinity of humanity asserted with zeal for pages together, without persuading the critics—

" . . . . a race distract,"

Mr. Channing says they are, for which we call on the fraternity to remember Mr. Channing—that the verses are warm with much of the soft blood-heat of friendliness and kindliness. However, *non omnes omnia;* and we were to quote a certain specimen of Mr. Channing's skill:

"Yet mark the titmice—
Smallest of the tribe, mere specks of feathers,
Bits of painted quill, so delicate, a flaw
From either pole would extirpate the race:
Such little twittering mites contemn the storm.
That wintry moth I never fail to find,
And the hard snows have spiders of their own.
Let any thaw ensue, how green the plants
That, mid the russet grass, put forth their leaves,
Spreading resigned their verdure! clovers bright
And veiny hawkweeds, and soft, drooping ferns;
And down the brook, the wild-cress moving free
Where'er the ice-chink lets the traveller's glance
Peruse the inward pages of the stream."

This certainly is much like being in the woods and pastures themselves, and beside the frozen brooks.

One other passage we had intended to quote, as containing better thought than most of Mr. Channing's verses—and yet thought at the same time characteristic of him and his school, while also it has the merit, already pointed out as Mr. Channing's chief merit—that, namely, of sharply and accurately transcribing noteworthy appearances in nature. But we prefer, on the whole, to quote another passage; one of the not large number which contradict our remarks about the lack of human sympathy in the landscape of "The Wanderer":

"Afar upon the sky the unmoving ship
Stands leaning, her place unchanged, still leaning;
And so she stands until below the line
Of that lone horizon she silent falls;
And some fond mother's heart watching her sail,
And children's prayers that guard a father's life.
He hears the billows grating on the keel.
With their gay sheets of foam and splashing lights,
The Gulf Stream past, where over Pico's cap
Sail the rich odors of the Western Isles,
And sweeping showers that cut like wings of steel;
And the long steady gale that never lulls,
Drawn through the rigging with its awful moan,
Most like the concert of the monarch pines
That line Katahdin's walls, when the nor'westers
Scourge that woodland brig: these sounds he hears,
These sights, unmoving, sees; Neptune forgot,
Thinks of his mother knitting by the fire
In his far-sheltered cot, his wife, who lists
As o'er his cottage-roof tears the wild gale,
And hears the children, 'Mother, the storm!
Will father feel the gale?'—'My child, my child!'
And folds them to her heart. O mother dear!"

DE VERE'S AMERICANISMS.*

OUR author was right in thinking some apology needed for the publication of this book after what he calls Mr. Bartlett's "admirable and exhausting [*sic*] work" in the same field. His excuse is, that the last ten years have greatly enriched the peculiar vocabulary of our Greater Britain, and that the additions made to it in that period seem to him worth recording before they pass either out of memory or out of common use. This would be a good reason for supplementing Mr. Bartlett's Dictionary, which was reasonably complete up to the year 1860; but it is not exactly the justification we might expect for compelling us to buy the Dictionary, as shuffled and worked over and mutilated by Professor De Vere, in addition to what the latter has new to offer, and for so mixing the two that a great deal of precious time must be wasted in separating them. Prof. De Vere doubtless felt that his own contribution was too meagre to make a book by itself, and doubtless, too, the consideration had weight with him that his borrowings from Bartlett would be less conspicuous and have more the air of an original compilation if he dispensed in the main with the dictionary form, and, taking his predecessor's vocabulary to pieces, distributed it under sundry heads according to the real or supposed origin of each Americanism. Not that he has not acknowledged his general, and even occasionally his special, indebtedness to Mr. Bartlett, but the two instances which we cite below will show how he has used him while affecting not to use him, as if he had in mind an infringement of copyright which could be avoided by recasting. Of the word to *snake*, we read, on p. 213 of "Americanisms":

"Major Downing, in his *Letters*, uses it as a political effort, when he says of his great hero, General Jackson: 'We *snaked* him out of the scrape as slick as a whistle.'"

The obscure phrase, "uses it as a political effort," is a characteristic attempt of our author to distinguish shades of meaning that do not exist; but this is what we find on p. 422 of Bartlett (3d ed.):

"Major Downing says, in speaking of a person who fell into the river: 'We *snaked* him *out* of that scrape as slick as a whistle.'—*Letters*, p. 14."

Again, p. 302 of "Americanisms":

"A broker from Wall Street was *on hand*, and tried to pray, but he broke down half-way in the Lord's prayer, and there seemed to be no one able to assist him (N. Y. *Express*, August 11, 1856)."

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* "Americanisms: The English of the New World. By M. Schele De Vere, LL.D., Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Virginia, author of 'Studies in English,' etc." New York; Charles Scribner & Co. 1872.

P. 303 of Bartlett, where the first illustration of the word is taken from the N. Y. *Express* :

> "A broker from Wall Street was *on hand* at the meeting, and tried to pray, but, from want of practice, could only utter disjointed sentences about the money market, etc.—*Doesticks.*"

The Professor, however, is not more loose in his quotations than in his classifications, which overlap each other continually. Thus, "The Great West" has a chapter to itself, though no other section of the country is thus favored; and yet there are co-ordinate chapters entitled "The Church," "Politics," "Trade of all Kinds," "On the Rail," "Afloat," "Natural History," which of course embrace numbers of words either native to the West or else as much in use there as in any other part of the United States. And after all, the odds and ends have to be scraped together into chapters called "Old Friends with New Faces" and "Cant and Slang." The opening divisions are perhaps the best, viz.: "The Indian," "The Dutchman," "The Frenchman," etc., but even these are not strictly adhered to. Thus, under "The Indian" we have remarks on the *shagbark* and *butternut*—names anything but Indian, and which properly belong under the rubric "Natural History," where in fact the latter is repeated; also on *gumbo*—"a word which, Indian or not," says the Professor naïvely; also on *calico*, because it has an East Indian origin. Carelessness of this kind prepares us for recklessness in greater matters, and for such sweeping assertions as these, which might easily be multiplied :

> "To go *shopping* is perhaps the only phrase in which the humble word [*shop*] yet survives; everywhere else it is disdainfully put aside" (p. 302).
>
> "On the other hand, the English use of *beaver* for a hat has entirely ceased, giving way to 'gossamer,' or, in modern slang, 'goss,' while the term is still used in the South and among old-fashioned people" (p. 208).
>
> "The word 'spire' is hardly ever heard in America" (p. 233).
>
> "While this [*conductor*] is his official title, he is universally addressed as *captain*, for Americans insist upon carrying the analogy with the steamboat, with which they were universally familiar long before railroads existed, through all the details" (p. 358).

Nor is the habit different when, instead of usage, the question is of derivation. "Evidently borrowed from the ledger," he observes of the phrase *of no account*, and then gravely wonders "why the Southern States, which are naturally much more given to agriculture than to commerce, should so especially affect the phrase" (p. 309).

A good many of Prof. De Vere's blunders, among which we may include the foregoing, must be ascribed (and of course forgiven) to his being a foreigner, though we think this fact should have admonished him to narrow his field when dealing with such a subject as "Americanisms." From some of them, nevertheless, it would seem as if his long residence in this country should have kept him free; and good-breeding will not be able to repress a smile at finding "a checkered fabric of cotton" identified with the *checks* which Jim Bludsoe "passed in,"

"The night of the Prairie Belle."

It is no disgrace, certainly, to be unacquainted with the language of faro, but an adopted Southerner should hardly remain in doubt "whether the *buck negro* obtains his name from the animal or from the general meaning of *buck* as a slang term for strong or lusty," whereas the word simply denotes a male. And a Confederate sympathizer cannot readily be excused for confounding the *Stars and Stripes* with the *Stars and Bars*, as is done on p. 258. A reference to "Familiar Quotations," too, would have informed the Professor that *not* General Harrison but W. L. Marcy "is generally credited with having first used the phrase," though neither "first applied the principle, that *to the victors belong the spoils.*" A Northerner would not admit that Copperheads were "so-called from the *contempt* entertained for the snake that bears that name, or from the poor Redman, who used to be thus stigmatized." A Westerner would not pretend that "*to make tracks* is a metaphor drawn from Western life, and refers to the importance attached to trails, tracks, and signs of every kind in all regions where Indians and wild beasts have still to be encountered."

This last definition is a fair specimen of the padding with which the book under review abounds, and to which it would not be possible to do justice. At times it shows itself in amusing presumption of the reader's ignorance, as in this extract (p. 298): "A somewhat stronger term for the same operation [*chiselling*] is *gouging*, the figure of speech being evidently drawn from the carpenter's shop, where it means to scoop or chisel out with a hollow cylindrical tool"! At itmes the presumption is irresistibly the other way, as in the following bit of absurdity and bathos:

> "The almost boundless liberty with which Americans use the words of their language was recently shown with painful impressiveness. In a fearful catastrophe which happened in February, 1871, on the Hudson Rive Railway, all the horrors of the disaster and all the grief for the numerous victims could not efface the deep impression made of the useless but noble heroism of the engine-driver, who refused to escape, stood by his engine, and plunged with it into the abyss. It appeared afterwards that, in discussing with railroad-men the expediency of jumping from an engine in time of danger, Doc. Simmons had once said, 'I would squat!' He meant he would *squat* down behind the boiler, and trust to going through with whatever might obstruct the road, after having pulled the brakes, reversed the engine, and opened the throttle."

What with its padding, its false and entirely untrustworthy derivations, its slovenly citations, and its numerous and gross typographical errors, "Americanisms" is a work of very limited value to scholars, and of very great capacity for misleading those who are not, and especially foreigners, who could never pick out the current from the obsolete expressions. It would be much more worthless than it is but for the liberal co-operation of well-known philologists, whose contributions, however, have not wholly escaped the author's propensity to blunder. As a mere catalogue, it may be consulted for words or definitions not contained in Bartlett—*e.g.*, *filibuster*, in Congressional usage; *texas*, of a boat; *cavort*, etc.—but, on the other hand, it cannot be said to contain all that was important in Bartlett. For example. the word *saddy*, peculiar to Pennsylvania and the adjoining States southward, and a living Americanism, is unnoticed by Prof. De Vere, perhaps because he could throw no light upon it, though it is heard in Virginia. Following Bartlett, he makes no mention of "codfish aristocracy," or that indefinite intensive, "like Sam Hill." In defining *infare* as a minister's installation, he omits its other and broader meaning of a wedding festival; speaks of "eye skinned" but not "eye peeled," of "brevet-hell" but not of "brevet-horse" (*i.e.*, a mule), of "molasses stews" but not of "candy scrapes," of an "Indian giver" but not of an "Indian memory," of *fandango* as a dance but not as a swing, of "rake up the persimmons" but not "take the persimmons," of "Taunton turkey" but not of "Cape Cod turkey" (*i.e.*, codfish). "Up and dust," which appears incidentally in a quotation on p. 177, is not pointed out as an Americanism. "Spanking bays," p. 321, are so called not on account of their showiness, but for their speed, as we speak of a "spanking breeze." To "knock out the wedges," p. 320, is a remarkable instance of padding; the phrase is not an Americanism, it is not "used to express a painful embarrassment," and the passage cited from Lowell (in which it appears as an ordinary poetical metaphor) is no proof of either the one thing or the other.

An intelligent proof-reader could not have let pass very many of the errors which disfigure this volume. On p. 113, in the stanza from "La Belle Layotte," the last line but one appears thus distorted :

"Mo *pamor* ouar *grifforme* là,"

though *pancor* is printed correctly three lines above, and the masculine of *griffonne* on p. 107. The professor of modern languages may, perhaps, disclaim responsibility for this and similar errata, but the muddled poetical extracts and the mangled proper names must chiefly be charged upon him. A man of letters of his pretensions should not allow such misspelling as "Dale" for Dall, "Brett Harte" for Bret Harte, "Newalls" for Newell, "Howell" (twice) for Howells, "James Grant White" (twice) for Richard Grant White—an "acute and positive scholar," to whom he does the further injury of referring to his work on "Words and their Uses" as "Words and their Meaning," though also by its proper title, giving the reader his choice.

STIMULANTS AND NARCOTICS.*

VON BIBRA'S statistics of stimulants, given in "Die narkotischen Genussmittel und der Mensch," show that all nations, and nearly all adult persons, make daily use, in Dr. Anstie's phrase, "of some substance to which the term stimulant-narcotic may be applied in the strictest accordance with what we know of the nature of drugs." These statistics, quoted *passim* by Dr. Beard, are as follows:

"Coffee-leaves, in the form of infusion, are taken by two millions of people; Paraguay tea is taken by ten millions; coca by ten millions; chicory, either pure or mixed with coffee, by forty millions; cacao, as chocolate or in some other form, by fifty millions; hashish is eaten and smoked by three hundred millions, opium by four hundred millions; Chinese tea is drunk by five hundred millions. All the known nations in the world are addicted to the use of tobacco," and we may add that the same is true of alcohol. Tobacco is used by a larger number of the human race than any other article except salt; the use of wine is more general than that of bread; and whiskey is consumed by more persons than the potato.

Now this may be a very melancholy or a very hopeless account, but it is incontestably true; and it is also true that, in the words of the same author, the everyday use of these substances is no "outgrowth of modern corruption. There is absolutely no period of history, as there is absolutely no nation upon earth, in which we do not find evidence of this custom." But Dr. Beard, in addition to the favorable presumption based upon this general use of stimulants, argues also that their use grows more general with the progress of civilization, and that they are the most used by those nations which are foremost in power and in culture.

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* "Stimulants and Narcotics, Medically, Philosophically, and Morally Considered. By George M. Beard, M.D." 16mo, pp. 155. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1871.

Dr. Beard adopts the distinction drawn in Dr. Anstie's valuable treatise upon the same subject. That distinction may be stated as follows: The effects of the substances we have named, which are all of the most important stimuli, are divisible into two classes—stimulation and narcotism. These are entirely different in their character: one is beneficial, the other hurtful; one physiological, the other pathological. Though the latter condition is produced, as a rule, by a larger dose of the same substance which produced the former one, yet the difference between the effects of the two doses is not one of degree, but one of kind. Stimulants are those agents which correct, economize, or intensify the forces of the system. Narcotics are those agents which produce a greater or less degree of paralysis of some portion of the nervous system. Stimulation is followed by no reaction; narcotism, unless fatal, has a reaction. The signs of stimulation are relief from fatigue, irritation, and pain, improvement in sleep and in nutrition, and increased capacity for mental and physical toil. The signs of narcotism are flushing of the face, dilatation of the pupil, mental disturbance, convulsions, delirium, and stupor, which may terminate in death. Each of these essentially different conditions, stimulation and narcosis, may be produced by the same agent. Whether the healthful or the morbid symptoms shall result is determined primarily by the amount of the dose; but its effect will vary with the age, the sex, the temperament, the habits, and the condition of health of the individual. Dr. Anstie in effect declares that the same substance which as a narcotic is poisonous, answers, when taken in properly stimulant doses, to the scientific definition of a food.

By means of this striking distinction, if it be well founded—and we can at least say that no destructive criticism of it has yet appeared—we may be able to reconcile the debate which rages around the question of the use of stimulants. It may become possible, in this way, to decide the practical question between temperance and total abstinence. Dr. Beard pursues the argument as follows: The sciences of chemistry and physiology cannot as yet tell us the precise functions which stimulants and narcotics play in the system. We are not able to build up any complete science of diet. Had we to wait for chemists to determine by experiment what we should eat and drink, we should starve before the simplest substances could be proved, beyond the possibility of a question, to be innoxious. To demonstrate by experiment the part that pure water plays in the human system would be the labor of years; and we need not wonder that science finds the enquiry into the functions of alcohol a difficult one. Scarcely a theory in physiological chemistry is secure from the danger of being superseded to-morrow by another theory. It is, therefore, unwise to postpone conclusions respecting the question of stimulants until full scientific demonstration can be made by means of experiment. We can only decide by studying the experience of the world; and we must lay aside our prepossessions in this as in the case of any other important enquiry.

Dr. Beard admits the fact that all stimulants and narcotics contain poisonous active principles, and that it is for the sake of these active principles that they are so eagerly sought. He points out that this does not affect the question of their use. Phosphorus, one of the most active of poisons, exists in fish and in meat, and carbonic acid in the purest atmospheric air. Poison lurks in the loaf of bread, and bursts out of the earth with the herbs and flowers. Of the fourteen elementary substances that enter into the structure of the human body, nearly all are poisons, "agents capable of producing a morbid, noxious, or dangerous effect upon anything endowed with life." We cannot eat an ordinary meal, or bathe in the sea, or drink a glass of water from the spring, without taking into the system more potent poisons than those which stimulants contain. The question, therefore, cannot be settled by this chemical argument. Again, stimulants have the power of sustaining the system, and, within certain limits, can take the place of ordinary food. Von Tschudi, a trustworthy observer, states that an Indian, sixty-two years old, worked for him five consecutive days and nights, with little sleep and no ordinary food, sustained by the coca that he chewed, and that at the end of this time he was well, and able to undertake a long journey. The instances of sustaining power derived from this stimulant are particularly striking; but they are as frequent in the case of nearly every other grand stimulant.

The influences of age, of sex, of race, of climate, of health, of temperament, of habit, of idiosyncrasy, as modifying the effects of stimulants, are next briefly discussed, and the author points out the causes of intemperance, as existing mainly either in bad organization or in disease of the brain. In another chapter, the relation of intemperance to forms of government and of religion, and to illiteracy, is examined. In this respect we are, according to Dr. Beard's showing, in a bad way. There are in this country four and a half millions of persons over ten years of age who cannot read or write, and this enormous illiteracy is increasing, even in New England. In the last chapter, Dr. Beard enquires whether stimulants and narcotics have been, on the whole, beneficial to the human race, and, by implication, whether temperance or total abstinence is the wiser doctrine. Few questions more delicate or important than this can be entertained by the physician. To its answer a certain degree of courage is necessary in the case of a writer who, seeing the ruin that intemperance works, sees also that the recommendation of total abstinence, in view of the facts that we have recited, is idle as a preventive means—idle, except in the case of confirmed habits of excess, where total abstinence, enforced if necessary, is often the only cure. That to recommend total abstinence as a prevention of drunkenness, is to recommend the impossible, is apparently the conviction of Dr. Beard, though he has not stated it so directly as this.

The mass of fact—in the legitimate sense, rather than in that in which Mr. Parton uses the word fact—is large and varied, though it is not arranged after the most logical method. There is, indeed, a scrappiness about the book, but it gathers together much information upon the subject. A little less of American timidity, a little more of German or English boldness in stating the author's convictions, would have given this work greater interest. We could wish, too, that Dr. Beard had made it better in point of style, and added some original researches to those which he has collected; as, for instance, into the precise nature of the stimulus afforded by the chicory root. Still, this handy volume, though in no sense an original work, is a well-advised compilation, and happily combines the scientific and the popular character; and we have so lately criticised, in Dr. Alonzo Calkins's book upon stimulants, what is probably the worst existing account of this subject, that we are not in the mood to complain that Dr. Beard's is not the best.

LUDWIG'S STUDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.*

IT is nothing new to find a good book on Shakespeare coming out of Germany. It is a fact that is often explained by the convenient theory of race. But if that were the solution, we should find more and better criticism of Shakespeare in English writers, who are more nearly related to Shakespeare, than in the Germans, who, as it is, have far surpassed the English-speaking people in acute criticism and genuine admiration. With us Shakespeare is more nearly the shadow of a great name than he is with them. We go to the theatre, not so much to see his plays as to admire some actor, or to be dazzled by some ingenious theatrical apparatus. He is read, of course, but much as Homer is read—honored more by our traditional respect than by our frequent resort to him. If in Germany it is very different, if he still holds his place on the stage, and exerts a living influence on nearly the whole people, there must be some sounder reason than mere kinship to explain this difference. A truer explanation would be the higher æsthetic cultivation of the German people. That this is widespread, the popularity of Shakespeare proves; that it is deep, is shown by the profoundity of German criticism. Mr. Lowell, who has himself written the best words in the language on Shakespeare, has already called attention to the merits of their criticism, and this book simply confirms us in our admiration.

The author was a playwright, but, being more critic than poet, he soon felt that his work was unsatisfactory, and sat calmly down to find the causes of his failure and the proper method of work. This volume, a collection of notes, often hastily written, at times as crude as remarks in conversation, is the result. The subjects that he discusses are various. They are tragedy, the real tragic interest, the delineation of character, the difference between what in our poverty of speech in æsthetical terms we must call the "naive" and the sentimental poet, between the realist and the idealist—or, to take the example most frequently used by him, Shakespeare and Schiller. No mere enumeration, however, can do justice to the variety and ingenuity of his remarks. Then, too, their brevity and lack of connection, the fact that this is more a note-book than a book, make it more difficult of analysis. He was a man determined to investigate for himself, to take nothing for granted because it had been often said, and, in consequence, his book is one of the most suggestive that we know. That is in general the quality of books of intelligent criticism, because they only show us what we are perfectly able to see of ourselves, though, perhaps, we should never have noticed it, just as the poet shows us only those feelings with which we are all familiar. Ludwig reminds one of Lessing, but with this advantage, that he needed only to investigate, not to destroy, while Lessing had to be always busy in attacking what now in Germany are forgotten idols.

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* "Otto Ludwig: Shakespeare-Studien. Aus dem Nachlasse des Dichters herausgegeben von Moritz Heydrich." Leipzig. 1872.

To justify our praise it will be necessary to give some quotations from this work, and in so doing we must apologize to the reader, because selection is difficult where all is so good, and where, in spite of the lack of formality in the treatment, the real connection is so close. Moreover, æsthetical works are not easily translated from the German into the English, since in that language the terms connote so much more than they do with us. Take, for example, the word "ideal." In English, it is almost sentimental: the German "Ideal" is far richer in meaning. And that is but one instance out of many. Here are some remarks on poetical objectivity which we translate:

> "In fact, the poet can give us nothing but himself. The objectivity of the poet can only lie in the form of the representation. What he as a human being has himself experienced he represents as a poet, as existing outside of himself. If he is a genuine poet, he will make no copy of ordinary reality; he will be able, with but little difficulty, to transform it into poetry. If ardor is to be expressed, the poet can indeed only give a reflection of his own: the soul is on fire, but the hand is firm and cool. He expresses the symptoms of the sensation as he noticed them, by means of language. In treating of anger, the poet should especially remember that he has to represent this anger by the medium of an angry man. He has to give us not the material of anger, but this external appearance. The naïve poet appears objective on account of his apparent lack of intention, his apparent indifference to attaining his aim. Flowers in a secluded spot give us the impression of naïveté and objectivity, because their beauty does not seem intended for any observer. That is the charm of nature. What wonderful notes in the throat of a bird that perhaps no one ever hears! . . . On the other hand, one notices how the sentimental poet tries every means to make himself noticeable; how he lays on one side everything that might hide him from the spectator, in order to show all his charms, his fine feelings, his wonderful intelligence. His *self* is the medium. He says: 'See, this object seems beautiful to you because I, the beautiful, am the mirror of what is common. But just look, the thing is very common. I am what is really beautiful.' In the naïve poet is the genuine holiness of nature. He sings as one does at church—for himself; the sentimentalist is like a soloist in the choir. The naïve poet sings as the bird sings, the sentimental poet like a concert-singer—the one out of an inward impulse, the other in order to be admired; and, too, when he appears naïve, it is with this intention. This is the difference between Goethe and Schiller: one goes in his natural form, the other dresses himself very simply."

Here, again, is a description of the difference between Shakespeare and some of his successors:

> "Shakespeare is the mirror, not the reflected image, of his time. He shows us dramatically the passions of his time in the struggles of contending and suffering men; but never is he carried lyrically into the contest which he is representing. And this is true, no matter how wonderful the power with which he enters into his characters, so that, as Germans say, he thinks their thoughts and speaks their words. The public are his jury. The whole case lies before them; it takes place before their eyes; no motive is hidden from them; no attempt is made to spare or to deceive them. We see what the guilty one was before his error, the kernel when the destroying tree rises; the seed of passion we watch growing until it overcomes the reason. We see the hero beginning his error, struggling with its consequences, and thereby increasing his guilt, and finally succumbing to it. Pity for human weakness seizes us. But he understands how to lift us to the standpoint of his own true, moral (*sittlich*) judgment. It is not the so-called idea, the object of passion, but the passion itself which yearns, sins, and contends; the star remains unaltered, untarnished; but the man who sought to reach it through guilt plunges with broken wings into the abyss. It is not the beautiful that perishes, only the guilt. The truth is neither the good nor the bad, the beautiful nor the ugly—it includes both; the choice stands open to man, and his fate hangs upon his choice. In the modern drama, on the other hand, as in almost all more recent literature, the author is seldom the mirror, but rather the reflected image of his time. The passions of the time are not the objectively-treated material, but rather dictate to him subjectively the material. The modern author is no longer the judge of the case, he is rather the advocate of the beaten side; he makes the exception the rule; he transfers the blame from the accused to the situation, to the time, to the judge himself; he makes the hero the sport of circumstances in order to win our sympathy; he appeals to our human weaknesses, to the passions of the day, to interest us in behalf of his client. The hero perishes, not as one who deserves his fate, but as a sacrifice to the materially stronger opposite party. His fate is not the consequence of his fault, but the fate of everything beautiful on earth."

By the word "Schuld," which is translated above by *guilt*, is meant not necessarily moral turpitude, but the inadaptability of the character of the hero to the situation in which he is placed, or, in his own words, "Schuld, *i.e.*, the provocation of the suffering, an action relatively free, but yet his own, by means of which the hero excites a reaction that brings about his destruction, the beginning of the tragic action of which the end is the catastrophe." Elsewhere the author speaks of "this struggle in the hero's soul, this lack of a single quality while many others are present, this false note that disturbs the harmony, and prevents the whole man from reaching what he might otherwise attain, this contradiction."

We feel that we have offered but a glimpse of the merits of this book. It is one that cannot have justice done it by a page of extracts, so condensed is it already. But it is a book that will be of interest to every reader of Shakespeare, and, indeed, to every careful student of literature. It is full of suggestions, explanations, and keen remarks, so that the interest never flags. Then, too, it differs from many works on æsthetics by the simplicity of its style, which is but ill represented in the lame English of the translations above, and by the familiar nature of the examples that illustrate the author's meaning. The author everywhere keeps himself free from metaphysical vagueness. Even if the reader should not agree with our author's opinions, he will find himself obliged to look deep before he is able to controvert them; and whether he will be able to controvert them we seriously doubt.

Barbares et Bandits. La Prusse et la Commune. Par Paul de Saint-Victor. (Paris. 1871.)—This is a book that might make a Frenchman weep and any foreigner laugh. The author, nevertheless, declares that in writing it he was inspired by an ardent love of France and (of which there can be no doubt) by a profound hatred of her enemies. Every page is filled with grotesque imprecations against Prussia—wild declamations on her barbarity, and scurrilous abuse of all her great men. There is a lack of dignity, of self-respect in the book that we hope is more peculiar to the author than to the whole country in its present humiliation. He begins by quoting long extracts of abuse of Prussia from Heine's different writings—his "De la France" and the preface to the "Germania"—which are the best things in the book. Heine's hatred of Prussia was genuine, to be sure, but due more to the incongeniality he felt as a poet to that arid country, and to his poetical enthusiasm for France, than to anything else. The more charming his songs, the less reason would there be for letting him arrange boundary lines and questions of international law. Our author, however, is delighted with his support, and boasts that "France has now only Germany's hordes opposed to her." Let us see how he treats them. "L'armée française est une famille; l'armée prussienne est un troupeau fauve conduit par des belluaires menaçants." "Carthage était naïve, la 'perfide Albion' d'autrefois était magnanime auprès de ce gouvernement sans foi ni loi," etc., etc. This is the severe criticism that comes to the lot of the Emperor after a page of personal abuse: "There is something more horrible than the roar of lion or tiger—it is the tears of the crocodile weeping over the prey it holds crushed between its teeth." This is apropos of the annexation of Hanover—Bismarck, naturally, is not grossly flattered: He is "Prussia personified, . . . his uncovered face would make Hobbes recoil and would terrify Machiavelli, . . . he recalls the demons whom Milton shows us in Pandemonium, plotting the diplomacy of hell." M. de Saint-Victor, however, is impartial in his hates. He asks: "After all, what is this Germany, now so proud and dictatorial? Une race à peine décrassée de la barbarie; the last comer in Europe into the world of civilization and light. . . . In the eighteenth century this Prussia, that pretends to send us to school, learned of our philosophers. It was with the heat of Voltaire that this serpent grew warm. Then, it is true, under a conjunction of unforeseen stars, there arose in Germany a group of poets and thinkers—Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Kant, and Lessing." Literature and philosophy are both dead in Germany; "the only province left it is the cold and subterranean country of erudition."

So much for the country, now for the people. They throw off their romanticism and mysticism, their patriarchal crowns and contemplative spectacles; "they reappear as they are, the sons of the Huns and of the Vandals, the barbarians of Priscus, disciplined *à la Prussienne*, better armed, but as savage, only having exchanged their fossil hatchets for the needle-gun." The poor women who are left behind are thus complimented: "Those blonde maidens, sung by their poets, are changed into furies to incite their brothers and lovers to the despoiling of France; for pillage they stretch out the claws of harpies. Goethe's Margaret makes place for Margaret Schneider, the betrothed of John Dietrick, fusilier of the 7th company of the 88th regiment of the 42d brigade of the 21st division of the German army, who bids her lover enter some jeweller's shop where he could pillage. O house of Gretchen become a cavern of stolen goods and brigandage! From the dove's nest issues the thievish magpie, with ear-rings in his beak." "They are barbarians, and they are proud of it. . . . Remember the apocryphal telegram in which they spoke of themselves as 'those devils'—'visiblement ravis de poser en monstres, de jouer aux démons, de recourber en corne satanique la pointe de leur casque." The German colony in Paris does not escape. Wagner's music invaded the opera-house; German beer, "la lourde choppe," drove out the café which chats and the cabaret which sings. What there is good in Germany the author is willing to adopt, namely, its discipline, without its military pedantry, etc. Then, too, he proposes that all Frenchmen should learn German, "that obscure and inextricable language, behind which, knowing our ignorance, they concealed their plans of hatred and projects of ravaging, as they hide their armies behind a wood." That is to say, he denounces the Germans for speaking their own language, of which he says elsewhere, it "takes on, when it insults, the bestial accent of a savage idiom." The Emperor is bidden "to go recount his victories to his Augusta, who has become legendary like the ogre's wife in the fairy tale."

While the Germans are scourged in this way, the Commune gets off very lightly. One of the principal charges the author brings against it is that it may have the bad effect of making the French forget their holy hatred of Prussia. Before the Commune "leagues were forming, like sanitary cordons, against the return of the German spies. . . . The oath of Hannibal was engraved on every heart." And now the hatred, which had been diverted towards the Commune, must return against the older enemy. "The Commune was drilled by Prussia. Its bandits were the valets of the German hangmen, etc." A prompt and terrible vengeance is this writer's only hope for his country.

In reading these extracts, it is to be borne in mind that many of them were written during the siege, or shortly after, when few Frenchmen could have been able to take an unprejudiced view of German soldiers. To this fact we must ascribe much of their virulence; the author felt the bitterness of disappointment that it was not Germany that was invaded, the surprise at the defeat of the French armies, the agony of impotent patriotism. But that such writings, which are like cries uttered in the heat of combat, should be collected and republished as cool afterthought, is but a sad sign for the future of France, unless indeed they are there taken for no more than they are worth. To the real friends of France, be they Frenchmen or foreigners, there can be no more painful sight than this frenzied zeal, which, to quote once more, must "for ever sound the tocsin."

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1872.

The Week.

THERE are numerous indications that members of Congress already begin to be alarmed about the reform of the civil service—that is, begin to fear that it is really about to be attempted. Large numbers of them have been of late very anxious to have the service reformed, but have always been opposed to "any particular measure" proposed for that purpose. They were apparently reconciled to the scheme authorized at the close of the last session of Congress, and voted for it, but it was in the belief that it would not be carried out—the state of mind which leads so many legislators to vote for prohibitory laws. They were willing that the Administration should have the credit of talking of reform, but an actual attempt to reform they were not prepared for. Accordingly, Senator Carpenter has already begun to neigh against the Advisory Commission, and announces that he is not going to submit if he can help it to the transfer of the Government patronage to a knot of "schoolmasters," and Mr. Banks, who is now likely to have some little respite from his arduous labors in pacifying and regenerating Europe, is said to be laying back his ears and turning his tail in the same direction. The work of civil-service reform will not be complete till this opposition of the hack politicians has been fairly met and defeated, and, in meeting and defeating it, the President and the Commission are entitled to the hearty support of the public. There is a rumor from Washington, at this writing, that the President has determined to make a clean sweep at the New York Custom-house, turn out the whole of the unclean band who are now "running" it, and put it into the hands of respectable business men who *believe* in civil-service reform, and really desire to see it. If General Grant would do this in all the leading Custom-houses, we do not hesitate to say that he would enlist such enthusiastic support as no President has received for a long while, and it would be the support of men whom he would not have to pay. There never was a time when so bold and revolutionary a course could be entered upon with so much confidence, for the reforming spirit was never so strong. When we say all the leading Custom-houses, we include New Orleans. The best friends of the Administration will admit now that the performances of Collector Casey are an unsavory spectacle, and they are rendered all the more unsavory by his relationship to the President. The *Times* says Casey "has taken the Custom-house out of politics." This may be, but the result is so queer that it is plain that the next thing to do is to take *him* out of the Custom-house.

Mr. Freeman Clarke has introduced a bill providing for a return to specie payments which will probably not pass, and which with some good features has one which is fatally bad. It authorizes the President to order resumption by proclamation at thirty days' notice, on or before January, 1873, but permits the reissue of the notes so redeemed, and directs the national banks to provide an agent in New York to redeem their notes in "lawful money." The discretionary power given to the President, and the power of reissue given to the Treasury, give the whole scheme a speculative character, and give the Treasury through it a power over prices which must prevent the passage of the bill. What we need by way of legislation in this direction is most of all the removal from the greenbacks of their legal-tender character. This would gradually but steadily introduce contracts in gold, and public confidence would prevent any sensible depreciation of the paper. But it is useless to hope as some do that we shall ever get back to specie payments by a purely natural process. We might have greenbacks at par at the Gold Exchange for an indefinite period without having specie payments unless the Government and the banks were positively commanded to resume on a certain day.

The investigation into the affairs of the New York Custom-house has continued during the week, and the evidence is too voluminous to attempt any summary of it. The general result, thus far, may be said to show that the merchants are divided in opinion as to the merits of the general-order system; that there are abuses in it, as in all other departments, but of comparatively small magnitude, the greatest of all being the use of the business to bestow valuable sinecures on political partisans, who do no duties and pretend to do none. Think of a position in the gift of a Republican President which enables a man to pocket from $60,000 to $100,000 a year of money levied on New York merchants, while living in Washington, Europe, or where he pleases, without the performance of a single act, beyond the appointment of a deputy or partner, and which an army officer has held under General Grant while drawing Government pay as a clerk in the War Department. There was nothing more scandalous than this under the old régime in France. This $60,000 or $100,000 ought, of course, either to go into the Treasury or not be levied at all. There has also been an overwhelming amount of evidence as to the grossness of the corruption which prevails among the weighers, appraisers, and inspectors, and, indeed, all other officers who come into contact with passengers and importers, and can bestow favors or inflict annoyance and delay; also, as to the general employment of Custom-house officers in electioneering work, and as to the use of the patronage for political purposes, now to defeat the Democrats, then the Fentonites, and so on.

The testimony of one witness, Mr. Van Cleft, who was dismissed from the position of surveyor in the Brooklyn Navy Yard at Murphy's instance, showed that, as we have all along asserted, the President, while receiving with proper unction the report of the Civil Service Commission describing the shocking abuses of the service, was supporting Murphy, as "representative of the Administration" in this city, in "decapitating" such officers as Murphy selected for removal, either as his personal enemies, or as enemies of the Administration, and otherwise supporting that worthy man to the fullest extent in committing the very outrages which the Commission was denouncing. Van Cleft, though not a subordinate of Murphy's, was removed on his mere nod, because he opposed him in ward politics; and the President refused him a hearing. It is proved, moreover, that the levying of assessments for political purposes continued in full force under Murphy's rule, having reached in his day a pitch of efficiency and productiveness unknown before. We find, however, that we were in some degree mistaken as to the nature of the Mysterious Power which sent "the papers" levying the assessments to the Custom-house. Whatever it may have been in Mr. Grinnell's day, in Murphy's, it now appears, it was the illustrious "Tom" himself—flesh, blood, and bones. So late as November last he levied two per cent, on the salaries of the clerks, presumably for election purposes, but he did not deign to say for what, any more than the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin deigns to tell his subjects what becomes of their taxes; and he levied by a common order, without the aid of an "invisible hand," nocturnal apparitions, or any other ghostly apparatus. This has been brought to light in a comical way, by the commencement of a suit against Murphy and Cornell, the surveyor, by one Shean, an ex-inspector, who paid the assessment, but was nevertheless dismissed, and would now like to have his money back.

The Catacazy affair has plainly ended in the rupture of the *entente cordiale* between this country and Russia. Prince Gortchakoff has published a note, couched in the strongest terms, in which he refuses to take the charges made against Catacazy as proved, complains almost with bitterness of the treatment bestowed on that person by Secretary Fish, and expresses his belief that Catacazy has a good defence. There is said, too, to be deep-seated dissatisfaction at St. Petersburg over the manner in which the Grand Duke was received by the President, and particularly over the failure of the latter to "tender" him a dinner, as the reporters say. On this point—which is a very delicate one—we think the President has a full and sufficient answer in the gross impropriety, to use a very mild word, of the Russian Government in keeping Catacazy here during the Grand Duke's visit. His presence was a source of embarrassment to everybody. He was not only of no service to the Grand Duke, but a serious hindrance. The President could not ask him to his table, and he could not, since the Russian Government chose deliberately to make him the Grand Duke's chaperon, ask the Grand Duke without asking him. We believe Catacazy began his diplomatic career as newspaper reader in Prince Gortchakoff's Cabinet, and had made himself obnoxious, and was recalled, for cause, from one European Court before he came here. His character and capacity were, therefore, perfectly well known to his employers, and they strongly suggest the inference that he was chosen deliberately, for the purpose of "manipulating the press," and otherwise laboring against the close of the *Alabama* difficulty with England, and that his failure has excited considerable chagrin at St. Petersburg, inasmuch as it marks the loss by Russia of one of her most valuable make-weights in her contentions with Western Europe.

Mr. Sherman is likely to have some trouble, after all, about his senatorship, owing to alleged irregularity in the conduct of the election in the joint session of the Ohio Legislature. The Democratic members began by voting for their own candidate, George W. Morgan, who never had any chance, but after the votes had all been taken, it appeared that, by transferring their votes to the second Republican candidate, Mr. J. D. Cox, they could, with the help of the independent Republicans, elect him. As soon as they came to this conclusion, they asked permission to change, and some did change, their votes, and after the chairman had begun to announce the result, other Democrats arose and demanded to be allowed to change also, but were told it was too late, and the Lieutenant-Governor, who is a German, and is said to possess but little knowledge of parliamentary usage, refused to allow an appeal. A scene of great confusion then followed, and the Democrats now declare, and a great many Republicans agree with them, that had they not been cut off in this way they could have elected Cox. There appears to be little doubt that it is settled usage to allow members to change their votes up to the moment at which the result has been actually announced by the presiding officer. Whether it is a good usage is a question on which there is room for difference of opinion. We think it is not, but then this was certainly not an appropriate occasion for beginning to overthrow it.

Civil-service reform, tariff reform, and all other reforms will gain by the election of Mr. Allison as one of the senators for Iowa in place of Mr. Harlan, who has been turned out for various reasons, but principally because he was found to be "on the make," like so many other eminent politicians. Mr. Harlan had in this struggle the advantage of eighteen years of political patronage as U. S. Senator and cabinet officer, besides his connection with the Methodist Church, of which he was formerly a clergyman, and which he has artfully used to raise himself to office and to sustain himself in it. He has habitually met all charges against his integrity by adducing his Christian character as a sufficient proof of their falsity, and by rousing sectarian prejudice in his behalf. For this purpose he has industriously availed himself of the franking privilege and the minutes of the three M. E. conferences of Iowa, and only a premature exposure prevented every minister of these conferences from receiving the lithographed letter in which that notorious intriguer, Dr. Newman, of Washington, urged his "dear brother" to work for Harlan's re-election, especially by attending the primary meetings. General Boynton, of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, has done excellent service in bringing to light the evidence, filed in the Interior Department, of Secretary Harlan's maladministration, and it is consonant with the latter's professions of piety that his frauds, or connivance with fraud, should have been discovered in his dealings with the Indians. In fact, though a good many links in the chain are missing, there can be no doubt that he was head of an Indian ring; and his successors have been and are still engaged in reversing his decisions in Indian affairs, and, as far as possible, unearthing and prosecuting the swindles perpetrated with his sanction. It is believed also that he has grown rich too suddenly during his public career, and he has been charged before a Congressional investigation committee with having defrayed his household expenses out of a fund appropriated by Congress for the Washington Aqueduct; while it is on record in the Interior Department that his son, for two years, drew an annual salary from its "contingent fund," though regularly attending school in the city. Of such a politician the Senate and the country are well rid.

Among the opponents of the civil-service reform rules, there has turned up, and, of all places in the world, at the last meeting of the National Republican Convention, Mr. George Gorham, of California, who introduced two resolutions, one declaring it to be the sense of the committee that "any test of fitness for office which might operate to exclude citizens because they had not received a classic or collegiate education" would be a violation of popular rights; the other, that "the exclusion of Democrats from office by Republicans was entirely consistent with good morals and good government," and so on. He did not press them to a vote, but ingeniously withdrew them, with the observation, which seems to have been entirely gratuitous, that "though the resolutions expressed the sense of the committee, there was a general desire that the subject should be left to the future." This performance is, however, made excusable by the fact that the new rules, whether intended or not to drive gentlemen like Mr. Gorham out of politics, and into some honest industry, will certainly, if faithfully enforced, before long have that effect, and he doubtless feels it in his very bones. He is a Connecticut man, who, emigrating to California, took to politics, and not mining, manufacturing, or agriculture, for a living, but made such a discreditable living by it that his getting the Republican nomination for the Governorship gave the State to the Democrats by a large majority. He then turned up in Washington, and got the clerkship of the Senate as the successor of Mr. Forney, that place being apparently reserved for the tribe, and there he now sits, but he evidently feels the ground shaking under him, and sees strange signs in the sky.

Judge Sharswood, of Philadelphia, has recently given judgment in a suit brought by a woman named Burnham against the election officers of one of the Philadelphia districts for refusing to receive her vote at the October election. The Judge decides very much as the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia decided, that the elective franchise is not one of the necessary privileges of a citizen under the State Constitution, many persons being excluded from it by reason of age, non-payment of taxes, or non-residence within the commonwealth or the election district for a certain length of time. He decides also, in opposition to Demosthenes and Woodhull, that the Fourteenth and Sixteenth Amendments to the Federal Constitution have no bearing on the question, as the provisions of the State Constitution do not violate them, the limitations imposed by it on the exercise of the suffrage not being based either on "race, color, or previous condition of servitude." He then passes on the simple question, which he says is the only one that presents itself in the case, whether the use of the word "freeman" in the State Constitution was intended to confine voting to the citizens of the male sex. He considers that it is well settled by contemporaneous interpretation of all the charters and constitutions of the State for two hundred years, that such was the intent and understanding of the legislator, so he gave judgment for the defendant. It is not in the least likely that any judge of any weight or character in the whole country will come to any other conclusion, so that it is safe to say that the attempt to evade, by the little trick known as the "New Idea," the sober judgment of the community, will prove a failure, as it richly deserves.

The Woodhull branch of the suffragists have held their annual convention in Washington, Woodhull herself being present and making a speech. There was nothing else that was remarkable in the proceedings, except the unmannerly refusal of the audience to listen to Dr. Mary E. Walker's defence of Congress, and an unmeasured eulogy on Woodhull by Susan B. Anthony. Miss Anthony (we follow the report in the *Tribune*) declared her readiness "to welcome to the stand by her side any number of prostitutes, and would use her efforts to train them on the right side." A deputation from the convention, headed by Mr. Hooker, afterwards addressed the Judiciary Committee of the Senate on the "New Idea." The report says Miss Anthony "presented a letter from Henry Ward Beecher to Woodhull, favoring the suffrage," but we think there must be some mistake about this. The proceedings in the convention were throughout of a slightly farcical character, the performances of "the great leader" evidently proving a little too much for the gravity of either audience or speaker. It is to be regretted, too, for the sake of the New York Association, and, indeed, it furnishes material for many unworthy sneers to "the Boston clique," that the Woodhull-Claflin household should be torn by broils calling for the interference of the police. Miss Tennie C. Claflin, very recently, had to apply to the police justice in open court for a warrant against her aged parents, who appear to have been engaged in what the boys call "cutting up," and making the institution uncomfortable for the "Pantarchists," who apparently need a house to themselves.

The New York *Times* has recently, by some remarks, drawn a fire of letters on the suffrage question from women, and it now reports that five-sixths of them express hostility to the movement. We have no doubt that a vote in almost any State would show that nineteen-twentieths of the women of the country were opposed to having the cares of politics imposed on them. The view of the woman-suffragists is, however, that these cares ought to be imposed on women against their will, because the New York and Boston Associations think they would be the better of having them, and that almost any dodge or device is allowable to bring about this result. All this comes of the ravages made by metaphysical views of human society upon the morals and manners of a small body of speculative ladies and gentlemen. They tap their breasts, think they hear "a something within them" which says women ought to play exactly the same part in regulating the affairs of society that men play—and then bid good-by to scruples about means. It may be well that women should vote, but whether it is or not is no more to be ascertained by Miss Anthony's deductions from the eternal fitness of things, or Mrs. Hooker's interpretation of the Bible, than whether husband or wife should go to market. Both are questions of exactly the same nature, and to be settled by the same processes. In the one case the family wants good meat and vegetables, in the other security in earning and eating them, and God has not decided how either want should be gratified. He has left it to sober human judgment, fortified and enlightened by human experience.

The London *Economist*, in an article opening with the remark "that Mr. Boutwell's third statement revives the impression that seldom has the Finance Minister of a great country been less competent than Mr. Boutwell has shown himself to be," and that "his report contains little else than a statement of his adherence to a policy of heavy taxes to reduce the debt, and a lame account and vindication of his operations to convert the debt," goes into an examination of the financial situation in the United States which explains the rapid and steady rise of American credit in Europe, and fully accounts for the recent reported offer of the Rothschilds to take the four per cent. loan if the interest is made payable in London. The first thing in American finances which impresses the European imagination is the size of the surpluses. These are something absolutely without precedent. By close management, and the most accurate and scientific adjustment of taxation, England is able, in peaceful years, to produce a surplus of from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000, while every other great state in Europe, except Prussia, makes a deficit as regularly as Christmas comes round. The United States, on the other hand, with nothing that can be called a *system* of taxation at all, and nothing that can be called even an attempt at scientific adjustment, turns out year after year surpluses ranging from $80,000,000 to $100,000,000, and, as the *Economist* remarks, "the whole of these vast sums are available for the reduction of the debt"; and what, perhaps, still more amazes the European financier is that even the loose estimates at the probable yield of the revenue made by such a Finance Minister as ours are actually surpassed, and considerably surpassed, by the result. All this is, of course, the consequence of the vigor of American industry and the rapidity of the national growth in spite of all mistakes, errors, and calamities. When material facts of this sort are backed up by even two years of abstinence from all talk of swindling the national creditors, of course our borrowing power soon knows no limit except such as is imposed by the fear of too rapid repayment.

The *Economist* speaks with justifiable warmth of Mr. Wells's reports "as among the most valuable contributions to the literature of political economy," and draws attention to the fact that all the modifications in the tariff recommended by the President and Mr. Boutwell, in the last message and report respectively, are really called for by Mr. Wells in his earliest essays. Indeed, the two creditable things in the history of the crisis in our finances produced by the war, are the energy and honesty with which the people have supported the national credit by their labor and their savings, and the accuracy and perspicacity with which Mr. Wells has unveiled the secret of American industrial strength. These alone will atone in the eyes of future generations for President Grant's and Mr. Boutwell's political economy, and the attempts of many members of Congress to swindle the national creditor. In short, if there be much shame, there is more glory.

The French news consists mainly of the struggles of the Government with the question of taxation, with which both M. Thiers and M. Pouyer-Quertier are ill fitted to deal, and both find themselves arrayed against the leading French economists on the plan of taxing raw materials, which is M. Pouyer-Quertier's hobby, and not taxing incomes, which is M. Thiers's. The income-tax has a large body of the ablest French opinion in its favor, on general grounds, but especially on the ground of its tendency to reconcile classes by exhibiting openly the imposition of the heavier burdens on the rich. M. Thiers, however, objects that, in a country in which revolutions are frequent and class hates prevail, it would be very dangerous to furnish the usurper or revolutionary committee with a machine ready to hand for levying forced loans on the rich. On the other hand, an income-tax would reach the enormous mass of annuities derived from the national debt, and which, owing to French habits of living, will probably not be reached in any other way. The Orleans princes have taken their seats in the Assembly, and are in a fair way to get back the property which Louis Philippe gave away before his accession to the throne, and which Louis Napoleon confiscated. The last of the heroes of the *coup d'état*, except Fleury, has disappeared by the death of the Duc de Persigny, whom Kinglake has so savagely pilloried as "Fialin." He was the least able but most open and unscrupulous of the band, and, like them all, made a handsome fortune. The feeling of uneasiness in France is not over, and it is increased by the passion with which M. Thiers, true to his traditions, is throwing himself into the reorganization of the army. Universal conscription may be said to be settled on, but the German military papers predict that it cannot be carried out, owing to the low character of the French officers, and the insubordination and indisposition to submit to authority of all classes.

"THE ONE-TERM PRINCIPLE."

MR. ROSCOE CONKLING made a speech in the Senate on Thursday on Mr. Sumner's proposed amendment to the Constitution making each President ineligible for more than one term, which, besides containing the usual profusion of imagery which Mr. Conkling puts into all his speeches, contained a good deal of very solid argument. The case against the proposal is a pretty strong one. It was fully discussed in the first Convention and rejected, for reasons which experience has certainly not weakened. The power of re-electing a President has not been in any case abused, and there is no one of the six cases in which it has been exercised in which it might not be said that the honor was well bestowed. If experience teaches us anything in the matter, in short, it teaches us that the people are very good judges whom to re-elect, and that the principle of re-eligibility may be safely left to them. It may be very well to restrict the area of popular choice in providing for the filling of subordinate offices, the duties of which are easily defined, and the qualifications necessary for which can be easily prescribed and the possession of them readily ascertained. But for the performance of duties which in their very nature allow of a wide discretion, and for the proper discharge of which judgment and experience of men and affairs count for far more than skill in any particular art or knowledge in any particular field, and which lie entirely in the upper regions of statesmanship, it is useless to try to select officers by set tests. The nation at large must be supposed to be a better judge of a man's fitness for such a place than any portion of the nation. Whether it is dangerous to elect A or B to the Presidency after he has served one term is a question which the voters of the United States are competent to decide if anybody is. Indeed, there is a certain absurdity in acknowledging that the people are the best judges who of all the native-born citizens except this particular one is best fitted to be President, while refusing to allow them to pass on *his* claims, he being the only person of them all of whose qualifications they have any practical knowledge. The inconvenience and possible danger of being bound to change the President at the end of each term, whether we wish or not, and the terrible temptation it would put in the way of both President and people to violate the Constitution if the term of an able and trusted man closed in the midst of some great national crisis, have been often pointed out, and received a practical illustration in Mr. Lincoln's case. It is safe to say that if the Constitution were once violated by somebody's holding over under such circumstances with the popular consent, there would not be much virtue left afterwards in any of its restrictions.

The bad effects on a President's conduct of the desire for renomination, taking the worst possible view of them, would, with a reformed civil service, be no worse than, if so bad as, the effects of the carelessness which would result from the knowledge that he had got everything the people had to bestow. A corrupt man or a man given to nepotism would certainly be under far stronger temptations to indulge his propensities if he knew he had nothing to lose by popular reprobation, and nothing to hope from popular approval, than if he had before him all through his first term the chance of such a distinguished mark of confidence as re-election. A man who is determined to feather his nest while in office is far more likely to be mischievous if told beforehand that his jobs must be finished up in four years than if he thinks he may possibly extend them over eight. As regards Presidential intrigues for re-election, if the present corrupt and corrupting system of filling the subordinate offices were destroyed, there would certainly be no more to be dreaded from it—indeed, not so much—as from the intrigues which senators now carry on for the same purpose, and to which no formal objection has yet been made, except in Governor Hoffman's proposal that senators should be elected by the popular vote. It is now part of the regular game of "the men inside politics" to pack the legislatures with a view to the senatorial election, and the men most successful in packing and corrupting begin to have a decided advantage in many States over the able and honest men who refuse to employ base arts. If the popular judgment needs to be put under constitutional restrictions with regard to Presidential re-eligibility, it certainly does in a tenfold greater degree with regard to senatorial re-eligibility, for while a bad President has never been re-elected, bad senators do somehow often get in for a second term.

But the argument that the promoters of the amendment should not introduce it now because it is simply a movement against General Grant, has not and ought not to have much weight. The only time when it is possible to secure public attention for propositions of this nature is when public events give them importance and interest. There is no great disposition to amend the Constitution under any circumstances, and none at all in the interest of abstract safety or fitness; so that if the proposed change is ever to be made, it must be brought up, discussed, and passed under the pressure of somebody's bad behavior in the Presidential chair, and it must, perforce, wear the appearance of hostility to that person. What its promoters now really mean, and what they might as well say, is this: "We have always been in favor of this change; so have hundreds of distinguished politicians who have gone before us. We have not urged it on you heretofore, because we know it is hard to interest you in reforms for which there seems to be no pressing necessity. We do urge it on you now, because you have before you, in the conduct of the present occupant of the White House, a striking illustration of its value and of the danger of postponing it. Nevertheless, we do not propose to apply it to him, because we do not want it to be or to seem a weapon of party warfare. We simply use him as an argument in its favor, and we bring it up on the eve of his renomination because it is only at this season that we can get you to consider it seriously."

We confess for ourselves that we do not consider General Grant's Administration of any particular value as a proof of the importance of any such change, but it is highly valuable as an illustration of the desirableness of civil-service reform. Nobody can call him a dangerous man or a designing man. Nay, we believe he entered on office meaning well, and that his impulses all carry him in the right direction, and it would be unfair to deny that his Administration has several solid claims on the popular gratitude. But, as a correspondent said in our columns the other day, "he likes the fun of being President," and has weakly allowed himself to be persuaded by a band of intriguers and jobbers like Murphy that the way to get a second term was to let them "run the machine." And he is still weak enough, while apparently sincerely desirous of promoting civil-service reform, to be seduced into postponing its practical operation till he has got all the benefit he needs out of the old system. This is the strongest charge we make against him. Those who believe this of him, or worse, can in no way so effectually prevent others from imitating what is mischievous in his career as by laboring now to give civil-service reform a firm foothold in legislation and in party usages. A constitutional amendment prohibiting a second term of office sounds very well, but, even if necessary, there is not the least present chance of its adoption. Had Grant never had anything to offer to secure the devotion of the Murphys, we do not hesitate to say that his Administration, if not brilliant, would have been respectable in the highest degree, and that he would probably have furnished a very marked example of what the hope of a second term can do to stimulate a President into relying constantly and steadfastly on the sober second thought of the American people, which has so often proved the highest wisdom, but in which so few politicians have the smallest faith.

THE CLOSE OF THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE" WITH RUSSIA.

AN article appeared in the *Tribune* on Monday last, suggested by Prince Gortchakoff's very acrid note on the Catacazy affair, which was remarkable in more respects than one. The writer frankly and fully acknowledged that the note probably marked the close of that intimacy between Russia and the United States which has reigned about twenty years (though he makes it only ten). That intimacy, though the *Tribune* pronounces it to have been a mere "flirtation," kept up on both sides for interested purposes—by Russia to overawe England, and, indeed, the rest of Europe, on the Eastern question, and by the United States to spite or overawe England with regard to the various differences on matters of fact and matters of feeling which have existed between the two countries ever since 1812—has, however, been steadily and persistently lauded and promoted both by politicians and journalists as the natural alliance of two peoples of similar aims and destiny. It was somewhat difficult for a long time to discover in the character or condition of either country any basis that would bear examination even in a stump speech for anything like cordial sympathy, so the alliance rested for many years on the precarious and unsubstantial foundation of common bigness and common expansiveness and common capacity to support three times as large a population as either country then possessed. When the late war broke out, however, it was greatly strengthened by the tremendous blunder committed by both France and England in countenancing the Confederacy. In dealing with the new situation, Russia enjoyed the immense advantage of having no *feeling* about the quarrel either way. All the knowledge of America, its history, people, language, literature, or government to be found in Russia, is confined to a few dozen persons connected with the Government, so that the imperial policy was not embarrassed by any pressure of popular sympathy either for North or South, and was thus free to shape itself to suit the circumstances, and that it was a masterly policy there is no denying. Compared with it, that of France and England looks like the blind rush of a mob. It is not difficult to guess at the considerations which probably governed it, particularly as they are considerations of which everybody in France and England now sees the force. If the North proved victorious, to have sympathized with the established government, or even to have abstained from all expressions of ill-will to it, or all expressions of sympathy with, or confidence in, the rebellion, would be a sure title to American gratitude and good-will. If the North did not prove victorious, its friends would still remain its friends, and they were by no means likely to have anything to fear from the enmity of the Confederacy, for the victors in a fight never hate those who did not help them to win it, but simply looked on. They are generally too much elated, and too proud of their prowess, to be inclined to malevolence, and, even if they feel a little chagrin, it is not likely to last long. So that to support the North morally was really the true course to follow, no matter what one's opinion might be as to the ultimate issue of the struggle. "Those dangerous guides, the feelings," blinded Western Europe to these considerations, while the close commercial, religious, and social relations existing between England and the United States really extended the civil war, in a certain sense, over English territory. As far as interest in the struggle, and the prejudice and passion born of conflicting moral and religious ideas, and social and political traditions, went, the war may be said to have raged as fiercely in Kent or Sussex as in New Hampshire. Russia looked on, however, with a perfectly cool head, and having no interests at stake, either moral or material, by simply writing a few letters and sending a fleet into American waters, obtained a place in the American imagination which bigness and expansiveness could never have given, and supported the position by a lavish expenditure of court civilities on American travellers and officers.

The master-stroke was, however, the emancipation of the serfs. The delay of this measure by Russia until the year 1861 was one of the disgraces of civilization, and yet there is little doubt that it was the result, in the main, of the frighful revelation of the economical weakness of her social organization made by the Crimean war. That struggle made it plain that all expansion to the southward, in the teeth of Western hostility, was out of the question without railroads and free labor. The slave system went down at Sebastopol under the cannon of the allies, and the first step in the process of "recueillement" to which, according to Prince Gortchakoff, Russia then betook herself, was the creation, on her soil, of free industrial society, as the only source from which, in modern times, really formidable and well-equipped armies could be drawn. Luckily, however, this measure was perfected and went into operation just as the American people were trembling in the throes of the excitement, partly patriotic, partly humanitarian, which led to and carried out the abolition of slavery. To them emancipation was the realization of a glorious dream by which three generations had been haunted—the termination of a struggle which for forty years had clouded the commercial and political future of the country, rent its society with feuds, and finally deluged it with fratricidal blood, and the final removal of a reproach under which every American man and woman had writhed for half a century. While in this susceptible frame of mind Russia appeared on the scene as an emancipator also, and it was by no means difficult to obtain for the Czar credit for the virtuous and tender emotions which warmed the heart of Lincoln. We were then treated for several years to the extraordinary spectacle of the union, on a basis of humanitarian sentiment, of two governments, one of which was forgiving all its enemies, laying aside all weapons of offence, proclaiming the largest liberty of speech, thought, and act, men of all races and conditions, while the other was pursuing unity throughout its dominions by processes which can hardly be called less than devilish, in which every one of the rights worshipped in America as inalienable were being extirpated with the bayonet. The process which has for the last seven years been going on in Poland and the Baltic provinces under the name of "Russification" probably surpasses in cruelty and brutality anything the modern world has ever seen, and there is perhaps no political phenomenon more curious and instructive than the way in which the American public has been seduced for some time back into refusing to look upon this "bloodiest picture in the book of Time." That this all but guilty connivance—or guilty silence—should have been terminated by the hand of a paltry intriguer like Catacazy, and that the immediate cause of his meddling should have been a desire on the part of Russia to prevent the close of a long-standing international quarrel by peaceful debate, has an appropriateness about it which one can hardly avoid calling providential.

That for this persistence in what the *Tribune* now acknowledges to have been a bit of prolonged humbug the press is largely responsible, there is no doubt. That the press is about to turn over a new leaf in such matters, the article in the *Tribune* leads us to hope. For improvements in national morality, it seems as if we should hereafter have to look to the press mainly, and the press contributes, in no small degree, to national *im*morality by the aid it affords politicians in spreading and perpetuating delusions and impositions. Whatever the value of its opinions may be, the facts, and especially the facts of foreign politics, it has wholly in its hands. Nearly all that the vast majority of the citizens of the United States know of the world outside their own town they know through the newspapers, and the extent to which distorted and deceptive news of the great movements of the day are implanted in their minds, by the reluctance of the press to fulfil the magnificent function of enabling men to see things as they are, will probably never be known. The evasion of this duty is performed, too, not simply or mainly in editorial articles, but in the practice of sending out correspondents not as observers, but as missionaries. A writer who would like to see a republic in England or France, and thinks there ought to be one, and thereupon collects all facts which support the theory that a republic is on the point of being established, and fails to seek out or refuses to report the facts which support the theory that there is not the least chance of a republic in either country for a long period, is not so plainly doing the devil's work as if he preached the folly of truthfulness, but he is still doing it, for he is fostering that inclination to see the pleasant side of things, and the pleasant side only, and that disinclination to face unpleasant facts, out of which nearly all national rottenness comes. A healthy public opinion about all things, and especially about our foreign relations, can only be built up on a knowledge of unvarnished facts and a sound morality. We are no friends of the "International Association of Workingmen," but there can be and ought to be an international association of good people, to promote the application to international relations of the standards and judgments which we use in regulating the relations of individuals in society. The world is fast emancipating itself from the influence of traditional hates and prejudices. Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans are learning, however slowly, not to detest each other as Americans, or Englishmen, or Frenchmen, or Germans. But we can hardly condemn the deceits, and subterfuges, and base compliances, and unholy alliances of the professional diplomatists, if whole peoples can be got to cultivate, or pretend to cultivate, international loves and friendships which are absolutely independent of the moral and intellectual condition of the object on which these feelings are lavished. It is time to give up hating foreign nations because our fathers hated or fought them; but it is also time to indicate in our foreign as in our social relations that what we most admire, and what most surely wins us, in nations as in men, is not power or loud professions, but justice, humanity, mercy, honesty, industry, and fair dealing and faith in moral force.

ENGLAND.

London, December 29, 1871.

THE health of the Prince of Wales continues to improve. The sympathy which has been called out by his illness, and the pleasure with which his convalescence has been greeted, have been noticed in all the papers as proofs of the ardent loyalty which still burns in English bosoms. The favorite mode of complimenting ourselves is by quoting passages from French newspapers to illustrate the admiration of so-called republicans not only for our loyalty but for our piety. The prayers which have been put up in all our churches are a conclusive proof of the latter virtue, as the interest displayed in the telegrams from Sandringham was of the first. I am afraid the conjunction is rather significant. We prayed, it is true, but it would not do to enquire too strictly how many people seriously believed that the prayers would improve the Prince's chance of recovery; and perhaps some of the loyalty was as little calculated to bear fruit in practice. Undoubtedly there has been a strong feeling of sympathy, as a man must have been a brute not to sympathize; and mixed with it has been something which the persons affected took to be loyalty; but I somehow do not fancy that it is, in commercial language, a very wearing article. After all, the fact that a prince has had a typhoid fever is not by itself a good reason for attachment to a constitutional monarchy; and about three months hence I fancy that we shall be scrutinizing any new proposal for endowing a member of the Royal family as if the Prince had been able to hunt all through the winter. Meanwhile, it must be confessed that our would-be republicans have a singular knack of putting themselves into awkward positions. Sir Charles Dilke has apparently made some very incorrect statements, and especially one to the effect that the Queen had not kept her engagement of paying income-tax. I do not know whether there is any sort of foundation for this statement, which he will doubtless have to defend or retract in Parliament; but at present he is generally supposed to have made an utterly unfounded imputation upon the Queen's character at a democratic meeting, and, though from no fault of his own, just at the wrong period. Then poor Mr. Odger, who is generally considered to be the pattern workingman, has succeeded in making himself ridiculous in the same cause. After holding a republican meeting at Reading, he was assaulted by certain loyal roughs at the railway station. According to his rather excited narrative, some two hundred people fell upon him with all the fury of "starving wolves"; two powerful men (Mr. Odger is of small stature) tried to strangle him; and the police did not come to his rescue. The result of this tremendous onslaught was that his coat was torn, and that he went off by the train when it arrived. Our republican champions have not distinguished themselves lately. The truth is that the republican feeling is of the faintest kind, and that, though we care little for our princes so long as they are in tolerably good health, the bulk of the nation is very indifferent to constitutional changes of any kind. Sir Charles Dilke's attack on the monarchy, for example, was apparently due to a change of tactics when he could not obtain sufficient attention to his exposure of the undoubted anomalies of our representative system. In spite of the last Reform Bill, that system is undoubtedly anomalous in the highest degree; but nobody cares very deeply for an absence of symmetry which is not felt as a practical injustice. The real political battle will be fought over different issues; and numerous questions are already beginning to occupy public attention which threaten to alter materially the old party combinations.

Of these it will be time enough to speak when the session approaches; for at present we are in the state of mind appropriate to Christmas. The general public is regaled by gratuitous exhibitions in butchers' shops of fat beasts fancifully decorated with sprigs of holly in various parts of their insides; children are spoiling their infant digestions with mince-pies; and the popular press beams with that kind of gushing, or, as it is called, "genial" sentimentality of which Dickens was the great master. Indeed, I sometimes wonder that our popular preachers do not take their texts from "Pickwick" instead of the Gospels; for their effusions about this period have that flavor as of cold milk-punch which pervades the former publication. It is appropriate enough for this season that Dickens's Life should be the only literary performance which is just now exciting much attention. It has been, I presume, published as early in America as in England, and you will have formed your own opinion as to its merits. I will merely say, therefore, that whilst Mr. Forster's part of the book can only be described as moderately good, Dickens's own letters and the fragment of autobiography which it includes are of great interest, and I think that few even of his own friends had any adequate conception of the extent to which some of his most striking passages are simple transcripts of his experience in early boyhood. As I have drifted into literary gossip, I may as well notice a rather amusing incident which has just occurred. A writer under the signature of Thomas Maitland recently made a bitter attack upon Mr. Rossetti's poems in an article in the *Contemporary Review* headed "The Fleshly School of Poetry." In the *Contemporary Review*, as in most of our recently founded magazines, the writers have pretty nearly abandoned the old system of anonymous authorship, although the *Contemporary* does not, like the *Fortnightly*, profess to reject the practice on principle. It soon became rumored, however, that Thomas Maitland was in fact a pseudonym for Robert Buchanan, in which there was a certain degree of piquancy, inasmuch as Thomas Maitland praised Robert Buchanan's poems. Hereupon two letters appeared in the same column of the *Athenæum*. The first, from Messrs. Strahan & Co., the proprietors of the magazine, was expressed in language which amounted to a denial of the report, saying that there was as much reason for attributing the article to Mr. Robert Browning or Mr. Robert Lytton or to any other Robert. The second was from Mr. Robert Buchanan, avowing the authorship of the article, and stating his intention of publishing it in his own name. I do not know that Mr. Buchanan or his publishers have been guilty of any really discreditable conduct in all this; but certainly they have succeeded in making themselves ridiculous. I am no great admirer of the clique to which Mr. Rossetti belongs, and which seems to me to think itself rather more exclusively in possession of the only orthodox views upon art and poetry than I should be prepared to admit. However, they have certainly had the best of this little encounter.

Another quarrel of an artistic kind, of considerably more importance, is raging in the columns of the *Times*. We determined, as you may know, some years ago to erect a new set of law courts, which were to cost a large sum of money, and to be one of the great architectural features of that new London which is rapidly rising. There was a competition amongst the ablest architects, and an elaborate investigation of the whole subject by an intelligent committee. Then came a desperate battle over the site of the proposed courts, a large party being anxious to erect them on the new Embankment. It was at length decided, however, to place them on the north of the Strand, and the ground has been bought and the foundations cleared for its erection. But now has arisen a still fiercer quarrel. The plans originally proposed by Mr. Street, the selected architect, have been cut down in obedience to Mr. Lowe's economical views, and a new and more modest design has been prepared by him. Modest as it may be, it has excited the indignation of a large body of architects, art critics, and other persons professing to have a taste. The discussion has widened and branched out into all manner of allied questions. The main objections, and they are tolerably sufficient if well established, are that the proposed building is extremely inconvenient and very ugly. Both of these faults are, it is urged, the natural consequence of the system on which the architect has proceeded. Mr. Street is popular amongst our modern High-Church restorers of mediævalism, and he has here applied their principles on a grand scale. His first object is to be picturesque, and, consequently, the building is broken up into irregular masses; no window resembles its neighbor; queer towers break out at unexpected places, and for no assignable reason; there is a great hall, which will be damp and dark and useless, and which is introduced simply for the sake of having a great hall; whilst anything approaching to symmetry and simplicity is systematically avoided. Mr. Street's justification for his vagaries is that some precedent may be discovered for each of them in mediæval architecture. He has, in fact, travelled over Europe, collected everything that has struck his fancy in the various cathedrals of the world, and piled them all together, so that the building will be a kind of archæological museum. I repeat what is said by his assailants, without professing to be a very good judge of the matter. I confess, however, that, so far as I can judge, my sympathies are very strongly in their favor; and yet I am tolerably confident that things have gone too far to be mended. We shall erect a large pile of architecture at which our grandchildren will stare, wondering what can have induced their respectable ancestors of the nineteenth century to masquerade in the costume of the thirteenth. But I fear that our grandchildren have a good many puzzles in store for them if they care to discover the rationale of our conduct. Meanwhile, I think I may promise any American visitors to this country that in a few years they will be able to see, within a few yards of the Thames Embankment, and in singular contrast to the mean outlines of an ordinary London street, a collection of pinnacles, arches, and buttresses, which may recall associations with the mediæval remains of every country in the civilized world. Whether the result will be beautiful, and, still more, whether it will suit the convenience of the eminently prosaic class of persons who are now engaged in investigating the Tichborne case, is more than I can say with any confidence.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

PARIS, Dec. 21, 1871.

AMONG the few institutions in France which have been allowed to survive the ancient régime, the French Academy stands foremost. There is often a confusion made abroad between the Academy and the Institute. The Institute, such as it was organized by the French Convention and reorganized by the Emperor Napoleon, comprises: (1) the Academy of Letters, or Academy proper, which never has more than forty members; (2) the Academy of Science, which has a much larger number of members, besides corresponding and foreign associates; (3) the Academy of Arts, which is chiefly composed of painters, sculptors, and composers; (4) the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres, which is made up of philologists, grammarians, Hellenists, and archæologists; and (5) the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, devoted to philosophy, political economy, and matters of administration. There are, therefore, as you see, five academies, the collection of which forms the Institute; but the literary academy of the forty *immortals*, as they are often called, still goes generally under the name of *the* Academy. There are not less than 280 members and foreign associates in the five academies of the Institute. There is a singular idea of permanence and indestructibility attached to the organization of these academies. Each of them has a secretary who goes under the name of perpetual secretary. This function is assigned in the Academy of the Moral and Political Sciences to Mignet, who is also a member of the Academy of Letters (for the same person can belong to several of the academies: Claude Bernard, for instance, is now in the Academy of Letters as well as in that of Science). The perpetual secretary in the Academy of Arts is M. Beulé, who has written several volumes on the arts in Greece. There are two perpetual secretaries in the Academy of Sciences, where their work is the hardest—they are now Elie de Beaumont, the world-famous geologist, and Dumas, the celebrated chemist. The perpetual secretary of the Inscriptions and Belles-lettres Academy is Guigniaut. In the French Academy, Villemain has occupied for so many years the post of perpetual secretary that the title seemed almost justified for once; but he died last year, and he has been replaced by the Hellenist Patin, the translator of Sophocles.

It is very hard, even in the most cultivated country, to find forty men who would deserve, even with a very violent stretch of the truth, the name of immortals. In the list of the actual French Academicians, many a name occurs which is as little known on the shores of the Loire or even of the Seine as on those of the Thames or the Hudson. I doubt if the reputation of M. Lebrun has ever reached Boston or New York. His tragedies are as much forgotten in Paris as if they had never been played. M. Legouvé's glory, too, is very thin, and what may be called evanescent. He is the son of another Academician, who made himself famous in the time of the First Empire by a poem called "The Merit of Women," a didactic description of all the charms and virtues of womanhood. This production would be quite forgotten if it was not for a very ridiculous verse, which has become proverbial. Speaking to man, Legouvé, in a fit of enthusiasm, tells him:

> "Tombe aux pieds de ce sexe à qui tu dois ta mère."
> (Fall at the feet of this sex to which you owe a mother.)

Foreigners are often surprised when they hear that some French author, of great reputation, whose works they have been accustomed to read and to admire, does not belong to the French Academy. And here I must try to explain why a great writer is not necessarily an Academician. The Academy was not founded solely with the view to give a place to the most eminent authors: it has, or it thinks that it has, a sort of tradition to keep, not only the tradition of language, but the tradition of the French standard of manners and of general culture. An Academician ought to be a man of the world. Many *grands seigneurs* became Academicians in the last century, and even in this century, simply because they were representatives of the highest class in the country, types of gentlemen, patrons of arts, of literature. When the Academical fauteuil was offered to Marshal Saxe, who never wrote a line, and who was even suspected of not being very familiar with the rules of orthography, he replied: "L'Académie—cela m'ira comme une bague au doigt" (The Academy will fit me like a ring on my finger). Every man of great note, moving in the highest sphere of society, distinguished and above the average either in the church or in the state, belongs naturally, as it were, to the Academy. Such, at least, is the theory I have often heard maintained by Academicians among my friends, when defending themselves against those who were attacking some of their selections. During the Empire of Napoleon III., the Academy became one of the strongholds of the opposition. Prévost-Paradol was elected less as a fluent and eminent writer than as a journalist who was every day harassing the Empire with his wit and his irony. Jules Favre, who is a very poor writer, as you may see if you will read his account of his negotiations with Bismarck, was elected for his oratorical efforts in the Corps Législatif. By a curious phenomenon, literature proper had become more or less Imperialist. Mérimée was a senator, so was Nisard, so was Silvestre de Sacy; Augier was the personal friend of Prince Napoleon; Octave Feuillet the favorite novelist of the Empress Eugénie; Sandeau was also one of the guests at Compiègne; the novel-writers and the dramatists were all on the Imperial side, and, in the name of literature, were always advocating the theory that politics had nothing to do with the Academy. By this means they hoped to introduce into the sanctuary About, Taine, Renan, Alexandre Dumas *fils*, who were all friendly to the Empire. On the other side, Guizot, Rémusat, Bishop Dupanloup, the Duc de Broglie, maintained that the Academy must reserve its purity and its independence; the statesmen affected to despise the littérateurs, and they opened their ranks to men who had more force of character than of style, and who preferred the *salons* of the opposition to the Tuileries. During the whole Empire, every election had a political character. At the end, by a sort of compromise, M. Emile Ollivier was elected as a representative of Imperial liberalism; but we know what has become of Ollivier and his hopes—the war with Germany swept him away in an instant, and his *immortality* has had but a day.

There are now four vacant seats, and, even in the midst of the political excitement of the hour, there is much attention paid to the question of the next Academical elections. The Duc d'Aumale has been invited to present himself for the first seat, as the author of the "History of the House of Condé," of military essays, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on the Zouaves, the Chasseurs-à-pied, the "Military Institutions of France," on Alesia, the seat of the contest between Vercingetorix and Cæsar, and of the "Letter on the History of France," addressed to Prince Napoleon Bonaparte. The Duke will have no competitor; the great elector of the Academy, M. Guizot, whose influence is paramount, has invited him to present himself. M. Thiers, who is the second power in the Academy, has promised not to oppose his election; the Catholics, headed by Bishop Dupanloup and Father Gratry, will vote for him as well as the *libertins*, Augier, who was a schoolfellow of the Duke, and the other littérateurs. Etiquette obliges every candidate to make a visit to each Academician. Curiously enough, the first day of his visits the Duke only met Jules Favre, the Republican Minister of the 4th of September, and Victor Hugo. The great poet never goes to the Academy, and never gives a vote; the visit was, therefore, only one of courtesy. Victor Hugo is now almost a communist, but he was once named peer by King Louis Philippe, and in his "Misérables" there is a chapter in which he speaks in the highest terms of the citizen-king, of the king *de plein-jour*, as he calls him. The interview was very long and very friendly. Many a time had this Peer of France seen the Duc d'Aumale, then a child, at the Duc d'Orléans's; they had both been exiles during the Empire; they both returned on the same day from Belgium to France after the revolution of the 4th of September. The second day of his visits, the Duke, by a similar chance, only met the ex-senators of the Empire, Lebrun, Nisard, Sacy. In these visits, the candidate is not expected to ask formally for the vote of the Academician: he can talk about the weather, or about anything equally trivial. It has happened that the Academicians were sometimes completely ignorant who the candidates were. Royer-Collard, in his old age, said: "I read no more—I reread;" so he used to ask his visitors to give him a list of their works. He treated candidates very much as a schoolmaster would young boys.

The second seat, now vacant, will probably be given to Littré. The Academy does not much approve of the doctrines of this great prophet of positivism, but he will be very useful as a grammarian. His dictionary of the French language is just what the Academy itself ought to have written. Nobody at the present time has a better knowledge of the history, the origin, and development of every French word. Strangely enough, the greatest grammarian of the day has a very bad French style; his language has a dryness, an oddity, which make his works very disagreeable to read. The third candidate elected will probably be M. Camille Rousset, the author of a remarkable historical work on Louvois. M. Rousset was appointed, under the Empire, Keeper of the Archives of the Department of War; and M. Thiers has just charged him with the mission of forming a regimental collection of military works. M. Rousset is M. Thiers's candidate, and this will probably secure his success. The fourth candidate who is likely to become immortal is M. de Loménie, the author of the "Life of Beaumarchais," now engaged in a great work on the "Family of the Mirabeaus." M. About is a competitor of M. de Loménie, but he is not yet thought serious enough; his versatile spirit has carried him into too many camps. Once the constant guest of Prince Napoleon, and one of the most ardent promoters of the wicked war with Germany, he is now a courtier of M. Thiers. Alexandre Dumas *fils* is also a candidate, but the impropriety of his two last pieces, "Une Visite de Noces" and "La Princesse Georges," have made him for the moment what we call "impossible."

Notes.

IT is proposed by the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects to commence, on the first Monday in February, a second course of weekly lectures, at their rooms, No. 925 Broadway, similar to that now nearing its close, and which has embraced such topics as the æsthetics of architecture, construction, hospitals, etc., treated by well-known experts. These courses are free to members, but the non-professional public are also admitted on payment of a small fee, and we hope will choose to avail themselves of so excellent an opportunity of improving their taste in an important branch of art.——The *New Englander* was in error, and we in following it, in announcing that the *Congregational Quarterly* had been consolidated with it. It is the *Congregational Review.*——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. will publish shortly "Homer and Socrates," translated from the French of Lamartine by Mrs. Eliza W. Smith; "Black-Robes; or, Sketches of Missions and Ministers in the Wilderness and on the Border," by Robert P. Nevin; "Science and Revelation," proving for the hundredth time their agreement, by Rev. Jos. H. Wythe, M.D.——The Wisconsin Historical Society has now acquired a copy of Domesday Book, and also Larking's magnificent "Domesday Book of Kent"; and we understand that it has, during the past year, gone largely into county histories of England.——Macmillan & Co. will shortly publish a memorial sketch of Mr. Edwin Field, by Dr. Sadler, the editor of "Crabb Robinson's Diary." Mr. Field was widely known both in England and in the United States, not only as an eminent solicitor and law-reformer, but also as a lover of art and artists, and a most zealous promoter of the fine arts. Dr. Sadler's sketch will contain a record of the principal services rendered by a man whose rare abilities were employed with extraordinary energy and largeness of aim.

—Mr. John H. Treadwell, of this city, has in active preparation a book about pottery and porcelain, which is to have special reference to the wants of American lovers of this branch of the fine arts applied to industry. Mr. Treadwell desires to find out and to record just what is the amount of our wealth, here in America, in the way of old or curious or even of rare and choice modern porcelain and earthenware; and any person having something of this sort in his possession will do a favor, not merely to Mr. Treadwell, but to all of us, by sending him a description or a drawing of it, or, better still, by putting him in the way of seeing the object itself, so that, if it shall be thought worth while, it may be catalogued and described with those that Mr. Treadwell has already noted. No one knows, we imagine, or has anything like a just notion, of what there is in private hands, in this country, in the way of such ware as Mr. Treadwell's book is to be concerned with. It is well, therefore, to take account of stock, as the shopkeepers say; and though the first venture cannot, from the nature of the case, hope to give us complete information, yet Mr. Treadwell is doing his best to make his book cover the ground, and he trusts that all who are interested in the subject will lend him a helping hand. His address is 593 Broadway.

—Our artists who wish to send contributions to the International Fine Art Exhibition, London, should know that application for space should be sent in at once, the end of January being the time fixed for receiving demands. This exhibition is well worth the attention of our best painters, as its galleries are very fine and the light of the best, while the space is so great that all pictures worth hanging can be well hung, and the management is far more liberal towards the foreign element than any of the purely English exhibitions can be. Such of the rules as will be of interest to American exhibitors are here subjoined:

> "II. No artist can be allowed to submit more than three works of each kind for exhibition, but he may submit works of as many different kinds as he pleases: thus, the same artist may send for admission three oil paintings, three water-color paintings, three paintings on enamel, porcelain, etc.; also, three sculptures in marble, three in wood, etc.
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> "IV. All works of art, except architectural works, and reproductions of ancient and mediæval works, must have been executed by living artists, or by artists deceased since 1862.
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> "VIII. Foreign works may be sent with the certificate of admission given by the respective governments of the countries in which they are produced. Foreign works sent without such certificate, and all works of British subjects, will be submitted to the approval or rejection of judges, appointed by her Majesty's Commissioners, for the respective classes. The decisions of the judges will be final, and the result of such decisions may be ascertained on application at the exhibition building.
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> "X. The Commissioners cannot undertake to receive any package which may be presented by carriers with charges unpaid. Foreign artists, whose works are not sent through a foreign government, should consign their works to an agent in London.
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> "XIII. All pictures and drawings must be in gilt or suitable frames. Drawings with wide margins are inadmissible. Excessive breadth in frames, as well as largely projecting mouldings, may prevent pictures obtaining the situation they otherwise merit; and oval frames should be avoided, as they are difficult of arrangement.
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> "XIV. The prices of works, if for sale, must be stated on a label accompanying the work, and if not for sale, the work must be so marked.
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> "XV. A numbered list of the works submitted for approval must be sent in with them, each work bearing a number corresponding with this list. To each work should also be securely attached a label, bearing the title and the artist's name and address. Particular accuracy is requested in this respect.
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> "XVII. All objects of fine art must be delivered on the following dates: On Thursday and Friday, March 7th and 8th, painting in oil and in water-colors; Saturday, 9th, reproductions of pictures, mosaics, enamels, etc.; Monday, 11th, architectural designs, drawings, and models; Tuesday, 12th, tapestries, carpets, embroideries, etc.; Wednesday, 13th, engraving, lithography, photography, as fine arts; Thursday, 14th, designs for all kinds of decorative manufactures; Friday, 15th, furniture and all decorative works; Monday, 18th, stained glass and mosaics; Wednesday, 27th, sculpture."

—The exhibition of 1871, though one of the most interesting held in London for many years, will, no doubt, be far surpassed by that of 1872, as the sales of Continental pictures effected there were very considerable, and the war prevented many artists from contributing who will now contribute. Applications for space must be sent, before the end of January, to Major-General Scott, C.B., Secretary, Offices of Her Majesty's Commissioners, Upper Kensington Gore, London, containing simply name of applicant, postal address, nature of object submitted. In the last exhibition, not a single American picture was contributed. It is to be hoped that what we have to show may not be so utterly ignored this year; and, as these annual collections of the art of all nations are destined, without doubt, to become the principal art exhibition of London, our artists would wisely direct all their contributions to it, adding proportionately to its importance. In case no commission on the part of our Government has been named, it would be well to delegate the approval of contributions to the National Academy (default of which works had better be sent to the Commissioners at London by the intervention of a London agent); and as they will have to stand hard comparison, it will be as well to subject them to a severe standard of excellence before approval. In case of artists having no agent, or knowledge of one, works of art may be sent, carriage prepaid, to Mr. W. J. Stillman, 100 Clarendon Road, Notting Hill, London; if for sale, a label, giving price, etc., must be pasted on the back of the frame.

—On the 9th instant the American Academy of Arts and Sciences presented the Rumford medals to Mr. Joseph Harrison, jr., of Philadelphia, for the invention of the boiler which bears his name. These medals, in the intention of Count Rumford, as expressed in his letter accompanying a gift of $5,000 to the Academy (p. 250 of Ellis's Life), were to be awarded "to the author of the most important discovery or useful improvement . . . . on heat or on light; the preference always being given to such discoveries as shall, in the opinion of the Academy, tend most to promote the good of mankind." The ground of the award in Mr. Harrison's case, according to the inscription on the medals, was "his method of constructing steam-boilers, by which great safety has been secured." In making the presentation, the Rumford Committee confined its opinion of the boiler to this single quality, stating that while it might burst under excessive pressure, "a violent, destructive explosion is almost impossible"; and this will certainly be allowed to be a good reason for not waiting till absolute safety is attained, if indeed it ever can be Mr. Harrison acknowledged the honor thus conferred upon him by presenting the Academy with Rumford's portrait, painted from life, in Paris by Rembrandt Peale about 1811. Our great countryman is again brought to mind by the recent award to Dr. Julius Robert Mayer of the Copley Medal of the Royal Society of England. This medal dates from 1709. Franklin received it in 1753, and Rumford himself in 1792. Last year it was awarded to Dr. Joule, along with the medal of Rumford's founding (1796). A warm and admiring account of Mayer's genius, and the services which he has rendered to science by his speculations on the subject of heat, will be found in *Nature* for Dec. 14, from the pen of Tyndall.

—For the benefit of inventors, the majority of whom have probably never heard of the Rumford medals, or even of the Academy itself, we may state that this body annually appoints a committee of seven fellows, called the Rumford Committee, whose duty it is to investigate all claims for the Rumford premium. This is awarded only on recommendation of the Committee, and at the annual meeting of the Academy, held on the fourth Tuesday in May. The Rumford fund would enable the Academy to bestow the medals every year, but the premium can be awarded, as above mentioned, only for a new discovery in light or heat, or for a substantial improvement in the application of these agents to the arts of life, whose usefulness has been tested by experience. Mr. Harrison's is but the sixth award that has ever been made, the others having been for the compound blow-pipe and improved galvanic apparatus (Dr. Robert Hare, of Philadelphia, 1839), the caloric engine (John B. Ericsson, of New York, 1862), improved management of heat (Prof. Daniel Treadwell, of Cambridge, 1865), improved manufacture of refracting telescopes (Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, 1867), and improved steam-engine (Geo. H. Corliss, of Providence, 1870). All communications on the subject of the premium should be addressed to the Chairman of the Rumford Committee, American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Boston.

—"Carl Benson" writes us as follows: In an article on "Thomas Watson, the Poet," in the *North American Review*, Mr. F. T. Palgrave quotes a sonnet of Watson's, mainly on account of a "coincidence" in the closing lines which have the same rhymes as one of Shakespeare's couplets. It is singular that such a reader of the old poets as Mr. Palgrave should not have noticed the much more striking coincidence in the body of the same sonnet:

"The myrrh, sweet bleeding in the latter wound,"

which is pure Spenser (Catalogue of Trees, imitated from Ovid by Spenser), all but one word, and probably that, too, since "latter" looks very like a misprint for the Spenserian "bitter."

—The late General Henry Wager Halleck, who died at Louisville on the 9th inst., was, if not one of the greatest, one of the most respectable characters in our war against the rebellion. If he did not satisfy every expectation as to his military abilities, he betrayed no trust, and exhibited a solid loyalty and absence of jealousy which contributed not a little to the success of the Federal arms. He was born near Utica, N. Y., in 1816, was one of the best products of West Point, and, like other graduates of his generation, found employment in Mexico, where he served with distinction, afterwards taking a share in the Territorial and State organization of California. In 1854 he resigned his commission as captain of engineers to engage in the practice of law, from which he withdrew in 1861 on being made a major-general. General Halleck was the author of "Elements of Military Art and Science" (New York; 1846) and "Elements of International Law and the Laws of War" (Philadelphia; 1866).

—The liberal wing, that is to say, the majority, of French Protestants have been deeply agitated by a decree of the Government dated November 29, ordering a general synod to be chosen by the so-called *synodes d'arrondissement* (particular or provincial synods). The decree was issued on a report of the Minister of Public Worship and Instruction, M. Jules Simon; but as this report was not simultaneously made known, it can only be conjectured what influences have been at work to affect this State interference with the congregationalism of the Reformed Church of France. M. Guizot has for many years openly sought to have a synod imposed on his co-religionists, he representing the orthodox wing, and being one of the leaders of the Paris "oligarchy" who have narrowly in late elections escaped defeat. It is not unnatural to connect him with the new decree, especially as there has been no unusual demand for a synod on the part of his associates. His liberal opponents, whose organ in Paris is the *Renaissance*, edited by the Coquerels, do not hesitate to brand the synod as an orthodox manœuvre to maintain a local minority in power, as arbitrary, illegal, or of doubtful legality, highly inequitable, and a reuniting of church and state contrary to the historical development of the Reformed Church in France, and promising a renewal of religious strife, persecution, and bitterness. The chief grievance of the liberals is that the synod is not to be chosen by the direct suffrage of church members, which would give all shades of opinion proportional representation, but by the particular synods, which in turn are named by the consistories—bodies only in small part elected immediately by the faithful. This is what the *Renaissance* styles suffrage in the third and a half degree. Then, again, the consistories represented in the particular synods have only two delegates, whatever their numerical strength: that of Brest, counting 1,200 Protestants, having as many delegates as that of Paris, with its 45,000 Protestants, or of Nismes, with its 17,000. Moreover, in fixing the membership of the general synod, not the number of communicants but the number of pastors was selected as a basis. Of course, the larger the religious community, the larger the congregations and the fewer the pastors needed, so that the basis selected is wholly in favor of the little churches scattered about the country, and against the large ones of the cities, as well as opposed to the growing importance of the laity in the government of the church.

—The elections are to be held this month or early in February, and this in brief, according to the *Renaissance*, is what M. Guizot and his friends expect to gain from them:

> "The future synod does not prevent the electors from sending eight liberals to the Paris presbytery, but it permits the orthodox to remain there—at least so they think. Their hope is that they will be masters of the synod, and that it will decree, for all the electors in France, that confession of faith which they wished to impose on the church in Paris; that it will thus banish, and for ever, all the liberals from the church. Having obtained so much from the state, they count on obtaining still more, and hope to lead it into severe measures against the recalcitrants. In a word, Parisian orthodoxy saw itself lost, and no longer felt equal to continuing the struggle. In ten years of oppression it had ruined the church and its own side much more than it had harmed its adversaries. In order to survive any longer, it needed support from without; and it trusts that the synod will give it the support of the orthodoxy of the departments, and, by a sort of back action, the still more precious support of the Government itself—of the secular arm, as our fathers were wont to say."

—Those of us who think that a few million acres appropriated by Government are enough to found a university, State or national, would do well to take account of the difficulties which are experienced in getting the proposed University of Strassburg on its feet. The intention had been to open a portion at least of the lectures by Easter of this year, but this has been abandoned for want of proper accommodations. Moreover, the faculties of law and philosophy will have to be remodelled; it is uncertain how many professors of the medical school for which Strassburg was formerly distinguished will consent to take service under the Empire; and the theological faculty alone appears to be securely counted upon. Instructors, meanwhile—the *Docenten*—do not volunteer in plenty, and the reason assigned is that, as a rule, Prussian professors are miserably paid, and have little temptation to transfer themselves to a semi-hostile city, in which living is very dear. On an average, their pay is 1,145 thalers, with perhaps an honorarium of 300 additional, making 1,500 a full estimate; and their future is so little brilliant that the tendency is for an academic career to be within reach only of the well-to-do—a curious outlook for science. Fault is justly found with the budget of 1872, that the King's promise to raise the salaries of Government employees conformably to the altered circumstances of the times and the enhanced price of living, has not been kept by the Ministry of Public Instruction. The universities are, it is true, in a measure endowed more liberally than heretofore, but the gymnasia fare no better than ten years ago—that is, they receive an appropriation no larger than in 1861-63, when it was, even then, too scanty, and, meanwhile, the necessaries of life have undergone a serious advance. The maximum salary of a head-master—the highest grade of promotion, at the end of long service, by the best teachers—is 1,000 thalers, and how a young or a growing family can be supported on such an income, it is difficult to see.

—Prussian frugality, in fact, would be scarcely tolerable, unless mitigated not only by life-tenure of office and pensions, but occasionally by such tributes as that lately paid Friedrich von Raumer, the historian, when celebrating his sixtieth year of state service, he having been for most of that time (since 1819) connected with the University of Berlin. Congratulations early poured in on him this day (Dec. 6), beginning with thanks from Bismarck, in the name of the ministry, for his faithful services to the state and to the cause of learning, and felicitations on his having survived the bitter downfall of his country in his youth to witness its present resurrection. This was followed by similar expressions, in person, from Mommsen, Dean of the Philosophic Faculty, accompanied by several of his colleagues; from the Rector of the University, Dove; the Dean of the Law Faculty, Heffter, and others. From Breslau, too, where Raumer passed the first eight years of his professorship, came greetings and good wishes from the Rector and Senate, and gratitude for his share in founding that University in his official capacity of Secretary to Chancellor von Hardenberg. There was also crowning of his bust with laurel; and two autograph letters from the Emperor and Empress, accompanied by a portrait of the former, completed the happiness of this "Nestor of all living historians."

FORSTER'S DICKENS.*

ALL of this volume, except what consists of Mr. Forster's critical estimates of Dickens's novels, will be found to be of some interest to almost every class of readers; but the most valuable part is contained in the first hundred pages. These relate to Dickens's boyhood and to his love affair with the lady who figures as "Dora" in "David Copperfield"; and although the love affair is treated of somewhat after that fashion—neither wisely reticent on the one hand nor wisely plain-spoken on the other—to which Mr. Forster has accustomed his readers, the account of the hardships of the boy, which is for the most part done by Dickens himself, is full and minute, giving all the information as to this part of his life that is to be desired, and much that is directly useful towards the understanding both of the novelist and the novels. It appears that Mr. John Dickens, the father of Charles, being a man of an excessive easiness of disposition, had so involved himself in money difficulties that, just as Charles arrived at his eleventh year, the family became very much straitened in means, and, after doing all that could be done in the way of getting help from their friends, they were driven in succession to the auctioneer, the pawnbroker, the Marshalsea Prison, and the protection of the bankruptcy act. While their affairs were in this posture, one of Mrs. Dickens's relatives who owned a blacking manufactory offered to give employment to Charles, and to pay six or seven shillings a week for his services, an offer which it was not unnatural that Mr. Dickens should accept. Neither was it unnatural that the acceptance of it should fill Charles with wretchedness. He was only ten years old, but he was extraordinarily precocious. In "David Copperfield"—a novel which is in some sense his autobiography—the hero states that he remembers very well the time when he was learning to walk, and how his nurse and his mother looked stooping down on the floor as he tottered from the one to the other; and Mr. Forster says that he has often heard Dickens describe things which he saw before he was two years old. Then, again, the mind thus early awake the child had stored with the scenes, incidents, and personages of a good number of books of a kind particularly fitted to his peculiar cast of mind. He had diligently read "Tom Jones," "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," "Humphrey Clinker," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Arabian Nights," "The Tales of the Genii," "Gil Blas," "Don Quixote," and several volumes of voyages and travels, and, like every child of active mind, he did in imagination all that had been done by his heroes and habitually identified himself with them—knocked down over again all the bullies that Tom Jones knocks down, was as generous as Mr. Alworthy and as magnanimous as the Don, saw as many lands and seas as Peregrine, wandered over Spain with Gil Blas and had adventures in every town, was as good and good-natured as Dr. Primrose or Parson Adams, and, like the parson, and the doctor, and Tom, and Aladdin, and the rest, came prosperously out of obscurity to unalloyed honor and happiness. "It is curious to me," he says, "how I could ever have consoled myself under my small troubles, which were great troubles to me, by impersonating my favorite characters. I have been Tom Jones (a child's Tom Jones, a harmless creature) for a week together. I have sustained my own idea of Roderick Random for a month at a stretch, I verily believe." We may imagine, then, the grief—sincere, poignant, and lasting, as a child's grief may often be, though it cannot be unremitting—with which the high-spirited boy, who already had some knowledge of his powers, and indeed had begun to compose, found himself called away from his dreams, aspirations, and pleasures and set as a creature uncared for to drudge in a drudgery which appeared as hopeless as sordid. For children, though they have childhood's knack of hoping and cannot have learned the true depths of despair, yet very easily despair, not finding ability to hope when they feel themselves helpless in the disposing hands of elders, who are as Fate itself in point of power, and seem like it in point of sympathy and exorableness.

A great deal Dickens describes himself as suffering at this period of his life, and in the experiences of David Copperfield while in the warehouse of Murdstone & Grinby we may see his record of the impression made on him by his personal experience while in the blacking warehouse. But, while it is a common thing for children to suffer in the way in which he suffered, it is not common that the impression made is so permanent, or, rather, that it remains so permanently deep and sharp as seems to have happened in his case. He was, to be sure, deprived of the opportunity to go to school, which he much craved; the little store of books in which he delighted had disappeared in the family stress, and there was no money for more; he was made to work at a confining employment, and for companions had an illiterate man or two and boys who, if no worse, were no better than boys of their employment might be expected to be; he had to wear worse clothes than he wished, and worse probably than it was well he should wear; and often he had parted with all his dinner money before he had parted with all his hunger, his appetite being a keen one; his father and mother behaved, he says, as if they thought he "was quite provided for," while, as for him, he remembers that one day when Mr. John Dickens entered the warehouse while outside a knot of chance passers were looking in at the window watching the dexterity of the boys with the pots of blacking, he looked at his father and could not help "wondering how he could bear it." Here, evidently, is matter for much justifiable unhappiness in the boy, and for lasting recollection by the boy become man; but it is surprising to hear Dickens saying on one occasion, so long afterwards as after his second or third child was born, that it made him cry to enter a certain street through which used to lie his road from his work. "My servitude," he calls his employment. "Until old Hungerford Market was pulled down; until old Hungerford Stairs were destroyed and the very nature of the ground changed, I never had the courage to go back to the place where my servitude began. I never saw it. I could not endure to go near it. For many years, when I came near Robert Warren's, in the Strand, I crossed over to the opposite side of the way to avoid a certain smell of the cement they put upon the blacking corks, which reminded me of what I was once. It was a very long time before I liked to go up Chandos Street. My old way home by the Borough made me cry after my youngest child was born." In another place, speaking of a quarrel between his employer and his father, which led to his employer's discharging him, he uses this language in reference to his mother's conduct as regarded his employment: "My mother set herself to accommodate the quarrel, and did so next day. She brought home a request for me to return next morning, and a high character of me, which I am sure I deserved. My father said I should go back no more and should go to school. I do not write resentfully, or angrily, for I know how all these things have worked together to make me what I am; but I never afterwards forgot, I never shall forget, I never can forget that my mother was warm for my being sent back."

These certainly are not very pleasant passages in the biography; but it may be worth while to dwell for a moment on the feeling with which Dickens looked back upon the lowness of his boyish fortunes. Perhaps he deceived himself somewhat in supposing that he thought of them without anger or resentment; and perhaps he overstates the case when he asserts as he does in reference to his two years in the warehouse that, "but for the mercy of God, he might easily have been, for any care that was taken of him, a little robber or a little vagabond."

We are inclined to think that Mr. Forster's narrative of these circumstances—which, he says, when he first heard of them startled him—would warrant the biographer in saying that Dickens has decidedly overstated the case, if not as regards his misery, at least as regards the dangers to which he was exposed; that he is even culpably severe upon his father and mother; and that it was precisely because of a certain angry and resentful feeling, from which he had not been able to free himself, that the overstatement in question came to be made. Mr. John Dickens was a Government clerk on a small salary, with a large and increasing family, and, at the time of which we speak, was an insolvent debtor, lying in jail, with every resource exhausted. The eldest of his six children was a girl then, as it happened, just luckily provided for by an appointment as free pupil at the Royal Academy of Music; the second child was a boy of ten, and his genius for novel-writing being as yet unsuspected, he was put with a relative—long an inmate of Mr. John Dickens's house—in order that he might earn a little money, by working at a light employment, until such time as the family could get out of the Marshalsea and on its legs again. This occurred in about two years. The quarrel above-mentioned as having taken place between Mr. John Dickens and the warehouseman was on Charles's account, we learn, and may have related, he says, "to my employment at the window"—that is to say, Mr. John Dickens, who "dreadfully insulted" the warehouseman on Charles's account, was probably not so indifferent as might have appeared to what of degradation there was in his son's position, and probably was more than willing to put him to school when that should seem possible. Of course, in their harassed waiting for something to turn up, the father and mother—whom, with a remarkable hardness and want of delicacy, Dickens afterwards made into Mr. and Mrs. Micawber—may probably have been more careless than they should have been about the boy's goings-out and comings-in; and poor Mrs. Dickens, fresh from her experience of housekeeping in jail, of pawning a book to get a dinner, and then borrowing another prisoner's knife and fork to eat it with, may very likely have been even over-cautious about losing her son's contribution to the weekly income and at the same time quarrelling with a well-to-do relative who had befriended her husband; but that, either at his cousin's or his father's, there was ever any imminent danger, but for the mercy of God, of Charles's becoming a little robber or a little vagabond, it is not necessary to believe. Nor is it necessary to believe that he was not by far too hard on his father and mother, when he allowed his own very real but somewhat selfish misery to blind him to the family distress. It is, on the other hand, probably correct to suppose that Dickens, being an exceedingly sensitive man, though notably deficient in delicacy of sensibility, a man with a great deal of a certain sort of personal pride, and with no small sense of his superiority and of what was due him, found it very hard work to forgive any one's putting a slight upon him, and could not bring himself to look with reasonable kindness and allowance on the act of his father and mother in letting him incur the stigma of having been, though only as a boy, "a workingman." This would have been no injury to his friend had Mr. Forster told it. Whatever it is the practice of biographers to think, it is still allowed among men that a man shall have faults, of various degrees of magnitude, and nevertheless retain the love and esteem of friends and capacity for friendship. And Mr. Forster's friend, in this instance, being a popular novelist, much of whose fame has rested on the attacks which he made upon a social system which chafed him, it became no less than Mr. Forster's duty to point out traits in his subject's character which may be of service towards a better understanding and valuation of the man and his works. It is true that Mr. Forster gives the data which will enable the reader to reach the conclusion which we have set forth. But as it is not at all his conception of his business as a biographer to give facts but no inferences, we expected, and should have been pleased to see what were in this case the inferences which he would draw. He could hardly have failed to dash the too profuse laudation which is a principal characteristic of the work with a word or two of reprehension.

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* "The Life of Charles Dickens. By John Forster. Vol. I. 1812-1842." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

Later, when the succeeding volumes of the biography shall have made the record of the life more complete, it will be time to speak more at length of the other effects produced upon him by his enforced drudgery, with its bitter sense of injury inflicted and with its acute misery endured. Meantime, we may remark that it is doubtful if any other field comparable to that of the low life of waterside London could have been found for the full development of Dickens's whole nature. As a contemplator of social problems, who brought to the study of them readier sympathies than professed insight or much knowledge; as an observer of the utmost sharpness, but whom possibilities of caricature made indefinitely sharper; as a caricaturist, as a master of a self-pitying sort of pathos perpetually on the verge of falseness, no better lot could have been asked for him than that his father should have gone to the Marshalsea when he was at an age when his observing powers were at their highest power of registering phenomena, and should have sent him, when in an anguish of not unselfish sorrow he should be brought to hate the infliction of the misery he saw about him, to share the humble pains and humble pleasures, the recital of which afterwards should touch all hearts.

The part of this first volume which the American reader may perhaps expect to find most interesting after the autobiographical fragment of which we have been speaking, is the part relating to the American tour; but though Mr. Forster quotes from numbers of letters which now for the first time see the light, we believe there is not much in it that is new. We do not recollect if it is in the "American Notes" that in 1842 there was not one gray-haired man to be seen in St. Louis, Missouri—"all the inhabitants were young," so fast was life in those Western regions, and so aggressive was Young America. But this has a familiar sound:

> "As I had a window close to me yesterday that commanded this gentlemen's car, I looked at it pretty often perforce. The flashes of saliva flew so perpetually and incessantly out of the windows all the way that it looked as if they were ripping open feather-beds, and letting the wind dispose of the feathers."

And so has this:

> "The prevailing grammar is more than doubtful; the oddest vulgarisms are received idioms; and all the women who have been bred in the slave States speak more or less like negroes."

But though Mr. Forster's quotations add little to what was known before, and though of that little it would be better to have left out something, as the needless unkindness of printing Dickens's private remarks about a certain well-meaning secretary of his who is, we believe, yet living—the last chapters of the volume have nevertheless for an American a curious sort of interest. Here is our tourist, for example, at Cincinnati, at Judge Walker's hospitable mansion: "He wore a dark coat with lighter pantaloons," one of his young lady admirers says, "a black waistcoat embroidered with colored flowers, and about his neck, covering his whole shirt-front, was a black neckcloth also embroidered in colors, on which were placed two large diamond pins connected by a chain. A gold watch and a large red rose in his button-hole completed his toilet." The young lady adds that when she saw him thus clad and adorned she felt that his throne was shaken, his dress seeming to her to be foppish and his manner a little foppish also. To this and similar strictures on his appearance and garments implying that when dressed to meet the Honorable Mr. Pogram and other eminent citizens and patriots the inimitable Boz bore a close resemblance to a London Jew dressed for a half-holiday, Boz tells his friend Forster that he wishes Forster could have seen "the other gentlemen present," between whom and himself comparisons disadvantageous to himself have been instituted by the local newspapers. Forster should see these other gentlemen present, dressed in black broadcloth, spitting on the carpet at evening parties, chewing tobacco everywhere, and boring Boz beyond measure, though it must be confessed they have displayed for him "a perfect affection." It is a curious enough picture of the America of thirty years ago and of the Dickens of that time—the time when Clay, "an irresistible man," was getting ready to be President, and Tyler was in office; when Mr. George Ticknor was declaring that Boz would have a triumphal ovation such as to beat everything in America since Lafayette made his progress from State to State; when the New York *Herald* was "the satirist of America"; when "the prairies fell by far short of my preconceived idea," but Niagara did not; when "a party of 'gentlemen' actually planted themselves before the door and windows of our little cabin while I was washing and Kate lay in bed"; and when this and the fact that a Cleveland paper asserts that before 1852 "Hail Columbia" shall be sung in Westminster Abbey so incenses us with Cleveland that we decline to receive the mayor when he comes aboard the flat-boat; when Boz was welcomed to these free shores as a foe to British aristocracy and a convert to the free American democracy, and Daniel Webster remarked that he had done more to ameliorate the condition of the British poor than all the statesmen Great Britain had ever sent to Parliament; when Boz, being invited to speak after our dinners to him, when we naturally wished to hear something about the goodness of a well-known form of government, talked to us instead about our meanness in robbing him and Scott and many other British writers by cheating them out of copyright money; when, in short, it was thirty years ago, and the United States had not made those unparalleled advances in power and civilization which will please Mr. Forster to witness when he comes over to enquire how much the United States of his young friend resembles the United States of the present time.

As this first instalment of the work brings the life of Dickens down as far as to 1842, we presume there are to be two more volumes. In 1842, Dickens—who, by the bye, was baptized Charles John Huffham—was thirty years of age, his birth having taken place on the 7th of February, 1812. At the close of his visit here, when just fairly entered upon manhood, he had already made himself the most widely-known and admired of living British authors; and in England, in Scotland, and in the United States had been welcomed, both by the popular voice and the consent of his literary brethren, with honors unexampled in the history of English literature. That this did nothing to increase his native confidence in his own powers, and to encourage in him a frame of mind akin to mental arrogance, could hardly be said; but apparently it did little or nothing to turn his head or to make him conceited.

LORD BANTAM.*

IN "Ginx's Baby" Mr. Jenkins described a pauper with whom the world could make no terms. In "Lord Bantam" he describes a young nobleman who could make no terms with the world—until he reached his estates. His birth is announced thus in the *Piccadilly Journal*:

> "Sons.
> Ffowlsmere, Countess of, on the 1st April, at 20 Hiton Place."

We are told with much particularity of the "happy accidentia" connected with the birth of the young aristocrat. Great care was taken to avoid the risk of pre-natal accidents. Gillow, the coachman, had orders not to drive her ladyship in the direction of any street row, monster, or accident; and it was the groom's duty to "watch for deformity or ugliness on either side of the way, and to warn the maid, who diverted her ladyship's attention until they were past the dangerous object." But, in spite of all precautions, an unlucky accident occurred. The red-headed Marquis of Arran, a hated relation of the Earl of Ffowlsmere, one morning recognized my lady's carriage; he "rode up to the wheel, and, uncovering his orange-tawny pate, bowed it portentously forward almost in the Countess's lap. Lady Ffowlsmere, giving a little shriek, burried her face in her handkerchief." When, soon after, she first saw her new-born child, she uttered another shriek and fainted away. "The little honorable's head was the color of a Maltese orange."

In spite of this piece of ill-luck, the red-headed Bantam came bravely through his infancy. He was christened Albert Alfred Augustus Adolphus, and other names. His hired nurse gave up her own infant to the mercies of a baby farmer, sacrificing its life—for it died just as she left the Ffowlsmere service. The only personal misadventure of Lord Bantam's childhood was his vaccination. The lymph was taken, indeed, from the healthiest child in the neighborhood; but it afterwards appeared, to my lady's horror, that this healthy child was the son of the shoemaker Broadbent, "an infidel Chartist, the plague of the town." Lady Ffowlsmere was intensely indignant "that such shocking blood should be transferred to poor little Alfred," and was in terror lest the child had "been inoculated with some low *Red* opinions." The surgeon was instantly dismissed for his imprudence in the matter. Every one, indeed, who had to do with the care of the infant suffered, the parents' sense of justice to their employees being overpowered by a feeling of class superiority.

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* "Lord Bantam. A Satire by the Author of 'Ginx's Baby.'" Author's edition. New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1872.

By the death of an elder brother, who was broken down by dissipation at the university of Camford, Alfred became Lord Bantam at the age of four years. In due course of time he was provided with private tutors, his father being afraid to risk his morals at Camford. One of these tutors, a Scotchman named Kelso, communicates radical ideas to the boy, denounces the feudal aristocratic system, and takes him to Methodist love-feasts, breeding in him a habit of destructive criticism toward his own class. Finally, avoiding the scene of his brother's ill-fate, Bantam goes for a year to the sister university of Oxbridge. Here he joins radical clubs, both political and religious; and when he returns to Ffowlsmere his parents, the wealthiest nobles in England, are dismayed to find that their future heir has become a rank Communist. He objects to an expensive celebration which his father proposes for his coming birthday; he finds the management of the Ffowlsmere estate oppressive, and unjust to the tenants; and, more than this, he publicly admits, on coming of age, that the whole system of landed estates is false in principle. In short, the young lord commits himself in a quite shocking manner to radical views. He fraternizes with Broadbent, the Chartist, the troublesome malcontent of the Ffowlsmere estate, who begins to claim an ally in Lord Bantam. The course of the young man is lamented by his friends and denounced by the newspapers. It begins to seem, indeed, as if the Broadbent vaccination had worked in the way that Alfred's mother feared and had converted the young aristocrat into a red republican.

Lord Bantam, however, in due course of time is returned member of Parliament, and takes his seat for Ffowlsmere. The peer's son and budding statesman is a conspicuous person there; but his radicalism is in no way tempered, except that for the first time he becomes interested in the management of business affairs, not forgetting those of his own estate. He is made president or director of a score of charities and public companies. Broadbent persuades him that a great career lies before him "in the transfiguration of labor and the regeneration of society." The condition of the working-classes appeals to all his sympathies and philosophies; he dedicates himself "to the propagation of theories of free thought and free life"; he falls into the hands of political charlatans, and learns to disregard practicable measures "for the impracticable dreams of the Commune." He embraces the "Eclectic" religion, and joins the "Society for Developing the Mental and Moral Stamina of Women." After a hasty and philosophic courtship, amusingly described, he marries the honorary secretary of this society, Lady Sophronia Enequil, a lady who would have been charming but for her large nose and her preternatural familiarity with philosophy. To make the dismay of his parents and of his connections more complete, he marries her by civil contract, the Earl consenting to know nothing about the transaction. On the return of the pair from a wedding tour upon the Continent, they take a house in Belgravia, and devote themselves to politics, social science, and the Eclectic religion. Lady Bantam develops into a notorious agitator. Her husband joins the "Social Anti-Climax League," and aids in forming a new Charter of English Rights, in which it was announced that "the land is the people's," and that "the capitalist is the tyrant." From his seat in Parliament Lord Bantam urges, with eloquence and sincerity, his radical views. Great is the alarm in aristocratic circles. The heir to the richest estate in England is a rebel against wealth and prescriptive rights. The hour for the Anti-Climax League to act has arrived. At this time the old Earl dies, his last words to his wayward son being a solemn warning against his revolutionary bent. Young Alfred becomes Earl of Ffowlsmere, with an annual income of £700,000; and it is observed that he takes a deep and novel interest in the money affairs of the estate. A week after his father's burial in Westminster Abbey, a body of rough-looking men seek an interview with the young Earl at his country seat. It is a deputation, headed by Broadbent, from the "Social Anti-Climax League." The old man reads once more, "with uncouth emphasis, a proletarian address." After expressing sympathy for the death of the Earl and congratulation upon the young lord's accession to the estate, he reminds the latter of his often-declared adhesion to the principles of the League, and calls upon him to employ his new and great opportunities to carry them out. He concludes by praying Lord Bantam "to take the lead in the great social movement for the transfiguration of labor and the regeneration of society." The Earl receives the address with embarrassment. He hesitates:

> "'Well, my lord,' said Broadbent, 'we wait your answer. Surely you have made up your mind. We are prepared to follow you to the death.'
>
> "'No doubt—a—Mr.—Broadbent; but, Mr.—Broadbent and my good friends, I—I have lately had to reconsider the subject of this address with some care, and—in fact, gentlemen—I have seen reason to change my opinion.'"

With this surprising answer the book ends. The movement for the transfiguration of labor is checked, we are left to infer, by Lord Bantam's recusancy. The author does not, however, leave us in doubt as to his own ideas of reform. The following passage will explain one of his leading recipes for improving the condition of the poor. To compare, says he, "the respective numbers of persons that do make a living out of a huge estate, and the maximum that might be maintained on and out of it, and from the results to invent some system which, without wrong to any living person or perilous disregard of economic laws, should tend to encourage the distribution of the land among the aforesaid maximum, is the problem of problems for us to solve in England just now. Look not at it askance, O ye select and heaven-ordained body of Primogenitals! It must be solved or *you* be dissolved. It is a question between you and the maximum." To us, indeed, this seems but a weak and temporizing remedy. The permitted increase of English population would in a few years fill all the parks and preserves of England, and the same problem of poverty from overcrowding would recur upon a yet greater scale than before. The "question of the maximum" is not the most important one. We cannot admit that a nation is necessarily better off in the ratio of the size of its census list. And as to the "equalizing" plan which the author of "Lord Bantam" seems to favor, a criticism sufficiently in point was suggested in one of the January magazines: "Bless your soul, if all the cities in the world were reduced to ashes, you'd have a new set of millionaires in a couple of years or so out of the trade in ashes."

Mr. Jenkins's book is written with much humor and clever management of details, but has the unpleasant fault of occasional lapses into the Carlylese style, as our readers will have noticed in the passage already quoted. It deals so largely with local details of English politics that it can hardly become as popular in this country as "Ginx's Baby" was; but it manifests not less of what Prof. Seeley calls "the enthusiasm of humanity" than the earlier work, and it makes useful suggestions toward improving the condition of the English people; but it throws little light upon the deeper questions of reform—as, for instance, how to limit the number of working hands in a community to a number that shall not be out of all proportion to the amount of work required to be done.

THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER.*

IN his preface Mr. Eggleston tells us that "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" has been very well received among the Hoosiers themselves, and we suppose that whether or not they are good judges of novels they are good judges of the faithfulness of a picture of life and manners in the Indiana of twenty years ago. So far as we can judge, the book merits their approval. The West which the clergymen used to come East to tell us about, as being in heathenish darkness; to which we used to send colporteurs and tracts and schoolmasters; the region of Suckers and Pukes and Hoosiers of which "Crockett's Almanac" used to be redolent; the West of Murrell and his horse-thieves and of Lynch law; the sordid, brutal, lawless West of the days before railroads, when the prairies always showed somewhere a border-land of frontier life with its hardness and wickedness as well as its courage and laborious industry; the West of the rough itinerant preacher and his sermons—the darkness visible of dense ignorance and illiteracy lit up with hell-fire—this region, more or less known to all Americans, Mr. Eggleston appears to have known and understood, and in his novel it is reproduced, quite sketchily, to be sure, but, as we should say, with essential truth and with some effectiveness. This is, perhaps, hinting that the book is not a captivating one. In fact, the faithfulness itself of its transcript of the life it depicts will alone make it to many readers a repulsive book, especially as it has no interest of passion or of mental power; but possibly the good feeling of the intertwined love story may conciliate the good-will of some of the malcontent.

The Hoosier schoolmaster is a young man who undertakes the management of the Flat Creek school—or as Mr. Jack Means, the trustee, remarks, "trusts his hide in the deestrick school-house." He fights the boys; "boards roun'" with their parents; incurs the hostility of a gang of horse-thieves and burglars, who have at their head the principal physician among the Flat Crickers; narrowly escapes lynching at the hands of a mob instigated by the robbers; is put on trial, but makes his innocence apparent; and ends his tribulations by marrying Mr. Jack Means's "bound gal," taking her mother out of the county poor-house, an institution which he rescues from the clutches of a "ring" who dictate the politics of Hoopole County; and, finally, materially assists in the marrying of "Bud" Means, the second hero, to Miss Martha Hawkins, niece of Squire Hawkins, an immigrant Yankee from the neighborhood of "Bosting." "Bud," we may add, who could "git no good" from the preaching of Mr. Bosaw, the Hardshell or Forty-gallon Baptist, and who even cut off the stirrup-straps and saddle-bags of Mr. Soden—Brother Sodom—who "preached eternal damnation" at Mount Tabor, Indiana, is converted by the schoolmaster, who is a Christian of the fluid, as opposed to the rigid, type of Christianity. It is a type, by the way, that grows commoner daily, if certain of our editorial brethren of the religious press are not mistaken. They will be gratified to hear of Mr. Means's new church, the "Church of the Best Licks," namely, as composed of "them that'll put in their best licks for Jesus Christ" (who was "himself a kind of a Flat Cricker"), and have an aversion to the stifling character of creeds and formularies apprehensible by the intellect.

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* "The Hoosier Schoolmaster. A Novel. By Edward Eggleston." With twenty-nine illustrations. New York: Orange Judd & Co. 1872.

Our brief sketch of the contents of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" shows that its author has made for himself an opportunity to do for some of the more obvious phases of Western life what such books as "Locke Amsden, the Yankee Schoolmaster," and scores of others of various merit have done for the life of New England. The band of thieves such as still here and there infest the Western country, keeping grand juries in awe, electing or killing sheriffs, and necessitating or instigating lynch-law executions; the "protracted meeting"; the spelling school in the evening; the "rough and tumble" fights; the brutality and sodden vulgarity of the ruder part of the community; the jumble of religious sects—something of these things which all once were of the West, if not precisely the West itself, is, on the whole, not ill sketched by Mr. Eggleston, and as these things are rapidly passing away, and are not finding too many or too clever observers, it is well that a man like Mr. Eggleston, with a fair share of literary skill, has taken occasion to sketch them. How long will it seem credible, for example, that such sermons as this, a part of which follows, could have been preached before an audience of native-born Americans? Yet Mr. Eggleston vouches for its careful accuracy, and nothing would be easier than to procure corroborative evidence in abundance from men now living and not old:

> "You see, my respective hearers-ah, as how-ah as my tex-ah says that the ox-ah knoweth his owner-ah, and-ah the ass-ah his master's crib-ah. Ah-h! Now my respective hearers-ah, they're a mighty sight of resemblance-ah atwext men-ah and oxen-ah, bekase-ah, you see, men-ah is mighty like oxen-ah. Fer they's a tremengious defference-ah atwext defferent oxen-ah, jest as thar is atwext defferent men-ah; fer the ox knoweth-ah his owner-ah and the ass-ah his master's crib-ah. Now my respective hearers-ah, you all know-ah that your humble speaker-ah has got-ah jest the best yoke of steers-ah in this township-ah. They a'n't no sech steers as them air two of mine-ah in this whole kedentry-ah. Them crack oxen over at Clifty-ah ha'n't a patchin to mine-ah. Fer the ox knoweth his owner-ah and the ass-ah his master's crib-ah. Now my respective hearers-ah, they's a right smart sight of defference-ah atwext them air two oxen-ah, jest like they is atwext defferent men-ah. Fer-ah" [in a loud voice and with a vehemence of gesticulation out of all proportion to the importance of the subject matter]—"fer-ah, you see-ah, when I go out-ah in the mornin'-ah to yoke-ah up-ah them air steers-ah, and I says-ah 'Wo Berry-ah! *Wo Berry-ah!* WO BERRY-AH!' why Berry-ah jest stands stock-still-ah and don't hardly breathe-ah while I put on the yoke-ah and put in the bow-ah and put in the key-ah; fer, my brethering-ah and sistering-ah, the ox knoweth his owner-ah and the ass-ah his master's crib-ah. Hulleluger-ah. But-ah my hearers-ah, but-ah when I stand at t'other eend of the yoke-ah and say 'Come Buck-ah! *Come Buck-ah!* COME BUCK-AH! COME BUCK-AH!' why what do you think-ah? Buck-ah, that ornery old Buck-ah, stid of comin' right along-ah and puttin' his neck under-ah, acts jest like some men-ah what is fools-ah. Buck-ah jest kinder sorter stands off-ah and kinder sorter puts his head down-ah this ere way, and kinder looks mad-ah and says 'Boo-*oo*-OO-OO—*ah!*'"

The "ornery" ox, Mr. Bosaw went on to say, resembled the Campbellites, or Anti-Forty-gallon Baptists, who believe things not authorized by the Scriptures, while the other was the type of the Hardshell denomination, of which Mr. Bosaw was himself a professing member.

We have said that Mr. Eggleston vouches for the exactness and correctness with which the extract just quoted reproduces the words of the preacher; furthermore, he says of the novel throughout that "the true *usus loquendi* of each location" has been carefully preserved. We may perhaps find it profitable to give a little attention to the dialectic variations which it records. We are not informed to that effect, but it is meant, we suppose, that we should think of the speech of these personages as the speech of a community living somewhere in Southern Indiana about the year 1850, and that we need not necessarily presume that the dialect as here given is still extant and prevalent. The first remark that it occurred to us to make as we read was that almost none of the dialectic forms was unfamiliar, that none was of much rarity, but all had been very well known as existent. Next we observed that forms of speech peculiar to widely separated parts of the country were here to be found side by side—a natural consequence of the way in which the West was settled. Immigrants from the Eastern, Middle, Border, and Southern States entered in to possess the land together; and previously to 1850 the great stream of foreign immigration had not exerted any modifying influence on the language of the native-born settlers, especially in regions where the railroad had not yet come, and which were not on the line of any great thoroughfare of communication. These are nearly all of such expressions as vary from the common standard, and it may be worth while to set them down for the inspection of the curious in such matters: "Crick" is used for "creek," and apparently designates a stream smaller than a river, but larger than a "branch," which latter is what we call a brook. "Deestrick" for "district" went West from New England, we suppose. "Lick you like blazes," for "thrash you more or less, according to my ability," may "hail from" anywhere perhaps, but we can at any rate testify to having early heard it in the vicinity of Boston—or "Bosting," as Miss Martha Hawkins calls it in the story before us, and as we have known other people also to call it. "Allow" or "'low," in the sense of "assert" or maintain, is a Southernism, we take it, so far as the common employment of it goes, whatever may be the case as to its parentage. "Claim," by the way, we understand to be the equivalent Westernism for "allow," and both Houses of Congress and all the Washington correspondents may be observed to be exerting themselves to make it an integral part of the language. "A right smart sight" for "a good deal" appears to be a combination in one phrase of a New Englandism with a Southernism, "right smart" not being pure Yankee, we believe, though "sight" for "quantity" is often heard throughout New England. "Sonny" is, in New England, a diminutive, sometimes semi-contemptuous, and used for purposes of exasperation, sometimes ingratiatory and pleasantly familiar, accordingly as it is applied to a person old enough to be one's father or uncle or is addressed in good faith to a boy. "Aout" for "out" is, we suspect, commoner now in the West than in the East, where it disappears before the face of the schoolmaster. "Sâft" for "soft" we know nothing about. "Boss," for supervise, from the Dutch, as it is held to be, may have come first into use in the Middle States, but has long pervaded all the northern part of the Union. So too—as far as regards its pervasiveness—of the term "these diggin's" for "this place." "Kin" for "can" is probably more used in the South and West than elsewhere, though it may be heard in the East. "Grit" is good Yankee, but we did not know that "pluck," which Mr. Eggleston put into Jack Means's mouth, was doing much service outside the circle of literary Americans somewhat Anglicised—and these, we should say, might do as well to follow Scott in thinking that spirit and courage are "blackguardly called" when called after the liver and lights of animals, as to follow the muscular-Christianity men and the undergraduates in the perpetual use of a rather coarse term. "Sinnoo" and "sinner" for "sinew" are current still in New England, and "wade in" for "begin" has become so. "Boardin' round" is less used than formerly, decay having attacked the practice itself, which, as some of our readers may need to be told, consisted in the teacher's living first with one and then with another of his patrons, staying with each one a longer or a shorter time, according to the number of pupils which each sent to the school. "Holt" for the noun "hold" was once commonly heard in Massachusetts, and so may "yarth" have been for "earth," though "airth" is the variation with which we are familiar. "Bud" for "bub"—a name applied indiscriminately to all small boys, and perhaps a child's attempt at saying "brother"—was and is used in the Middle States, but in the Eastern we doubt if it ever had a foothold. "Sis" for "sister," which, according to Mr. Eggleston, is in the West "the birthright of the oldest girl," is not in the East always confined to the eldest daughter of the family, though it sometimes is. "Ax" for "ask," "to take the starch out" of a person who is too conceited, "ef" for "if," "'nough said," "hev" for "have," "jist" and "jest" for "just," "'bjection," "'nsurance," and many similarly clipped words, are now to be found in use among the vulgar everywhere in the country, and are no longer to be called distinctively the property of any one district; but the expression, "I don't take no such a dare," in reply to a challenge to perform a given feat, we have heard only in Pennsylvania, never in New England. The addition of the phrase "nor nothing" (or "nawthin'") to an assertion negative in form, but implying strong affirmation, intensifies the affirmation—as when one says, "I wouldn't like to go on a coon hunt," meaning that to hunt the coon is precisely the thing necessary to his happiness, he adds the words "nor nothin'" to indicate the extremity of his longing, and says, "I wouldn't like to go on a coon hunt, nor nothin'."

"Purty" for "pretty," and "peart" in the older, unrestricted sense of "pert"—active, ready, able—are doubtless from the South. And so, too, is "doggone," an imprecatory term which perhaps is a popular form of the wicked *godon* which the French made out of a well-known English household word. "Skeered" for "scared" we have heard in various parts of the country, but not first in New England. "Seed," as a result of a regular conjugation of the verb "to see," is probably as old as the language, and probably will perpetually renew its youth and be impartially rediscovered in all lands where the English tongue is attempted to be spoken. "Whip," in the sense of "beat," "conquer," may be set down, we fear, as the property of the entire Union. We do not know that Eastern generals were not as much in the habit of ornamenting their dispatches with it, in its active or passive form, as Western or Southern, but most likely it is of Southern or Western origin. It seems to bear witness of "personal difficulties" and bar-room "turn-ups," which, for a long time previous to the irruption of the foreign element now so conspicuous in the Eastern population, had not been much in vogue in New England. "Fit" for "fought"—like "seed" and "plead" and "knowed"—seems to be of no particular place, but to spring perennially from the conjugatory trouble before mentioned, which embarrasses many minds. "Shucks" for "husks," as of corn, is a term which never found much acceptance among the English settlers of the Northern colonies, though familiar to their Southern brethren, and now, together with the verb "to shuck," commonly used in the South and the West. "Plunder," for what Americans in general call "baggage" and the English "luggage," is not unknown in the West, where, in old Mrs. Jack Means's time, at any rate, it was applied also to one's real estate and personal property. "Lots and gobs" for large quantities is another of Mrs. Means's expressions, and one as to the origin of which we are in doubt, though we have heard it in the Middle States. A plausible etymology traces "lots" in this sense to the New England practice in colonial times of apportioning the town land by lot among the householders; but, on the other hand, we have more than once heard in the South the expression "lots and cords" in the sense of Mrs. Means's "lots and gobs." And "gobs of it" is good modern Celtic, as "gob" is good Erse. Wherever it came from, it is, at all events, a nice phrase as it stands. "Salted down," as applied to "hoarded" money or other valuable property is evidently an effort of the metaphor-making faculty of the human mind, and may be of any place of nativity, but we first heard of it as a Westernism. "They's" for "there is" may be heard any day in Massachusetts, and even "they is," spoken emphatically, may often enough be heard; all that is needed for the production of it and many similar corruptions being the frequent habit, prevailing in many parts of the country, of slurring the sound of the letter *r*. "Air" is a common Yankee pronunciation of "are," as is "gin" for "give," "'most allers" for "almost always," "gal" for "girl," "slep'" for "slept," "ruther" for "rather," while "heap" for "a good deal" is Southern, we believe; "to set up with a gal," as when one makes evening calls for the purpose of courting, is still constantly met with in New England. "Big road" answers to the "great road" of the Eastern States. "Raley" for "really," and "obleeged" for "obliged," were brought from Old England by way of New.

Other phrases that we must hastily note are: "whole kit and tuck of them"; "dodge" and "gum game" for "manœuvre"; "keer" for "care,' and "cheer" for "chair"; "sass" for "sauce"; "all my born days" for "all my life"; "a thunderin' sight" for "much" and "many"; "furder" and "furdest," "nearder" and "neardest" for "further," "furthest," "nearer" and "nearest"; "smart" for "clever"; "I'll bet a hoss" for "I'll bet a good deal" or "I'll lay odds"; "laying in with" for "becoming an accomplice of," "allying one's-self closely with"; "needcessity" for "necessity"; "howdy?" for "how d'ye do?" "To knock the hindsights off'n" anybody or anything, or so to excel it or him as to secure its or his great depreciation, and perhaps mortification—the metaphor being, as we guess, from the diminished value of a rifle whence the "sight" nearest the breach has been taken. "Overly" for "over," in the sense of "too much," "kyindness" for "kindness," "Britisher" for "Englishman." "To crate a person," a phrase which we find incomprehensible. "Tuck" for "took"; "fer" for "for"; "cute" for "acute," and also for "acuteness"; "drap" for "drop"; "sugar camp" for "sugar orchard," as the Eastern name is for a number of sugar maple trees which have been tapped in order that the syrup may be got. "Triflin' people" for "people of no repute and of no consequence." "A man to tie to" for "a man that may be relied upon." "Hoss sense" for "sound sense." "Purty consid'able shuck up" for "badly punished in a 'personal difficulty.'" "Kase" and "bekase" for "because." "Passel" for "parcel"; and "brash" for "hasty," "rash," "unconsidered."

This list will perhaps appear to indicate the possession by the Flat Crickers of a scanty vocabulary, not only of presentable language, but even of the dialectic forms in which, of one kind and another, the West has been presumed to be rich. The explanation is to be found, we suppose, in the fact that Mr. Eggleston's people are honestly reported by him. They are ignorant people, leading a monotonous agricultural life; their minds are naturally dull, and there is little or nothing to waken them into intellectual activity. Under such circumstances, a community does not modify its language much, either by improvement or by bold distortion, but goes on clumsily talking the language that was taught it.

*** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books on the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Abbey (H.), Ballads of Good Deeds, and Other Verses	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Abbott (J.), Science for the Young: Water and Land	(Harper & Bros.)	
The August Stories, Vol. II	(Dodd & Mead)	
Almanach de Gotha, 1872	(B. Westermann & Co.)	
Bailey (Rev. T. J.), Defence of Holy Orders in the Church of England	(Pott, Young & Co.)	
Bingham (Rev. J. F.), The Christian Marriage Ceremony	(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)	$1 50
Carroll (L.), Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice found there	(Macmillan & Co.)	2 00
Cumming (Lt.-Col. G.), Wild Men and Wild Beasts	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)	
Colange (L.), The National Encyclopædia, No. 2, swd	(F. B. Felt & Co.)	0 40
Coolidge (Susan), The New Year's Bargain	(Roberts Bros.)	
Dahlgren (Rear-Admiral), Memoir of Ulric Dahlgren	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Examination of Canon Liddon's Bampton Lectures	(Little, Brown & Co.)	
Fawcett (E.), Short Poems for Short People	(F. B. Felt & Co.)	
Howson (Rev. J. S.), The Metaphors of St. Paul, and Companions of St. Paul, 1 vol.	(Hurd & Houghton)	1 25
Heywood (J. C.), How Will it End? a Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Hodge (Rev. C.), Systematic Theology, Vol. II.	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)	
Leland (C. G.), Music Lesson of Confucius, and Other Poems	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	1 50
Lever (C.), A Rent in a Cloud: a Tale, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	50
Lodge (Dr. G. H.), Winckelmann's History of Ancient Art, Vol. III.	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	5 00
Macdonald (G.), The Princess and the Goblin	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Marion (F.), The Wonders of Vegetation	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)	
Miller (H.), The Student's Dream, and other Poems	(J. P. Morton & Co.)	

Fine Arts.

DELSARTE AND MR. MACKAYE.

THE question as to the relative value and respective limits in artistic delineation of technical methods and original faculty, of the skill which can be taught and the genius which comes not of teaching, is hardly capable of categoric solution. That they must, in some form or other, be combined for the production of a satisfactory result, is generally conceded, but each individual critic, according to personal taste or prejudice, will be inclined to attach some varying shade of importance to the one or the other element. As the theoretical determination of the problem is difficult, so its complete solution in practice is infrequent. An artist, of whatever department, in whom the creative and inventive faculty should be in exact counterpoise and harmony with his artistic and technical training, would be the *rarissima avis* of his profession. In no branch is this more patently true than in dramatic art. The American stage, in particular, is a daily illustration of the utter inefficiency of mere technical routine, unenlightened by original power and unchastened by intellectual culture on the part of the performer. The French, with that practical keenness which distinguishes them in so many other fields, have brought the resources of their good sense and good taste to bear on the stage, and have done their best to put it in the actor's power, if he cannot command success, at least to deserve it. Recognizing under the general head of training two elements—the intellectual or theoretical as well as the more purely mechanical—they preface the young aspirant's actual entry on the boards with a severe and thorough discipline, from which he comes to his professional work not merely well informed in the more obvious rules of his art, but adorned with some, at least, of the graces of the scholar and the gentleman. Unwilling to leave him free to pick up his technical methods at haphazard from the more incomplete and often perverted traditions or the personal whim and habit of his associates, and recognizing that dramatic like all other expression has its laws, based on *à priori* principles and fundamental facts, they aim to put the student in full and intelligent command of his own physical resources before leaving him to that individual development which actual dramatic work brings with it. The Paris Conservatoire, with its corps of able, earnest, and distinguished professors, is an institution almost unequalled of its kind, and has long had the most powerful and beneficial influence on the dramatic life of the country.

Among these professors, none perhaps has enjoyed a more widespread reputation than Delsarte, whose death last year, just as he was contemplating a visit to America, or at least some attempt to propagate his system of instruction here, was a severe disappointment to many intelligent friends of dramatic art on this side the water. Commencing his career, in early life, as a singer, he was soon forced by the failure of his voice to abandon music and devote himself to dramatic instruction. What may have been a loss to music was unmistakably an immense gain to the stage. For many years his invaluable counsels and teaching were eagerly sought by all the aspirants to theatrical success in the great capital; and besides his professional pupils, his aid was equally in request among the clever men and women who aimed at eminence in the more modest sphere of the *comédie de salon*. Such great artists as Rachel, Madame Plessy, and many others testify to the success of his labors; and his perfect breeding, genial temper, and lively, impressive manner of communicating his ideas made him as agreeable in society as effective in the class-room.

A distinguishing feature of his system, as reported by his pupil, Mr. Mackaye, and others, is the great value it lays on facial expression, and the immense variety and minuteness of shading of which, under his skilful training, the play of eye and feature is shown to be susceptible. A still further feature, we are told, is the moderation he recommended in gesture, which he made exquisitely delicate, subtle, and imaginatively expressive, rather than vigorous or profuse; and furthermore—a main point—his fundamental principle that the actor must dominate his methods, not be dominated by them. The actor who, forgetting himself in his part, and carried away by the excitement of the moment, does anything in unregenerate and unconscious fashion, without entire, deliberate, and rational self-command, is, according to Delsarte, by so much the less a good actor. The frantic realism so often affected by a certain school of performers on our own side of the water would have been to him the worst of artistic heresies. Such a one, he would maintain, may be a fanatic or an epileptic, not an artist.

We have no desire to enter on a discussion of these or other points of Delsarte's system, but use these brief hints as an appropriate introduction to his first American interpreter, Mr. James Steele Mackaye. This gentleman, who has enjoyed the personal friendship and instruction of the great professor, gave last winter a short series of lectures on the Delsarte method, with experimental illustrations, which, as we are informed, went far to confirm what we have stated as to the originality and skilful minuteness of Delsarte's researches and invention in the field of facial expression. Wonderful stories are told of the immense number of separate and distinct movements of eye or brow or muscles of the face, which in the system are catalogued and classified, each aptly depicting, of course, its corresponding passion or emotion. The plain common sense of the average critic will be inclined to think that the number should be somewhat reduced, and doubt the capacity of any but exceptional spectators to distinguish such manifold and microscopic shading. No one, however, who has the best interests of the drama at heart but must be glad to see any intelligent system, with reasonable *prima-facie* claims to consideration, fairly tried; and among a certain class of critics it was with no little interest that the announcement was received of Mr. Mackaye's approaching appearance in a drama expressly written for him, and assisted by a lady whom he has personally trained and indoctrinated. Within the last fortnight these representations have been in progress at the pleasant little St. James's Theatre, which has been fitted up for the occasion with good and appropriate scenery and tasteful costumes and accessories.

The piece, "Monaldi," as not unusual in such cases, seems to have a somewhat mixed parentage, being originally, if we are rightly informed, an Italian *novella*, and having undergone various translations into German, English, and other tongues. Allston's version into the form of an English romance has been adopted as the basis of the present play. Though professedly a drama, it has rather the character of a dialogue, with only such intervention from outside passages as suggests the plot and barely sustains the action. *Monaldi*, a sculptor of humble birth and growing reputation, falls in love with one of his sitters, a noble maiden, by name *Rosalia*. His passion is returned, and, parents consenting, they are wedded, to the rage and confusion of a rejected suitor and whilom friend of the artist, *Maldura*. By the intervention of a broken-down libertine, *Fialto*, whom he hires as his tool, *Maldura* poisons the mind of the adoring but jealous husband, who, in a fit of frenzy at his own apparent dishonor, stabs his wife, as he thinks, to death, and goes crazy in consequence. The confession of *Maldura* in the mad-house, to which he as well as his victim has been brought, sets matters right, and the sculptor and his bride are happily reunited.

The plot is one of the conventional sort, so often found in old-time Italian romances, and, properly worked up, might have made an effective drama. As it is, the piece is tedious. It lacks movement, variety, and relief. Of symmetrical development of situation and event there is little; of that of character, none. The personages plunge at what they have to do as a set job, which they are anxious to finish and be done with. We say the less of the imbecility which makes *Monaldi* at one instant repent of his hasty suspicions because his wife is impassive during his recital of a story like his own murder her the next moment on finding her closeted with *Fialto*, and repent the next on overhearing her dying prayer that heaven will pardon him her unjust murder, since such elements seem to have grown conventional in the romantic drama. Leaving out the intellectual treatment, the outlines of the situation are much the same in *Othello* as in the present play. But to carry off such absurdity in the *matter*, the *form* at least should be good. The dialogue in "Monaldi" is perhaps the worst part of it, turgid yet commonplace, with all the stilted sonorousness of blank verse without any of its rhythm or poetic beauty. A slight diversion to the prevailing tragic sentimentalism of the piece is effected by a would-be comic servant and shrewish tiring-woman (eminently worthy of the name), who have nothing perceptibly to do with the action, and are thrown in merely as a stop-gap.

In short, *Monaldi* is an excessively slow play, and we could afford to commiserate Mr. Mackaye for his unfortunate selection of an opening piece, were it not for some indication that it was chosen on purpose for the chance it offers to exemplify some of the strong points of the system under illustration. The character of the love-sick, uxorious, jealous, despairing, homicidal, and finally frantic artist, offers a cycle, as it were, of facial delineation, all which Mr. Mackaye dutifully and, to do him justice, very skilfully goes through. This said, all is said. There is the greater difficulty in making Mr. Mackaye, as we had at first proposed, the central figure of our sketch, that, apart from his play of feature, his delineation is not highly significant, and, while it calls for no very decided blame, is equally little susceptible of sincere praise. His gesture, of which we had a right to expect much, is mannered, unpleasantly studied, and, in many cases, extremely awkward. With all consideration for the languid and morbid aspect under which the love-lorn artist is introduced to us, Mr. Mackaye has some languishing ways of drooping his shapely head, some dragging, ill-studied ways of posing his ultra-graceful length of limb, which are somewhat of a trial to the good taste of the spectator. As blemishes in an otherwise excellent impersonation, they might easily be passed over; as failures to carry out the main purpose of the evening—the illustration of the possibilities inherent in physical expression—they are important.

In his reading, Mr. Mackaye is fairly correct, but often conventional, and does not always recognize the distinction between pathos and bathos. His elocution, in consonance with his action, is pervaded by an over-sentimentality which borders on the sickly, and forfeits the spectator's sympathy for *Monaldi* by divesting him of all manliness and crisp, vigorous, intellectual tone. The already present encouragement to this in the text and the situation needed tempering, not exaggeration.

And, finally, to sum up briefly an estimate of Mr. Mackaye's merits or demerits, he seems to us to lack the one thing needful—dramatic genius. His series of facial expressions, of gesture and intonation, are all given in proper sequence, and with greater or less mechanical correctness, but without the fusing and combining power which marks the native actor. As a series of *études* in crayon, his face of horror, or despair, or jealousy, or rage, would make excellent models to draw from, but they do not constitute an impersonation. With all his effort, Mr. Mackaye does not identify himself with his character; we do not recollect a single scene or passage in the play wherein he for a moment succeeded in impressing our mind with the sense of reality or actual passion. And this, perhaps, is at once the most comprehensive and the most fundamental criticism which could be made on the whole performance.

Miss Griswold, the *Rosalia* of the evening, is a young actress of considerable promise, especially in view of her youth and entire inexperience of the stage. Her face, though not beautiful, is sympathetic. Her manner—singularly self-possessed and dignified—and gesture and action are fairly easy, and entirely free from affectation or exaggeration. Her reading, too, while it shows some of the conventional faults of the old-school dramatic style—faults which one must be more than human not in some slight measure to catch—is still tasteful, and sometimes very tender and full of feeling. Longer study in elocution, we may hope, will give her voice more roundness and fulness, and will correct certain faults of pronunciation and utterance which we will call not so much vulgarisms as *cheapnesses*, if the phrase may be pardoned. The energy and fire, the large, broad, vigorous freedom and high color now lacking in her delineation may come with longer stage practice and more complete self-knowledge. It is to be hoped that she may have the occasion.

It would be pleasant to be able to give a more encouraging report of this the first distinct attempt to engraft upon our dramatic life a shoot from the French stock. Were Mr. Mackaye an ordinary actor, or making an ordinary *début*, his enterprise might be passed over with slight but slighting comment, and the indulgence which comes of neglect. In deference to the importance of this or possible similar enterprises, and to the distinction of the great name so prominently connected with it, we have thought it right to treat the subject with respectful and minute attention, but with absolute sincerity.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1872.

The Week.

THE only thing of importance in the Congressional proceedings during the week has been the debate on the civil-service regulations, begun by Mr. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, who has long been preparing himself for this effort. His principal objections to the new reform are, that it is not constitutional; that it is ridiculous; that it will not work; and that it deprives the Executive of all power and influence. The objection that it will not work is of itself sufficient, and makes all the others idle, and, if well-founded, should make Mr. Carpenter's mind easy. He is hardly worth arguing with, as may be readily inferred from the fact that one point he makes against the regulations is that under them a light-house keeper on the shore of Lake Michigan will be required to read and write the English language, while the Attorney-General of the United States will not. He said one thing which probably had a great deal of truth in it—that is, that if the authorization of the President to appoint the Commission had not been tacked on to the Appropriation Bill, at the close of the session, "not twenty members would have voted for it." There was a good deal of criticism expended in the course of the debate upon a remark made in the Commissioners' report, that a fourth of the revenue is lost in the collection, which some of the "henchmen" are disposed to deny stoutly. We may mention, however, that the Commission did not make this assertion on their own authority, but on that of David A. Wells, who made it in one of his reports three years ago, and that it has never been contradicted by anybody whose contradiction was of any value. We would advise the friends of the Administration not to get into a controversy with Mr. Wells about it. An amusing illustration of the embarrassment into which the civil-service reform is plunging them may now be found any day in the New York *Times*, which from day to day shows the working of the Administrative machine to be so perfect, the responsibility under it so well arranged, the punishment for malfeasance so certain, that all talk of reform becomes ridiculous.

The majority of the Committee of Ways and Means, after a hearing, have absolved Mr. Boutwell from the charges made against him of having increased the bonded debt of the United States in defiance of the law, and of having expended more than one-half of one per cent. in the expense of funding the new loan. The process by which the Committee reached its conclusion was very simple, and consists in assuming that, no matter what the terms of the law may be, the law must be held to mean that Mr. Boutwell should do whatever he did. Thus the law said he was not to increase the bonded debt of the United States; but he did, humanly speaking, increase it by issuing a great quantity of new bonds, without receiving at once an equivalent in old bonds. The Committee meet this by asking how he was to get the old bonds in without first issuing the new ones and waiting three months for the proceeds. To this the natural man would reply by saying that this was Mr. Boutwell's affair, and, if he could not do it, then the law was badly drawn and incapable of execution, and he was bound to wait for its amendment. If, at his own discretion, he could wait three months for the old bonds, he could wait a year, and, after paying out a year's interest to the Syndicate, turn round and tell us that he had not increased the debt, as the law must be held to mean that a year was a reasonable time for conversion. The Committee dispose of the charge that he exceeded the amount allowed by law for the expenses of the funding process by declaring that, as the banks which took the loan were made "depositaries" of the public money, they were entitled to the use of the funds during the three months, and that, if it had been paid over to the United States Treasury, it would have lain idle in the vaults, and the Government have gained nothing by it. The whole defence, taken together, is, in short, simply this: that the new bonds could not be disposed of in less than three months, and that, if they were disposed of sooner, it made no difference who held the proceeds for that period, and that, if the law did not say this, it ought to have said it. The opinion of the public will be, we think, that the next time a funding act is drawn, it ought to be made to say what it means, and that those who act under it ought to be made to do what it says. Nothing can be more dangerous in these days, when so many gentlemen are "on the make," than this way of playing fast-and-loose with financial legislation. Mr. Boutwell, we are told, is an honest man, which is doubtless true, but he is not immortal, and his tenure of office is not perpetual.

Mr. Boutwell has submitted the following proposition to the Committee on Appropriations:

> "The expenses of loans, legal tender notes, fractional currency, checks, certificates, commissions, and other plate and seal engravings and printing, required by the Treasury Department, including the issues, transfer, delivery, redemption, and destruction of securities, shall be paid from, and shall not exceed the appropriation of one per cent. on the amount of legal tender notes, for the conversion and securities issued and redeemed during each fiscal year."

This would not only cover up his shortcomings on the late loan, but would, as the *Financial Chronicle* shows by an elaborate though simple calculation, give him complete control over $10,000,000, which he could spend at his discretion. The Secretary himself has not had the courage to appear to defend it, but politely referred the Appropriation Committee to his chief clerk, "who would explain the matter more fully," etc.

The Custom-house investigation continues, and with results very much the same in character as those indicated in our last. It may be said, however, that the more the Leet affair is turned over, the worse it looks. It was a great scandal for Leet to have been pocketing a large part of $100,000 a year from the New York General Order business for a whole year while residing in Washington and drawing both the pay of a colonel in the army and of a clerk in the War Department, after the President had expressly—so runs the testimony—pointed out to him the "impropriety" of his holding any office in the civil service immediately after leaving his staff. It was reasonable to expect after this that, even if Leet had left the army and come to New York, the President would have been very much annoyed, and would have caused his dismissal on finding that he had secured a foothold in the Custom-house. People are, therefore, a good deal surprised, and not unnaturally surprised, to find that the discovery that he had not only got an office, but had got a sinecure, and not only held it, but held it under an assumed name and while non-resident, and not only drew large profits from it, but drew them while drawing pay as a colonel and as a clerk, did not lead to any manifestation of the President's astonishment or displeasure. Nay, it does not appear to have even led to Leet's retirement from the army, for he only left when Congress offered tempting inducements to officers of his rank to do so. Moreover, Leet is still in the General Order business, with this mountain of "impropriety" on his head, and was, we believe, till this unpleasant investigation was started last year, both happy in it and hopeful; and he is there still. All friends of the Administration must admit, however, that he is, as he stands, the most "improper" man of our day.

Perhaps the most atrocious of the Custom-house abuses exposed by the investigation is the "seizure" system, as carried out against persons suspected of frauds on the revenue. Anybody who has read the account given of the condition of the civil service in the late report of the Commission, the testimony taken in this enquiry, and the testimony of all persons who know anything about the matter in every enquiry touching the character, qualifications, and antecedents of the great body of the officers employed in the revenue service, will be perhaps surprised, if not shocked, to learn that, as the law and the practice has hitherto stood for some years, whenever any of these estimable politicians came to the conclusion that any merchant was evading the duties, or had evaded them, he would obtain a "general warrant," containing no description of the things to be seized, but authorizing him to seize all the books and papers of the accused, and ransack his premises, not in search of designated proofs, but in order to find out whether any proof existed. Under this law, the business of nearly every man in the community has been placed literally at the mercy of a class which it is not unfair to call a low order of needy adventurers, who are in the service of the Government to-day, but to-morrow may be getting a living by their wits; and that it should be alleged and believed that the making of seizures had been converted into a mode of levying blackmail on innocent and guilty—the innocent paying it to avoid the scrutiny of their books and correspondence, and interruption of their business—is not to be wondered at. Reports that enormous levies in the shape of "compromises" have been made for a long while have been rife for some time back, and they have come before the Commission in the shape of charges against Colonel Frank E. Howe, a special agent, made by Naylor & Co., the great iron firm of this city.

The Messrs. Naylor allege that their premises were occupied and held for five weeks, and their books, papers, and even private correspondence seized and examined, on a warrant issued on the affidavit of a person who had no special knowledge of the article (steel rails) he accused them of undervaluing, and applied without the knowledge and authorization of the Collector, which it is customary to obtain in such cases, and that finally Colonel Howe, the special agent, offered to "compromise" for $40,000, but they refused, applied to the United States courts for redress, and then the District Attorney abandoned the case. Colonel Howe acknowledges he had not the authorization of the Collector for getting the warrant, and that he did not know it was necessary, but denies that he offered to "compromise" corruptly or for his personal benefit. Viewed in any light, the whole transaction is disgraceful. The Messrs. Naylor suggest, as an amendment to the present law—and that a foreign commercial house should have to suggest it to American legislators seems very extraordinary—that no warrant shall be issued in such cases unless the "complaint or affidavit shall set forth the fraud alleged to have been committed, the importation or entry to which it relates, the place or premises to be searched, and shall specify particularly by names, dates, and otherwise the invoices, books, or papers to be seized, and the facts which induced the complainant to believe that the fraud alleged had been committed, and the sources of his information." They ask, in short, American publicists to take some little notice of the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which guarantees the right of the people "to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches or seizures."

The Murphy order of last November, directing all Custom-house officials to pay two per cent. on their salaries, is now declared by Mr. Cornell, the Surveyor of the port, to be a forgery. Shean, or Sheehan, who is suing him and Murphy for money paid under it, declares, however, that it was posted in a conspicuous position in the Surveyor's room, and that the Surveyor's messenger told him it had to be obeyed under pain of dismissal. The main question is, however, was the two per cent. paid by the clerks, and taken by the officials under this order, no matter whether it was a "forgery" or not? This is what Murphy and his friends ought to deny, if it be deniable. The authenticity of the order is of little importance, if it drew the money. It will not do to stick threatening notices or allow them to be stuck up, and after they have produced their effect on a certain number of victims, and you have profited by it, turn round and say that you never signed them. Did the Custom-house officers pay an assessment of two per cent. on their salaries last November in virtue of an order, whether real or forged, and was the money received by their superiors? Let us have an answer to this.

The dismissal of Van Cleft from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, on which we commented last week, is disposed of by the *Times* by saying that it was not the President who dismissed him at Murphy's instance for opposing him at ward primaries; that it was the Secretary of the Treasury who removed him; and that "the true reason" of his removal was that "he was proven to be in the interest, and believed to be in the pay, of Tammany Hall." But who "proved" it? Was it not a certain gentleman named Murphy? And what was the "proof"? Was it not Murphy's own word? Where else could the Secretary of the Navy learn anything about any New York politician's being in "the interest of Tammany"? Moreover, is not the denial that the President removed him because it was the Secretary of the Navy, his official superior, who did it, after Murphy had announced that he was to be removed, a trifle too fine-drawn for common use? Might you not deny, with almost equal accuracy, that it was the Secretary who removed him, and lay the whole blame on the sun, or "Old Sol," as the reporters call him, who, Professor Tyndall will tell you, is responsible for the production of animated nature on this globe, including the Secretary, Murphy, and Van Cleft, and by his action on matter put Murphy up to "controlling primaries," Van Cleft up to opposing him, and the Secretary to punishing Van Cleft, just as he splits rocks and dissolves glaciers? For that matter, indeed, it might be said that it is to the Constitutional Convention of 1787 that we are indebted for the noble example set to our young politicians by "Tom" himself, for, had that Convention not framed the Constitution, we should never have had Murphy for Collector.

A correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from Cheyenne, makes the first coherent attempt we have seen to give some idea of the working of female suffrage in Wyoming Territory; but he confines himself to furnishing a batch of illustrations, for the authenticity of which he vouches, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions. He ascribes the passage of the act to the fact that the Legislature was largely composed of bachelors, who wished to attract women to the Territory, wives being very scarce, and were doubtless in the habit of taking that humorous view of public questions not uncommon in new communities. The first action taken under the law was the election of a female justice of the peace, a married woman, who decided plain questions of fact fairly enough, but was completely bewildered by questions of law, with which it was the unamiable custom of the bar to bother her; and the lawyers, after argument, were in the habit of retiring and settling their controversies by a game of "seven-up" while the "court" was making up her mind, or rather preparing her judgment, for she always agreed with the last speaker. She committed her own husband for being drunk and disorderly, but finally had to adjourn for an indefinite period for the purpose of discharging what the correspondent calls "the maternal function." The female voting was very orderly, and the female jurymen were stern, but the spectacle of husbands and children hanging about the door of the court-room, waiting for the mothers and wives to come off duty and attend to the dinner and the washing, was not hopeful or edifying. It may be said that there are plenty of unmarried women to serve on juries and be justices of the peace, but there are objections to them of another and no less serious nature; besides, who of the woman's champions is going to pronounce married women disqualified? The Wyoming experiment, indeed, wears a little the appearance of a farce, and a farce which, in older communities, would cease to be funny. Would it not be well for Mr. Wilson to collect a few more facts, and reason on them, before he pushes his bill extending female suffrage to all the States and Territories?

The British "Case," prepared for submission to the Board of Arbitrators at Geneva, has been delivered, and is of about the same size as the American one—that is, contains 500 pages or thereabouts. It limits the British liability to the claims growing out of the acts of the *Alabama*, *Florida*, *Georgia*, and *Shenandoah*, and maintains that it is with regard to these four vessels only, if any, that Great Britain can be found guilty of any violation of international law. The introductory statement dwells with great emphasis on the position that the conflict between the North and South was not a simple insurrection, but a great civil war, and was recognized as such by the United States, by the proclamation of blockade, and by the seizure and condemnation of neutral ships—the total number of vessels captured or destroyed by the United States, either for running or attempting to run the blockade, or for acting as belligerents, being 1,200. The Case then, under this theory, maintains that the parties to the conflict being lawful belligerents, the duty of neutrals was to treat them with perfect impartiality, and this duty ought not to have been in any way affected by considerations arising out of the previous political relations existing between the neutral and either of the belligerents; that the neutral was bound to recognize commissions issued and captures made by either; that the body of persons forming a *de facto* government wielding the power of a belligerent, though not actually recognized by a neutral as a sovereign state, is nevertheless entitled, in a maritime war, to all the rights, privileges, and immunities of a sovereign state; and that, therefore, the reception of Confederate cruisers in British ports on equal terms with those of the United States was not an act of which the Federal Government can lawfully complain. On the question of liability for the escape of the *Alabama* and *Florida*, or, in other words, on the question what constitutes "negligence" or "due diligence" on the part of a neutral, the Case lays it down that the precautions to be taken by the neutral government to prevent its territory being made a base of operations against one or other of the belligerents must depend on circumstances, and that, as a rule, it may be held that these precautions should be such as the neutral government would use for its own protection or those of its citizens, and that a belligerent has a right to require that the legal machinery existing for this purpose should be such as experience would lead one to believe sufficient, and that the Foreign Enlistment Act under which the British Government acted had been founded on American legislation, and had been in force for forty years, and found efficacious; and, finally, that it has to be taken into account that the British Government does not possess despotic power, but is compelled to act under law, and through legal processes, which are necessarily slow and sometimes uncertain.

Considerable uneasiness is excited in England by the appearance in the American Case of everything that was ever said or done, claimed or maintained, with regard to British liability, for damages caused by the war, and this is supposed by many to be proof of our intention to revive Mr. Sumner's demand for consequential damages. We believe the view of the American Counsel to be that the Board is certain not to award too much to the United States, and that the United States is entitled to every cent that will be awarded, and that everything that bears at all on the British connection with the war is proper matter for consideration, either as proof of damage suffered by America or as proof of animus on the part of Great Britain. The diplomatic discussion certainly throws light on the question of negligence, by exhibiting the state of mind in which the latter came to the performance of its neutral duties; and the Commission can hardly pass intelligently on the question how much the United States should receive without being informed what was the total extent of their losses.

The refusal of the French Assembly to agree to the taxation of raw materials—a refusal in which they were undoubtedly acting in accordance with the sentiment of the country—has led to M. Thiers offering his resignation, which caused a great and doubtless to him very gratifying hubbub. The Assembly sent a deputation to beg him to remain, and Marshal MacMahon warned him that the army would obey the Assembly, but if M. Thiers's retirement was followed, as it probably would be, by a dictatorship, there was no telling whom it would obey. So he withdrew his resignation, and is now overwhelmed by expressions of confidence. The probabilities are that the Commercial Treaties will now not be abrogated or seriously modified. Though he has lost on this, however, it is probable that M. Thiers will come off triumphant on the income tax, to which he is violently opposed, and to which the country does not take kindly, although it has several times in French history been attempted. M. Thiers has taken a prominent part in the debates on both these questions without the formality prescribed in his case, that he should send notice of his intention to speak to the President of the Assembly; but his participation in the discussions does not seem to improve his relation with the body, and it is now announced that he means to speak more rarely. It is a dangerous thing for a man in his position to make the failure of any measure wear the appearance of a personal defeat. M. Grévy, the President of the Assembly, who is in the prime of life, and has long been known to be the weightiest as well as one of the ablest men in public life in France, is now talked of for the Vice-Presidency of the Republic, doubtless by way of provision for M. Thiers's death or resignation.

The topic of most interest at present in the politics of Eastern Europe is the probable policy of Russia, which the growing difficulties of the Austrian Empire are making of greater and greater importance both to Germany and France. The old Russian party, headed by the Czarevitch, who is said to be fanatically anti-German, are anxious for a close alliance with France, and then a vigorous pushing of the Panslavic policy, and they have been much hurt and disappointed by the cordial reception recently given to the German generals at St. Petersburg, so much so that the Government has been driven into the unusual step of publishing in the official paper an explanation or defence of its policy, which is in all respects a remarkable and important state paper. It makes no secret of the dislike of the Government for Austria, whom it threatens almost in terms, owing to the Austrian coquetting with the Slavi, and especially the Poles, who, since the downfall of France, are openly rallying in Gallicia, as well as elsewhere, to Francis Joseph, as their new Moses. Towards Germany, the article expresses warm good-will, provided she does not absorb the Austrian Germans, and thus make the position of the minor Slavic populations unendurable, and, while openly concurring in the general sentiments of the Czarevitch and his friends as to the proper tendency of Russian policy, it recommends patience, and boldly declares that time is working for Russia, if in no other way, in restoring France, who is now evidently relied on to furnish the cloud in the West which is to prevent German or English interference with Russian movements on the Black Sea. Considerable amusement is excited in Europe by Catacazy's report, in his Boston speech, of the poetic language in which old Gortchakoff, one of the dryest of European statesmen, expressed himself with regard to the United States during the war. Catacazy ought to have added, to make the tale complete, that, while talking, the Prince accompanied himself on the lyre.

MR. PERCE'S NATIONAL SCHOOL BILL.

THE promotion of public education has been forced upon the attention of Congress by the neglect of this interest in many of the reconstructed States, and by the obvious necessity of providing in some way for the enlightenment of all the various races and people who are now entitled to the rights of American citizens. Three important measures have been recently proposed for this end in Congress: the bill of Mr. Hoar, which was introduced last year; the bill of Senator Stewart, for amending the Constitution so as to secure public education everywhere; and, finally, the bill of Mr. Perce, proposed on the 8th of January, "to establish an educational fund, and to apply the proceeds of the public lands to the education of the people." This last the Committee on Education and Labor have agreed to report, and its leading provisions may be summed up as follows: It provides that the net proceeds of the sales of all the public lands shall be devoted to the maintenance of the common schools—one-half of the yield of each year going to form a perpetual "National Educational Fund," the other half to be distributed among the several States and Territories on the basis of population. To entitle a State or Territory to its quota, it must provide by law for the free education of all its children between the ages of six and sixteen. In the first year one-half, and afterwards one-tenth, may be applied to the payment of teachers in a normal school. But, after the first year, the money is to be apportioned on the basis of the number of schools maintained, and the average daily attendance in each, exclusive of city schools, and forfeiture may be worked by misappropriation, or abuse, or failure to report to the General Government.

Jurisdiction of offences under the bill is attributed to the United States Circuit Courts exclusively.

It is to be observed that no attempt is here made to define what the public schools shall be. That question is left entirely to the local authorities of the several States. Whether religious instruction shall be excluded or Bible reading permitted; whether boys and girls shall be taught together or separate; whether or not there shall be separate schools for the blacks or for such nationalities as do not speak English; whether high schools shall be regarded as a legitimate part of the system or not; whether industrial schools or evening schools shall be maintained or not; whether normal schools are essential—these and many more kindred questions on which there is a diversity of opinion are not touched by the bill. Its chief requirements respecting the school system are very simple, and will meet with little or no opposition. The schools must be (*a*) "common," *i.e.*, public, or open to applicants without respect to creed, color, social condition, etc.; (*b*) "free," *i.e.*, without charge for instruction; (*c*) comprehensive, for all the children in the United States, *i.e.*, for Africans, Chinese, Indians, poor, rich, orphans, criminals, etc.; (*d*) maintained yearly for at least four months; (*e*) designed for children between six and sixteen years old; (*f*) thoroughly reported upon.

With these principles the bill leaves every State and Territory free to exercise its own preference upon the details of the system. There is one extraordinary exception, however, to the universality of the measure. The national appropriation, after reaching the several States, is not to be bestowed "upon cities having a population of 20,000 or more inhabitants." They are expressly excluded from the benefits of the act. Upon what principle of justice or expediency this exclusion of the large towns is made we cannot discover. Are they so intelligent that they require no aid, or so blind that it does not pay to help them? Why draw the line at 20,000 rather than at any other number?

Again, we think it is also well worth discussion whether (in view of the tendency to appropriate public money to the free schools of religious bodies) it would not be well to declare more explicitly than is done in this bill that the national grant shall not be appropriated to aid any private, parish, corporate, or ecclesiastical school, but solely to those which are maintained by the public, for the public. In some of the States, New York for example, we are already involved in trouble from the bestowal of school money upon religious foundations, and the controversy will become national unless special pains be taken to exclude that element of difference.

A third point to which attention should be called is this: No obligation is imposed upon any State to appropriate anything from its own resources for public instruction. The national grant can only be employed for "the payment of teachers," so that buildings, fuel, libraries, etc., must be a local charge; but it seems to us a great pity that the national grant should not be made a condition of local liberality and fidelity. The experience of Connecticut is well worth examining. Her magnificent school fund has tended to relieve the people of small, poor rural districts of all willingness to contribute to the school expenses, and to make them depend exclusively upon the State aid; so that for many years past all the friends of public instruction have advocated the bestowal of the income from the school only on condition of local appropriations of a specified rate, and the laws have been constantly modified to secure this end.

On these three points, the exclusion of cities from participating in the grant, the failure to declare that ecclesiastical schools shall not be aided, and the omission of a requirement of local appropriations as a condition of national aid, the bill seems to us to require amendment.

If the educational details of this bill be perfected, there are still important questions of a more general character on which we are not quite clear. We are heartily in favor of the establishment of public schools; if they cannot be secured in the reconstructed States without the exercise of national encouragement, we are in favor of that; we approve of leaving the administration of public instruction to the local authorities even when national aid is granted; but we have some doubts as to whether it will be best to extend the national aid to the entire country instead of making it exceptional, because of the abnormal condition of the South in this period of reconstruction; and we have further doubts as to whether it is wise at present to devote *all* the public lands to any one object. We have still a magnificent public domain which may be serviceable in many ways in the promotion of our highest interests as a people. Unquestionably the public schools form one of the most important of such interests; but they are not the only elements of good society which we need to foster, nor are we confident that after the Southern States are reorganized and prosperous other concerns will not be quite as dependent upon national aid as the common schools.

We make these remarks with deference and with caution. Our aim is rather to suggest points for further consideration than to offer opposition.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

THE news from France that M. Thiers had resigned in a pet, and had been coaxed into withdrawing his resignation by the Assembly and Marshal MacMahon, furnishes a fresh illustration of what may be called the volcanic condition of French politics, and may fairly prepare us for the recurrence of serious troubles before anything that can be called a final settlement is reached. At the bottom of the difficulty lies, it is easy enough to see, the strong tendency of French society, under all circumstances and under all forms of government, towards the establishment of a one-man power. For Louis Napoleon it substituted, after the revolution of September 4, M. Gambetta, who reigned five months; for M. Gambetta it substituted, after the fall of Paris, M. Thiers, who is still reigning, but who is constantly threatening to resign, and who may die any day. The political antecedents of M. Thiers were very bad. He was noted under the parliamentary régime for his vanity and love of intrigue, and for a narrowness of view which made him the greatest "chauviniste" in France. As a literary man, his great powers were mainly devoted to the diffusion and embellishment of the Napoleonic legend by his "History of the Consulate and Empire"—a work which is considered by good judges to entitle the author to a far larger share of whatever glory or shame came from the success of the *coup d'état* of

December 2 than either De Morny or St. Arnaud. They struck the felon blows in the capital, but M. Thiers had so debauched the public mind that they struck with impunity. Under the Second Republic he warmly supported the expedition against Rome, and, when he reappeared in politics under the Empire, he devoted himself steadily for fifteen years to preaching the detestable doctrine that the glory and safety of France required the division and abasement of Italy and Germany. This preaching it was which made the one great act of the Imperial régime, the unification of Italy, a source of weakness to it, and which finally had a large share in lashing the Emperor into a suicidal attack on Prussia.

M. Thiers was taken up and put at the head of the state by the Assembly at Bordeaux for the simple reason that it was a panic-stricken body, possessing no political or administrative experience. M. Thiers had a great deal, and the deputies clung to him as frightened children to a father, and the position they offered him was, of course, in the highest degree flattering to his vanity. As a man to negotiate a hard treaty of peace, and get France to accept it, they probably could not have made a better choice; as a man to lead France back to the habits of constitutional government, they could hardly have made a worse one. Nearly all the ideas of constitutional government are strange to him, and its ways hateful. The traditions which have strongest hold of his mind are really Napoleonic; and as soon as the Commune was suppressed, he went to work diligently to restore the two things which most strongly recalled the Napoleonic epoch—a high tariff and a large standing army. His idea of a great state is, indeed, very much that of the elder Bonaparte. He has accordingly surrounded himself with a cabinet of which we believe it may be said with literal truth that every member of it differs radically from every other member on nearly every great public question (the Minister of Finance, for instance, is an ardent protectionist, the Minister of the Interior an ardent free-trader); and he probably did this on the theory that, he being the central figure of the government, it made no difference what his subordinates thought. The most curious illustration of his indifference both to the theory and the forms of constitutional government—and it is only one of many—has, however, been afforded by his entering into an agreement with the Duc d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville that they should not take their seats in the Assembly. It apparently never occurred to him, and it is just to add that it did not appear to have occurred to them, that the constituencies had anything to do with the matter; and under this agreement their places remained vacant till very recently. Another illustration of his fondness for Imperialist precedents is his treatment of the press, which is at this moment more fettered in Paris than it was in the closing days of the Empire. Newspapers are everywhere suppressed or suspended in cases in which, under the Empire, they would at least have received two warnings, often for language which the Empire in its worst days could have supported.

It is right to add that, in dealing with the pressing questions of the hour—such as the restoration of administrative order, which the war and Gambetta had almost destroyed, and the execution of the treaty of peace with the Germans—M. Thiers has displayed great energy and ability; but to the solution of the still greater problem in what manner France shall be put under a permanent constitutional government, he has contributed little or nothing. Nay, his whole course has a tendency to postpone any such solution. By drawing to himself all possible power, and exercising what he has in an arbitrary manner, he prevents the growth of political sense and political practice on the part of the Assembly and the country, and, by constantly threatening to resign, he reminds them of their dependence on him, and thus strengthens the hold of personal government on the popular imagination; and though last, not least, the strenuous efforts he is making to increase the army keep the country in a sort of feverish expectation of something in the nature of an attempt at vengeance on Germany.

The last break with the Assembly has, however, arisen out of his financial policy. He has been pursuing with regard to the tariff very much the same course as was pursued by the Emperor. The Emperor made the commercial treaty with England, which produced great effects on French industry, without consulting the country. M. Thiers has been using his personal influence over an Assembly not elected on any financial issue, and slenderly versed in financial questions, to make changes in the treaty, and in the system of taxation, also without consulting the country. French industry has grown prodigiously during the last ten years through cheap raw material. M. Pouyer-Quertier is in favor of taxing it, and M. Thiers supports him, and, the Assembly dissenting, he threatens resignation, which at the present state of affairs means revolution. So that the body must accept his financial theories or endanger the very existence of the government and the obedience of the army. It may be easily seen that it is not through experience of this kind that a country like France contracts sound political habits. His weaknesses and oddities, too, are aggravated by his great age. At seventy-four, the most vigorous man—and M. Thiers is undoubtedly a vigorous man—may be said to live from day to day; and whatever the Assembly dreads by his resignation may at any moment come upon them through his death; and as well as foreign observers can make out, that thing is chaos.

What makes the outlook all the gloomier is that not only is the Cabinet, which holds the wires of the administrative system, irreconcilably and widely divided on nearly every question of importance, but no statesman, or man whom the country is willing to trust or obey, has come to the front during the past year; and this—if the régime of personal government is to continue—is a serious fact. Indeed, the dearth of "prominent men" is more apparent now than when M. Thiers took office. Of the Government of National Defence, Jules Simon has since become ridiculous; Jules Favre is gone into disgraced obscurity; and Gambetta, who for a while seemed to hold his own with the extreme Republicans, is now rapidly falling into insignificance. His own followers have begun to denounce him as too moderate, or, as they call it, "reactionary," and he certainly has not been gaining ground with any other class of the community. M. Grévy, the President of the Assembly, was for a while talked of as the coming man, but he has not answered the expectations entertained of him, and, indeed, the chairmanship of a French deliberative body is hardly a position in which the ablest or most ambitious man could be expected to win popular confidence. There was at one time good reason to believe that the turn of the Orleans princes at last had come, and that the reign of Thiers was simply a preparation for their accession to power; but the chance of this has been greatly weakened in various ways. In the first place, they took no part in the national defence against the invasion. They eagerly desired to do so, and vainly sought permission to do so; but the hero of the balloon knew better than to let them. Consequently, through no fault of their own, "their record," as we should say here, has been marred, and it is well if it be not fatally marred. It is a bad thing for a candidate for political, and especially royal and presidential, honors in France to have been a looker-on merely when Frenchmen were contesting French soil with a foreign enemy; and the French public is the last public in the world to make allowance in such cases for circumstances. This and their enforced silence during the last six months have put them, in the popular eye, in the same category with the Comte de Chambord—that is, of pretenders to the crown in virtue merely of traditions, theories, and precedents of which few of this generation know anything. For, sad as it may seem, there is no doubt that twenty years of despotism have almost completely effaced all reminiscences of constitutional government. The eighteen peaceful and happy years which poor Louis Philippe managed to interpolate into nearly a century of revolution and war have passed like a dream. Looking back to 1789, no Frenchman sees anything now but flame, and blood, and convulsion. Looking forward, few see anything better; for behind the honest toilers of France, the scholars, the peasants, and the artisans, there lies the socialist, biding his time, writhing under the law—the law of the universe as well as the law of the land—and, indeed, racked by that fierce horror of all rule but that of his own will which, as has been well said, converts the Reds into as near an approach to "infernal beings" as their human nature will permit. What agency will drive these devils into the sea, and leave France clothed in her right mind, nobody knows; but it is certain that it has not yet shown itself.

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE WHICH MR. CASEY "HAS TAKEN OUT OF POLITICS."

WE have received from a source which we consider above suspicion of partiality, and unusually likely to be well informed, the following account of the troubles in New Orleans. The moral is obvious.

It will be remembered that, in August last, Mr. Casey, collector of the port, Mr. Packard, United States marshal, and Mr. Lowell, the postmaster, engaged in a desperate conflict with Governor Warmoth for the control of local politics. Finding that the Governor had a large prospective majority in the proposed convention, they adopted the extraordinary expedient of calling the session of that body in the room of the United States Circuit Court in the Custom-house. They then proceeded to garrison the building with deputy marshals and Federal troops, and, when the Governor and ninety other delegates presented themselves with tickets of admission, dealt out to them from the money-order window of the Post-office, they were refused admittance. The whole country was disgusted by this exhibition of combined fraud and force, and even the New York *Times* expressed a feeling of great relief when it was reported that the President would remove these office-holders. He did not remove them, however, and, by implication, approved their conduct.

In November, Lieutenant-Governor Dunn died, and in December the Governor called a special session of the Senate to elect a successor. The Warmoth candidate was Pinchback; the Custom-house party and the Democrats united on a Mr. Coupland, who is at once a State Senator and a United States deputy-collector. Pinchback was elected, and the ability of Warmoth to defeat the Custom-house and the Democrats together was demonstrated. On the first of the present month (January) the regular session began, and the contest was renewed with some novel features. No quorum appeared in the Senate, and the sergeant-at-arms was unable to find the absent members. They were absent by preconcert, and were concealed in an upper room in the Custom-house, used as the office of Mr. Kinsella, a special agent of the Treasury. Fearing that the sergeant-at-arms might even invade this sanctuary, they next went on board the revenue-cutter *Wilderness*, and, steaming up and down the river, set the bailiff of the State Senate at defiance. Among the senators thus absconding on a vessel of the United States were *five* Custom-house employees—Herwig, Coupland, Ingraham, O'Hara, and Sypher.

But worse, if possible, remained behind. On the third day of the session it appeared that the Warmoth party had a working majority in the Lower House, and a resolution was offered to elect a new speaker in the place of Carter, a Custom-house man. A row ensued, and finally was calmed by the promise of Carter to resign. Next day, about fifteen minutes before the House met, the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and some dozen of the House were arrested under the Ku-klux Act, and the marshal caused them to be taken before a United States Commissioner in the Custom-house, in such way as to keep the arrested members of the Legislature away from the session. There was no necessity for this course, and it was evidently collusive. While they were thus momentarily absent, the Custom-house party and Democrats in the House, without a quorum, unseated six members friendly to Warmoth, and seated six contestants of last year supposed to be hostile to him. But the Governor knew a trick worth two of such weak inventions. He assembled the House; a quorum and seven to spare met, unseated Carter, and elected as speaker a friend of Warmoth named Brewster.

On the fifth day of the session, the Custom-house party, knowing that they were beaten in the Lower House, assembled over a grog-shop in Royal Street called "The Gem," and proclaimed themselves the regular House of Representatives of Louisiana. They had no quorum, however, and did nothing but make speeches to incite the mob to violence, and send out pretended sergeants-at-arms, bristling with pistols, to arrest the Warmoth members and bring them in to make a quorum. On the following day the Governor applied to the courts, and obtained an injunction against "The Gem" saloon assembly as disorderly and unlawful; but they declared that the injunction was illegal, and one member, of the name of Stevens, a Democrat, proposed to bring the Judge before the "bar" of the House. This suggestion, from a member of an assembly held in a drinking-saloon, was, perhaps, a joke.

On Tuesday, the 9th, the comedy was suddenly turned to a tragedy. Three of the pretended sergeants-at-arms, sent out from "The Gem," attacked and killed Mr. Wheyland, a Republican member of the House and a friend of Warmoth. The coroner's jury found it was a wilful murder, and that Carter was an accessory before the fact. The proper magistrate issued a warrant for his arrest, and he and his now rapidly decreasing crowd fled to the Custom-house.

To return to the Senate. The Secretary of the Treasury telegraphed to stop the *Wilderness* scandal, and the absconding senators were obliged to come ashore. They fled to Mississippi, and set up their tents at Bay St. Louis, having still among them the five Custom-house employees above-mentioned, two of them deputy-collectors, who receive each some ten dollars a day for supposed services to the United States. We may roughly estimate that the United States pays the party of five twenty-five dollars a day for staying at a hotel in Mississippi.

THE NEW ACADEMICIANS.

PARIS, January 5, 1872.

THE elections to the French Academy have taken place, as I informed you in my last letter. The four candidates elected have been the Duc d'Aumale, Littré, Camille Rousset, and De Loménie. The rival of M. de Loménie was Edmond About, the author of "Tolla," "Le Roi des Montagnes, etc." All the influence of the *literati* proper in the press was used in his favor, and he had besides on his side the influence of the chief of state. Not only did M. Thiers go from Versailles to the Institute in order to give his vote for About, but for a month before the election he asked all his Academician friends to vote on his side. But the Academy has other gods than M. Thiers: M. Guizot had adopted M. de Loménie; the Academy is now the only ground where the two rival statesmen can meet. M. Guizot, who would be as active, as eloquent, and in my opinion more eloquent, than M. Thiers, has renounced political life; he lives in dignified retirement, writing now a summary history of France for the use of his grandchildren (which I recommend you to read). He is not wealthy, and literature is not merely the amusement of his old age. Under Louis Philippe, he was the successful antagonist of M. Thiers, and from 1840 to 1848 kept him out of power; now the two old gladiators meet only on the floor of the Academy; but even there they have silent battles, where paper bulletins are the weapons. M. Thiers had espoused the cause of About, not because the frivolous and clever writer was so long the friend of Prince Napoleon—not because he wrote the most inflammatory articles in favor of the war during the Ollivier Ministry—not because he insulted Germany and the Germans in the most unjustifiable manner—and, I suspect, not even because he is the author of several novels written in a clear, silvery, Voltairian-French style; but simply because he now defends, in a newspaper called *Le Soir*, the policy of M. Thiers—of "the illustrious old man who has saved France from invasion, from civil war, etc., etc." About, who has spoken in this vein since the meeting of the Assembly at Bordeaux, had been promised an embassy—a small embassy, that of Lisbon or of Athens. But at Athens some objections were made against the author of "Grèce Contemporaine"; even at Lisbon, it was thought that About was "too light weight" for diplomacy. M. Thiers, not being able to satisfy him, told him he would make him first an Academician; but in this, as you see, he has not succeeded. The Catholic party, which is strong in the Academy, had mustered in all its strength in order to defeat the election of the Positivist Littré; M. de Falloux, who was ill in the country, M. de Laprad, also, who was very unwell at Lyons, came on purpose to support Bishop Dupanloup. They were defeated, and Littré was elected; but they turned their wrath against M. About, who wrote a book called "La Question Romaine" at the dictation of the Imperial Government a few years ago. During the election, About was walking nervously on the bridge which crosses the Seine opposite the cupola of the Institute. First he heard from a friend that he had fourteen votes against fourteen given to M. de Loménie; a second vote was taken, and he lost a vote, which went over to his adversary. M. Thiers was so sure of success that he had invited About to dine the same evening at the Préfecture (which is now the equivalent of the White House) at Versailles. About was obliged to go to the Préfecture, and smile on all the diplomats who had been asked in order that he might be introduced to them.

But this Academic battle was not yet ended. The day afterwards a letter appeared in all the papers, addressed by Bishop Dupanloup to the Director of the French Academy: he could no longer, he said, have the honor to sit in it; he therefore offered his resignation to his colleagues. Bishop Dupanloup did not wish to remain in the same corporation with Littré, who is an atheist. Before the election, he had presented to all his colleagues a memoir full of extracts from M. Littré's works. These extracts are just what would be expected of a Positivist. Littré is not, absolutely speaking, an atheist; but he maintains that there is no possibility of proving the existence of a God. God, the soul, all the first causes, he denies in this sense—they may or they may not be; the human intelligence must remain a stranger to the question. It is, however, a fact, as positive as any other fact recognized by Positivism, that the human mind looks always to a cause in every phenomenon. However, this is not a place for a philosophical discussion. It is sufficient to say that M. Littré drily dismisses God, the soul, etc., into the unknowable: his God is humanity. But how is humanity to frame its own laws? Bishop Dupanloup gives a curious extract which applies to that unfortunate fraction of humanity called France. What is France to be under the new era of Positivism? Littré informs us that royalty is exploded, that parliamentary government and representative institutions are played out. France will, in the Positivist era, be governed by Paris, the capital; because Paris has taken the functions of the brain in the body politic. And Paris itself will be ruled by the Parisian proletaries. A committee, a board of Parisian joiners, carpenters, etc., will take France by the hand and conduct her into the new haven of Positivism.

Bishop Dupanloup's resignation is a novel event in the history of the Academy. Voltaire had bishops for his colleagues, and Bishop Dupanloup would not have been held responsible for all the vagaries of M. Littré, who was not elected to the Academy as a Positivist, but as a very learned grammarian and philologist. But Bishop Dupanloup is of a very ardent disposition; he is quite an interesting character. He was a foundling, and was educated in a foundling hospital. His genius was, however, soon recognized; he has an impetuous eloquence which is even felt in his letters. He resisted the Empire as much as it was possible for a bishop to do. He is a man of generous impulse, of a noble character, of an infinite charity; he has organized at Orleans the best Catholic school there is now in France. At Rome, he resisted in the Council with all his power the new dogma of infallibility; but now that the dogma has been proclaimed, he has not ventured to make a schism in the church.

Such is also the position of his colleague of the French Academy, Father Gratry, of the Dominicans. Gratry was a pupil of the Polytechnic School, but on leaving it he entered the convent. He is well versed in science, and his works have had for their object to reconcile science with religion. At the time of the last Council, Father Gratry, who, with Dupanloup, is at the head of the liberal section of the French clergy, attacked the new dogma. He proved that a Pope, Honorius, had once been proclaimed a heretic, and that, therefore, the pontificate could not historically be said to have always been orthodox. "The condemnation of Honorius," he wrote, "will for ever be an obstacle to the doctrine of personal, absolute, separate infallibility." The *breviarium* of Rome has, to be sure, suppressed this incident of Honorius, but Gratry called this suppression a piece of the most audacious hypocrisy. Writing to the Archbishop of Malines on these points, he concluded thus: "As for myself, I believe most firmly that I write these lines by order of God and of Jesus Christ, and out of love for his church. The last of men can receive and do receive orders of God. I have received such, and I will obey, and I will endure all I must endure." It will surprise you that after such emphatic declarations Father Gratry also has submitted to the new dogma. I do not believe that either he or Bishop Dupanloup has been led away by worldly considerations. They are both honest men; and this is just what makes their submission more alarming for the future of France. There would, I think, have been some chance of better prospects for this country if the old Gallican Church had been allowed to revive. In the traditions, now nearly stifled, of that Gallican Church, there was nothing which offended the faith of the people, their habits, their cherished associations; while there was a certain amount of independence. Bossuet, Fénelon, were bishops of another pattern than the Ultramontane bishops of the day. Even Bossuet, who was a supporter of the divine right of kings, could resist the Papal supremacy.

It is not idle to dwell for a moment on these momentous questions; for, as I told you in my last letter, the French Academy is a sort of microcosm, it is a *résumé* of the spiritual life of France. The elements you see in it are these: the Catholic faith, represented by its most intelligent defenders, forced even against their own will into the doctrine of absolute submission to Rome; and, beside the party which calls itself Catholic, a party of *littérateurs,* who are, as it were, without religion at all, who may be called the Gentiles. There is hardly a common link between the two parties. It is rather singular that Guizot, who is a Protestant, has joined the Catholic party in the Academy; but when he has to choose between the Ultramontanes and the Gentiles, his Christian instincts incline him toward the first. In his person he represents exactly the state of the Protestant churches of France, which are in the hands of wealthy conservatives, and which live in a sort of dignified retirement. The cause of Protestantism was killed in France by the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, by the abjuration of Henry IV., and by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Ever since (and it has been the great misfortune of France) all those who have ceased to be Catholics have become infidels. The theories of the French Revolution and of the modern Commune are the only gospel which has been preached to the masses of the people. The Communists felt justly that the Catholics were their most dangerous French enemies; they shot an archbishop, they opened clubs in all the churches and desecrated them. The political divisions of France are only one of the symptoms of a moral decomposition which has continued for centuries. What is wanting in France is a living faith, which would not be simply a faith in words and forms, or a brutal faith in matter, in facts, in hunger and thirst, in the objects which can satisfy the animal instincts of man.

Notes.

OF the new magazines that come to us, not the least interesting is the *Colorado Monthly,* of which we have seen one number, and of which we make the following notice, as requested by the publisher: "The *Monthly* is published at Denver, Colorado, and contains full and reliable information about that remarkable land; its pages are embellished with fine engravings of the wonderful and peculiar Rocky Mountain scenery—the finest in the world." We cannot speak of the engravings, as our number, "owing to the snow blockade," contains none, but it is true of the letterpress that it does contain a good deal of information about the new Territory—or at least it contains, as the affidavits say, a good deal of "information and belief." This begins on the outside of the cover, where is printed a deep-red rose with a legend in which the prophecy at all events is patriotic, whatever the implied statement as to the present condition of the Territory may be; "the desert shall blossom as the rose" it is predicted. In the body of the magazine we find, first, "A Few Words about the Indians," and they are of a kind that was to have been expected from people who have been made aware of "the wanton cruelty and irresponsible barbarity of the wild red devils known in Arizona by the more classical name of Apaches," and as to whom it is the opinion of the writer in the *Monthly* that "no amount of favors shown them by the white settlers, or of supplies furnished by the Government, has any tendency to allay their innate desire to plunder, scalp, mutilate, and commit all kinds of fiendish atrocities." "These incorrigible demons it is," he continues, "that Vincent Colyer, and others of that ilk whose humanity is equally one-sided, wish to feed, clothe, and teach good morals in a peaceable way, at the expense of the Government, and, at the same time, protect from the just punishment of their crimes by substituting missionary effort for military control." There are no bad Indians in Colorado, however, the writer adds; Eastern people who go there will see only Utes who are peaceably disposed, and who, even when inclined to steal oxen or other chattels, "are as likely first to ask for them." Another article speaks of irrigation, and tells the Colorado farmer—who would seem to have the notion that Colorado is too dry—that "no farmer, let him live in the most highly favored spot in the universe, can afford to do without irrigation," and the writer "ventures the statement, and challenges contradiction, that irrigation is an actual necessity in any climate, in any country." He praises very highly the productiveness of the Colorado soil, averring that within six miles of Denver he has seen wheat growing equal to any wheat raised in England or on the shores of the Mediterranean, and that the fancy kinds of wheat sent out by the Department of Agriculture are so far exceeded by the productions of Colorado as to bring smiles upon the lips of the person who compares them. Let any man who doubts the fact, says he, "wait upon me at the Territorial Library and Agricultural Society Rooms on Larimer Street, Denver." There the doubter may have any sort of satisfaction, we dare say, but a sight of the samples is what is promised him, and opportunity to see "the comparison, or rather the contrast," between wheat raised by irrigation and wheat, to call it so, raised by any other means. This writer, it is our duty to say, is a civil engineer. What he says seems all very true. Just previously to the time when the *Monthly* made its appearance, the weather in Denver had been unusually wintry, it appears, or, as the *Monthly* says, "States weather became quite popular in Colorado this year," snow to the depth of a foot having fallen on the 17th and 20th of November, and the warm winds from the Pacific not having swept in, as is their common custom. Not only snow came, but on one evening the town was enveloped in a heavy mantle of vapor, which the editor conjectures to have come for the purpose of symbolizing the future greatness of Denver, by "bringing it into closer sympathy with the metropolis of Great Britain, so noted for its dense fogs." But with that pride of climate which seems to be a besetting sin of mankind in all countries, and which flourishes more luxuriantly in Denver and that region than elsewhere, he hastens to say that the fog had none of the disagreeable effects of a London fog, and that in duration it was only momentary. He mentions also as unusual a beautiful frost storm, which, on the 26th of November, attracted the attention of all beholders—delicate flakes of ice falling for some hours, and affording a novel spectacle. During the fine sleighing, the citizens improvised sleighs after a method invented by Mr. W. J. Kinsey, a carriage-maker apparently, who, as we understand it, removing the tire and felloes of the wheels of a buggy, and fitting runners to those of the spokes, showed Denver how "to revive the memories of merry Christmas days at the East." We observe that persons desirous of trying the climate, which indeed every one pronounces admirable for all well people and many sick ones, may have board at "the best hotel in the city" for six dollars a week if they board by the day, and doubtless for less if they make agreement with the "proprietress, Mrs. Martha Karns," to stay for some greater length of time. We are glad to see that the *Colorado Monthly* has a department devoted to educational matters, and proposes to impress it on the minds of the people that the way to make a community richest, in money and in everything else, is to support good schools and give every child an education—in which undertaking we hope the editor and publisher may succeed; and, indeed, in every other of the "variety of good objects" to which they announce that their magazine is devoted, not forgetting their wonderful scheme of making people read their advertising columns. They offer a prize of twenty-five dollars to the person who first solves a certain puzzle—the solution being, so far as we make out, occultly hidden in the words of the advertisements themselves, and only to be got at by the conscientious reader who counts each letter; or, indeed, we may say, by the prince of darkness himself, such is the depth of obscurity in which the ingenious author has involved the subject.

—The conductors of the *City*, the newest of the New York magazines, announce that in their undertaking "a due mingling of purely literary, artistic, instructive, and practical matters covering the ground of taste, culture, convenience, and public good is aimed at." Of this extensive field, the number before us best succeeds in covering the artistic part, and we bespeak the attention of our readers for the photozincographic reproductions which illustrate Mr. Charles Sumner's article entitled "The Best Portraits in Engraving." Mr. Sumner has long been a great collector of fine engravings, and being, to say the least of it, not less avid of facts than he is known to be of principles, he does not possess an engraving about whose subject and author he does not know all that the books tell us, and about which he cannot discourse not only instructively, if one is fond of facts, but with interest and feeling also, as of a collector fond of his treasures. The publisher of the *City* Mr. Sumner has permitted to make use of his collection for the purpose of copying two portraits, famous among connoisseurs as masterpieces of the prince and the king of engraving, Nanteuil and Gerard Edelinck—the portraits, namely, of Pompone de Bellièvre, President of the Parliament of France, and of Philippe de Champagne, a Flemish painter. For letterpress to accompany these reproductions—which must be said to be executed with a success greater than could have been well expected—Mr. Sumner has made a sort of essay about engravers and engravings, and especially about these two great engravings, in which he comments very agreeably on the works and the workmen of this branch of art. We do not know of anything from his pen more pleasant. Perhaps, however, the intrinsic beauty, great as it is, of the funeral sermon preached over the body of Pompone de Bellièvre, is hardly so great as to make us glad, all things considered, to see Mr. Sumner taking pains to quote from it this passage: "It were easy for him," says the preacher, "to have turned a deluge of wealth into his house, but he knew that gifts insensibly corrupt—that the specious pretext of gratitude is the snare in which the greatest souls allow themselves to be caught; that a man covered with favors has difficulty in setting himself against injustice in all its forms; and that a magistrate divided between a sense of obligations received and the care of the public interest, which he ought always to promote, is a paralytic magistrate, deprived of a moiety of himself." The magnanimity of Pompone's soul, as depicted in his face, where wisdom, benevolence, and courage are refined and lighted up by delicacy and honor, is much to be desired for all magistrates in all lands; but there is a way and a time of rebuking magistrates who may lack it that set to youth an example of delicacy and true dignity of spirit much better than that set by the personage rebuked. Mr. Sumner supplies the one of the two "distinguished authors" of the list of contributors to the *City*, and his contribution differs decidedly from similar contributions that magazines sometimes show us. The case is different with the other, for Mr. Greeley's remarks about the various "World's Fairs" and crystal palaces are singularly empty, especially if one considers the chance which the subject afforded any writer with definite views on the subject of protection for American industry. A writer new to us, Mr. Andrew C. Wheeler, begins an American novel, "Water Won," which apparently has a good deal of Charles Reade in it—or rather the writer appears to have something of Charles Reade in him, which is another matter. We do not know if it will be good, but we found ourselves reading these first chapters with some interest. Another article is one entitled "Nota Bene," in which Mr. William Wyckoff talks of street signs, and, among other things, informs the Broadway passenger that the gray horse, which he will recollect as looking so lifelike, in a certain carriage warehouse on the right-hand side as one goes up, has doubtless perished in the Chicago fire; for it was to Chicago he was sent when two or three years ago he was lost to Broadway. A sign, which was once visible somewhere near this same horse's window, and which Mr. Wyckoff does not mention in his full enumeration, we remember as being among the more effective of its kind. It was the stripped skin of a lion's whelp that had been untimely cut off, or perhaps untimely born; but, small as it was—it was no more than a few inches long—it had in its countenance all the dignified fierceness and energy of aspect that it could have shown had it been of full age to rend and tear. Something was due to the yellow glass eyeballs which the taxidermist had given him; but the frown and the set of the jaw were as much his own and as leonine as if he had never known bran, but, as the ancient fable ran, his father breathed upon and put life in his nostrils. "The Townward Tendency" is an essay by Dr. Bellows, in which the tendency of population to accumulate in cities is discussed and approved; "The Modern Magian" is a story by Mr. Julian Hawthorne; "Jessie" is by Mrs. Harriett Prescott Spofford; "Hotels" is by Mr. Thomas W. Knox; "The Editor's Rendezvous" contains brief essays like the "Nebulæ" of the *Galaxy*, but more extensive in range, as being to some extent political, and as containing what literary and other criticism the magazine contains; Mr. A. R. Spofford makes an article on "American Humor"; there is a poem by Mr. Stedman; there is a series of illustrations, procured from General McClellan's office, showing what is the scheme for the restoration of our piers and docks; and there is, finally, a scientific article, illustrated, entitled "Studies of the Tides," and written by Mr. J. E. Hilgard. This, we think, will be called a very good showing for a first number. Perhaps it will be considered promising for the pecuniary success of the *City* that the publisher places between the body of the magazine and the advertisements some pages which bear the name of "A Record of Progress," and in which proprietors of inventions, projectors of railroads, and other similar business men may, for a stipulated price, explain their schemes. Exercising a certain care, the publisher may even make this department, or a portion of it, agreeable reading for the general public. For instance, anybody whatsoever might be very willing to read the pages in which Colonel Ezra Miller sets forth the merits of his improved method of coupling cars. Railroad commissioners know all about it, we suppose; but it would seem advisable for passengers to know about it too, if it is really true that there is in use on many railroads, and may at no great expense be in use on all, a mode of coupling cars which makes it absolutely impossible that there should be such an accident as that "telescoping" accident in Massachusetts last summer; which entirely prevents that jerk at starting which is so disagreeable to nervous people and other people; which vastly diminishes that oscillation of the cars when in rapid motion which is of all sources of railroad accidents the most fruitful; and which renders unnecessary the crushing of brakemen between the cars they are coupling, as the Miller platform is so constructed that the cars are coupled automatically. Colonel Miller's presentation of his case is eminently taking, and seems to be the writing of a very straightforward and trustworthy man. It is his assertion that loose coupling causes seven-eighths of the accidents on American railroads.

—The *Kansas Magazine* offers in justification of its existence the statement that "the word 'Kansas' is at once historic and characteristic, embracing both a memory worth preserving and a present fit for portrayal," that "Kansas history is national history, Kansas people are cosmopolites, and Kansas enterprise fully reflects that splendid spirit of faith and pluck which is carrying civilization horizonward." This no doubt means that the magazine will give us sketches of the men and actions of the days when Kansas was "bleeding Kansas," and "Border Ruffians" and "Free State men" were fighting out, as well as Mr. Buchanan's governors would let them, the quarrel between the North and South. Kansas politics were, at any rate, national politics, whatever they may be now, and many a tale could be told of the fanaticism of freedom and the fanaticism of slavery, which struggled together on her prairies from the days of '54 and '55 till the last stroke of slavery, when Quantrell's raiders massacred the people of Lawrence. This is well done in one article in this first number of the magazine—"Border Annals," by Mr. C. B. Wilkinson, who gives us a chapter out of the history of the famous city of Saint Jo, where Southwestern Secessionism once made its headquarters. "Oliver Brown," too, by Mr. F. B. Sanborn, is a sketch that may be said to belong to Kansas, in virtue of the leadership of "Old Osawattomie," his father, in the bushwhacking days; and the same thing may with emphasis be said of the obituary remarks on James Montgomery, better known as Jim Montgomery, and to some as Colonel Montgomery, who commanded after the Kansas time, or attempted to command, a colored regiment in South Carolina and Georgia. He could not make war in a way to satisfy Colonel Shaw, who, we think, served with him at one time, nor Colonel Higginson, nor indeed anybody else who had any notion of making war in a civilized manner. But when it came to the kind of business indicated by this entry in his note-book, he was at precisely the business he could do: "Russ Hinds: hung the 16th day of November. He was a drunken Border Ruffian, with a good deal to hang, but good for nothing else. He had caught a fugitive slave, and carried him back to Missouri for the sake of a reward. He was condemned by a jury of twelve men. The law found in the 16th verse of Exodus 21st." The text in question, which reads, "And he that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death," certainly was no part of the Territorial law; but Montgomery was an Old Testament Puritan, and the circumstances of Kansas were such just then as to require men of a certain sort rather than perfect men. A few like him might do something for Kansas politics—or politicians perhaps—even to-day, when Border Ruffianism has ceased. It is still profitable to reflect, if we may be excused for pointing the moral for the thousandth time, how it is that the Montgomerys are succeeded by the Pomeroys. We believe there is little else to mention in the January number of the *Kansas Magazine*. "Black Jack" narrates a thoroughly Western incident of the wild variety; Mr. W. E. Channing writes about "Wulur Lake," and puts the condor in the Himalayas; Mrs. H. M. North declares that the French were beaten by the Prussians because they "have no homes"; there are some lively short paragraphs under the heading "A-bee-cees"; some poetry by Mr. George Alfred Townsend; a pathetic Western piece called "Nerv"; and, in general, what may be called a miscellaneous assortment of magazine pieces which, we should think, might have a local popularity. There is not as yet, we should say, much promise of the general public's being very commandingly addressed by the new magazine; but old Abolitionists, who were active in the days of Sharpe's rifles and the New England Emigration Society, may find things that will have for them very much interest.

—Mr. Wendell Phillips's lecture on the "Lost Arts," which has probably been repeated oftener than any other that has been heard in our "lyceums," has more than once been accused of inaccuracies which seriously weaken the case he seems to make out for the ancients. For his aim is to show that they not only practised a number of valuable arts of which the secret has perished, but were familiar with others on which modern discovery plumes itself. The microscope and the telescope find their place, according to Mr. Phillips, in the latter category. M. Th. Henri Martin, Dean of the Faculty of Letters in Rennes, is of the opposite opinion, as is implied in the title of a recent contribution of his to an Italian scientific journal: "On the Optical Instruments falsely attributed to the Ancients by some Modern Scholars." M. Martin denies that the optical tube with which the ancients observed the stars was anything but a tube, without lenses; and accounts for their having seen stars now only discoverable with a glass on the supposition that such astronomers were endowed with uncommon vision, besides that the stars themselves may have undergone changes in the meantime affecting their prominence and importance. The same argument is extended to spectacles for the near-sighted, microscopes, and other magnifying contrivances, as to all which the author contends that the ancients, if they had had them, would have left some mention of them in their writings. Doubtless his explanation, which is ingeniously and learnedly framed, will solve many of the problems proposed by those who take Mr. Phillips's view, but on the face of it it seems inadequate to remove the grounds of controversy altogether.

—M. Philarète Chasles, in a very caustic review of French literature during the past year, in the *Athenæum* of December 30, has several "little digs" at the French Academy, he being of opinion that it is a national disgrace not to find on its rolls the names of such creative geniuses as Descartes, Molière, Beaumarchais, Dumas, and Fourier. He asserts that "it has no longer any weight in the intellectual sphere, but merely in the sphere of intrigues." It can only recover its influence by changing the mode of its elections. The change which M. Chasles proposes is radical indeed. The "stupid custom" of the candidate calling upon his future electors must be given up. Next, a list of candidates deemed worthy must be drawn up, and the discussions had on them published. Then a certain time must still elapse before the election, in which the Academy must "consult public opinion." The new academician, by the way, M. Littré, gives notice in the *Philosophie Positive* of an intention on the part of himself and his associates in that Review to compose six treatises—"one for each of the fundamental sciences, mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, and sociology." These are to be so subordinated to one another that each science forms an introduction to the one above it in the scale. Moreover, by including only what is of essential importance, the entire course is to be made brief enough to be mastered in a time compatible with the necessities of life, and still "complete enough to raise the student to the main level of positive knowledge."

—An article in the *Academy* of December 15, by Professor Max Müller, shows very significantly what progress in Latin pronunciation has been made in England during the past few months. When the question of reform was started, Professor Müller felt very much exercised about the letter *c*. He thought this would be an insuperable stumbling-block to the conservative English mind. "What!" it would be said, "is *Sisero* to be called *Kikero?* This will never do in the world." So, for the benefit of the weaker brethren, he called attention to the well-known difference between guttural and palatal *k*, attempting to show that *something* might be said in favor of a slightly different sound of the *c* in *ca* and in *ci*. In one sense, his argument was a decided success. When a special pleader of Professor Müller's ability and ingenuity made so poor a case, it showed how little hope there was for such pronunciations as *Tchitchero*, *Tsitsero*, and *Sisero*. After being away from England some months, Professor Müller has just got back, and, behold a change! He finds that since he has been gone—*posquam illuc Arrius isset*—the British youth have all learned to say *Kikero*. Now he withdraws his plea, and welcomes the *k* pronunciation, which he was always in favor of.

—On one point we must take exception to Professor Müller's statements. He says: "Though nearly all scholars in Germany and France were convinced that *Kikero* was right and *Zizero*"—he means *Tsitsero*—"was wrong, not one, as far as I know, had ever ventured to adopt the right pronunciation in any university or school. . . . I see with great satisfaction that public opinion in England, or, I should rather say, the opinion of those on whom the introduction of a correct pronunciation of Latin will mainly depend, the masters of public schools, has made such rapid progress that no compromise is required. I, therefore, gladly withdraw my plea, and I hope that England will have the credit in this as in other reforms, if not of having been the first to find out what is right, at all events of having been the first to do what is right." Such credit as may attach to "having been the first to do what is right" can hardly be left with England. Long before any stir was made in England, the Reformed Pronunciation had been adopted in Harvard College, and taken up with great alacrity by the schools preparing pupils for that institution. In the excellent Boston Latin School, for example—not to speak of many other schools, public and private, in Massachusetts—a generation of boys is growing up to which *Sisero* in a Latin sentence will have quite an Opican twang. We say in a Latin sentence, for the distinction between a Roman name in a Latin sentence and the same name in ordinary English parlance is often left out of sight. To say Kikero and Kaisar, in talking English, would be as pedantic as to say *Firenze* or *Wien*. By the way, how long will newspapers and popular magazines keep up the meaningless phrase, "Continental pronunciation," when there is such good ground for hope that the Reformed or Latin Pronunciation may uproot all Continental pronunciations?

—Latin pronunciation naturally suggests Greek pronunciation. In the year 1848, Professor Sophocles published his "History of the Greek Alphabet, with Remarks on Greek Orthography and Pronunciation." Though this book showed the same vast reading and masterly grasp of the subject which have made the author's subsequent works classics, it attracted very little attention. It was published twenty or thirty years too soon, and the public mind was apathetic. A new edition, with such modifications as Professor Sophocles's later studies might suggest, would be gladly welcomed now and receive the attention it would deserve.

—For new books on Music one has always to go to Germany, and the publications of the last few months present much that is interesting. First and foremost is the collection of "Popular Lectures on the Formation of a Critical Musical Taste," by Hermann Küster (Leipzig: Breitkopf und Hertel), which should be read by every one who wishes to enjoy music understandingly. The lectures are clear and well expressed, and are full of excellent examples. The "Catechism of Composition," by J. E. Lobe (Leipzig: Weber), and the "Theoretical and Practical Study of Harmony and Music" of Leopold Heinze (Ober-Glogau: Handel), will carry the reader further into the practical knowledge of music. Among books of musical history and biography we must note "German Composers," by Dr. Emil Naumann (Berlin: Oppenheim), a series of lectures delivered at the Victoria Lyceum in 1870-71, devoted to the chief German composers since Bach. The treatment of Meyerbeer and Wagner in one chapter is exceedingly singular. "The Great Piano-forte Virtuosi of our Time" (Berlin: Behr) is a very entertaining collection of reminiscences of Liszt, Chopin, Tausig, and Henselt, by W. von Lenz, well known to the musical world by his studies on Beethoven. Lenz is now very old, and it can be seen from the title that the "our time" is not the present day with its Bulon and Rubinstein. Persons who remember Mendelssohn's description in his letters of his playing before Goethe, will perhaps be interested in "Goethe and his Relations to Music," by W. von Bock (Berlin: Schneider). Some new letters and recollections of Mendelssohn himself have just been published by his friend Eduard Devrient. We are glad to see the first volume of the complete writings and poems of Richard Wagner (Leipzig: Fritzsch), which contains, besides "Rienzi" and "Der Fliegende Holländer," the various sketches he published when he was earning his bread in Paris in 1840 and 1841. The best of these is "A Pilgrimage to Beethoven." Wagner then had much humor, and his style was pleasanter than now. His last brochure, "Beethoven," is very hard reading. The Beethoven Centenary of 1870 called out a number of memories, of which the best is "The Beethoven Festival and the Art of the Present," by Ludwig Nohl (Wien: Braumüller), the biographer of Mozart, and an adherent of the new school. Ferdinand Hiller, the successor of Mendelssohn, and a violent partisan of the old school, has also published a charming essay on Beethoven, which is printed separately and also in his little book, "From the Tone-Life of our Time" (Leipzig: Leuckart). This book contains in addition articles on Rossini, Hauptmann, and Bach, and an amusing sketch called "Too Much Music," directed against the tendency to riot in musical noise at dinners and balls and in gardens of all sorts.

—We have received from Messrs. B. Westermann & Co. the "Almanach de Gotha" for 1872, and from Messrs. Pott, Young & Co. "Whitaker's Almanac," also for the current year. Armed with these two annuals, no American need remain ignorant how any part of the civilized world is governed, what its population is, and area and productions, and how it is represented abroad; and especially how the English-speaking portion of the globe fares socially and politically. The "Almanach de Gotha," with its princely genealogies, its diplomatic and statistical exhibit for the year, its necrology and its *chronique*, is too well known to need description. The present issue (its 109th) has as usual a number of steel portraits—of the King and Queen of Spain, Gen. Von Roon, Gortchakoff, and Thiers. The changes wrought by the Franco-German war are thus briefly indicated in the preface:

> "In the *Partie généalogique* a new chapter has been devoted to the imperial house of Germany; the chapter 'France' has been suppressed, and the family of Napoleon III. figures under the name of 'Bonaparte' [second part of the Genealogy: *Familles princières non souveraines.*] The nomenclature of the Cardinals hitherto contained in the chapter 'Pope and Cardinals' has been transferred to the *Partie diplomatique* under the rubric 'Holy Apostolic See.' A new chapter has also been inserted under 'Spain' devoted to the family now reigning in that country."

"Whitaker's Almanac" is, we trust, known to most of our readers—if it is not, they will be surprised at the amount of useful information compressed into so small a compass and sold at so cheap a price. It is, of course, primarily designed to circulate in Great Britain and the colonies, and hence is rich in lists of the peerage, of the House of Commons, of the army, etc., etc., and in imperial statistics; but all that relates to foreign countries has as much interest for American as for British readers. Like the "Almanach de Gotha," it has especial value for editors, and writers upon foreign affairs, and indeed may be said to be indispensable to them. It has proved serviceable, we remark by the way, to the editor of the New York *Observer* "Year Book," which appeared for the first time last year, on better paper and more attractively printed than now. The only substantial difference between the two editions (excepting the extensive alterations to date) is that the present "Year Book" furnishes extracts from the census, and reproduces certain early numbers of "Poor Richard's Almanac," which are curious reading. Without overlooking the humor of the passage which we quote from the preface to "Poor Richard" for 1737, we may fairly conclude from it that Franklin had no prevision of a weather-signal service such as now lets "anybody know what weather it is 1,000 miles off":

> "As to the weather, if I was to fall into the method my brother J——n sometimes uses, and tell you, *Snow here, or in New England,—Rain here, or in South Carolina,—Cold to the northward,—Warm to the Southward*, and the like, whatever errors I might commit, I should be something more secure of not being detected in them: But I consider it will be of no service to anybody to know what weather it is 1,000 miles off, and therefore I always set down positively what weather my reader will have, be he where he will at the time. We modestly desire only the favorable allowance of *a day or two before, and a day or two after* the precise day against which the weather is set;—and if it does not come to pass accordingly, let the fault be laid upon the printer, who, 'tis very like, may have transposed or misplac'd it, perhaps for the convenience of putting in his holidays: and since, in spight of all I can say, people will give him great part of the credit of making my Almanacks, 'tis but reasonable he should take some share of the blame."

—While speaking of annuals, we must mention a work so elaborate that it hardly seems to belong to the class: "The Illustrated Catalogue and Oarsman's Manual for 1871" (Troy: Waters, Balch & Co.) This catalogue is a bound volume, quarto, of nearly 500 pages, beautifully printed on toned paper, with red-line borders throughout, and liberally illustrated. Primarily designed to advertise the merits of the paper boats manufactured by the publishers, it appears to have been diligently and conscientiously edited with a view to embracing all that is needful to be known in regard to the structure of pleasure-boats, the art of rowing, the best methods of training, and the history of boat-racing in this country and in England. The *Rob Roy* canoe is here figured in diagrams, along with the shells with which Americans are more familiar, and of which twenty-two varieties are here counted. Part V. is devoted to hints on the construction of boat-houses, also accompanied by plans and specifications. Part III. relates to regattas, and is undoubtedly the completest record ever attempted of our college and association races, of the English university races, and of international contests; while Part IV. is a very elaborate directory of the boat-rowing and hunting clubs and associations of the United States and British Provinces in existence on the 30th November, 1870. This directory, generally giving two names on a page, includes 273 associations, great and small, and extends over 150 pages. The collection of these statistics could only have been the result of great painstaking, but we have no doubt the publishers will find their account in it. They promise an improved edition next year, but those whose interest lies in the practical rather than the statistical portions of the "Manual," and would be disposed to purchase it on that account, need hardly fear, we should think, that the present edition will be superseded.

TAINE'S NOTES ON ENGLAND.*

NOW that by the issue of an English version of his "English Literature" M. Taine has been made one of the topics of the day, this volume of "Notes on England" may expect a double welcome. Offering, as it does, a glimpse of the documents and materials on which the History rests, it is a valuable complementary sequel to that work. These notes were taken, the author informs us in a short preface, during two visits, in 1861 and 1862; they have been revised and modified from the impressions of a visit last year, and, as they stand, they present an extremely copious and comprehensive record of personal experience.

The reader's foremost impression will be that the author is a singularly vigilant and methodical observer. His note-book is never out of his hand, and facts, facts, is his constant demand. His work fairly bristles with them; his constant effort is to resolve his impression into a positive and definite statement. "I continue," he somewhere says, "to jot down conversations; nothing seems to me so pleasant as an evening passed in this way, with one or two interlocutors who are sincere, obliging, and unprejudiced, who have seen life and the world; national conceit does not interfere; you talk to learn, not to contend or shine. You venture to give the little characteristic fact, the precise, telling detail; each offers, as briefly as he can, the best of his experience. . . . My mind has never fed so largely nor so well; I remained catechizing and listening till one o'clock in the morning." And again: "When I feel an inference beginning to take shape in my mind, I carry it to two or three English friends who have travelled; I submit it to their judgment; we reason about it; it comes out of the discussion corrected or developed, and the next day I write it down as it stands." As to the value of some of M. Taine's inferences there will be various opinions, but his manner is the right manner, and his temper is excellent.

He begins with the *dehors*—the outside look of things; and by the energy and vivacity of his pictorial faculty reminds us afresh of what we have formerly suspected—that descriptive and not philosophical writing is his strong point. He visits docks and workhouses and churches; he goes to the Derby, walks the streets, and lounges indefatigably in the parks; questions, converses, gazes, crowds item upon item. The climate seems to him detestable; he returns to it again and again with undiminished hostility, and exhausts his vocabulary in the attempt to express its abominations. We think that he exaggerates its influence as a factor in English character; but correctness here is a matter of degree. One thing certainly may be said: that if national temper is the product of external influences to the extent contended for by M. Taine, a larger sense of external beauty than he recognizes would have been apportioned to the English; for their climate, if not the most cheerful, is surely the most picturesque and, so to speak, the most pictorial in Europe. For a single "effect" in landscape and interior scenery produced in France or Italy at a given moment by the play of light and shade, there are a hundred in England. There is a hiatus here, as at various other points in M. Taine's reasoning. The moist, darksome, shifting, marine atmosphere which in his theory helps so largely to account for the idiosyncrasies of the Flemish and Dutch painters—their lowness of tone, their patient science and finish—has produced under English conditions the gaudiest school of art in Europe—a school in which color is nothing if not "telling," and in which, as a general thing, science and finish are conspicuously absent. In fact, we imagine foreign observers are apt to lapse into an easy fallacy as regards the English climate. There is, in the first place, the peculiar atmospheric medium of London, Liverpool, and Manchester—a monstrous and indefinable compound of fog and coal smoke and the myriad fine exhalations of serried hundreds of thousands of human creatures, half of them the most squalid in the world; then there is, in the second place, the English climate proper—the climate of villages and lanes and parks, of the whole vast world of English ruralism, and this, to the eye of sense (putting aside the eye of sentiment), fairly swarms with æsthetic suggestions. On the whole, M. Taine finds little beauty in the outward aspect of English life. He is overwhelmed, like most foreigners, with the massiveness and hugeness and multitudinousness of the material civilization, and he is struck, like Hawthorne, with a certain broad analogy between the English and the Romans of the Empire. The same vast and multifarious needs, gratified on the same huge scale—in the one case by conquest, in the other by industry; the same immense development of practical and material resources. The Crystal Palace at Sydenham, with its gigantic aggregation of specimens and trophies and pastimes, vividly recalls the traditional image of the baths and circuses and museums of the antique sovereign people. The want of taste is the salient fact: if it strikes an American, it must doubly offend a Frenchman; and it finds its most powerful expression in the costume of the women. "Their excessive overdress suggests the *lorette* or the *parvenue;* one is amazed to see reputable young women decked out in such a fashion. At Hyde Park, on Sunday, among the ladies and the young girls of the wealthy middle-class, the intemperance of dress is shocking; bonnets like piled-up tufts of rhododendrons, or else of snowy whiteness and extraordinary smallness, with bundles of red flowers and enormous ribbons; dresses of shiny violet silk, with dazzling reflections, or of stiff tulle on a roundabout cage of petticoats bristling with embroidery; immense shawls of black lace falling to the heels, gloves of spotless white or of vivid purple; chains of gold, belts of gold, with buckles of gold; hair falling in a shining mass upon the back. . . . Their heads are stiff on their necks, like those of beadles in a church-march; their hair is either plastered flat or excessively undone." And on top of all this, no grace of movement. To the beauty of Englishwomen the author in various other places does ample justice, and of their moral graces, their steadfastness, their devotion, their precious domestic virtues, he seems to have formed a most flattering opinion. But as to their social faculty he makes the following happy discrimination:

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* "Notes sur l'Angleterre. Par H. Taine." Paris: Hachette. 1872.

> "According to C., an Englishwoman is incapable of presiding in a drawing-room (*tenir un salon*) as skilfully as a Frenchwoman; he knows but two or three women in this country who could. The Englishwoman lacks the tact, the promptitude, the pliancy, to enable her to accommodate herself to people and things, to vary her greeting, to catch a hint, slip in a compliment, make each guest the object of a particular welcome. She is only affable; she has nothing but kindness and calmness. For myself, I ask nothing more, and I imagine nothing better. But it is plain that a woman of the world, a woman who desires to make her house a favored and valued place of reunion for distinguished people of all kinds, has need of a talent more complex and more delicate. C. vastly admires the ease with which, with us, a young wife learns the world. A month after her marriage, she knows how to do the honors of her home to all comers; and, in the same way, a little *bourgeoise* takes her place at the desk in the shop the day after her wedding, catches the trick of the trade, talks, smiles, keeps customers. I saw the contrast at Dieppe, in a restaurant. The husband, a Frenchman, always *empressé* and smiling, circulated among the tables with all kinds of civilities, and seemed to be waiting on people for his pleasure; the wife, an Englishwoman, stiff and serious, said in icy tones to people as they rose from table, '*Havé-vo payé, mosieur ?*'"

For certain elderly gentlewomen of England he professes an especial relish. Here is a passage which at once expresses it, and indicates his admirable faculty for presenting his impressions as pictures:

> "Two of these aged ladies have remained in my mind as a fine Dutch picture. It was in the country, in a lofty parlor, upholstered in white and pearl-gray; the high light was softened by the evening shadows. The broad middle window jutted out upon a series of flower-beds, showing masses of verdure through its brilliant panes. On a chair, near the light, a young girl—fair, intelligent, and cold—sat reading a little religious treatise. In the middle, two old ladies, before a tea-table, entertained their guest. Faces with large features, serene, decided, even imperious; in this single point they differed from the Flemish portraits. For dress, gowns of black silk, in large folds, lace at the throat and at the wrists, rich gauze caps, with streamers, white embroideries at the bosom, as in the figures of Mierevelt; the combination of severity and opulence which is displeasing in the adornments of the younger woman harmonized with their age and their gravity. Around them, the signs of ample fortune, unquestioned position, a well-balanced mind, a healthy soul, a worthy life."

Upon education there is a very interesting chapter, especially in its remarks on the public schools and on Oxford. English children seem to him essentially different from French—the grand distinction being that, as regards boys especially, there is no definite line of division, as in France, between the moral life of the child and that of the grown man. "School and society are on a level, without intermediate wall or moat: one prepares for the other and leads into it, and the boy enters life not from a forcing-house and special atmosphere. . . . The French collegian is *ennuyé,* embittered, over-refined, precocious—too precocious; he is kept in a cage, and his imagination ferments." The relation between English parents and children puzzles him, as it does most foreigners. The apparently reckless multiplication of offspring, the necessity not only of sons but of daughters shifting for themselves, the want of sentimental confidence between mothers and sons, are all at variance with French tradition. As to French habits under this last head, he mentions some facts which the unregenerate Anglo-Saxon mind hardly knows whether to pronounce very nice or (as Charles Lamb says) very nasty. He closes his account of Oxford with a reflection which admits us vividly into a certain bitter and, as it were, tragical phase of an intelligent Frenchman's consciousness—words which suggest afresh what so frequently occurs to students of French literature, that the rays of the sun of "glory" must, after all, be rather chilling ones:

> "I visit [at Oxford] two or three of the professors' residences; some recalling old French *hôtels,* others modern and delightful, all with gardens and flowers, outlooks noble or graceful. In the very oldest, beneath the portraits of former occupants, are gathered all the elements of modern comfort. I compare them to those of our *savants*—denlike lodgings in some third story, in a great city, or to the gloomy quarters of the Sorbonne, and I think of the meagre, colorless aspect of our Collége de France. Poor French! poor, indeed, living here and there as we can! We are of yesterday; we have been ruined from father to son by Louis XIV., Louis XV., by the Revolution, by the Empire. We had pulled down, and had to make over all things anew. Here the generation that follows never breaks with the generation that precedes; institutions are reformed by superposition, and the present, resting on the past, continues it."

Both the interest of M. Taine's work and the rigor of his method reach their climax in his chapter on "The English Mind." He has collected here a number of suggestive facts—such facts as a society rarely disengages by any spontaneous attempt at self-analysis, and for which it is generally indebted to the fresher vision of an alien. His main impression is that the characteristic English mind is indifferent and even hostile to ideas, and finds its almost exclusive pabulum in facts. The inside of an English head is like one of Murray's guide-books, crammed with facts, figures, statistics, maps, bits of historical information, useful moral admonitions; it lacks *vues d'ensemble,* spontaneity of thought, the general harmonizing action of a sense of style and form. Society furnishes the young Englishman when he enters it with ready-made moulds (*cadres*) of thought; the religion is reasonable, the constitution excellent; the great lines of belief are distinctly traced. The author says elsewhere, we remember, that the Englishman who begins life finds on all things ready-made answers; the young Frenchman nothing but ready-made doubts. To theories, inferences, conclusions, to the more or less irresponsible play of conjecture, opinion, and invention, the Englishman turns the cold shoulder. His power of conclusion strikes the author as strangely unproportioned to his rate of information. M. Taine cites as an example a letter in Carlyle's "Life of Sterling," written by Sterling from the West Indies to his mother immediately after a fierce tornado had ravaged his estate and almost destroyed his house. The writer is an author, a poet, a man of fancy, but he confines himself to a naked statement of facts; he accumulates details, he draws a diagram, he suggests Gulliver and Robinson Crusoe. The point with M. Taine is that he makes no phrases, no attempt to embroider, generalize, or round off his picture. And this love of facts is the more striking, as it includes the taste for moral as well as material facts. M. Taine mentions two letters shown him by an English lady, from two young friends recently married, each considering herself the happiest woman in the world. One of these ladies gives an exhaustive account of her material circumstances—of her husband's appearance, manners, temper, of their house, their neighbors, their expenditure, their whole external economy. The other traces, in equal detail, the moral history of her courtship and honeymoon, and reveals a singular aptitude for psychological observation. The clearness, directness, and simplicity of each letter is the same; each is a string of special facts, without a hint of general reflection or conception.

M. Taine touches further upon the comparative paucity in English speech of abstract words and general terms. Nothing is more natural in French than such a formula as *le vrai, le beau et le bien;* nothing is less a matter of course in English than to allude to the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. M.

Taine, we suppose, pretends here to be dealing only with those straws which show how the wind blows, so that we may suggest a case even more in point—the common currency in French speech of the term *la femme*, as compared with its English analogue. For twenty times that this agreeable entity figures in an average French conversation, it puts in but the shadow of an appearance in an English one. M. Taine's theory may be infinitely fortified by special examples, and Americans, as a general thing, if they are not sensibly more furnished with the conceptive turn of mind, as we may roughly term it, than the English, are sufficiently less oppressed by that indefinable social proscription which, in England, weighs upon the jauntily-theorizing tendency, to feel a certain kindly fellowship with our author in his effort to establish his distinction. There is that in the walk and conversation of the average self-respecting Briton which denotes the belief that it is a sign of inferior, or at best of foreign, breeding to indulge, in the glow of conversational confidence, the occasional impulse to extemporize a picturesque formula, or to harmonize fact with fact by the plastic solvent of an "idea." This idiosyncrasy, definitely stated, however, belongs to that class of allegations which immediately evokes as large a body of contradictory as of confirmatory testimony; and to our minds a juster, or at least a simpler, expression of the prime intellectual difference between the English and French is to be found in their unequal apportionment of the sense of form and shape. The French possess that lively æsthetic conscience which, on the whole, is such a simplifier. Upon this point our author also touches: "In our magazines an article, even on science or on political economy, should have an exordium, a peroration, an architecture; there occur few in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* which are not preceded by a sort of porch of general ideas." That quality of the English mind on which M. Taine most insists—its imaginative force—might seem in some degree to undermine this charge of the want of intellectual agility; but in English imaginations it is the moral leaven that works most strongly; their home is the realm of psychology, and their fondest exercise not the elaboration of theories, but the exposition of the facts of human character, the mysteries and secrets of conscience and the innumerable incidents of life. The English genius for psychological observation has no correlative in France. Its vast range is indicated, in M. Taine's opinion, by that delicate scrutiny of the childish mind effected by so many English-writing novelists—Dickens, George Eliot, the author of the "Wide, Wide World." We may say, on the other hand, however, that the enquiry has perhaps been pushed at one end to its undue curtailment at the other. If there are no David Copperfields nor Tom Tullivers in French literature, there are no Madame Bovarys, Jacques, nor Mauprats in English.

It is in fiction and in painting that this characteristic comes out most strongly; and upon the English school of art M. Taine has several very interesting pages. The absence of form, of the sense of design and of beauty, and the rich suggestiveness on the moral and sentimental line, seem to him here equally conspicuous. He professes a deep though restricted relish for Wilkie and Mulready, Landseer and Leslie:

> "It is impossible to be more expressive, to expend more effort to address the mind through the senses, to illustrate an idea or a truth, to collect into a surface of twelve square inches a closer group of psychological observations. What patient and penetrating critics! What connoisseurs of man! . . . I find here and there masterpieces of this kind—that of Johnston, for example—'Lord and Lady Russell receiving the Sacrament.' Lord Russell is about to ascend the scaffold; his wife looks at him full in the face to learn if he is reconciled with God. This intense gaze of the wife and Christian is admirable; she is satisfied now of her husband's salvation. What a pity that it should have been painted instead of being written!"

The reader who remembers the work in question (at Kensington) will agree that it is a singularly characteristic mixture of sentimental delicacy and pictorial ineffectiveness. We refer him to the author's remarks on the further idiosyncrasies of English art and on Mr. Ruskin's theories. They will yield some of the elements of that critical corrective without which Ruskin is so erratic, and with which he is so profitable, a monitor. The art in which the English have best succeeded is that of poetry; the deep impressibility of the moral *ego* feeds the sources of their verse with unequalled generosity:

> "No poetry equals theirs, speaks so strongly and distinctly to the soul, moves it more to the depths, carries in its diction a heavier burden of meaning, reflects better the shocks and the strivings of our inward being, grasps the mind more potently and effectively, and draws from the innermost chords of personality sounds so magnificent and so searching."

The reader will be surprised after this handsome compliment to find M. Taine citing "Aurora Leigh" with infinite admiration as a representative English poem. This choice is a capital example of that want of *initiation* which his history so constantly betrays, of his insensibility to the color and mystery, as we may say, of English diction, and of his consequent failure to apprehend the native code of æsthetics and do justice to a whole great province of the English mind. This province he has hardly visited; he might have gathered there on the outskirts many a Tennysonian, a Wordsworthian, or even a Byronic lyric, telling more in its twenty lines of the real genius of English verse than Mrs. Browning in her twenty thousand. Mrs. Browning, however, was certainly a poet of English temper, and we have no desire to cut the ground from under the feet of genuine admiration.

M. Taine, reviewing his impressions, briefly concludes that the English are better off than the French in three main points: the stability and liberality of their political system; the morality and healthy tone of their religion; the extent of their acquired wealth, and their greater ease in acquiring and producing. Against these advantages he places in France: the better climate; the more equal distribution of property; and the *vie de famille et de société*. You have in France the immense advantage that—

> "In talk, you can say anything—go to the end of your story or your theory. Fiction, criticism, art, philosophy, and general curiosity are not shackled, as on the other side of the Channel, by religion, morality, and the official proprieties. . . . These differences make the English stronger, the French happier."

A very obvious remark is that if, just now, the French can manage to be happy, we can but wonder and admire. But, in fact, French optimism has been pretty rudely tested through the whole course of French history. The "spirit of conversation" apparently holds its own. May it still stand firm and continue to produce talents as vigorous, as living, as national as that of M. Taine!

RECENT EXPLORATIONS IN THE PENINSULA OF SINAI.

Explorations in Sinai, looked at simply as narratives of travel, are usually regarded as having no longer the charm of novelty. Robinson, with his cautious and exact statements, and Stanley, with his pictorial descriptions, have made the general aspects of the Peninsula familiar to all who are interested in Biblical archæology. Mr. Palmer is the latest of a long line of competent men—Burckhardt, Russegger, Ruppell, Laborde, Robinson, Lepsius, Wilson, Bonar, Stanley, and Holland—who have endeavored, by original and protracted enquiries, to interpret the geography, complex and difficult as it is, of that remarkable region, and to show its relations to the Mosaic history. But although the region is thus familiar, there is still something quite novel in the narratives of Mr. Palmer. On his first expedition, he went as the associate of two engineers of the British army, whose business it was to make an accurate map of the Peninsula, under the general directions furnished them by the head of the Ordnance Survey of England, Sir Henry James. Photography also lent its aid to the exact reproduction of important scenes. When we add to this that Mr. Palmer kept rigidly on foot during the journeys which he made, we indicate another noteworthy peculiarity of his narrative. There is, besides, in his story an evident relish for the humorous, which is highly entertaining, though it is sometimes hardly accordant with the subject, and is certainly the very opposite of Dr. Robinson's stately and serious narrative and of Dean Stanley's beautiful style.

Mr. Palmer is still a young man, a Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, and Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic. He is described to us by one who knows him personally as a man of cool, independent judgment, honest, patient, and not likely to be carried away by any prejudice or preconceived theory. His special qualification for the important researches confided to him appears to have been his knowledge of Arabic, which gave him advantages in the enquiries prosecuted on the spot; but the modern nomenclature of places and the modern traditions are notoriously so untrustworthy, that his linguistic talent would have been of little value if it had not been supplemented by careful observation and discriminating methods of examining evidence. He made two journeys to the Peninsula—first with the Ordnance Engineers, as already mentioned, to Sinai proper, in the winter of 1868–9; and second, in 1869–70, under the auspices of the Palestine Exploration Committee, who requested him to prosecute his researches in the wilderness between Sinai and Palestine. The narrative of the first expedition constitutes Part First of the narrative; the second, Part Second.

The party of the Ordnance Survey consisted of Captains Wilson and Palmer, of the Royal Engineers, Rev. F. W. Holland (who had made three previous visits to Sinai, and went as a sort of guide to the expedition), Mr. Wyatt, who was charged with the natural history, four non-commissioned officers of the corps of Engineers, and the author of this narrative, to whom was assigned the duty of archæologist and linguist and that of entomologist—

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[*] "The Desert of the Exodus. By E. H. Palmer, M.A." London: Bell & Daldy. New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. Parts I. and II. 1871. 8vo, pp. 576.

the habits of the natives, as he tells us, "affording every facility for combining the two pursuits." The investigations were directed first to the accurate survey of the country, then to the determination of the site of the true Sinai, and then to an enquiry respecting the capacity of the Peninsula for sustaining the hosts of the Israelitist Exodus. The map is, of course, the chief embodiment of the work of such an expedition as this. An area of country about 3,600 miles in extent, embracing about one-third of the Peninsula, and including the loftiest regions of the south and west, was surveyed and plotted on a scale of two miles to an inch. Besides this, the two noteworthy summits, Jebel Músa and Jebel Serbál (which have been the rival claimants for the name and associations of Mount Sinai), were mapped on the very liberal scale of six inches to the mile. These special surveys were made with great difficulty, partly because the trigonometrical points were sometimes 6,000 or 8,000 feet high, and far apart; partly because, for the want of wood, whitewashed piles of stone were employed as stations. But difficult as these labors may have appeared to the Engineers, they cannot, of course, be compared in difficulty with much that has been done elsewhere—in the trigonometrical survey of India, for example, or by the Californian Geological Survey. The Arabs were completely mystified by the work of the party, sometimes regarding it as extremely absurd, sometimes as extremely suspicious. Sálem, the chief native guide, who had accompanied Mr. Holland on his previous journey, exclaimed one day, "The Captáns spend hours and hours on a single mountain, and don't make much of it after all. Now, Khawájah Hollol was a *jeda* (athlete), and did not waste his time looking through spy-glasses all day; no, he used to take a book in one hand, and a pen in the other, and write it all down as he walked along."

The official map of the Ordnance Survey has not yet come under our eye. It is doubtless satisfactory in a high degree, but the reduced copy of it which is contained in this volume is quite obscurely printed, and, though more accurate in its details, is not nearly so clear and convenient as the map of Kiepert prepared for Robinson. The reduced maps of Serbál and Músa are still more imperfectly executed, and fail to give a clear impression of the relations which are discussed in the text. On the other hand, the woodcuts and lithographs, usually, if not always, reduced from photographs, are distinct and impressive—often Robinson in this part of Palmer's volume, and the conclusion of the Survey is given as if it were a new and important contribution to the local topography. Indeed, we think there is one expression which, in view of Robinson's authority among German and American scholars, as well as among the English, is hardly correct—an assertion that the southeast summit is "generally" regarded as the true Sinai.

This chapter on Mount Sinai, which is far from being as methodical and clear as we could desire in the treatment of a disputed point of so much interest, stands apart from the rest of the volume, which deals very little with questions of historical topography, and very fully with the incidents of travel. In respect to the question as to which is the true Mount Sinai of the Law, one of the summits of Jebel Músa, or one of Jebel Serbál, the members of the Ordnance party give a unanimous answer, and declare it to be Jebel Músa—which is not a single peak, but a mountain mass two miles long and one broad, or thereabouts, with a narrow valley on either side. The plateau in the centre is surrounded by peaks, two of which are prominent above the rest—one at the north, and the other at the south. It is the northern of these summits of Jebel Músa which Mr. Palmer and his party consider to be the site of the giving of the Law by Moses, and they base their opinion on a study of the physical structure of the country and on the narrative in Exodus. These conclusions are very interesting, but so are also two facts which the author of the volume does not mention. In recognizing Jebel Músa as the true Mount Sinai, the Ordnance party confirms the conclusion to which Dr. Robinson came in opposition to Burckhardt and the early Christian traditions—a conclusion which was adopted by Ritter and confirmed by Stanley. Lepsius, among modern writers, has been the most prominent defender of the claims of Serbál. Again, the discovery and designation of the northern slope of this mountain mass, where it declines toward the plain El Rahah, as the site of the Law-giving, is also the work of Robinson, and has been familiar to all students of Biblical archæology since the publication of his researches in 1838. But there is no allusion to the nature of the country; toward the close, a few pages are devoted to the tracing of the route of the Israelites from Egypt to Sinai, and the conclusion is reached that it can be very closely identified. The site of Rephidim is also discussed.

Whatever defects these volumes may have, they are not dry, like the desert to which they relate. Mr. Palmer has great skill in portraying scenes and characters, and great skill, we should judge, in dealing with the monks and Bedawin whom he encounters. His picture of the monks at the Convent of St. Katharine reads like the letter of a traveller sent home to his confidential correspondent—laughable and racy, indeed, but a freely drawn caricature of those whose hospitality had been enjoyed. Among other points of interest in this part of the work may be mentioned a visit to Serbál, where Robinson did not go, a study of the manners and customs of the Sinaitic Bedawin, a visit to the ancient Egyptian turquoise mines of the Wady Igmé, which an Englishman lately attempted in vain to work, and the description of a primeval cairn near Jebel Músa.

The prehistoric remains of Sinai resemble those of some regions in Europe—huge stone circles, like the "Druidical" circles of Britain, skeletons, charcoal, etc., indicating, in the opinion of the writer, the "permanent camps of an ancient pastoral people." The pictures of the convent life are vivid, from the entrance—which was through a side door, and not, as formerly, by a rope let down from the window—to the closing lunch, when the vegetarian monks were beguiled by the persuasive odor of a "Liebig" soup. Notwithstanding his interest in ancient manuscripts, Mr. Palmer did not make any important discoveries in the library of the convent. Indeed, he thinks that the monks have become shy of unfolding their treasures since the Tischendorf Codex has attracted so much attention.

We have dwelt so long on the first part of Mr. Palmer's narrative that we must pass briefly over the account of his second journey, which was devoted to an exploration of the desert of El Tih, in company with Mr. C. T. Tyrwhitt Drake, a student of natural history. One of the most noteworthy points in this part of the researches is an attempt to identify 'Ain Gadés with the Biblical Kadesh. The districts of Edom and Moab were also explored, as well as the wilderness of the Exodus; but as this portion of the narrative has been substantially printed already by the Palestine Exploration Committee, we refrain from comment upon it now.

Tableaux de Siége: Paris, 1870–1871. *Par Théophile Gautier.* (*Paris:* 1871.)—Among the innumerable volumes dealing with the great events of the last eighteen months, in their various phases, none has a more peculiar interest than this collection of "Tableaux de Siége," by Théophile Gautier. The interest is of a less melancholy sort than belongs to many of these productions, for M. Gautier treats chiefly of the picturesque aspect of his country's troubles. Good patriot though he is, he preserves, through the mist of filial tears, a searching eye for "effects," and in these, bloodshed, fire, and famine, whatever other merits they may lack, are richly prolific. We have in English no literary analogue of Théophile Gautier. No English writer has as yet taken stock of the capacity of our language for light descriptive prose; and indeed, for that matter, the turn for light analytical description is decidedly less common in the English than in the French mind. M. Gautier is the apostle of visual observation—the poet of the look of things. His pen is almost a brush. Shut up in Paris during the first siege, and one of the host of anxious refugees at Versailles during the second, he remained a *feuilletoniste* through all; turned his enforced leisure to account, walked about, looked, noted, and wrote. His manner reaches perfection in these little sketches, originally printed for the most part in the miniature journals issued during the siege, when news was scanty, and the *feuilleton* ungrudged. He has rarely hit the vivid word and the pictorial phrase with more felicity. His style is such a perpetual tissue of images and pictures, that it is almost as unfair to detach examples from the context as it would be to make an excision in one of Titan's canvases for a specimen of his color. Here, however, are two or three hints. Of a certain emaciated dog, during the hungry days: "He was seen walking along the rampart as if he were going the rounds, raw-boned, dissected by leanness, his spinal column like a rosary of beads, the tuberosities of his joints nearly piercing his skin, his sides like a series of hoops, his hide as rugged and rough as dry turf. . . . He was the ghostly shadow of a dog—two profiles glued together, with no more thickness than cut-paper." Of the fasting lions in the Jardin des Plantes: "One of them went vaguely to and fro with an air of *ennui*, beating his thighs with his tail; the other was lying in his cage, one fore-paw outstretched, the other folded under his breast, his head shining like a human mask, with its straight nose, its broad brow, its stiff moustaches, like silver threads, and its dishevelled, tawny mane. The yellow look of his fixed eyes was full of melancholy. Perhaps, in his famished dreams, he was thinking of the antelopes who came, towards evening, to drink at the fountain. . . But a still more touching spectacle was a poor sick lioness, of an almost diaphanous leanness, who seemed consumptive and in the last stage of a decline. Attenuated, hollowed out like a greyhound, she had assumed a sort of ideal elegance, and looked like those lions rampant on ancient coats of arms, half ornament, half chimæra, of cursive and extravagant outline, which the heraldic art used to imprint on a groundwork of metal or of color—'tongue and claws gules.' Her hide, of a pale yellow, took the light and relieved her against the dusky background of her cage; she stood fixed on her four paws, whose muscles, still powerful, lay in furrows beneath the skin. Homesickness for the desert and the scorching rocks of Atlas was stamped in her chilled and languid *pose;* illness had given to her eyes a sort of unwonted softness—a harrowing look. Stripped of her strength, she seemed to beg for human pity. . . ." Lastly, of the park at Versailles: "At the end of the alleys which open in a fan around the basin near Trianon, as in the fugitive blue distances of the parks of Watteau, hovered those light fumes which deepen with their mists the aerial perspective. *The spring, like a timid landscapist, who advances with little strokes in his foliage, had begun to lay on the branches, with a sparse and sober brush, a few touches of tender green.*" The readers will see that the author's style plays over into a sort of jocose and conscious exaggeration; he is always "humoristic," as the French say. Not the least of his charms, to our mind, has always been a certain sensuous serenity, the imperturbable levity of a mind utterly unhaunted by the metaphysics of things. Even in the presence of the Prussian ravages, he retains a fair share of good-nature. But we must pay for everything. Just as his visual perception and his happy verbal instinct have grown strong, his power of thought has declined. There is the oddest constrast between his descriptive *brio* and grace and the feeble note of reflection which from time to time crops through it. In this matter M. Gautier is little better than one of those Philistines of taste whom he despises. The chapter with which he closes his book (*Paris-Capitale*) reveals a moral levity so transcendent and immeasurable as to amount really to a psychological curiosity. It is a strange spectacle to see exquisite genius conditioned, as it were, upon such moral aridity. If M. Gautier's *confrères*, as a rule, remain as grossly unilluminated as himself by the lurid light of their country's woes, the fact bodes ill for the future of France. The ineffable frivolity of his peroration recalls irresistibly that sternly unsavory Scriptural image of the dog and his vomit. It is enough to disgust one with the pursuit of local color.

Ought We to Visit Her? A Novel. By Mrs. Annie Edwards. (New York: Sheldon & Co.)—This is a well-conceived and unusually well-written story, at once bright, amusing, and natural, and a very skilful attack on the absurdities of the so-called "county" society of English life. Frank Theobald, a good-natured and fairly intelligent young fellow, of good family but with Bohemian tendencies, marries early a pretty, clever, and warm-hearted girl of humble birth, at the moment she is preparing for a career as a ballet-dancer at a metropolitan theatre. After a few years of roving and rather out-at-elbows existence at European spas and watering-places, they come into possession of a small fortune, and the pleasant estate of Theobald's father, and return to settled existence among the county respectabilities of Chalkshire. But here comes the tragedy of their existence. Jane unwittingly fascinates a heavy but kindly young scion of family, Rawdon Crosbie, and narrowly misses being the cause of breaking off his match with his cousin Emma, a silly and commonplace little woman, but an heiress. The county families with one accord cut poor Jennie for her birth and former profession, while the young officers of the garrison with equal unanimity do homage to her beauty, good sense, and natural spirit and grace. Theobald, in the meantime, though sincerely fond of his wife, after his own fashion, has lazily fallen back into an old flirtation with Lady Rose Golightly, a reckless and somewhat tarnished coquette who had known him in his days of bachelordom and fashionable life. Outraged by social proscription on one hand, and domestic neglect on the other, poor Jane, after bringing about a reconciliation between Rawdon and his *fiancée*, escapes in sheer desperation and bitterness of soul to the Continent, with the design of throwing herself into the arms of an unprincipled admirer, the Duke of Malta. Falling ill at Ostend, she is rejoined by her husband and happily reconciled; all misunderstandings on both sides are cleared away, and the now united couple conclude to spend their lives abroad, as in the old happy days of their poverty and *insouciance.*

Miss Edwards's plot is—as in a realistic novel it should be—remarkably simple and uneventful, and the one episode of Jane's despair and intended flight is the only incident which in the slightest degree transcends the average of prosperous everyday life. But the story will be found interesting at every point, and especially good in its dialogue and its keenly humorous sketches of character. Judging as outsiders may, across the ocean, we do not remember any picture of modern English life which surpasses it for light, easy, and spirited handling, and even for its thoughtful and perceptive truth to nature and feeling. Miss Edwards's men, in particular, are decidedly the best women's men we can at the moment call to mind. The one creation of the book, Jane Theobald, is lovingly and very ably drawn. The blending of shrewdness, beauty, good sense, and good nature, and knowledge of the world—from a Bohemian point of view—with the warm heart and passionate impulsive temper which has grown with her dramatic education, make the character as attractive as it is in its way original and striking; and the author, while keeping her heroine—as Englishwoman—in relation with the rest of her picture, gets a very artistic relief by making her an actress, and in so far an exception to all conventional categories. Mrs. Crosbie, as the conventional British female, and Emma, as the conventional young lady, are capitally worked up; but, indeed, enumeration may seem superfluous—all the characters, down to the least important, are drawn with the same judicious care and knowledge of human nature, and with a sly, mischievous humor which makes any given chapter of the book amusing for itself, as is so noticeably the case with similar work in Thackeray.

A Russian Journey. By Edna Dean Proctor. (Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.)—Miss Proctor is a lady who has travelled extensively, as appears from this narrative, and whose capacities for enjoyment we judge to be such that she finds every country, and nearly every place, last visited, the most delightful. She has no relation to the tribe of tourists who are perpetually bored, and so much is to be said in her favor. The disposition to gush, exhibited in its worst form in the very bad poetry prefixed as a sort of argument to each chapter, is readily forgiven one who has sketched correctly the superficial traits of the parts of Russia which she traversed. Her journeying was from St. Petersburg *viâ* Moscow to Nizhni Novgorod, thence down the Volga to Tzaritzin, thence by rail to the Don, and so down to the Sea of Azof, the Black Sea, and the Crimea, landing at the Imperial watering-place called Yalta. A charming drive across the mountains to Sebastopol introduces us to scenery quite opposite to that of the great steppes, amid which, however (though in sight of the Carpathians), we take leave of the author, who passed by steamboat to Odessa and thence northward to the Austrian frontier.

The earlier chapters of this work savor quite as much of the guide-book as of independent observation, but those which relate to the Volga and to Southern Russia are evident transcripts from Miss Proctor's diary. As we have already remarked, her descriptions are truthful and occasionally graphic, but her style is not calculated to leave a perfectly distinct impression on the mind of the reader. We quote the following passage not only for its own sake but because it pleasantly recalls one of the stories in Hans Christian Andersen's "Picture-Book without Pictures":

> "As we walked about [at Kamyshin, on the Volga] we heard that a theatrical company had arrived, and would give a performance at eight o'clock, admittance one ruble. Glad of a little variety, tickets were purchased, and just before the time we went to the designated building. A crowd of shabbily dressed people stood about and looked on with evident envy, as the door-keeper made way for us and handed us two programmes of the entertainment, written with a pen, in Russ, and each covering two pages of foolscap. For all the good they did us, he might as well have furnished us with a list of the plays in the moon. I doubt if the alphabet of that, or any other orb, would be so tormenting to the American eye as is the written Russ, with its letters so like, and yet so unlike, our own, deluding and baffling at every line. It was a barnlike structure into which we entered; its floor of earth and its seats rude benches. An audience of perhaps a hundred people, half of them army officers with their families, waited the opening of the entertainment. Eight o'clock came, but the fall of faded calico, which hid the stage and wavered in the wind that found entrance on every side, refused to rise. Voices as in angry altercation were heard behind it, now repressed, now rising with the passion of the speaker; and although profane swearing is almost unknown in Russia, if we had been familiar with the language we should doubtless have heard some astonishing epithets. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, while the three weary musicians laid down their instruments, and the candles flared and the curtain trembled in the draught. The seats were hard; the sandy floor cold; yet there was no calling, or hissing, or stamping of feet, but all, in patient silence, waited the pleasure of the performers.
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> "At length, their quarrels over, there was a stir and rustle, and the thin screen rose slowly, disclosing a farm-house interior, with a pretty young girl in peasant costume standing by the table in earnest conversation with her lover, who was evidently agitated and fearful of being discovered by the family. I could not see how their wooing was in aught different from that of the lovers of the West, or their grief less heart-breaking than theirs, when the enraged father burst in and, rudely seizing his daughter, compelled the young man to fly. The action was natural and spirited, and the audience listened with closest attention. But as only now and then a word was intelligible to us, the cold got the better of our enthusiasm, and we left at the end of the first act, without waiting to see whether Romeo and Juliet went forward to a wedding or a funeral."

The New Year's Bargain. By Susan Coolidge. With illustrations by Addie Ledyard. (Boston: Roberts Brothers.)—Two German children, Max and Thekla, walking one day farther than usual in the forest, come upon an old man moulding clay figures of men and women. One was finished, and the other eleven were in process of completion. The children address the old man, and a conversation ensues, in which it is disclosed that he is Time, that he is making the months of the year, and that the two big jars beside him contain severally water from the "stream of time" and the "sands of time." The sand and water, which, out of a fairy tale, do not combine to make a very adhesive substance, are the materials of the *clay* figures. Max yields to a temptation to steal some of the "sands" or the "moments," as they are also called, and transfer them to his empty dinner-can when the old man's back is turned. That night he and Thekla are astonished by receiving a visit from the figures they saw in the forest, now all alive and very angry on account of the stolen moments. Each month, except January, lacked something. March wanted the third finger of his left hand; June had only five roses, and should have had a lapful; November missed his turkey, December his holly-sprig, etc. Max, however, will not give up his plunder except for compensation. So a bargain is struck, by which each month is to come on the last night of the preceding month, bring a present, and tell a story. This gives us eleven stories, besides a little account of the visit and appearance of each month, and enough of the progress of Max and Thekla to preserve the interest in them to the end. The presents do not affect the story particularly. March brings a bad cold for his gift, and August a bag of mosquitoes; but the rest are all agreeable—such as April's little chickens and June's feast of strawberries. All this part of the story is very pleasantly imagined, and the pretty pen-pictures of the months will doubtless strike most readers as being good likenesses.

Of the separate stories, one is about a family of bears, another about a family of squirrels, three about children who nearly lost their lives in the great perils of freezing, drowning, and burning. The best, perhaps, are "The Little Housekeepers" and "Chusey." The notion of making two small children play at getting married, and setting up housekeeping in a deserted cottage, is a good one, and it is well carried out in the telling. "Chusey" is a turkey, destined for the Thanksgiving dinner of some poor frontier children, but who becomes such a pet that they cannot part with him when the day arrives; so, instead of being eaten, he comes to the table tied to the leg of the baby's chair, and gets his share of the dinner—scanty enough with the part of Hamlet left out. There is more humor in the book, but scarcely any so good as this—"Nippie Nutcracker," the "squirreless," who turns "doctor," because she is a disappointed old maid, and, failing at that, goes to lecturing, being, to our taste, the least successful effort. Nippie's enquiries why squirrels should not lay eggs were, however, not bad.

A good many phrases and fancies are to be found throughout the book which will be comprehended or relished by the grown reader rather than the small hearer; but this habit of writing with an eye to the parents is becoming so common with the children's story-tellers that a "juvenile" without a trace of the fault is a positive rarity. Imaginative stories, which are not rare, are not apt to be so good as this "New Year's Bargain," but they all run the risk of unrestrained exuberance, and making clay out of sand and water.

Insects at Home. Being a Popular Account of Insects, their Structure, Habits, and Transformations. By the Rev. J. G. Wood. With 700 Figures. 8vo, pp. 670. (New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1872.)—Instead of being a popular account of "insects at home," this is a systematic treatise on entomology, based on a system over thirty years old, and therefore in a degree obsolete; while so far as any reference is made to recent discoveries of the habits of insects, the compilation (almost solely from British authors) might have been made fifty years ago. "Insects at Home" would be an admirable title for a series of sketches of insects which make their home in the air, the water, forests, fields, mountains, and deserts. On such a plan, even though carried out by a clumsier writer than Mr. Wood, a readable book could scarcely fail to be made. As it is, the homes and habits of insects are a secondary feature of this book, since, tied down by his adhesion to a cut-and-dried system, the author is as often compelled to treat of insects without a local habitation and with only a name as those living in homes accessible to human observation. Moreover, the title of the book should read "British Insects at Home," as the insects of France and Germany are apparently regarded as exotics, while extra-European forms are almost entirely ignored. We have not a word, for example, about the white ants, the stingless honey-bees, and singular ants of the tropics, together with the multitudes of bizarre forms made known by Wallace and Bates and Continental authors. Even among English insects, the wonderful economy of the gall-flies is passed over in silence. Among English readers, the tendency of the book will be to narrow and insulate the average British entomological mind. In America, the only use of such a book will be to acquaint the beginner with certain insects similar to but not identical with those of this country, though Harris's treatise, which can be bought at a much lower price, is far more readable and useful.

For a popular work the author's style is singularly bad, and at times ungrammatical. Tedious and prolix, he often digresses on subjects the most remote from that which immediately engages him. Paragraph after paragraph, often in quick succession, begin with "we will now examine" or "we will proceed to examine," "we now come" or "now we come" to such an insect. This is not Mr. Wood's first book, nor is he a tyro in authorship, and had he not attempted to make a ponderous tome to match his natural histories of man and of animals, his "Homes without Hands"—all excellent in their way—and had compressed the present volume into half the size, a much more successful result would have been attained. As to the illustrations, the colored frontispiece is execrable; the woodcuts are good, but the figures in the full-page illustrations are not numbered so as to be readily identified.

The World of the Sea. Translated and enlarged by the Rev. H. Martyn Hart, M.A., from "Le Monde de la Mer," by M. Moquin Tandon. (London and New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin. 8vo, with plates and cuts, pp. 448.)—M. Tandon has here given us a model of the "popular science" book. So skilful has he been in weaving in his facts, so pleasant a story of the sea and its marvels does he tell us, that the reader, however unlearned in natural history and averse to reading simply for mental improvement, will be so amused and led on from chapter to chapter by the rare artistic features and the simple and elegant narrative, that it will be a matter of surprise to him, on closing the book, to realize how much information has been forced upon his attention. The most successful seaside books are those of Gosse, and Lewes's "Seaside Studies." These are mostly narratives of personal research, and are stimulating to the special student; but Tandon's work, though largely written from the French side of science, contains facts and illustrations drawn from two seas, the Atlantic and Mediterranean. If more prominence has not been given to recent discoveries in Great Britain and America, it is the fault of the English translator, who evinces an entire lack of scientific knowledge, though excellent in translating from the French. The illustrations are beautiful, and scarcely a slovenly cut mars the neat typography of the book. Moreover, they have the merit of being fresh, and, if we mistake not, will be novel to many naturalists. In these days of monods and protoplasm, the gorgeous and accurate colored lithograph of the Radiolaria, selected from Hæckel's great work, as well as the accompanying cuts, will be welcome even to the student. So, also, the plates illustrating the development of sea-weeds, corals, and molluscs. The author has not neglected the practical aspects of science, and his chapters on oyster and mussel culture and sea fisheries will interest those less concerned about the animals themselves. The book excels Figuier's "Ocean," since Tandon was an excellent naturalist and comparative anatomist, while the former is a compiler whose knowledge of science is only equalled by what he pretends to know of spiritual realms. Our author grows careless in one flagrant instance when he ascribes four stomachs to an infusorial animal, "thus bringing these minute creatures into a comparison with the ruminants"! The translator is to blame for the perpetuation of such an error in the English version. The original was published several years since, but only recently translated. Hence some competent hand should have added a chapter on the startling results obtained by deep-sea explorations on both sides of the Atlantic.

Had the translator taken the pains to have some one, even with the most rudimentary knowledge of zoölogy, and, for that matter, of Latin, read over the proof-sheets, we should not have been shocked by such expressions as "This algæ is composed"; "by their rostro," when rostrum is meant; "Amiba" for Amœba; "Actinaria" for Actinia; a "Poritidæ" for a Porites; "an Alcyonidæ," etc. The names of Alder and Hancock, so familiar to English-speaking naturalists, their countryman renders "*Alderet Hancock*"*!* and he also allows himself to speak of "a huge cetacea." When will publishers confide their scientific republications to the supervision of competent naturalists?

Probatio Latina: A Series of Questions designed to test the progress of learners in the Latin Language. By Charles D. Morris, A.M. (New York. 1871; pp. 81.)—An extremely useful little book, containing 659 miscellaneous questions on Latin Grammar. Lads who do their daily tasks fairly enough are often completely upset in examinations by questions either unexpected or not put in the familiar words of their own instructor. The occasional use of this book, in the hands of a lively teacher, will greatly lessen the dread of novelties, give a new zest to instruction, and be a good check on humdrum and routine. The questions are clear and searching. Moreover, the work is so general in its character that it may be used with any Latin grammar whatever.

*** *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books on the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.*	*—Prices.*
Hentz (Mrs. C. L.), Aunt Patty's Scrap-Bag	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	$1 50
Higher Law: a Romance	(G. P. Putnam & Sons)	1 75
Huxley (T. H.), More Criticisms on Darwin, and Administrative Nihilism, swd.	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Im neuen Reich, Nos. 42—52, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)	
Jacobi (Dr. A.) Infant Asylums, swd.	(D. Appleton & Co)	
Kavanagh (Julia), Nathalie: a Tale	" "	
Lockhart (L. W. M.), Fair to See: a Novel, swd.	(Harper & Bros.)	75
Mühlbach (Mme. L), Mohammed Ali and his House, swd.	(D. Appleton & Co.)	1 50
Moffat (Rev. J. C.), A Comparative History of Religions	(Dodd & Mead)	
Myself: a Romance of New England Life	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Newell (R. H.), The Walking Doll	(F. B. Felt & Co.)	
Nichols (Dr. J. R.), Fireside Science	(Hurd & Houghton)	1 50
New York Observer Year-Book, 1872	(New York)	1 00
Pen and Ink Sketches of Yale Notables	(Soule, Thomas & Winsor)	
Piatt (J. J.), Landmarks, and Other Poems	" "	1 50
Porter (Prof. N.), The Sciences of Nature vs. The Science of Man	(Dodd & Mead)	
Paine (Dr. M.), Physiology of the Soul and Instinct	(Harper & Bros.)	
Raymond (R. W.), Mines, Mills, and Furnaces	(J. B. Ford & Co)	$3 50
Seyd (E.), The Metallic Currency of the U.S.A., bds	(D. Van Nostrand)	
Spectrum Analysis, swd.	(Chas. C. Chatfield & Co.)	
Saint Abe and his Seven Wives	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	
Smiles (S.), A Boy's Travels Round the World	(Harper & Bros.)	
Somers (R.), The Southern States since the War	(Macmillan & Co.)	3 50
The Annual Illustrated Catalogue and Oarsman's Manual for 1871	(Waters, Balch & Co.)	6 50
The Blue-Bell of Red-Neap	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	
The Chronicles of Gotham, Book Second, swd	(G. W. Carleton & Co.)	25
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1872.

The Week.

A MOVEMENT which may prove of great importance, and is likely at all events to give the Democrats a fair opportunity of trying their "passive policy," was begun in Jefferson City, Missouri, on the 24th inst., by the calling of a mass convention of Liberal Republicans, which was largely attended, nearly every county in the State being represented, and which closed its proceedings by issuing a call for a National Convention at Cincinnati, on the first Monday in May next, "to take such action as their convictions of duty and of public exigencies may require." The platform was very significant, and we do not know of a single objection which anybody who seriously believes in the principles of the Republican party can make to it, except that General Grant could not be nominated on it. The convention declared its adhesion to sovereignty of the Union, emancipation, equality of civil rights or enfranchisement; that peace and purity in administration can only come from such reconciliation as enfranchisement has wrought in Missouri; demanded complete amnesty and equal suffrage for all; a reform of the tariff, and the removal of such duties as, in addition to the revenue yielded to the Treasury, involve an increase in the price of domestic products; denounced the use of Federal patronage for the control of elections; called for a thorough and genuine reform of the public services; eulogized the senators who pressed for the recent investigation; rebuked "the use of coercion to ratify a treaty," the "packing of the Supreme Court to relieve rich corporations," the use of unconstitutional laws "to cure the Ku-klux disorders, irreligion, or intemperance," and, finally, corruption in general, and called for an "uprising of honest citizens."

The proceedings in Congress during the week have been almost without interest, and it is pretty clear that "the friends of the Administration" are eager to get into the canvass, and are determined that no legislation of importance shall take place this session. The Senate has passed the joint resolution fixing the 29th of May as the day of adjournment. All attempts on the part of the independent senators to procure the passage of a resolution providing that there should be no adjournment till the Service Bill was passed and the tariff revised, and a vote reached in the House on the bill repealing the duty on coal, proved failures. It is a significant circumstance, and one which we commend to the attention of the public, that the only senators who voted for the civil-service proviso were Trumbull, Schurz, Sumner, Tipton, and Fenton. In fact, it is pretty clear that the Administration senators will be very well content with the new rules if they are not acted on, and, while very desirous that the President should have the credit of reforming the civil service, are opposed to his reforming it. Their position in the matter was well expressed in the Conklingite resolution of the last New York State Convention, which lauded the President for having "by considerate investigation made worthy efforts for the reform of the civil service."

There was some debate on Friday, in which Gen. Garfield took the lead, on the question of the public printing, the text being furnished by the very handsome volumes of the U. S. Expedition for the Geological Survey of the 40th Parallel—under the auspices, as our readers are aware, of the War Department. A great deal of what was said as to the necessity of some restraint upon the cost of our public documents we quite agree with; and we admit that some slight economy might have been effected in the mere letterpress of this magnificent work. But both Mr. Garfield and Mr. Dawes seemed to have an idea that had it been printed "in fair, honest, plain type," and nothing more, like "other public documents of which Congress has control," it would somehow have become popular reading—at any rate, the people would not be cheated, as they now are, by the use of toned paper with good binding and gilt edges. Nothing could be more delusive. Be the printing cheap or dear, in good taste or in vile, the nature of such a work precludes it from being of immediate use or interest to any but a very limited class of persons, and its proper destination is at once the public libraries of the country and the archives of foreign governments and scientific bodies. The people at large are as incompetent to judge of the value of its physical surveys—for instance, of its mapping out the Comstock Lode with a thoroughness never equalled on so grand a scale in any country in the world—as the Commissioner of Agriculture is to appreciate the good that can come to "practical" farming from his botanist's herbarium. They would probably begin their retrenchment by cutting off the maps and illustrations, which are of course the most expensive feature of the publication; and even Gen. Garfield, who happens to live near coal mines with hoisting apparatus, could find fault with a plate representing the same thing at the silver mines. In short, if we take a "popular" view of the labors and services of Mr. Clarence Cook and his associates, we shall have to condemn the War Department for sending them out before proceeding to condemn the public printer for extravagance; but if we take the rational view of intelligent men, we may as well acknowledge that this Exploration is in the highest degree creditable to the Government which ordered it and the parties who have executed it, and that the printed embodiment of its invaluable results is well calculated to increase the respect for American science now entertained abroad, as well as to stimulate scientific pursuits at home.

The "Short Cut" has received a finishing stroke in the report of the majority of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments do not give women the suffrage, and that Congress has nothing to do with giving it to them in any event. The conduct of a mob of women who assembled to obtain entrance to the committee-room on the morning of the hearing, and their language with regard to members of the committee supposed to take a hostile view of the suffrage, were not calculated to inspire one with hopeful views about the "purifying and elevating influence" of the great reform on politics. Nor did they, according to all account, give much evidence of the abasement and humiliation produced by ninety thousand years of male oppression, or whatever the period is on which scientific men have fixed as that at which man became a conscious and responsible tyrant with regard to the female sex. The faithful Butler was, at the close of the fray, presented with a big bouquet, which he kept on his desk for a whole day, the envy and admiration of weaker-kneed statesmen.

Mr. Sumner has proposed an amendment to the bill for the removal of the legal and political disabilities imposed by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which provides, under heavy penalties for opposition or obstruction, for the admission of persons of color to all public conveyances by land or water, all theatres and other places of amusement, and to all schools, churches, cemeteries, and benevolent institutions incorporated by national or State authority. Now, there can be no question as to the propriety of forcing common carriers to afford all citizens accommodation on equal footing, and there is the same thing to be said with regard to licensed innkeepers. Men must travel on their lawful occasions, and the means of travel are now, and indeed have been ever since stage-coaches were established, great monopolies, to which everybody must resort *nolens volens.* In travelling, too, one must often use inns, and in large numbers of places there is only one inn, and in most places there are only a few; and there is hardly any place in the country which can support even one good inn for persons of a particular race, color, persuasion, or other small class. To allow common carriers, therefore, or innkeepers to refuse to afford a man accommodation on the ground of his color, is to arm them with the power of inflicting a penalty which is sure at all times to be severe, and may sometimes be terrible, for it may prove one of the most ingenious combinations of insult and injury to which a human being can be exposed. In seeking to deprive them of such a power, Mr. Sumner will have the sympathy and support of all right-minded men. It is preposterous to allow a steamboat captain, navigating American waters, under the American flag, or a railroad company owing its very existence to the law, or an innkeeper carrying on his business with peculiar privileges, to degrade and harass people because their complexion raises disagreeable associations in certain people's minds. We may add, too, that the prejudice against color is supported by restrictions directed against color. Thousands of people who could not bear to ride in the street-cars with colored people in this city as long as the companies did not compel them to do so, now that they must do so, or walk, find no difficulty in it. Here we stand on firm ground, where there is no room for the play of taste.

The attempt to compel the owners of all cemeteries, theatres, and other licensed places of amusement to accommodate colored persons on the same terms as whites must be judged by a different standard, as here we get into the field of pure taste and sentiment. There is nothing which is more purely a matter of sentiment than the place and manner of a man's burial. The legislator has no right to concern himself about it, further than may be necessary for the protection of the public health and the maintenance of order and decency. It is of no sort of consequence to the State where a person is buried if proper arrangements have been made with the owner of the soil, or how he is buried, if the grave is of the proper depth. Nothing could, therefore, be more tyrannical or less excusable than either to force him to be buried in a particular place, or force others to receive his body among the graves of their friends. To compel people to inter negroes, Turks, Jews, infidels, heretics, or any other class of persons to whom, for any reason, whether wise or foolish, they entertain an antipathy, beside their deceased friends and relatives, would not be a civil right, but a civil wrong of the most ridiculous character; and if the colored people have as much sense as we believe them to have, they will ask Mr. Sumner to let them bury their own dead, in their own way, among such persons as are willing to wait for the resurrection in their company. Graveyards are no places for the service of writs, and the denizens of tombs do not care a rush for disabilities based on race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

The same argument applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the compulsory admission of colored persons to theatres. The exclusion of them is absurd, but it is a matter of taste. If there be any such thing as a natural right, it is the right to select the company in which we shall amuse ourselves. If anybody chose to open a theatre for the entertainment of fair people exclusively, it would be a silly outrage to compel him to throw his doors open to dark people. We should have a right to laugh at him, or preach at him, but not to legislate against him. We might nearly as well lay down rules by law for the admission of persons to the various clubs of this city, as to deprive managers of theatres of the right of deciding for what classes of persons they will play. The surest way of hardening a social prejudice is to levy penalties for the display of it in matters which the community does not believe to be in the domain of law. We desire to see colored people occupying such places in every theatre as they are able to pay for, but we desire to see them gain admission through improvement in the moral sense of the community and not through the assistance of the United States marshal.

The Custom-house investigation has gone on through the week in the old style. It would be useless, even if our space permitted, to attempt any further summing up of its results. The abuses disclosed continue to be the same in character as those which came to light the first week. The Administration organs, which were at first confident there was nothing to be found out, and that the whole affair was a mere "Schurz-Fenton trick," now admit that a good deal has been found out, but they throw the blame on "the system." "The system" plays much the same part in political that "the cat" plays in domestic life. Whenever a politician finds himself confronted with unmistakable and undeniable misdeeds, the chances are that he will first try to throw the blame on Andrew Johnson, but this failing he will declare that it was "the system" which led him astray. In commercial life, there being generally no "system" to seek shelter under, the friends of a rogue are apt to say, if indeed he does not say it himself, that he is living in a "transition period," meaning that, having got rid of his old reasons for being honest, and having indefinitely put off the duty of providing himself with new ones, he is at liberty to do pretty much as he pleases. The contemplation of "the system" at the Custom-house now seems to make Murphy and his backers quite sad. They think it ought to be reformed, but whose duty it is to do it they cannot for the life of them find out. One thing they do know, and this is, that reform just now would be very inexpedient, and, in fact, is not to be looked for. Who ever heard of "the system" being reformed immediately? Their surrender of "the system" to public odium is, however, rather odd, as they publish, every now and then, long statements, showing that it works to perfection, that all frauds are exposed and delinquents are punished under it, and that when any officer indulges under it in a little picking and stealing, or "compromising," he is nearly sure to be an appointee of that old reprobate, Andrew Johnson.

The great case of *Sheehan against Murphy, etc.*, for the recovery of $30, levied as a political assessment in the Custom-house, came off on Saturday in the Justices' Court. Sheehan seems to have signally failed in proving the posting up of the notice in the Surveyor's room, though it was admitted that the money was paid under the assessment; but the defendants maintained, and successfully, that it was "paid voluntarily," so the complaint was dismissed. These "voluntary" payments at the Custom-house remind one of the address of the French colonel to his regiment on election day, in which he informed them that every soldier could vote as he pleased, but it was right and proper that all should know how he (the colonel) was going to vote himself, and the *sous-officiers* were directed to put down the names of all men who took a different view of the public affairs from that taken by him. An instructive illustration of the present condition of the Fenton-Conkling quarrel is to be found in the fact that the *Times* looks on Sheehan's failure to prove the posting of the notice as a great triumph over the *Tribune*, and dares this cowardly assailant of the Administration and its "Toms" to acknowledge itself beaten.

Governor Scott, of South Carolina, has defended himself against the charges made against him by the impeachers in a special message. His defence with regard to the alleged over-issue of State bonds, which is the only point of much interest to the public here, is twofold—first, that there has not been any "over-issue"; and, secondly, that if there was, he is not responsible for it. As we pointed out some months ago, the last Legislature directed the government to raise a certain sum of money, but placed no limit on the number of bonds that might be issued for that purpose—as ingenious a temptation to malfeasance as was perhaps ever offered to an executive. So it got bonds ready to the amount of $22,540,000, of which $8,200,000 were to be used in the conversion of the State debt, and the law expressly prohibited their issue except on the call of holders of State securities already extant. Now of these bonds Governor Scott's own account shows that only $1,260,500 have been called for in the manner prescribed by law; that only $501,000 have been cancelled; and the question what has become of the remaining $6,438,500 is a question which agitates the financial world, and which he does not answer. If this amount has become, as he admits virtually, a part of the State debt, it has become so illegally, and the only remaining point for discussion is the extent of Governor Scott's complicity in a responsibility for the fraud, for such it is in law, if not in words. He endeavors to clear himself of this by alleging that the law gave "the financial agent" exclusive authority to pledge the bonds of the State which the State now has, or may hereafter have, in its possession as collateral security for the State loans. The financial agent, however, such as he was, was the appointee of and was dismissible by the Financial Board, composed of the Governor, State Treasurer, and Attorney-General; and when we say that his reckless operations in New York have ruined the State credit, and that bonds which were created by law for a special purpose could not have been honestly held by the executive to have been "in the possession of the State," and, therefore, deliverable to Kimpton for any other purpose, we think we leave this question of the Governor's defence in a very undesirable condition. We shall pass over, too, without notice the disgraceful if not suspicious fact that Governor and Treasurer, or, in other words, the Financial Board, at different times previous to the late breakdown, gave three widely different accounts of the amount and composition of the State debt. The Governor now confesses that they raised money in New York to meet enormous deficits in the revenue, at rates varying from 15 to 20 per cent., pledging bonds as collateral, in the proportion of twenty-five cents in bonds to the dollar borrowed. The proper division of responsibility between himself, Parker, and Kimpton, is indeed the point on which his defence is strongest, but it is one which there is but little to be made of. His attempt to get the Union Trust Company of this city to become his financial agent has, we believe, failed.

Judge Jameson, of Illinois, the well-known author of the work on the Constitutional Convention, has given a decision in another suit brought in that State by two women against the inspectors of election for refusing to register them as voters. The court took substantially the same ground as Judge Carter of Washington, and Judge Sharswood of Philadelphia, that citizenship does not involve the right to vote; that women are citizens as minors are, and may be made voters if the people please, but are not now voters; that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments do not affect the question of female suffrage; that "history and common sense" refute the notion that women have under these amendments acquired any rights they did not previously possess; that there is no such thing as a "natural right" to the suffrage, that right being wholly artificial, and bestowed or withheld by that portion of the community which possesses the power to bestow or withhold it. On the general question of the policy of amending the law so as to permit women to vote, Judge Jameson said "he saw no ground for refusing it whenever a general demand for the suffrage was made by women themselves." But he added "that if they wish to enter the capitol as legislators, they ought to wait till they can effect their entrance there legally and directly by the door, and not seek to climb thither some other way through passages intended for wholly different purposes"—in which view of the "Short Cut" we think the great majority of sober-minded and *honest* people will agree with him.

The questions which have been most prominent in England of late are social questions. The trades-unions have been holding a convention at Nottingham, which has been largely attended by both workingmen and capitalists, and at which the best of feeling has prevailed, and at which there was produced, for a wonder, a substantial legal grievance, viz., the state of the criminal law, which makes the agent of a trades-union who duns a man for his dues on his way to or from his work guilty of "besetting him" with a view to intimidation. It will probably be now amended. Mr. Scott Russell has recovered from the confusion into which he was thrown by the failure of his celebrated scheme for reconciling the aristocracy and the working-classes, and has published a long letter, in which he intimates that he has again something to disclose of a serious nature. He now declares that villages and towns should have power to purchase outlying lands, and cover them with detached cottages, gardens, school-houses, and places of recreation for the use of the workingmen, and he would have the day's work restricted to eight hours.

The most healthy sign which has appeared in French politics for a long while is the defeat of Victor Hugo at an election of a deputy to the Assembly from Paris by M. Vautrain. To be sure, he got 93,423 votes against 121,158, but there were an enormous number of "abstentions," and probably on the part of persons who, if they had voted, would have voted for M. Vautrain. It is, of course, surprising to us that so many persons should be found to vote for a man who, in all that relates to politics, has for some years back given most of the evidences of what is ordinarily termed insanity, but, then, that the majority have not done so, is a sign of progress. M. Vautrain is a real republican, and of long standing, having thrown up the mayoralty of a Paris arrondissement as a protest against the *coup d'état*, but knows well what are the conditions of a republic, and labors to produce them with thorough sagacity, patience, and good sense. He was the candidate supported by the Government, and he is considered a valuable addition to the Chamber.

The Germans are apparently fully aware of the difficulties the future may have in store for them, and Bismarck is addressing himself to the study of the new problem with his old zest. Nothing is left undone at present to keep the Russians in good humor, and to avoid precipitating a crisis, but the task of building up Germany and filling her with self-confidence is pursued with the same uncompromising zeal. One of the small but remarkable signs of Bismarck's temper has just been shown in his directing the substitution of German for French as the German diplomatic language, thus departing from a practice two centuries old, and which England and the United States have alone hitherto ventured to resist. Its adoption was one of the first-fruits of French ascendancy under Louis XIV.; its disuse is one of the first-fruits of French decline, but it will doubtless help to open the eyes of the French to the necessity of learning foreign languages, to their ignorance of which many critics ascribe in large part their military reverses, and M. Martins, in a late number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, their lamentable falling off during the last forty years in scientific research. Bismarck's most serious difficulty, at this moment, is the state of feeling in Alsace. In the course of this year, 1872, under the law, all Alsatians must decide whether they will remain French or become German, and the German law of conscription takes effect. The result is a great emigration of the young men into France, which threatens to assume alarming proportions, and the Mayor of Mühlhausen has written a letter to Prince Bismarck, asking him, as a matter of policy, not to enforce the law for six years. The Catholic clergy are also assuming a position of rancorous hostility to the Government on the school question, and, although the German policy in the new territory is acknowledged to have been on the whole very moderate and conciliatory, the situation is full of great difficulties.

THE REFORM MOVEMENT.

IT is now more than six months since the outburst of indignation began which finally overthrew the New York Ring, and which, through its influence on popular sentiment throughout the country, did a great deal towards absorbing all political questions into the one great question—how to prevent politics being made a trade by adventurers anxious to enrich themselves. There is now hardly a State or county in which the citizens are not occupied more seriously with this problem than with any other; and it is interesting and instructive to see how many local rings were brought to light as soon as public attention began to be turned in good earnest towards this subject. Indeed, whichever way we look, we find the community engaged in the singular occupation of devising ways and means of preventing itself from being sold out by its appointed guardians. Much of this zeal is unquestionably due not less to the indignation excited by the exposure of the New York frauds than to the success of the first assault made on the New York Ring. Considering all the circumstances of the case, there has perhaps been nothing in political history more remarkable and more brilliant than the movement which closed with the November election in this State. Between July and November the public indignation was kept at white heat by a rapid succession of exposures of the most extraordinary kind and by the prospect of reaching them effectively within a brief period by the ballot-box. When the election came, the result more than realized the expectations even of the most sanguine. Not only did the reform movement hand the State over to the Republicans, but it almost swept away the Democratic majority in this city, and gave the reformers, to all outward appearance, the most powerful majority in the Legislature possessed by any party in this State for a great many years. In fact, it armed them with the power of doing anything they pleased within the limits set by the constitution, and there were signs, by which many were deceived, that we had reached the halcyon days in which zeal for the common good was to take the place of party spirit.

Since the election, however, it must be admitted that the movement has slackened, and we do not think we exaggerate when we say that many men, by no means pessimists, and possessing a full knowledge of what is passing "inside politics," begin to fear not that it has spent its force, but that, after all, the forces of corruption are not yet overthrown, and that we have before us still another stage of abasement through which we must pass, and which it will take many years to pass, before we can look for anything like complete purification.

The grounds of these fears are mainly to be found in the lukewarmness or, to express it more accurately, the low tone of the Legislature. Two-thirds of its members are Republican; three-fourths, we believe, are new men, unfamiliar as yet with the arts of the Ring; and the leaders of the reform movement in this city who went up to Albany when the Legislature opened glowing with hope and enthusiasm, and expecting to see short work made with the corruptionists, and, the ground having been cleared of abuses, the immediate initiation of constructive measures, have been sadly disappointed. There is, of course, always a good deal of allowance to be made for the reluctance of legislators who are called on to provide working machinery, to travel as fast as agitators who are hot from the work of destruction; but then, in judging the Albany Legislature, it has to be taken into account that it was reasonable to expect that members from the rural districts, of whom it is mainly composed, would be more deeply moved by the Ring frauds, and therefore more eager to act promptly on them, than New Yorkers, who have for ten years been familiar with the spectacle; that the corruption of the judges in particular—a phenomenon said to be unknown in the interior of the State—would rouse them more than it rouses the people of the city, who have looked on it so long that they have learnt to laugh at it, and lead to instant action; that the sessions of the Legislature are limited to one hundred days, which is little enough for ordinary work, far too little, even with the greatest zeal, for the work now before it; and that the experience of the last few years proves that the power of the corruptionists is always weakest at the opening of the session, most members coming up with honest intentions, and only succumbing after the lobby has had a few weeks to work on them, the delay of valuable measures generally proving equivalent to defeat.

Now the reformers have found to their surprise that the Legislature was when it met not only not in an excited but not in a zealous frame of mind, and that indeed its temper, whatever its character, was not materially different from that of its predecessors. There is not and there has not been any disposition to attack the New York question vigorously. After sitting a month out of its three, it has done nothing towards reform beyond passing a bill creating a board of audit to pass on some eight millions of old claims against the city, and another legalizing the action of the anti-Ring Grand Jury of the Court of Sessions. The case of the corrupt judges has not been even alluded to. A committee of the Bar Association laboriously collected evidence to support an impeachment, and carried it up to Albany, and were severely snubbed for their pains, and given so plainly to understand that the Legislature would attend to that matter itself, and did not care for help from the outside, that they have come back home sadder and somewhat wiser. When we consider the length of time impeachment proceedings consume, it will be seen that the prospect of judicial reform begins to look gloomy. The new charter is now under consideration, the in the main excellent draught of the Committee of Seventy having been taken as the basis of legislative action, but we are unable to say what progress is likely to be made with it. The Erie Ring is still untouched, but by no means inactive, if we may judge from the petitions which pour in asking for the continued swindling of the English stockholders, on the good old savage, we will not say pagan, ground that they are foreigners. It is rather disheartening to see that not one man has shown himself in either House capable of taking charge of legislation, or whom the majority listen to with any respect. Mr. Tilden would, it was hoped and believed, have had a good deal of influence on legislation relating to this city, but he has found himself all but totally disregarded, and does not attempt to raise his voice.

We have thus far been complaining of the small amount that has been done, and this is really all that there is as yet to complain of; but we meet every day with the opinion among the best informed men that very little will be done; that the agents of the Ring are playing their old game with the old success, every day of delay enabling them to strengthen their position; and that when Tweed goes up this week he will find that his month's delay in taking his seat has done him no harm. We find, too, and among Republicans as well as Democrats, a strong suspicion that whatever is done will be done in such fashion that the Republican party, and especially the Administration wing of it, will get the full benefit, at least during the coming year, of the power which the revolution has thrown into its hands. These are, of course, only suspicions. They may not be well-founded; but, should events justify them, it is not difficult to predict what the effect would be on the fortunes of the party in this State. The intelligent and respectable Democrats have in a burst of public spirit and under the pressure of frightful abuses given it its present majority. If it were at the present crisis to show itself a party of radical reform, and make a clean sweep of the abuses, both State and municipal, under which we are groaning, it would retain permanently the allegiance of tens of thousands of those old enemies to whose votes it owes its present ascendancy. Should it now disappoint their expectations, and convert the reform movement into an electioneering machine for use in the Presidential campaign, we venture to predict that it will be a good many years before it has another chance of doing the same thing.

A variety of circumstances have combined to produce this gloomy prospect, and in considering how gloomy it is we must remember how much we suffered and how much the Ring dared before the rising of last November took place. Of course the division of the Republican party into two hostile factions must be placed foremost among them; but this division has been aggravated and made more mischievous by the attitude of the Administration. As we have frequently pointed out, and as everybody knows, the Fenton-Conkling feud could not have been kept up if the Administration had not supplied patronage to the Conklingites to enable them to vanquish their opponents in the primaries and at the convention. The result of giving the Conklingites the control of the Federal offices for use in the local scrimmage, and the reception into the President's confidence, and indeed intimacy, of a Conklingite politician of a low grade, has been of course to make the Conklingites secretly hostile to all reform out of which they were not likely to reap some advantage, and to attach them fanatically to the very arts through which the Ring attained its supremacy—that is, the art of "controlling primaries" by hired men, dividing and redividing offices and "plums" so as to satisfy the greatest possible number of retainers. In all these things the Custom-house has differed from the City Hall simply in the fact that nobody in the Custom-house stole openly, as Tweed, and Watson, and Connolly did. On the other hand, this same state of things either rendered the Fentonites indifferent to changes which would deprive them of all prospect of revenge, or has exposed all their reformatory zeal to the imputation of being inspired by "sore-head" spleen, and has made, we need hardly say, all concert of action impossible. At Albany they are fighting each other with far more bitterness than either has ever fought the Ring, and the Tammany men are said to be rapidly learning how to use each clan against the other. A striking illustration of the condition of their political morals is to be found in the fact that one side is very indignant over the failings of "Hank" Smith, but numbers among its own chiefs the renowned "Jimmy" O'Brien; while the friends of "Hank," though preserving a respectful silence with regard to his numerous imperfections, are greatly outraged by the contemplation of those of "Jimmy." To cap the climax, each of them has got possession of one of the leading Republican papers, which abuse each other heartily every morning.

This would have been a sufficiently unfortunate state of things even if the President had not appeared on the scene, at the outset of the reform movement, as a candidate for renomination. This produced two unfortunate results. It not only quickened the zeal of the Conklingites, and inflamed the animosity of the Fentonites, but it gave the Administration, and its friends and organs, a strong leaning against the spirit and processes by which alone the reform movement could hope for success—that is, the spirit of suspicion and enquiry, and the process of investigation and exposure, without fear or favor. It led them to see, in that most necessary step in any attempt at real civil-service reform—the Custom-house investigation—an insidious attack on the President as a candidate for re-election, and made them, after opposing it with all their might, accept it with the greatest reluctance, and with a firm determination that the exposures should be as few as possible. It is difficult to illustrate what we mean in any way so well as by citing the case of the New York *Times*, which was a fearless reform organ, and had acquired a powerful hold on the confidence of the public of all parties down to the meeting of Congress. The necessity of "supporting the Administration" then drove it at once into the position of an opponent of any measure, however salutary, which seemed likely to injure General Grant's chances of renomination, or to further the infamous designs of Schurz, Fenton, and Trumbull; and its reports and comments on the Custom-house enquiry have been remarkable as an attempt to ride two horses—that is, as a reformer, it has to clamor in one column for thorough revelation on all State and city abuses; while in the next it has to pooh-pooh the investigation into Federal abuses, to "castigate" those engaged in carrying it on, and belittle the evidence. Now, it is easy to see what a very different influence on the politics of the State the Administration might have had if General Grant were going out of office, or had nothing to fear from an overhauling of the Administrative machine, and could lend his whole weight to the breaking up of the system which produces the Hank Smiths and Tom Murphys just as much as the Tweeds and Sweenys, and which, as long as it lasts, must render all reform partial or short-lived, if not nugatory. It would be difficult to overestimate the purifying influence on local politics of the spectacle of a Custom-house conducted like a merchant's office, presided over by a respectable and honored citizen who devoted himself to the collection of the revenue, and managed by decent men who attended primaries or not, as their inclination prompted.

THE NATIONAL GUARD IN FRANCE AND ITALY.

THE National Guard is one of the many institutions which the Italians have imported from France ready-made, as it were, and free of duty. The article was never examined at the frontier or at home either. Every other institution, from that of royalty to the grist-tax, has, occasionally at least, been discussed and criticised. But the *raison d'être* of the National Guard has never been made the subject of any serious enquiry. The general or, we will say, the original and now purely ideal meaning of this institution is well-known and deservedly approved of. But it might have been worth while, ere this, to ascertain whether that abstract meaning holds good in the concrete case of Italy. On its validity depends not only the actual value of the institution but the very possibility of its ever becoming useful. The habitual pessimists and fault-finders of Italy have hitherto been the men of the Left, who, having never (or hardly ever) been in power, had naturally to do the work of the opposition. And this may be one of the reasons, if not the only one, why the usefulness of the National Guard has never been impugned, since its maintenance, even if proved to be an error, would be an error on that side which a democratic opposition would naturally call their side and, therefore, the safe side.

Only recently, when the "Federation of the National Guard" in France had shown to the world what armed burghers are capable of, and that their errors, if such they commit, are not necessarily on what would by ordinary men be called the safer side, the moderate part of the Italian press and especially the more spirited and less pathetic papers indulged, for the first time, in some facetious remarks on the subject, timidly hinting at the possible superfluity of the self-styled "palladium" of Italian liberty. Not that they saw in the French disorders anything like a *warning* to Italy: the contrast between the two national temperaments was too great to admit of any such ominous parallel being drawn between the steady constitutionalism of Italy and the fitful political saturnalia of France. But this being so, it was rational to ask whether the people's rights required the same degree and the same kind of protection in Italy as in France, and, if they required any protection, whether the Italian National Guard, although a faithful copy of the French National Guard, was likely to afford, or capable of affording, such protection. The Italian critics, taking its harmlessness for granted, point out that its abolition would be equally harmless, and there are probably few men in Italy who seriously think that if this "palladium" were stolen, their Troy would fall and perish. If no Ulysses has yet come forth to commit the *pia fraus*, it is probably from fear of rousing the political Cerberi, who would bark over any bone however hollow and fleshless it may be.

The *Fanfulla*, a comic and very clever paper of Florence (now published in Rome), one day astonished its readers by reminding them that the National Guard is, if not an anti-constitutional, at least an extra-constitutional institution, of which the Italian *Statuto* makes no mention whatever. That alone would, of course, be no argument against it. But the remark is literally (though not essentially) correct. The 76th article of the Italian constitution enacts that a "communal militia" be instituted, but the term "National Guard" does not occur in the document. Now, a *communal* or *civic* guard is something very different from a national guard. Civic guards have existed from time immemorial. Some French towns had them in the eleventh century, but such a militia never was to its city what an army is to a State. There was no danger of inter-municipal warfare, as there was in Italy. A French civic guard was either a purely ornamental institution, a guard of honor to the town, or it was an armed police whose attributes depended on the degree of public security in the communal district. The state laws, therefore, or royal edicts referring to this institution, could never be but either prohibitory or permissive enactments. Only in 1791, when the Republic seemed likely to be attacked by the foreign Reaction, Lafayette thought it expedient to raise the Civic Guard to the dignity of a state institution, and it was he who, having reorganized the Municipal Guard of Paris, invented the name of National Guard for it. It was a misnomer, the Parisians not being the French nation; but the name was soon made true by the spontaneous adhesions of the other communes. The principal office of these new citizen-soldiers was to secure the great achievements of the Revolution, and to defend the newly-conquered yet ill-defined rights of the people against tyrannical usurpers and reactionary pretenders. But they were also expected to act as a military *reserve*, and even to garrison the fortresses whenever the army was engaged abroad.

As long as the Reaction (represented by Austria, Prussia, and the fugitive French nobles) was the only enemy of France, it was, of course, the common enemy of the army and the National Guard. But against any other enemy, such as a military usurper, they could not well co-operate, and it is easy to see that, when these two forces cannot co-operate, the National Guard need not operate at all, since it can never be a match for a standing army. However excellent as a protecting and (in the best sense) conservative power it may be, it is notoriously worthless as a resisting power, and must remain so as long as the executive, from which alone encroachments upon civic rights may be apprehended, is allowed to wield that worse than two-edged weapon, the standing army. To leave the standing army, with its formidable organization, its overstimulated *esprit de corps*, its hectoring traditions, and its oath of allegiance to the head of the state, and then to institute, as its counterpoise, a so-called National Guard, with a loose organization, having neither traditions nor *esprit de corps*, and being bound by the same oath of allegiance to the same head of the state, was hardly rational, even under the reign of the goddess Reason.

In fact, the National Guard of France has never counterpoised anything nor protected anything; it has retarded no change nor accelerated any; it has resisted no temptation, avenged no wrong, and saved no right or liberty. When some few of its legions were defeated by Napoleon on the 13th Vendémiaire, the whole National Guard of France allowed itself to be placed under military command, and, a few years later, under the Directorate, to be altogether transformed into that wonderful hybrid called *Garde Mobile*. The sheep allowed the wolf to become shepherd, and, strange to say, were proud of him. And thus the original idea which had given rise to the institution having been totally destroyed and lost sight of, the National Guard soon saw its real functions entrusted to an Imperial *gendarmerie*, while some of its own battalions, in token of Imperial gratitude, were incorporated in the Imperial Guard, under the remarkable appellation of "National Guard of the Guard." In 1812 it became a real landwehr, or army of reserve, and when Louis XVIII. ascended the throne it allowed itself to be stripped of its last remnant of autonomy, the right of electing its own subaltern officers. It offered no resistance to the King, and no resistance to the returning Emperor. And when at last, in 1827, at a review held by Charles X., these guardians of national liberties had the courage to raise cries against the ministry and against the Jesuits, they were ignominiously dismissed and disbanded. Louis Philippe reorganized them, and Louis Napoleon ignored them. Somehow, they managed to survive even the *coup d'état*, and the Third Republic would hardly have dared to suppress so popular an institution if the latter had not, in the eightieth year of its existence, remembered its original vocation, and for the first time made some attempt to become what it never yet had been, and what it should never have ceased to be, an army of the legislature, in contradistinction from and, if needs be, in opposition to the army of the executive. The French Republic, believing in standing armies as the only means of national revenge, could not tolerate that. The National Guard is no more. The Republic has eaten its own, its dearest offspring. May its reign be equally Saturnian in other respects.

Very different and much shorter is the history of the counterfeit institution in Italy. The Sardinian constitution which sanctions the organization of a "Communal Militia" is dated March 4, 1848, and the law (or royal edict) containing its statutes bears the same date. Another law, modifying these statutes in some essential points, is dated February 27, 1859. These dates show that the National Guard was only thought of and cared for on the eve of some impending national struggle against Austria. Who would blame the Italian rulers for that? But as a matter of fact, it cannot be denied that the institution smuggled in under the captivating name of "Communal Militia," and in the latter law, without rhyme, reason, or explanation, called "National Guard," was intended to form part of the strictly military preparations for the wars of independence in '48 and in '59. The National Guard, far from being a "palladium" of popular rights (which rights, it must be granted, required no armed protection), was, according to Art. I., "to defend the monarchy and the constitution, to enforce obedience to the laws, to maintain public order, and, in case of war, to assist the army in the defence of the country." Even in time of peace it was to have "detached corps for extra-communal service" (Art. III.) And it was further enacted that any meddling with politics, "any deliberation concerning State affairs, or even communal affairs, shall be punishable as an offence against the State" (Art. I.) If this is to be taken literally, the institution can have no political value. It is true, the National Guard can elect its own subaltern (and unpaid) officers, but the major and the staff officers are either nominees of the King or chosen by him from a list of candidates. It is also true that the local commander of the National Guard is the *civic* magistrate, the mayor or syndic of the commune. And this sounds well enough. There is a democratic ring in these words. But it so happens that these mayors or syndics are all royal nominees, so that, practically, the king is commander-in-chief of the National Guard. He can dissolve it (though he is bound to reorganize it within a year—Art. V.), and he alone can, at any time, collect its scattered battalions into one large body, while these cannot meet for purposes of their own. It is easy to see that such a militia can never be what it ought to be—one of the powers securing the political equilibrium of the state—and that it could never carry out the programme implied in its high-flown name or title. To test the truth of this assertion, we have only to ask what services such a National Guard could render against, we will say, a *coup d'état*. If such a danger has never existed and can never exist in Italy, the shield intended to ward it off has become a superfluity. And if the danger exists and for ever must exist in the abstract, then the statutes of the National Guard must be remodelled, and its autonomy must cease to be a sham. In its present form, the National Guard may amuse the people or serve ornamental purposes; but when the charm of novelty has passed away, it soon becomes a nuisance and a burthen. These two stages we have seen quite recently in strange juxtaposition. While the new National Guard of Rome was reviewed no less than twenty times in the course of six months, its Neapolitan sister, whose days of play are past, was all but dying of ennui and inanition. The service, though nominally "personal and obligatory," is in reality neither one nor the other; and its duties are so generally and so successfully shirked, especially by the upper classes, that, if it were not for the musical band, one would not often be reminded of the existence of a National Guard.

It is, of course, desirable that the educational benefits of military drill should be placed within the reach of every Italian. But to do this most effectually, every Italian should be placed within the reach of the drill-sergeant. As long as the duties of the militia can be shirked with such ease and such impunity, while a small sum will purchase immunity from military service in the army, Italy will continue to be badly off for fighting men, and the people will prefer the knife and the dagger to the rifle and the sword. Should it be true (as rumor says) that the minister is preparing a bill abolishing substitution and rendering military service strictly "personal" and at the same time obligatory, the National Guard, already convicted of being either useless or insufficient as a political power of resistance, would then become superfluous even as a school for military discipline and drill, and lose its last pretext for existence.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, January 12, 1872.

THE coming session casts its shadow before. Rumors come from all sides of the plans of the coming campaign, and of the mode in which Government proposes to encounter its direct enemies and to pacify its alienated supporters. At present, it may be safely said that nobody knows much about the matter. We can only say that the programme will include a strenuous effort to carry the Ballot Bill, and a proposal of some measure for restricting the sale of spirituous liquors. Meanwhile, opposition orators are beginning to raise their voices in various parts of the country. Prominent amongst them, by virtue of their former position, are Sir J. Pakington and Lord Derby. Of Sir John I shall say nothing. He is a solid country gentleman, of the heavy respectable type, and merely puts the ordinary language of Conservatives into specially pompous phraseology. Lord Derby deserves more notice. His great social position and his reputation for real ability give him a chance to be heard when he speaks as the representative of his party. On the present occasion, he has made a speech marked by his usual strong sense, and by much more than his usual vivacity. As a rule, his oratory produces a chilling influence. All that he says is apt to be very true, and yet somehow to miss the real point of the question. If political problems could be solved, like problems in arithmetic, by a dispassionate addition of the items on both sides of the account, his answers would be exhaustive. But when imaginative vigor and sympathy with the passions of human beings are required, and that is pretty frequently the case, Lord Derby is apt to be inadequate. His recent speech at Liverpool, however, whilst marked by his usual common-sense, showed, as most of the papers remark, a certain buoyancy and animation of tone. For once, he seemed to be throwing himself into the current of party feeling, and anticipating with eagerness an assault upon the Treasury benches. He spoke, so it is said, more like a general on the eve of action, and less like a speculative philosopher estimating the probable course of future events. This impression is probably derived rather from the general tone of his remarks than from any assignable opinion which he uttered. An examination of the substance of his remarks certainly does not lead one to regard the speech as a very stirring trumpet-call to an enthusiastic party. I will venture to follow him through his main points, in order to discover less what the policy of Conservatives is actually likely to be, than what it probably would be if that policy were throughout controlled by the shrewd common-sense which is its best, though seldom its prevailing, element.

Lord Derby declined to attack the Liberal government for the various blunders which they have undoubtedly committed; he contented himself with pointing out that there was no lack of materials for such an attack whenever it might be thought desirable. His speech was chiefly devoted to chalking out the line of policy by which the Conservative party might be enabled to exert great influence, though he neither expected nor desired them to obtain office prematurely, with the necessary consequence of being speedily turned out, as has happened three times in the last twenty years. "Don't let us spoil our own game," he said, "and lose power in running after place." That power would probably not require to be exerted in defending the essential parts of our constitution from any serious attack. The crown, thanks to Sir C. Dilke's blunders and the Prince's illness, is tolerably secure for the present. The House of Lords is almost equally secure, though it might be as well to adapt it a little to the present time, by letting in a certain number of peers appointed for life. The main reason for this innovation, according to Lord Derby, is the rather narrow one that he thinks "pauper peerages" a mistake, and therefore holds that when a man without fortune is ennobled the burdensome honor should not descend to his posterity. Lord Derby is the antipodes of a "pauper peer," and would naturally prefer to see his order consist entirely of very rich men. For the church he has a rather doubtful word of encouragement. "Logically," the English Church should follow the Irish Church; but "legislation"—and Lord Derby seems to think this a very good thing—"is not governed by logic." Otherwise, indeed, what would become of the peers? As it is, he thinks that the church will rub on pretty well, if the contending parties within its limits can keep their hands off one another. That is a pretty large "if"; but Lord Derby characteristically expresses his belief in the power of English common-sense to restrain theological hatreds. He is notoriously rather of the Gallic turn of mind in these matters. Coming to questions of more immediate interest, Lord Derby takes up the *laissez-faire* principle, to which he has always an inclination. Without pronouncing very positively as to the education question, he thinks that the great thing now required is, that we should allow the existing system a fair chance, and wait till it has worked for some years, to see whether it produces any grievance. His remarks upon the liquor trade are chiefly directed to deprecating what he considers to be the tyrannical proposal of allowing two-thirds of the rate-payers in any district to shut up the public-houses. He would prefer, though he has no great faith in any kind of legislation for the promotion of sobriety, to trust simply to stricter police regulations. He would rather look to a gradual and almost imperceptible social reform. In sanitary questions, again, he confines himself chiefly to the remark that we don't want grand schemes so much as more attention to petty local details. Of the ballot, he declares that there is no question in the whole range of politics of which the importance has been so much exaggerated. If a man is so cautious and prudent as to conceal his vote, he is not likely to be a very dangerous revolutionist, and the Liberals pay themselves a very bad compliment when they assume that all people who take advantage of secret voting—that is, all the cowards and sneaks—will be on their side. In finance, again, all we have to hope is that our Chancellor of the Exchequer may not seek to be too ingenious. We shall be all right if Mr. Lowe will only condescend to give us a commonplace budget. However, we had better be trying to pay off a little more of the national debt, whilst trade is flourishing and pauperism diminishing. And here Lord Derby introduced an able panegyric on the advantages of individual energy as compared with state interference; stating, not for the first time, that all the great achievements of Englishmen were due to individual enterprise, and complaining that there is too great a tendency at present to demand governmental action to get rid of every possible grievance. Then in foreign politics we may hope to maintain a neutral position; and in regard to Ireland, we have now done all that can be fairly demanded from us, and all that remains is to resist firmly the further demands for home-rule and for the handing over of education to the power of the priests. Finally, Lord Derby calls upon his party to hold together as a political connection, to work and wait, and to avoid quarrelling.

Now, without criticising the value of any of these opinions beyond saying that they all deserve a certain amount of respect, I think it will be admitted that they are of a curiously negative character. Almost the one definite proposal is to alter the House of Lords in such a way as to prevent the intrusion of pauper peers. All we have to do for the church and the crown is to stand still. To educational reformers he says again, "wait"; to advocates of sanitary or temperance legislation, "do little, and expect next to nothing"; to believers in the ballot, "your scheme doesn't matter one way or the other"; to financial enthusiasts, "make no changes"; to social reformers, "leave things alone as much as possible"; to foreign politicians, "be strictly neutral"; and to Irishmen in general, "we have set our foot down, and are not going to move a step further in any direction whatever." Finally, the Conservative party is exhorted to stick together and wait in hope. I must say that this does not seem to be a very exciting programme. The party which accepts it as a fair exposition of its principles must content itself with acting like the brakeman whose whole activity consists in keeping down the pace of the train, and is not likely to be promoted to the position of engine-driver. The favor with which the speech has certainly been received was due, as I take it, rather to a certain pithiness of style than to anything very animating in the actual substance of the remarks. And the fact illustrates the real difficulty of the Conservative party. They live upon the blunders of their opponents; but they have scarcely a sufficient *raison d'être* when their most sensible leader can only advise general inaction, whilst their official leader is altogether too brilliant to possess their confidence. Between following a guide who may take you at any moment in the opposite direction from that which you intended to pursue, or a guide who confines himself to advising you in the most philosophical and sensible manner to sit still, the choice is difficult. Of course, the difficulty is more or less inherent in the nature of a Conservative party; but a first-rate leader, such as the late Sir R. Peel, might, one would have thought, have held out some more definite prospect. As it is, Conservatives are generally in good spirits. They prophesy freely that Mr. Gladstone will be upset within a month or six weeks from the opening of the session; and they are content not to look much further. I have a rooted disbelief in all prophecy.

There is one other subject which I must briefly notice. The report which has reached us of the nature of the demands made by the American Government before the Geneva Congress has produced an uncomfortable sensation here. It is said that the damages demanded are altogether preposterous; that it had been universally understood here that no claim was to be made for indirect or vindictive damages; that if the American counsel have made an excessive demand in the hopes of obtaining some fraction of it, they have taken a course beneath the dignity of their own country, and insulting to ours; and that if the arbitrators should sanction these unjust demands, we should be justified, under the terms of the treaty, in withdrawing from the convention. Much is added as to the disappointment of those who had counted upon a new era of international good-feeling and the substitution of peaceful arbitration for war. I shall not attempt to say anything more upon the matter, further than to express my belief that even the best friends of the United States in this country have certainly been scandalized by the pretensions thus put forward. Whether they are right or not in this sentiment, I commend to your candor for consideration.

MATTER FOR MUSEUMS.

London, Jan. 11, 1872.

I HAVE been to see the works noticed in a Note of the *Nation* of December 14—the Ripaldi Madonna and the Cartoons. The former is an undoubted Raphael, but not such an one as to make it a desirable addition to any collection which aims at instruction, or sufficiently Raphaelesque to justify the demand of £40,000, or even the reduced price of £25,000, for which it is now held. It is hard, conventional, and, in parts, apparently executed by another hand. It is, in fact, two pictures, a semi-circular surmounting an upright, with the composition continuous. In one respect it is unique—the fastidiousness of the nuns required of the painter that he should drape the infant.

The cartoons are a different affair, really the work of the grand school; and though inferior in majesty of composition to some of the well-known Hampton Court cartoons, they are unmistakably Raphaelesque—how much of any of them is due to the hand of the master being, as with the English cartoons, matter of speculation. One of the four, the debarkation of Scipio, resembles in motive the miraculous draught, which many admirers of Raphael regard as the finest of the Hampton Court (now at South Kensington) series, and in the landscape background, the details of ornament, in the character of the heads, and in the lack of maritime common-sense and consistency, it is quite on a level with the other mentioned. Two of Scipio's galleys are nearing the coast, most unserviceable boats even for a Mediterranean voyage, most unreal and theatrical in their conception, and ornate to the last degree; but as examples of ornamentation, nothing in all Raphael's works surpasses them. There is a sculptural frieze, so to speak, along the side of the galley in which Scipio is, representing a river-god from whose urn the waters are pouring into a rushy pool, while nymphs filling their urns give to drink to the satyrs who come down. A second cartoon, with the dinner given to Scipio and Asdrubal by Syphax, or *vice versa,* I do not remember which, is characteristic of the school, but hardly of its master. The third, the defeat of Syphax, is a large battle-piece, completely thought out, and with a motive of composition unique so far as I know amongst Raphael's designs or those of his school. The mass of the composition is contained in the lower division made by a diagonal line which would be drawn from the lower left-hand to the upper right-hand corner, the action being, however, concentrated in a subordinated pyramidal form, with Scipio at its apex in the middle of the picture. The action is intense and dramatic throughout, two or three episodes being admirably conceived. Amidst the struggling and dying men are painted here and there wild flowers, with all the grace and freedom of nature, and tenderness of drawing and coloring which was characteristic of Raphael's best time. The fourth, the battle of Zama, represents the turning-point of the fight, when the Romans drove the elephants back by flaming torches. The elephants occupy the centre in the second distance, and the Romans group round in the elliptical form of the Ananias and Sapphira picture, with two centurions on horseback breaking the ellipse somewhat, in balance with the two principal elephants placed above them in the composition. This, the most ambitiously grouped of the four compositions, seemed to me the least Raphaelesque; but the fact that the drawings, uncontestably by Raphael, for the elephants of the pictures are in the Oxford collection, puts his complicity beyond question.

These cartoons, like those now at Kensington, were made for tapestries, is shown by the figures being all reversed—left-handed—and were sent to Brussels to be worked, where they were cut into pieces for more convenient preservation. They were discovered by a connoisseur and passionate amateur of the classical school, M. Desburche, about 1792. By him they were carried to Paris, where they were exhibited in the first collection of old masters in the Galerie d'Apollon in the year 1797, and afterwards in the exhibition formed by Napoleon I. in the year 1805. They form part of a series of twenty-one pictures from the life of Scipio, of which another four are now in the Louvre, and of which as authentic history as most works of art possess gives the execution to Giulio Romano and tradition the design to Raphael, the tradition being in many points confirmed by internal evidence. They are in a most admirable state of preservation, far superior in this respect to any of Raphael's or contemporary oil pictures, another proof of the better keeping qualities of water-color, they being painted in distemper.

By M. Desburche they were sold to Madame de Chavagnac, who took them to her chateau at Prangins, in Switzerland, where they have since remained in the possession of her family, who now bring them "on the market." And London is, in point of fact, the greatest—surest for the seller and cheapest for the buyer—of all the markets which form, from time to time, at the great centres of trade and luxury, Venice, Amsterdam, Paris, even perhaps, in its time, Madrid. Hither come pictures, antiques, Oriental wares, coins, etc., etc., drawn not only by the numerous collectors for their own fancies, but by the purchases made by the national museums, the British and South Kensington; and, according to that law which makes the productions of market gardens cheaper in New York than in the villages where they grew, porcelain comes cheaper here than in Nanking or Yeddo. Pictures of the old school command lower prices than in provincial capitals, and coins and antiques, with few exceptions, are worth less here than in Rome or Athens. You can scarcely anywhere in the world find rarer Oriental porcelain than at Marks's, and for old books and manuscripts your surest field of search is on the shelves of Ellis or Quaritch. The fact explains itself when one knows that exceptional articles bring fabulous prices, and every possessor considers his article exceptional until a wasting sojourn in London makes him content to dispose of it for what he can get. I saw a head the other day—a mere head without even a neck—in a soft, chalky stone (one of the *trouvailles* of Cyprus), for which a dealer had paid £110, and, selling it for £250 a week later, he made an offer a few days later still of £500 to repurchase it, having an order for it at £700. It was so friable that an air-tight glass case had been made for it, but it had, at the same time, been so securely buried and so early that weather had not corroded it perceptibly, and its beauty was something quite exceptional in Greek art.

Another *morceau* just now "on the market" is the set of table ornaments made for the Emperor Francis I. of Austria by Thomire, the greatest of the French ornamental designers of the day of Napoleon I., and the artist who made the cradle of the King of Rome. It is in the style of Louis XVI., and is something imperial in dimensions and richness. The entire piece which holds the fruit, or flower-basket, is a composition of four figures, representing Music, Painting, the Drama, and Agriculture—why this selection, one does not comprehend—the figures about twenty inches high, in art bronze, and executed with a delicacy and elaboration of detail which I have never seen equalled in modern bronze-work. There are besides several other groups in similar style—the Graces, copies of the Medici vase, Bacchantes, etc.—and the whole arranged on a plateau of plate-glass mirror, twenty feet long. But, like the spoils of other empires, it comes to London to be broken up, and is being sold piecemeal to decorate merchants' tables.

The curiosity and second-hand shops of London alone are a world of research in which almost all known products of human ingenuity appear at one time or another, and where the slow alternations of wealth and misery turn up the treasures of past generations; so that you need not be surprised to find the sword of Napoleon in a pawnbroker's shop, or the buff coat of Cromwell in a Wardour Street window. Into this London, paved with gold and inhabited by princes, how many confident and well-to-do-at-home young aspirants push, to leave their last possessions in pawn and their bones in the dust. Their misery is the collector's thrift. This week there is for sale porcelain from the collection of the Marquis of Hastings; the other day the copy of Hogarth's engravings that once belonged to the Duke of Buckingham was brought me for sale by a young man to whom money was for the moment a *sine quâ non.* The jewels of an empress in exile are now on sale in the shop of a London jeweller, and will probably decorate the fat figure of a new-made lady whose husband was a prosperous shop-keeper, as shiftless as Whittington when he came to London. The marvellous museum of South Kensington is a result of this maelstrom of valuables—a collection which nothing in the world, not even the plundering of Napoleon I., could rival, and which no other nation will probably ever care to equal at its cost. We can never have a great museum, because, firstly, the people who rule don't care to pay for these things; and, secondly, we have no capital. We submit to be plundered of enough to make a gallery like that of Trafalgar Square, but will not tax ourselves to pay for a single first-rate picture or to establish a single art-school.

The picture sales commence this week, and some choice Turners and Sir Joshuas, with numerous Dutch favorites of the London taste, will take another turn in their career. The popular favorites will bring high prices—all others will go for less than the painter received.

W J. Stillman.

Correspondence.

MR. PERCE'S SCHOOL BILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your strictures on "The National School Bill" are on the Bill 802, which was read twice, and, on the 8th instant, "referred to the Committee on Education and Labor." Bill 1043 is the matured bill as brought in from the Committee by L. W. Perce, now under consideration, and materially changed. It is not open to any of the objections of your article, excepting one, viz., not declaring "that ecclesiastical schools shall not be aided." To assume that they could be aided, even as the bill now stands, would be by a very forced construction. The apportionment to any State cannot be had without "local appropriation." The bill does not and cannot tie up Congress from other appropriation of the lands, and is not intended to hurry their sale. It will have the moral effect to prevent their waste.

Y. W.

GERMANTOWN, PHILA., PA., Jan. 27, 1872.

EQUITABLE TAXATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Sympathizing with your endeavors to take the wrongs of the workingman out of rhetorical guardianship, I ask attention to an unjust burden which legislation has laid upon his labor. The subject is suggested at the present time by petitions presented to our General Court to remove a tax upon bank stock held by charitable institutions—the tax having been imposed (*accidentally*, as some of the petitioners claim) by an act of the last Legislature.

Believing that a just view of the principle upon which taxes should be laid is more important than the increase of any charitable fund, I am constrained to oppose the wishes of these well-intentioned gentlemen. Whether owing to accident or design, the repeal of the exemption from taxation of bank stock held for alleged charitable purposes seems to me one of the most promising acts of our recent legislation. It began a movement in the right direction—a movement that ought not to end until people's eyes are open to the fact that exemption from taxation of any property held by alleged charitable institutions is a burden upon the labor and savings of the community which it is impossible to justify.

Before offering some concrete examples of the injustice worked by exemptions to which we are at present subjected, I may be permitted a passing remark upon the economical effects of the non-taxation of bank stock held by charitable corporations. Its mischief may be summed up in three words: *it deranges values.* And the evil wrought, while it appears in many forms that we can see, must necessarily exist in many more that are too subtle to be detected. A knowledge of the precise worth of bank stock, as of all other commodities, is of vital interest to the community, and Government has no right to throw obstacles in its way. But the exemption in question casts a doubt upon all figures. For who can tell whether the current quotation of stock signifies its value to a taxed citizen or to an untaxed institution? The widow and orphan have surely a right to invest their savings in the stock of their town bank (whose directors are known to them) at its natural market price. Yet, until last year, this right was only recognized in case parties representing an untaxed institution were not disposed to compete. I have been informed of an instance where the entire stock of a national bank was unjustly taxed—the assessors making their valuation accord with a market quotation which did not represent the value of the shares to any tax-paying citizen, but only to a favored institution. But even if our legislators are persuaded to return to this exemption, it will prove but a temporary check upon a good work that must sooner or later be continued. For it is monstrous that irresponsible corporations should be allowed to assess labor year after year because they are running establishments which somebody once chose to call charitable. Whoever has awakened to the extreme facility with which endowed charities, passing beyond the control of the people, may be perverted to mischief, will be chary of granting them extraordinary privileges. It is surely favor enough if we allow the average donor, with his average want of foresight, to glorify himself in an institution subject to taxation, like the real or personal property with which he endows it. But what sense is there in permitting him to lay an annual tax upon his neighbors for any grotesque scheme of charity which may be accepted by the hasty majority vote of a popular meeting?

Two instances of the injustice worked by such legislation may be found within the limits of the town of eight thousand inhabitants from which I write. By looking through the State for illustrations, one would be pretty sure to come upon more striking ones. A physician left certain estates for the education of a portion of the girls of Quincy, who were to be capriciously selected by an accident of birth. The bequest was accompanied with peculiar conditions—so peculiar, in fact, as to render the proposed institution of no advantage to our community in the eyes of many intelligent citizens. A town-meeting was called at an hour at which voters engaged in industrial occupations could not easily attend. Yet even at that meeting a powerful minority opposed the acceptance of the school. Although I was not convinced by their arguments, it is just to say that gentlemen whose judgment in educational matters would be considered better than mine contended that a school established upon the prescribed conditions would prove a misfortune to the community. The bequest, however, was accepted; and as soon as the building occupies a fine piece of land on our principal street, the snap-judgment of a single town-meeting will be permitted to assess those remonstrating citizens year after year for the rest of their lives, and this in aid of a "charity" which they protest will on the whole work evil.

The other instance is more striking in the amount of the contribution it exacts. During the war, some benevolent persons raised a fund for the relief of our national sailors. Trustees were appointed to take charge of it, and some seventy acres of land were purchased in this town. About thirty-five acres of this territory are high upland, on the sea, and two miles from the Boston line. There is no land in the neighborhood so certain to be covered with the summer residences of business men were it in the hands of private parties who could be subjected to the market coercions of taxes and competition. If we estimate the taxable value of that property to the generation at present living in Quincy, the result is startling. And yet this town is selected from all other cities and towns in the United States to make a forced contribution, princely in amount, to what is emphatically declared to be a *National* Sailors' Home! All economists agree in condemning taxes which throw obstacles in the way of the sale of land or other instruments of production. But how could legislation more thoroughly effect this mischief? It is right to say that the sums we are forced to contribute to the institution in question are bestowed upon a deserving charity which, at present, happens to be in the hands of an excellent board of managers. To a community unable to find consolation in such reflections the case would be much harder.

A certain class of persons, who reason from sentiment, may believe that worthy institutions will languish if Government withdraw its clumsy patronage. But history shows how little cause there is for such fears. Unjust legislative interference, in the long run, can never benefit the interests it pretends to foster. Churches are stronger and purer than when the state paid the minister, and works of beneficence will not be wanting because people are not juggled into supporting institutions in which they do not believe, and this at a rate often far exceeding their natural cost. Of course, some hardship must be experienced in acknowledging a just principle which has long been violated. Many institutions are worth far more to a community than the tax remitted to them. But there is little danger that their just claims would fail of allowance. There is always the straightforward method of appealing to legislators for special grants of money in favor of such charities as can prove their utility to the whole people, and it is no evil that those whose service cannot be measured by popular standards should depend upon the efforts and contributions of men enlightened enough to know their value. In the morbid humanitarianism of these latter days, our average legislator easily gets maudlin over the command "to love mercy," to which the prophet gives the second place in his terse summary of human duties. But small good comes of it when he skips the requirement "to do justly," which in all properly printed Bibles takes precedence of that obligation.

J. P. QUINCY.

QUINCY, MASS., Jan. 26, 1872.

Notes.

MESSRS. APPLETON & CO., who have borne such a prominent part in the discussion of the copyright question, are about to undertake a practical solution of it which appears to leave nothing to be desired. With the aid of Professor Youmans, who went expressly for them to Europe, they have formed what we may call, after the fashion of the day, a "syndicate" for the publication of an international series of scientific hand-books. The other members are H. S. King & Co., of London; Baillière, of Paris; and Brockhaus, of Leipsic; "and the authors will receive a 'royalty,' or percentage, in accordance with the American plan, from the publisher of each country." These authors, we must now say, are the leading and authoritative scientific *savans* of the present time (our own country excepted), and embrace Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Professors Tyndall, Huxley, Jevons, Bernard, Virchow, Quatrefages, Sainte-Claire Deville, Sir John Lubbock, Walter Bagehot, Herbert Spencer, J. N. Lockyer, and a great number of others. We doubt if any better evidence could be given of American sincerity in the matter of copyright, or American ingenuity in overcoming the difficulties which naturally (and only) present themselves in the case of two nations speaking the same language.——Mr. F. Leypoldt's *Trade Circular*, the official organ of the Publishers' Board of Trade, will hereafter be published weekly, no doubt to the great advantage of the trade.

—In our review, last week, of Palmer's "Desert of the Exodus," an awkward transposition occurred not easy to be corrected by the reader. The close of paragraph second belongs near the close of paragraph third on page 61, which would then read:

> "But there is no allusion to Robinson in this part of Palmer's volume, and the conclusion of the survey is given as if it were a new and important contribution to the local topography. Indeed, we think there is one expression which, in view of Robinson's authority among German and American scholars as well as among the English, is hardly correct, an assertion that the southeast summit is generally regarded as Mount Sinai.
>
> "Towards the close," etc.

The words "nature of the country" should be struck out.

—*Young Israel*, a monthly publication for Jewish boys and girls, edited by Messrs. L. Schnabel and M. Brecher, of this city—the first appearance of which we noticed last year—has finished its first twelvemonth, and opened its second volume with the new January number. We have no doubt the editors have given satisfaction to their youthful readers, whom they have done their best to amuse and to instruct, presenting them with a variety of sketches drawn from the domains of nature, history, and fiction, without troubling them with much religious instruction. The historical pieces contained in the first volume of the magazine are, it is true, all, or almost all, of Jewish interest, but they are free from that denominational varnish which renders so many similar productions quite unpalatable to all but those for whom they are expressly written. The spirit which pervades *Young Israel* is unmistakably one of enlightenment and philanthropy, and Christian pens seem to have an almost equal share in its pages with those of Jews. Mr. Horatio Alger, Jr., the author of the yearly serial, is undoubtedly the favorite of its readers; most of the poetry is from the hand of the junior editor. Some of the articles soar a little too high for the sphere of the journal, and form, perhaps, too striking a contrast with others apparently intended for readers of a very tender age.

—We might have spoken more particularly than we did, last week, in our remarks on the new magazine, the *City*, of the kinds of processes employed in making the illustrations, which are of various degrees of excellence. The two portraits furnished by Senator Sumner were particularly worth mentioning, because they are proofs of what may be done by the Albert-type process in other hands than its inventor's. Mr. Bierstadt, the artist, who has been for some years experimenting with the process (which, in two words, may be described as a modified form of lithography), seems at last to have attained a fair success in working it, though, we should judge, not absolute certainty. We hope the conductors of the *City* will, next time, permit us to see what he can do with views from nature—a much higher test than copying line engravings. A similar process to the Albert-type is now in operation at the studio of Mr. Rockwood, the photographer, of this city, and gives good promise. Two specimens of it may be seen in that luxurious publication of Judge Hilton's—"First Annual Report of the Board of Commissioners of the Department of Public Parks"—facing pages 158 and 168. They have the accuracy of the photograph with the general appearance of a lithograph, but are without brilliancy or artistic *chiaroscuro*, and probably do not represent Mr. Rockwood's ideal. In regard to rapidity of reproduction, we believe he is in advance of Mr. Bierstadt and his method.

—The candid mind trying to hold the scales even between Darwinists and their opponents, ought to take pleasure in two articles published impartially in the January number of the *American Naturalist*, whose conductors, we may state, belong to the latter class. One, on "The Blind Fishes of Mammoth Cave," is by Mr. F. W. Putnam, and compares the only two known species, Amblyopsis and Typhlichthys, with a species, Chologaster, of the same family, which is sometimes found in open ditches and sometimes in subterranean waters in different parts of the country, but which has eyes. There is also a mud-fish, not blind, which occurs in the Mammoth Cave beside the blind fish. Mr. Putnam asks why this fish and the Chologaster can see, where eyesight is of no use, if the Amblyopsis and Typhlichthys lost their eyesight in consequence of their sunless habitat. The natural answer—Give them time enough and they will doubtless become blind—is met by Mr. Putnam, but we cannot easily condense his argument. Prof. N. S. Shaler, on the other hand, who writes on "The Rattlesnake and Natural Selection," begins with the remark that for some years he had been teaching that this reptile's tail "was not to be explained on the doctrine of natural selection, inasmuch as it could contribute in no way to the advantage of the animal," but by warning its prey of its presence was clearly calculated to hinder the creature in the struggle for existence. He shows how his opinion was completely reversed last summer on hearing the rattle of a snake lying in the road on which he was riding. He mistook the sound for that of the "locust" (cicada), and would have driven over the snake had it not been discovered and pointed out to him by a companion. He has since ascertained that "the note of the rattlesnake is recognized by many persons as indistinguishable from the sound made by the cicada," and he concludes that birds, who are well known to be dull in discriminating among sounds that even imperfectly resemble each other, are pretty certain to be deceived as he was, and, rushing to pick up a fat cicada, are caught by a "worm" on which they had not counted. He suggests, also, that what is called the fascination of birds by serpents may be only the response to a food-promising call. How snakes with rattles might, on the Darwinian hypothesis, have grown out of those without them, Prof. Shaler endeavors to show, with much ingenuity.

—In his "Life of Dickens," Mr. John Forster pays his respects to another American man of letters in much the same fashion in which he deals with Mr. N. P. Willis in the "Life of Landor." Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, a well-known bookmaker of Philadelphia, is the victim this time. In the paper called the *Round Table* the Doctor some years since made a statement, which was afterwards repeated in a "Life of Dickens" put together by him, and which Mr. Forster asserts can only be properly characterized "by one unpolite word (in three letters)." The statement was to this effect: Being in London in 1847, Dr. Mackenzie made the intimate acquaintance of George Cruikshank, and one day calling at that gentleman's house found him busily at work on an etching and not able at the moment to converse. Dr. Mackenzie therefore amused himself with a portfolio, and in doing so came upon—

> "A series of some twenty-five or thirty drawings, very carefully finished, through most of which were carried the well-known portraits of Fagin, Bill Sikes and his dog, Nancy, the Artful Dodger, and Master Charles Bates—all well known to the readers of 'Oliver Twist.' There was no mistake about it, and when Cruikshank turned round, his work finished, I said as much. He told me that it had long been in his mind to show the life of a London thief by a series of drawings engraved by himself, in which, without a single line of letterpress, the story would be strikingly and clearly told. Dickens, he continued, dropped in here one day, just as you have done, and, while waiting until I could speak with him, took up that identical portfolio and ferreted out that bundle of drawings. . . . He told me that he was tempted to change the whole plot of his story—not to carry Oliver Twist through adventures in the country, but to take him up into the thieves' dens in London, show what their life was, and bring Oliver through it without sin or shame."

So far Dr. Mackenzie, whom we need not quote at greater length, since later we shall give Mr. Cruikshank's own account of the relation of himself and of Dickens to the novel as we have it. Mr. Forster, besides remarking on this narrative in the manner we have seen, goes into some details, and shows that the last instalment of "Oliver Twist" had three plates prepared for it—one the picture of Sikes attempting to drown his dog, one of Fagin in the condemned cell, and one of Rose Maylie and Oliver, and that Dickens was so ill pleased with this last that he wrote at once to Mr. Cruikshank in these words:

> "With reference to the last one, without entering into the question of great haste or any other cause which may have led to its being what it is, I am quite sure there can be little difference of opinion between us with respect to the result. May I ask whether you will object to designing this plate afresh, and doing so *at once*, in order that as few impressions as possible of the present one may go forth?"

Now, says Mr. Forster, "this letter entirely disposes of a wonderful story originally promulgated in America with a minute conscientiousness and particularity of detail that might have raised the reputation of Sir Benjamin Backbite himself." The argument apparently is that, as Dickens wrote a letter to Cruikshank in terms which imply that the Rose Maylie plate was done in haste after the letterpress was all ready, therefore all the plates had been made in the same way—equally in subordination, that is, to the manuscript furnished by Dickens. That would, at any rate, appear to be Mr. Forster's principal argument. Of course, in the tone of the letter and in the fact that a second plate was called for on account of the first one's being unsatisfactory, there is an implication that it was addressed not to an equal coadjutor in the novel, but to an artist occupying the usual position of the illustrator of a book.

—Mr. Forster's argument fails, however, and proves nothing at all against a full version of all the facts which Mr. Cruikshank has sent to the *Times* since Mr. Forster's book came out. Mr. Forster, by-the-by, had said that Mr. Cruikshank was "calumniated" by being made the authority for a fable which he might properly have disregarded, indeed, had it been confined to America, but the circulation of which in London made it amount to a calumny upon a distinguished artist. This brings Mr. Cruikshank out to show that the "invention" "fathered upon him" is not an invention at all, and that Dr. Mackenzie is more nearly right about the matter than Mr. Forster supposes. This letter of the veteran gives several indications that his natural force is not yet abated, and is in every way worth having, but we must summarize it. And first for the argument which we have found in Mr. Forster's book. Dickens did write to Cruikshank asking that a new plate be made for the last part of the story, and his request was complied with. The first plate had been done in great haste, Mr. Bentley "allowing no proper time for it," and, says Mr. Cruikshank, it was "a subject without any interest; in fact, there was not anything in the latter part of the manuscript that would suggest an illustration, but to oblige Mr. Dickens I did my best to produce another etching, working hard day and night; but when done, what was it? Why, merely a lady and a boy standing inside of a church looking at a stone wall." Readers of "Oliver Twist," if they are late readers of it, will recollect the more feebly sentimental and more feebly melodramatic portion of it—the extremely dreary—what shall we call it? Stuff is what it might be called if one were speaking of a writer less deservedly distinguished than Mr. Dickens.[*] And perhaps in consideration of the other writers without Dickens's genius who imitate him in his worse moments, and in consideration of the good writers whom the example of his success may have made distrustful of better models and of themselves, it may be as well for this once to call it by its right name. Readers who do recollect that part of the novel in which the truculent Mr. Monks makes his highly probable confessions and in which Miss Rose and young Mr. Maylie figure, will agree with Mr. Cruikshank that it could not have been very inspiring to an artist. We may remark here that we conjecture the Rose-Maylie portion of the novel to be an expression of that extravagant liking for Miss Hogarth of which Mr. Forster tells us—an extravagance of liking which a very good critic has spoken of as in part really and truly felt by Dickens, and in part perhaps only supposed by him to have been felt. This by the way, however. Mr. Cruikshank goes on to say that for a reason which he will some day let the world know, he wished to bring before the public the life of the London thieves, and to that end had planned a series of engravings which should of themselves without verbal explanation show the career of a good boy, "Frank Foundling or Frank Steadfast," rising by merit through adverse circumstances to honor and prosperity. When, after the success of "Pickwick," Mr. Bentley asked Dickens to write a serial story for *Bentley's Miscellany*, Dickens, consenting, seems to have decided on telling the fortunes of a parish boy, but what the details of his plan were does not appear, though the figure of Mr. Bumble may help us to guess. Mr. Cruikshank, who was working a good deal for Mr. Bentley in those days, was to be the illustrator, and immediately on being consulted he begged Dickens to take the boy through Fagin's school of thieves, which Dickens agreed to do. Cruikshank had already made two pictures for the story when he urged upon Dickens what he had before suggested, that Oliver should be made into "a nice pretty little boy" in whom "the public, particularly the ladies," could take such an interest that their wrath would be aroused against the barbarities practised upon English paupers by workhouse officials—barbarities just at that moment exemplified in the cases of some orphan children who had been "farmed out" by St. James's Parish, London, and what with cruelty and starvation miserably put to death.

—To this also Dickens agreed. He at first had had another idea of Oliver; he had designed making his hero "rather a queer kind of a chap," and so it was that the queer name was given him, Dickens having been amused by hearing an omnibus conductor talking about a certain Oliver Twist. The name of the boy could not be changed, or at least the novel, which had already begun to appear, had to retain its title; afterwards Oliver's parentage turns out respectable, the reader will recollect, and he loses his surname of Twist. But the boy's character and appearance could be changed, the story having at the time of Mr. Cruikshank's suggestion gone no farther than to the second instalment, and the "nice pretty boy" was decided on instead of the "rather queer kind of a chap." It will be observed, Mr. Cruikshank says, that the Oliver of all the pictures after the first two differs from the famous "Oliver asking for more," in making which latter the artist deferred to the author, being well content to yield other points now that Sikes, Fagin, The Artful Dodger, Charley Bates, and Nancy were to be exhibited to the public in their villany and wretchedness, accompanied with a story by an exceedingly popular author and sure of an audience. "I must here mention," says Mr. Cruikshank, "that nearly all the designs were made from conversation and mutual suggestion, and that I never saw any manuscript of Mr. Dickens's until the work was nearly finished." He concludes the statement of his case by saying that he thinks it will be allowed, without his going farther into particulars, that he is "the originator of Oliver Twist," and that all the principal characters are his. We think it will be allowed that this is in very great part so; to originate the general course of a novel's story and to invent the principal characters is certainly to do a vast deal towards making the whole of it, and it would seem that the philanthropic turn of the novel, so far at least as it attacks workhouses, is due to Mr. Cruikshank. This is worth noting, as "Oliver Twist" may be set down as the first of its author's philanthropic novels; the picture of the debtor's prison in "Pickwick" evidently being drawn more for fun and because he had seen the Marshalsea, and because his favorite Fielding had done the same thing before, than from any distinct purpose of ameliorating the condition of poor debtors. That the philanthrophic part of "Oliver Twist," which consists of the plea, so to call it, for the women of the town, was Mr. Cruikshank's is not stated. The invention of the principal characters and the direction of the general course of the novel must, we should say, be conceded to Mr. Cruikshank. Of course it is to be recollected that poor as is much of what Dickens added of his own to Mr. Cruikshank's conception of the den in Field Lane, the Jew receiver, the brutal burglar, Nancy, the abandoned victim of the cruelty and cupidity of her vile companions, nevertheless the novelist added much that was good; and to have "originated Oliver Twist" is not to have written the novel as the world knows it. As for Mr. Dickens's share in the matter, it seems strange that his biographer and intimate friend should never have had the facts in the case from him. We say "facts," assuming, what we think ourselves justified in assuming, that Mr. Cruikshank's statements are to be taken as accurate. It is, nevertheless, an assumption on our part.

—Now that the first year of that new German politico-literary weekly, *Im neuen Reich*, is completed, we find that we have not done full justice to its merits in the notice devoted to its earlier parts. What makes us inclined to speak now more highly of it is not only the gradually developed greater variety of its contents, but chiefly the excellence of some of its later articles. Few periodicals in any language can boast of contributions like "Das neueste philosophische System" ("The Latest System of Philosophy," No. 38), in which Dr. Karl Freiherr du Prett reviews the second edition of Eduard von Hartmann's "Philosophie des Unbewussten" (Philosophy of the Unconscious—not of the unknown)—whether we consider the reviewer's powers of analysis and diction or the importance and gravity of his subject. The literary portions will, in general, be found the most interesting—not only by readers in this country, we presume, but also by more interested observers of the political affairs of "the new empire." Those contributed by the editor, Alfred Dove, himself are particularly well done and attractive. Mr L. W. Schmidt is the American agent.

FISHER AMES.[*]

NOT long since we discoursed to our readers of Thomas Jefferson, and expressed such views of his character and services to his country as we had formed on contemplating them in the light of history, after the passions and interests of his contemporaries, which had either magnified or dwarfed them, had been at rest for more than half a century. We spoke of the circumstances of his career and character which gave him a permanent place in the memory of posterity which the limitations of the human understanding and the nature of things had denied to many of his contemporaries, famous and useful in their day and generation, on whom the long night of forgetfulness has settled down. One of the most admirable of the public men of the days of Washington, whose name, we fear, the lapse of time has nearly worn out of the mind of the busy generation now on the stage, but who well deserves a place there, was Fisher Ames, whose Congressional Speeches have just been placed before the public in a compact and elegant shape by his grandson, Mr. Pelham W. Ames. During his public life, which may be said to have lasted from his election to the First Congress in 1789 to his death in 1808, his name was perhaps quite as familiar to men's minds and on their lips as that of Jefferson himself. Though retired from the scene of national affairs for twelve years, his voice was still potential in the councils of his party, who admired and revered him as they did none other of their leaders, with the single exception of Hamilton; and even his political adversaries could not refuse their tribute of respect to his genius and his eloquence, the integrity of his public and the purity of his private life.

If the name of Ames has suggested that of Jefferson when looking back to the times when they were both prominent public men, it certainly has been through the association of contrast rather than of resemblance. Never were two men more unlike in the main features of their characters, the nature of their talents, and the experiences of their lives. The natural life of Ames was included within that of Jefferson, which overlapped it at both ends. Jefferson was born almost exactly fifteen years before Ames, and he survived him exactly eighteen, Ames having also died on the Fourth of July.

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[*] "Speeches of Fisher Ames in Congress, 1789-96. Edited by Pelham W. Ames." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1871.

The public service of Jefferson, reckoning from his entering the Continental Congress in 1775 to his leaving the Presidency in 1809, covered fully thirty-four years. It took him to the immortal Congress of the Declaration of Independence, carried him over seas to Europe, and placed him at the Court of France during its last most interesting and most melancholy days; it recalled him to take part in the national organization of the United States as the chief of the Administration of Washington; it seated him in the chair of the Senate as the second Vice-President, and crowned his career with the headship of the nation for two terms. The national public service of Mr. Ames was limited to a seat in the first four Congresses. There was nothing to excite the imagination about his modest course through life, whether before he went to New York and Philadelphia, while in Congress, or after his return to the simple duties and pleasures of professional and private life at Dedham. It was the brilliancy of his parliamentary eloquence, the winning charm of his conversation, where serious thought and deep feeling were lighted up by the play of fancy and the flash of wit, the sweetness and sincerity of his nature, and, above all, the belief in his political wisdom and the knowledge of his absolute integrity in public as well as private affairs, that gained for him the admiration and influence while he lived and the love and reverence after his death which his contemporaries never ceased to cherish, and which they bequeathed to at least one generation of their descendants.

Jefferson and Ames were fair enough representatives of the two opposite qualities of mind which the mighty change in political relations that took place in their time, and of which they were a part, developed and displayed. Jefferson's sanguine temperament looked only forward, and regarded the future only with hope and faith. He accepted the new ideas, and doubted not that they would lead his country on to prosperity and glory. Ames accepted the ideas also, but it was with fear and trembling. He looked backward to see what had been the experience of mankind, and read the present and foreboded the future by the lights of the past. He believed in the fallacious maxim, which we still sometimes hear sapiently uttered, that history repeats herself—a thing which she has never done, because the facts which she has to tell are never identical with those she has told. The American statesman eighty years since found himself face to face with a state of things which had no example in history. The experiment of a government resting on the will of the people as its basis, and of which the voice of the people, duly ascertained, furnished the omnipotence which, in some shape, underlies every government, looked very differently to different observers. It was very much a matter of temperaments. The sanguine saw only public virtue, disinterested patriotism, growing greatness, and ever-increasing prosperity as the natural result of the new state of things. The more saturnine natures remembered the bloody factions of the older republics, and dreaded lest anarchy and popular violence might lead finally to military despotism. The intellectual movement which had given rise to the French Revolution seemed to the one the prophecy of a higher and purer polity than the world had yet seen. The bloody excesses which had attended that tremendous event seemed, to the other, the necessary consequence of such an unloosing of the people, and they feared that something of the same nature might follow their own experiment of popular sovereignty. Jefferson and the Democrats were the party of hope; Ames and the Federalists that of doubt and apprehension. At this distance of time we may admit that the mass of both parties were honest and patriotic, and that the Democrats were as little desirous of making the United States a department of Bonaparte's empire as the Federalists of restoring them to the allegiance of the British crown or of setting up a Brummagem monarchy of their own.

Fisher Ames was descended, on both sides, of a good New England stock, the son and grandson of excellent country doctors, as excellence was accounted in those days before medical schools, and was born in Dedham, Massachusetts, April 9, 1758. His father died when Mr. Ames was but six years old, but his loss was made good by the energy and good sense of his widow, who lived to enjoy the fame of her eminent son, and survived him for several years. His education was rather rambling and desultory, as the best of educations then generally were, but of a kind which fed and nourished his mind well. He entered Harvard College at twelve and graduated at sixteen, where he acquired a sufficient acquaintance with Latin to have a thorough enjoyment of the classics all his life, and he had a reasonable opportunity to indulge an indiscriminate appetite for books, which perhaps built up his intellectual constitution quite as wholesomely as a more carefully selected diet could have done. He kept school for a while after graduation, and afterwards studied law and practised it with good success. His writings in the newspapers of the day on political subjects attracted the attention of the principal friends of the new Constitution, and introduced him to their acquaintance and friendship. And, accordingly, when the first representative from the Boston District, which then included what is now the County of Norfolk, came to be selected, their choice fell upon Mr. Ames. His Congressional life was exactly contemporaneous with Washington's two terms, and his influence had great and just weight in settling the perplexing questions which vexed the infancy and threatened the life of the young Republic. There were no more important eight years in the whole succession of Congresses or more vital to the solid establishment of the nation. Every particular of the efficient working of the Government, the raising of revenue, the organization of the courts, the funding of the debts, the adjustment of the outstanding quarrels with England, and the avoidance of new ones with France, everything connected with the machinery, the credit, the safety, and the permanence of the nation, necessarily had to be done by those early Congresses.

It is happy for us all who have entered into their labors that there were such men as Ames in Congress in those days when passions never more furious, and factions never more malignant, raged within and without and threatened the infant nation with destruction in its cradle. In those debates on matters which touched the very essence and existence of our national polity, Mr. Ames took an active and prevailing part. The question of the tariff of duties which was to provide the ways and means of carrying on the government was one of the first to be encountered. The constitutional right of the President to remove from office at his pleasure also was questioned in the earlier as in the latter days of our history, and the meaning of the Constitution accepted in the sense which custom and the courts have since given to it, Mr. Ames naturally helping to settle it thus. On the subject of salaries he held views which we are quite sure he would have changed had he lived to this day, considering $1,500 a liberal remuneration for a judge of the Supreme Court. On the vital question of sustaining the credit of the new nation by the simple process of paying its debts, and through the assumption by the nation of the debts of the several States, contracted mainly during and because of the war, it need hardly be said that his voice was raised in the most emphatic and eloquent tones. And it was doubtless in no small degree due to him that the earlier attempts to combine Statesmanship with Swindling, of which we have had such illustrious examples in our own day, came to the untimely end which they merited. He did not favor the tax proposed to be laid on imported slaves, on the ground that it might seem to countenance the practice of slavery, which "he detested from his soul." He promoted Hamilton's scheme of a national bank, and helped to carry it through the House; and he combated with all his artillery of eloquence, argument, and ridicule Madison's famous Resolutions, which were the introduction to the system of fighting England by commercial restrictions which was carried out to so disastrous an extent in the reign of Jefferson. But the greatest triumph of Mr. Ames as a parliamentary orator was the last of all—his speech on the 28th of April, 1796, in favor of passing the laws necessary for the performance of Jay's Treaty, which had been duly ratified by the President and Senate. Probably no speech ever delivered in Congress surpassed it in any of the elements of eloquence, or had a greater effect on its immediate audience. Scarcely able to stand from bodily weakness when he began, he kindled as he went on

> "To such a flame of sacred vehemence,"

that his audience, though not used to the melting mood, were in tears of excitement when he ceased, and the enemies of the Treaty would not suffer the vote to be taken in the state of mind in which the speech left the House.

The speeches of Mr. Ames have been not unaptly compared to those of Burke, and the *London Quarterly*, in an article quoted in the preface of this volume, allows that "there are passages in his speeches which might go far towards accounting for, if they do not quite justify," the comparison. If Ames does not quite rival the sublimest flights of Burke, he never is carried by the pursuit of an apt but offensive metaphor to a point that is scarcely short of the disgusting. His perfect taste is never at fault. In felicity of illustration, in playfulness of fancy, in readiness of wit, in neatness of raillery, in delicacy of irony, and in keenness of sarcasm, he is not unworthy to be placed in the company of the great Irishman. Mr. Ames left public life at the close of the Fourth Congress and returned to Dedham, where he spent the remainder of his days practising his profession as much as his slender and uncertain health would allow, and amusing himself with his books, his correspondence, his farm, and his orchards. He died in his native town on the 4th of July, 1808, at the age of fifty. And his name is not without honor there. The house which he built and in which he lived and died is still pointed out to strangers, and his portrait, along with those of Washington and Lincoln, hangs in the hall which the town has built in memory of her sons who died in the war of the Rebellion.*

It need not be said that the interest of Mr. Ames in public affairs during the fierce excitements which agitated the years of his retirement was intense to the last. It gave occasion to essays on a variety of topics in the newspapers which deserve a longer life than is usually accorded to such ephemeral productions. They are marked by all the distinguishing qualities of his speeches, and are admirable specimens of pure and idiomatic English. In the edition of his Life and Works, published by his son, Mr. Justice Ames, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, in 1854, many of these are collected and put in a permament form for preservation. These volumes also contain his private correspondence, from which one can form some idea of the liveliness and brilliancy of his conversation, which gave a delight to his friends that remained fresh to the end of the longest lives. It has every quality which goes to the making of good letters, and gives a charming picture of the man and of the times. Acknowledging our obligations to Mr. Pelham Ames for rescuing four of his great ancestor's speeches from the oblivion of newspapers and Congressional journals, we would call the attention of our readers to the larger and more important publication of his father. While we will not place his volumes under the humorous condemnation of Charles Lamb, of being "books which no gentleman's library should be without," we are bold to say that they are books which no public library, large or small, should be without; and we venture to advise any of our readers having authority over such institutions not to neglect ordering a set from Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. They can place no more useful and entertaining matter before their clients.

THE MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

OUR copy of the February *Galaxy* does not say so, but there need be no doubt that Mr. Thurlow Weed is the writer of its article on President Tyler's Administration. We suppose that we may commend it to attention as being not only a highly readable chapter of political history and biography, but also as being fully as trustworthy as partisan political history written by a political partisan can fairly be expected to be, and more trustworthy than such history usually is. The reader gets the impression that Mr. Weed's feelings are not habitually allowed to run away with his judgment, and is disposed, as he reads, to a favorable opinion of the writer's candor. At all events, Mr. Weed writes in the midst of political friends and acquaintances who may be depended on for necessary criticism of his truthfulness. It will, for instance, be comparatively safe to accept what is left of his account of Henry Clay after it has undergone the examination of the *Tribune*. That this same account will be pleasing to the Whig veterans of 1840 and 1844 is problematical, Mr. Clay appearing in it in a light which will be new to the generation of readers who have been accustomed to think of "the Mill Boy of the Slashes" as "the chivalric and courteous Harry Clay." Suave as he could be, and even courteous and courteous to courtliness in his manner, his courtesy as described by Mr. Weed will not be pronounced of the most chivalric kind. Here is a story of his behavior to his friend and admirer, Mr. Tyler: When by the sudden death of General Harrison Mr. Tyler became President, he had to bear in Harrison's place the brunt of the hot resentment which Clay had two reasons for nourishing—one, that he himself had not been elected to the Presidency, and the other, that he had not been chosen as the President's influential counsellor in the matter of making up the Cabinet. Of course this resentment was nowise diminished when it began to appear that he, together with the rest of the Whigs, was to have in Mr. Tyler a Whig President more likely to use the Executive influence for his own benefit than for that of the party. But Mr. Tyler had been one of Mr. Clay's warmest supporters and admirers, had urged his claim to the nomination for the Presidency, and had shed tears when his favorite was defeated in the convention. At the first session after the death of Harrison, Mr. Clay offered a National Bank Bill which he had prepared, and on the passage of which he and the party which so long had been under the rod and yoke of Jackson were counting securely. But soon it began to be rumored that Mr. Tyler had constitutional objections to a certain section, and would be unable to give the bill his signature. A veto would be extremely likely to distract the party—and Mr. Tyler, it seems, was, at that time at least, unwilling to cause a rupture; and thinking himself and Clay to be on such terms of friendship as would justify a personal appeal by the one to the other, he invited Clay to call upon him, gave him a cordial greeting, and said to him: "Clay, I have asked a conference with you to have a full and frank talk, not as between the Senator from Kentucky and the acting Chief Magistrate of the country, but as between Henry Clay and John Tyler, two men who are supposed to act upon patriotic motives, who have been friends and ought still to be so. You know my antecedents on the Bank question. You know the principles and sentiments of my friends and party associates in Virginia, what I have said in my public speeches, what would be consistent and self-respectful in this exigency. I am as anxious as you can be for the unity and success of the Whig party. Now, sir, draw a Bank Bill that you give me your honor you would advise your son to sign under the same circumstances, and I give you my honor I will sign that bill." To this Mr. Clay replied by drawing himself up to his full height and saying: "Take your own course, sir, and I will take mine"; after which the bill was passed, was in due course vetoed, and the rupture occurred which three years later threw the Whigs out of office, and meanwhile caused Mr. Tyler to be the public man of this country and century at once best abused and least defended. Not Andrew Jackson, nor Andrew Johnson, nor Jefferson Davis, nor the Impeachment Traitors themselves, can dispute his pre-eminence in the double distinction. Yet, in Mr. Weed's description, he appears no such figure for this pillory as the ingenuous disciple of the Whig and Democratic newspaper editor might imagine. It is to Mr. Weed's article, however, that we must refer the reader for enlightenment on this topic. Another glimpse of Clay we get in his management of the Whig caucus at which Mr. Tyler's "whimsical objections" to the Bank Bill were discussed, and a substitute for the obnoxious sixteenth section was adopted. Clay had drawn it up, and in presenting it said that it was open for criticism or amendment, that he wished a free discussion of it, that he was not at all strenuous as to its form, that the senators all had a common purpose, and that he trusted any senator would suggest any modification he thought advisable. Upon this Senator Moorehead, Clay's colleague, proposed a slight change in the amendment, whereupon, says Mr. Weed, Mr. Clay flew into a passion and fell upon Moorehead with tones and language expressive of vehement indignation: "Who are you, sir," he said, "that presume to question what I recommend? Did Kentucky send you here as my censor? Am I to take lessons at your hands? When I propose a measure, it behooves you to acquiesce in respectful silence." This, we confess, looks a little like a glimpse of Clay seen through jaundiced glasses; but he was domineering and quick-tempered; he was that winter in a special state of exacerbation; and he was the master of his party in Congress as in all probability no other American senator or representative except him has ever been. Mr. Rufus Choate, we are reminded, comes in for a chastising during this same discussion of the Bank Bill. Incidentally, Mr. Weed informs us that Clay's opinion of Dickens, who was in Washington that winter, was that he was a puerile trifler, while Dickens, on his part, charmed no doubt with Clay's manner, was writing home to his friend Forster that Clay was "an irresistible man." Mr. Forster should be told, however, that of Shakespeare Mr. Clay's opinion was that he was a bundle of affectations and ridiculous conceits.

Another article in the *Galaxy* which we are reading with more satisfaction than the indurated reader of magazines is apt to get from them, is the series of sketches describing life in a community of Shakers. Like her sister before her, who leaves Wisdom's Valley and celibacy together, this writer evidently was without a "vocation" to the service of Mother Ann, and it is to Elder Evans's curious book that one must go if one would see the informing spirit of Shakerism. But the rather repulsive outside of the Shaker religious life, and the rather coarse domestic life, our author gives graphically and with apparent truthfulness. But we are bound to say that her description of the scene in which Theodore avows his love for Minette gives unequivocal evidence of having been composed after the writer had come in some degree under the influence of the world's people.

For the rest the *Galaxy* has, among many other articles, some more of General Custer's work, entitled "My Life on the Plains," but as the General does not, in this chapter, give us any of his life on the Plains, and gives us instead some theorizing as to the origin of the Indian which he might better have left to Mr. J. H. Trumbull or Mr. Lewis Morgan, we advise our readers rather to skip his contribution this month than to read it. Mr. Isaac Butts contributes a paper in which he discusses the troublesome problem of how to secure good government for large cities. His views are substantially the same as have more than once been laid before our readers in these columns, and are, in brief, to the effect that the expenditures of cities, like the expenditures of railroads, should for the most part be entirely controlled by those persons who have capital invested in the property for care of which the expenditures are made. Mr. Nordhoff may be surprised, Mr. Butts thinks, to learn that the remedy for misgovernment proposed by him in a late number of the *North American Review* has been in operation in Mr. Butts's own city of Rochester for nearly forty years, and that the result of its operation is not that therefore the city of Rochester has now an excellent city government, but that it has one of which the intelligent citizen of Rochester, "especially if he has visible property, stands more in dread than of all the thieves, burglars, highway robbers, and incendiaries that infest society." Mr. Butts does not see that "the best citizens exercise a real control" in Rochester, but on the contrary he sees gentlemen who are not even good citizens, and whose names are not to be found on the tax list, spending large sums of money in order to obtain offices which are without salary and without legal emolument.

Mr. Justin McCarthy writes about John Ruskin for the February *Galaxy*;

there is more of Mr. Trollope's new novel, "The Eustace Diamonds"; "Philip Quilibet" writes of "Alexis and the Prince of Wales"; Miss Rose Terry and Miss Lily Nelson make some pretty verses; and there is a quantity of scientific "Notes." In one of these the writer attacks indiscriminately the women who wish to vote and the women who do not for their cruel wickedness or almost unintelligible foolishness in allowing little children to go about in cold weather with their legs bare. He proceeds to a plea for the introduction of the study of physiology into girls' schools, and calls upon clergymen and editors to learn it for the sake of instructing their respective audiences. It has been made a question, however, how long the supply of those two professions would be kept up were the study of physiology and hygiene to become common among men.

The striking paper in the February *Atlantic* is Mr. Edward Atkinson's, and is called "The Visible and Invisible in Protection." The questions involved are such as cannot be handled in too plain, even homely, a manner, or we should have done what we were on the point of doing, and said that Mr. Atkinson's treatment of his subject leaves nothing to be desired, and that his article is perfectly adapted to the comprehension of the class of minds which must be reached and indoctrinated with rudimentary political economy before the legislation of the country can be affected. And perhaps that is what we ought to say, for certainly the article is admirable in its clearness and for the thoroughness with which theory is illustrated by concrete examples; and we feel sure that it will do a vast deal of good. But, as Mr. Atkinson remarks, "when our education is in reality what it is claimed to be, we shall cease to permit our representatives to take from us our liberty and to impose useless taxes upon us under the false pretence of protection to home industry." Our education is not now such; and as popular instruction by endless iteration is impossible in the case of a subject of this kind, which is repellent to the minds of the majority of men, it is the business of the political economists to set forth their theme in a literature as attractive and popular as may be.

Other things in the *Atlantic* are some criticism of Wagner by Alice Asbury; more of Hawthorne's posthumous romance; more of Doctor Holmes's "Poet at the Breakfast Table," which seems to us as good as the "Autocrat"; more of the "Diversions of the Echo Club," to which we should say that out-and-out parody is preferable; a highly finished Newport sketch with some good waterscape cabinet painting by Mr. Higginson; an extremely pretty little Norse song by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyessen, which is like a fountain in a thirsty land compared to most of the poetry one reads; some chapters of Mr. De Mille's "Comedy of Terrors," which, we submit, is a little too ridiculous; another chapter of Jefferson's life by Mr. Parton; and some twenty pages of artistic and literary criticism and scientific and political notes. Sufficiently vivacious the political critic seems to be. Tennyson's "Last Tournament," Forster's "Life of Dickens," Taine's "English Literature" and "Art in Greece," Longfellow's last poem, three German and five French books, are reviewed in the Literary Department, all the notices being good and that of Mr. Forster's book excellent for suggestiveness. There is also some poetry by Mr. W. E. Channing, Miss E. S. Phelps, and Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. It may, for one reason and another, be worth while to call Miss Phelps's attention to the fact that the legends of Petronilla do not end leaving that saint stretched in sick dreams and dull pain on a fated bed; the other versions, perhaps better worth our perusing, tell us that on her earnest supplication she was restored to the use of her limbs.

The *Catholic World* has two articles of painful interest. One describes the massacre by the Communists in May of last year of "The Martyrs of Arcueil"—twelve persons in all, five of them Dominican fathers and the others teachers or servants in the school which the fathers had established at Arcueil near Paris; the other is an account of a visit to the celebrated prison hospital of St. Lazare at a time when some of the *pétroleuses* of the Commune had just been imprisoned. An article which it is more important that the public should examine with care is one entitled "Several Calumnies Refuted," which is an examination into the credibility of "Executive Document No. 37, United States Senate, Forty-first Congress, Third Session." This document, asked for by a Senate resolution, was supplied by Secretary Delano, who had received it from Mr. A. B. Meacham, Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Mr. Meacham's letter of transmittal to the Secretary is dated, we are asked to observe, five days before the Senate passed its resolution, and evidently was forwarded in anticipation of the Senate's action. The document itself consists of written information put into Mr. Meacham's hands by the Rev. H. H. Spaulding, long a Protestant missionary in Oregon, and the gist of it is Mr. Spaulding's account of the murder of a Protestant missionary, Dr. Whitman, by Nez Perces, acting, as Mr. Spaulding avers, under the instigation of Jesuit priests who hated the Methodist and Presbyterian missionaries. Unless the writer in the *Catholic World* manipulates the facts in the most audacious and ingenious manner, the Senate Executive Document No. 37, 1870-71, embodies some perversion of history and some wicked calumniation of brother Christians that is most disgraceful to the Rev. Mr. Spaulding and his abettors. We are not disposed to trust the *Catholic World* over much when a perfectly colorless statement of polemic matters is the thing in question, and that one story is often good till another is told is very well known; but we do not see how the Boards of the Old School, New School, United, and Cumberland Presbyterians in Oregon, and some Methodist, Baptist, and Congregationalist Boards, are going to justify their endorsement of the charges made against Brouillet and Bishop Blanchet. Very discreditable to them the case looks as the *Catholic World* states it, and it will be interesting to see if the Protestant religious press will be able to dispose of the charges here made, or, otherwise, to condemn the making of them.

A long article on "The Cosmic Philosophy" rates Mr. Herbert Spencer as incapable of philosophy and capable only of being what Cudworth called a physiologer; Madame Craven begins a serial story, "Fleurange" by name; an editorial writer contributes the first of a series of tracts in which he will point out the duties of rich men to society; and there is a popular description of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

In *Scribner's Monthly* the reader will find Miss L. G. Noble treating of "A Small Piece of the Woman Question" in a forcible way, and with what seems to us much sense. Miss Noble points out some reasons for believing that none of the nostrum vendors, whether those like Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Woodhull on the one hand, or those like Miss Gail Hamilton and Mrs. Stowe on the other, has yet offered a panacea, and she puts in a petition, in which most people will join her, for a little more insight into the complex influences which tell upon the American girl of the day, or else a great deal less noise. Miss Noble's naturally excellent mode of expressing herself the apparent influence of Dr. Horace Bushnell and Mr. Carlyle has not improved.

Among the other articles in *Scribner's* is an illustrated paper on the marvellous Yellowstone country, which we see Congress is asked to make into a national park like the Yo-Semite Valley. A pleasantly discursive humorous essay is by Mr. C. D. Warner, who has an easy-flowing fund of humor, not very refined nor very new, but which reminds one of a much clarified "Josh Billings" with less buffoonery and more poetry, but not dissimilar in its basis of good sense and good humor. We must also mention, as the most valuable, a perfectly intelligible statement of the burden imposed upon the country by our national banking system—a subject which has needed more ventilation than it has had. We wish the writer would narrate the history of a national bank founded in 1865 in some typical town, Northern and Southern, and show what a very good thing each board of directors got into. This article does it in substance, but, as we have remarked in speaking of Mr. Atkinson's *Atlantic* essay, the popularization of these matters is the desideratum, and they should be written about—in default of a better way—as Mr. Parton wrote about the sewing-machine.

The February *Harper's* is a particularly good number, not only in the magazine's own way but as containing one or two articles a little out of its usual field and good of their kind. Such an article is that treating of a certain part of the vast collection or rather the enormous and chaotic huddle of books, good, bad, and indifferent, which filled the store and cellars of the late Mr. William Gowans, of Nassau Street. Of Mr. Gowans himself, who was a "character," and whom some of his familiars should embalm in printer's ink, the writer has not much to say, beyond the remark that he commenced bibliopole by selling at a street stall—a branch of the business in which no book is so worthless as not to have a value—and that he never afterwards lost the habits of his early bookselling life. Unless, indeed, we may say that he partly lost the habit of selling at all, for in his later years his business seemed to be to buy, and we dare say many book-buyers can recall instances of his untradesmanlike manner and of his apparent repugnance to customers. Like most "characters," he was as apt to be the reverse of amusing as to be amusing, and an occasional lesson in good manners might have done him no harm. The probability is greater that it would have done him little good. He was, however, for the most part a pleasant man, and could be very entertaining when his store of literary anecdote was broached and he chose to be communicative. And that in spite of his eccentricities and brusqueness he was a faithful, hard-working, and just man of business, is proved by the fact of his having risen from poverty to a respectable fortune in the pursuit of a calling which is not particularly lucrative. The writer in *Harper's* describes himself as a collector whose special line of collection is early works of art, and his essay is mainly taken up with descriptions of some rare or valuable copies or editions of old works from the presses of renowned printers adorned by famous artists, annotated by great authors, which he rummaged for amid Mr. Gowans's pile of two or three hundred thousand volumes. Such copies, for instance, as that of Theophylactus, of the Basle edition of 1524, annotated in manuscript by Melancthon, as far as to the Tenth of Matthew, and adorned with wood-cuts from the hand of "I. F."—perhaps John Froben, perhaps

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not. As for us—who are so far from liability to the rabies as almost to purchase "diamond editions" and to think rare books might well be rarer—it is not for us to say whether this bibliomaniac in *Harper's* raves to the due height, or whether he does not deserve impalement and midnight burial where four cross-roads meet for being a pretender and guilty of bibliographical blunders of the minutest and most disgraceful kind and of the most vital importance. We have taken his word for his knowledge and trustworthiness; and at least we can say that there is his article, in an unexpected place and open to inspection by those concerned.

The first article in the magazine is "The Scott Centenary at Edinburgh," and it contains two engravings of the cast of Scott's head and face taken immediately after his death, and which make evident the immense height of the head above the ears, as if Scott had "one more story in his head than other men," as was once said by somebody looking at a portrait of him. Another thing that we find new in the article is a story about Goethe, Scott, Carlyle, and Professor Wilson. Carlyle being on a visit to Germany, Goethe, who knew Scott to be then busy with the "History of Napoleon Bonaparte," took the opportunity of Carlyle's return to send over for Scott's use "some very important suggestions, facts, and estimates concerning Napoleon." When Carlyle reached Edinburgh Sir Walter was at Abbotsford, where he was to remain three months, before the expiration of which time Carlyle was compelled to go to London. He therefore left the papers with Professor Wilson, and with them some medallion portraits of Goethe which Goethe wished Scott to have. The medallions Professor Wilson delivered, but the papers Scott never saw; for Carlyle learned from Lockhart that Professor Wilson had never delivered them at all. This is a circumstance of which the explanation might be interesting in more ways than one; though we might get no additional light on Napoleon's character or any of his actions. In concluding the perusal of this paper, one feels it a duty to praise it, as telling once more the admirable story of such a life as Scott's.

A thoughtful article in this number of *Harper's* is one called "The Pay-Roll of Christendom," which, admitting that the relation of industry to compensation is out of joint, has some suggestions as to the future of labor, and, among other things, recommends co-operation. In "The Editor's Drawer" we find, quoted from "The Life and Letters of Miss C. M. Sedgwick," a curious passage, in which occurs the statement that Judge Story, in a conversation with Miss Sedgwick, "denied that Calvinists died with more animation than Unitarians."

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JANUARY.

THE most important portion of the literary side of the *North American* this quarter is the book-notices, though these are not numerous. One of these, however, is extraordinarily good, several others are of high merit, and there is none that will not be read with satisfaction. It is Mr. Ezra Abbot, doubtless, who signs the initials "E. A." to the leading book review, and that signature guarantees an unostentatious and profuse array of the most accurate scholarship employed to some useful purpose. The point which Mr. Abbot considers is the statement—made originally by Archbishop Trench in the first edition of his "Synonyms of the New Testament," since widely adopted, and in the latest and most revised edition of that excellent work still insisted upon—that the distinction between the words *ἐρωτάω* and *αἰτέω* is this, that *αἰτέω* is the more submissive and suppliant, indeed the constant word for the seeking of the inferior from the superior (Acts xii. 20); of the beggar from him that should give alms (Acts iii. 2); of the child from the parent (Matt. vi. 9), and so forth; while *ἐρωτάω* implies (in unclassical Greek, for in classical it means "enquire," "interrogate") that he who asks stands on a certain footing of equality with him from whom the boon is asked, as king with king (Luke xiv. 32), or if not of equality, on such a footing of familiarity as lends authority to the request. *Ερωτάω* is the Latin "rogo," and *αἰτέω* is the Latin "peto." The Archbishop, having established this distinction, goes on to say, "Thus it is very noteworthy, and witnesses for the singular accuracy in the employment of words, and in the record of that employment, which prevails throughout the New Testament, that Our Lord never uses *αἰτεῖν αἰτεῖσθαι* of himself in respect of that which he seeks on behalf of his disciples from God; for his is not the *petition* of the creature to the Creator, but the *request* of the Son to the Father. The consciousness of his equal dignity, of his potent and prevailing intercession, speaks out in this, that often as he asks or declares that he will ask anything of the Father, it is always *ἐρωτῶ, ἐρωτήσω*, an asking, that is, as upon equal terms (John xiv. 16; xvi. 26; xvii. 9, 15, 20), never *αἰτέω* or *αἰτήσω*." The dozen or so of pages in which Mr. Abbot shows with the utmost conclusiveness that the Archbishop has not a particle of color for making his distinction between the verbs; that his very noteworthy inference from the distinction has no basis whatever; and that he must have made his theory as to verbs by the Saviour's use of these words and the general use of them in the New Testament without taking anything like proper pains in verifying his citations, are such pages as may serve the scholar and controversialist for a model of procedure, and for an example of the true spirit of learning.

Another good review is a witty notice of the latest volume of Mr. Masson's so-called "Life of Milton." The reviewer, having the fate of the Countess of Desmond before his eyes, and feeling extremely old since accomplishing this second volume, declares that he has not ventured on climbing a cherry-tree since he began to read the biography. The worst of the matter is that Mr. Masson's book will prevent for a long time the appearance of a good life of Milton, who assuredly deserves it more than most of our English poets, and whose life might so well be made illustrative not only of the prideful will of the English Puritans, which struck out the figure of the arch-rebel in literature as well as struck off a king's head in politics, but illustrative also of the literary history of England—the learned, elegant, and accomplished Milton being, as Mr. Palgrave points out, the proper close and consummation of an epoch of English poetry which expresses the great Renaissance movement. Mr. Masson's aggregation of materials will be enough like a biography to warn off men who are competent to the task of making a true life of the poet, and will also no doubt by-and-by invite some less competent person to compile one that shall be convenient rather than sufficing.

Of the *North American's* other book-notices we may mention the elaborate notice, interesting to teachers, of Roby's Latin Grammar, and the notices reviewing "Lanfrey's Napoleon," "Baxter's National Debts," Freeman's "Historical Essays," and Colonel Meline's "Mary, Queen of Scots." The heat of this latter writer the reviewer remarks upon with some justice; but the author's primary intention appears to have been to show by a rigorously careful investigation that Mr. Froude, in his pretended history of Mary, made statements which he must have known to be inexact.

In the body of the *Review* we find for the most interesting literary article an account by Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave of a resuscitated poet, Thomas Watson by name, a friend of Sidney's, who vied with his accomplished friend in making "amourist" poetry of great smoothness and sweetness and of very considerable poetical merit. The age and the fashion of the age would seem to have had much to do with the young man's poetizing; but also there seems to be in the verses proofs that their author had it in him, as doubtless his friend and patron had, to have by-and-by done more than play a sweet variation of an elegant air of another's composing. There is a promising genuineness here and there hinted in some of the verses which Mr. Palgrave quotes.

"American Criticism" is by Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, and contains some indubitable truths as to the American critic; as to his former rascally good-nature, for instance; as to his ill-nature, too, directed against Boston if he was a Baltimorean or a New Yorker, and against New York and Baltimore if he was a Bostonian; as to his ignorance; as to his low standard of criticism; as to his foolish Americanism; and as to the whole legion of his faults. But Mr. Bristed takes, on the whole, a cheerful view of the subject, and might, perhaps, take a more cheerful one still, if he would turn from his own article in the *North American* to the critical notices at the end of the volume. There are not many of them, to be sure; and the *North American* is only one review; but the root of the matter is in us after all; and some American criticism is not surpassed for essential correctness. However, there is sufficient need for us still to be told that we are, on the whole, slovenly workers in literature, whether we compare ourselves with French or English models.

Ambas Américas—Contrastes (The Two Americas in Parallels). By R. P., of Venezuela. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.)—We do not think we betray a secret in telling our readers, what every reader of these sketches must easily discover, that the writer of them is Señor Ramon Paez, the son of the ex-dictator of Venezuela—whose "Autobiografia," published in this city, we reviewed some years ago in this paper—and author of "Wild Scenes in South America" and of "Travels and Adventures in South and Central America." The aim of the author in writing the last-named publications was to make the English-reading public familiar with the character and striking features of those sections of Spanish-America best known to him; his aim in publishing the book before us is to make his countrymen, and the citizens of South America in general, familiar with those institutions, improvements, and modes of life in the United States which they could most easily introduce within their own spheres. In order to enhance, however, the value of what he recommends, he feels obliged to picture, in parallels, also the corresponding shady sides of South American existence—and unfortunately these latter pictures are exceedingly dark, while the things presented for imitation are somewhat brightly colored, and—what is worse—in part the results of conditions and circumstances which the best will of the South Americans would be unable to reproduce. But if these parallels on the two Americas cannot fail to impress the readers in the southern division with a painful feeling of inferiority, they must also prove beneficial in imparting the knowledge of certain improvements which are not beyond their reach; for the author discourses not only on the higher phases of development and civilization as reflected in various public institutions of his adopted country, but also on the arts of making butter, preserving meat, preserving wood, and similar things.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1872.

The Week.

THE excitement in England over the "American Case" is the only topic of moment either in home or foreign politics. We have discussed and sought to account for this excitement more fully elsewhere. The only thing certain about it is, that it has arisen out of a misunderstanding which we can hardly avoid calling absurd. There is no doubt that the English negotiators thought they had disposed of all talk of consequential damages by the apology; there is equally little that the American negotiators did not and do not expect the arbitrators to award, or England to pay, the expenses of carrying on the war for two years, and that they put in the claim on this head, very much as lawyers fill up the damages in a writ, without supposing it would cause surprise or offence. It is alleged, on the American side, that there is no reason why this claim should not be passed upon by the Geneva Commission, inasmuch as the Washington Commission has been allowed to pass upon claims under the cotton loan of the Confederacy. There is a certain analogy between the two cases, but there is not enough. The claim for consequential damages is made by the United States Government; the claim under the cotton loan is made by private individuals on their own responsibility, and without any recognition or encouragement from the English Government. The press on both sides, as is usual, is doing its best to make the difference unhealable. The English papers are representing the submission of the claims as a deep-laid plan to make England pay an amount larger than the cost of an unsuccessful war, in discharge of a liability which no human testimony could prove. The American papers, on the other hand, are showing that although the English editors are howling donkeys, there is good reason for their trouble, which is the sight of the frightful bill their nation will have to pay. The Washington correspondents are more than usually luminous. We have the assurance of one of them that General Grant does not expect an immediate ultimatum from the British Government. Our own belief is that the question of the general liability of England for the prolongation of the war is something the Ministry will not venture to submit to the arbitrators, and that if this be considered by the American counsel an essential part of their case, the Treaty will be thrown overboard. In the meantime, we trust the editors on both sides will keep the peace till the fleets and armies are ready.

The proceedings in Congress during the past week have been very like those of the week before—or, for that matter, the week but one before—Republican and Democratic combatants, and Administration and anti-Administration men, having been alike mainly engaged in what the gentlemen of the prize ring call "making play." The real, honest fighting, every Congressman knows, will come after the adjournment.

Of this state of the Congressional mind Senator Nye, of Nevada, furnished a striking illustration in his reply to Mr. Schurz's speech on amnesty. The latter's speech was a very able one, going over all the arguments relating to amnesty, and showing that every consideration of policy and humanity made against a continued proscription of the rebel leaders. At the close of the war, Mr. Schurz said, the rebel leaders might have been executed, but the instincts of the American people revolted against the idea of vengeance. The policy of generosity having been adopted, the only question was how to make it fruitful; and the way to do this was to make it complete. The question was not, as had been argued, whether defaulters should be punished and traitors go free, but whether a general amnesty to rebels was not more demanded by the public good than a general jail-delivery. A broad distinction had been always drawn between violations of law in which political opinion was a controlling element and crimes implying moral depravity. (We may say in parenthesis that there is no distinction which the ordinary politician is fonder of confusing than this.) Germany was not, in our sense of the word, a free country; yet there were men now sitting in the German Parliament, and now voting against the Government, who, a few years ago, were fugitives from justice for political offences. Again, it was argued that certain men should be excepted from amnesty because they had added the crime of desertion to that of treason. But such a rule, in view of the appointment and confirmation of General Longstreet, one of the most conspicuous of this class, would be an absurdity. And, finally, it was fast becoming evident that there are other villanies besides rebellion in the South which imperatively demand attention, and the class by whom they are committed is the class which has been called into power by the very proscription which amnesty will bring to an end. To these arguments Mr. Nye replied, first, that Mr. Schurz was an ignorant foreigner; second, that for his (Nye's) part, he would keep the rebel leaders browzing on the outside till their hair grew as long as Nebuchadnezzar's; and if that was not statesmanship, then he did not know anything about it. To this reply Mr. Schurz made a rather unnecessary rejoinder—we say unnecessary, because argument with a person of Mr. Nye's kind is as out of place as it would be with a child. They may be cajoled, or fondled, or frightened, but not reasoned into agreement. And they have the advantage over most children in an inexhaustible fund of a peculiar quality, which has never yet received an appropriate name, but which, in the case of the late Fisk—not that we mean to imply that Senator Nye is in any other respect like Fisk—was called his "humor."

The Missouri "Liberal Republican" movement has received the adhesion of an influential body of Cincinnati Republicans, headed by ex-Secretary Cox, and including such men as Judges Matthews, Hoadley, and Stallo, who have signed a card to that effect. In the meantime, the preparations of the Administration to influence public opinion do not seem to progress very rapidly. The President is said to be waiting for the close of the investigation to make a clean sweep of the General Order business, but the investigation is tedious, and the effect on the public mind of the contemplation of Leet and Stocking working at "the plums" is not edifying. Leet has been himself examined, and seems to be a thoroughly smart, impudent, glib young person, not overburdened with scruples, and quite ready to be "improper," or "indelicate," or "ungentlemanly," as may seem most likely to fill his pockets. The President's patronage of him can only be accounted for by the story that he is his wife's cousin, for the correctness of which, however, we do not vouch. His examination was calculated to give a very bad impression of him. The "Schurz-Fenton Trick," it must be admitted, has turned out a pretty good one for their purpose. General Hawley has been to Washington and has seen the President, and testifies that he is "in dead earnest" about civil-service reform. We wish Murphy, and Carpenter, and Leet thought so.

While waiting for the Cincinnati Convention to suggest some other name than Grant's for the Presidency, there is a vigorous canvassing going on for the second place on the ticket. Mr. Colfax's coy assent to another term of sacrifice on the altar of patriotism does not seem to throw cold water on these nominations for Vice-President, and it is easy to see that he has only to consult his own preference about retiring from political life. The name of Mr. Cameron does not gather strength from having been seasonably proposed, and perhaps, if anything is more certain than another, it is that Pennsylvania's chance of putting a "favorite son" on the next Presidential ticket is not worth discussing. We fear the same must be said of Massachusetts and her Senator Wilson, though it is not to be denied that New England needs placating before it will heartily fall in with the movement to renominate Grant. Horace Maynard's nomination is too suggestive of that other representative of Tennessee whom we unwittingly made President when we placed him beside Lincoln. On the whole, it seems much the most probable that the West and Northwest are to determine the Republican ticket for 1872, and that it will be as "sectional" as it now is whether the Reformers or the Administration party carry the day at the Philadelphia Convention in June. For this reason, the nominations of ex-Governor Wm. Dennison, of Ohio, and of James F. Wilson, of Iowa, seem to us more in order. The latter has been in training for some advanced office ever since he resigned his seat in the House, and it would not surprise us greatly if he got to the head of the Senate before he entered it as the colleague, say, of Mr. Allison. A worse Vice-President might certainly be selected, and we are not certain that a better one has been named.

There has been a smart contest in the Fourth Senatorial District of Pennsylvania, resulting in the election (it is alleged by fraud) of one Henry W. Gray over Colonel "Aleck" McClure. Mr. Gray was supported chiefly by Forney's *Press*; and as he told his constituents when they came to congratulate him that they had saved the nation, and sustained the great General Grant and General Cameron, there can be no doubt that he was what might be called an Administration candidate. "Aleck," on the other hand, represented Republicans who profess to be desirous of reforming the party in their State and city, and on this ground it has been inferred that he was an anti-Grant candidate. We observe, however, that the Philadelphia papers insist that Grant had nothing to do with the matter, and that the election was purely local, not national. The Missouri *Republican*, however, sees in it another illustration of the wisdom of the "passive policy," inasmuch as the Democrats had no candidate, and were free to assist either party to this family quarrel. The Philadelphia *Bulletin*, on the contrary, says that the total vote was 10,000 less than in October, thus showing that "the mass of the Democratic voters did not go to the polls," and that the closeness of the vote (Gray had less than 900 majority) proved "that there is a strong reaction in the party against the mode of nominating candidates and conducting elections which has long prevailed." Leaving the significance of this election, therefore, an open question, we are free to say that "Aleck" is not, in our opinion, a model reformer, and that the "reaction" is not quite akin to that lately manifested in Missouri.

In November, 1870, we drew attention, with great reluctance, to the withering denunciations of civil-service reform with which Colonel Forney was filling his *Press*, apropos of Mr. J. D. Cox's resignation. The Colonel was uproarious in his rejoicing over Cox's retirement. "Grant," he said, "now intended to rely on his friends, and not on his foes"; and, touching upon assessments on clerks for political purposes—which Cox had opposed—he declared "there was a mawkish and miserable susceptibility on this subject which only needed to be discussed in the light of common-sense to make it as ridiculous as it deserves." Throughout the whole winter, the Colonel kept up this same railing against the proposed reform, till, in March, the President stopped his mouth by giving him the Collectorship at Philadelphia. We predicted in November aforesaid, however, that the Colonel would surely come round to civil-service reform in time, though we confess we did not expect to see the process hastened by the corrupting influence of a fat office. We have waited ever since with unabated confidence. We knew the spirit of grace was at work in the Colonel's heart, that light was dawning in his receptive mind. We are now glad to announce that the long agony is over, and that the Colonel is converted. In the *Press* of January 20 we read with tear-dimmed eyes:

> "Civil-service reform is not all a delusion and snare, and the keenest ridicule and most beautiful rhetoric yet broached in Congress will not convince the people of the country otherwise. It will correct several very generally admitted evils, and tend not only to promote faithful service, but to secure increased efficiency. We are just beginning to find out whose interests are hurt by the adoption of the new rules drafted by Mr. Curtis and his colleagues. They are not those of the Executive—he has not complained—but rather those of members of Congress. These find their political influence, *i.e.*, the power of dispensing public offices as though they were private property, fading away, and of course they figure as protestants. But the people were never better satisfied or the reputable members of Congress more relieved."

There have been no new developments in the Custom-house investigation. Generals Porter and Babcock have asked for and obtained a subpœna to appear and clear themselves of suspicions to which the Leet case has given rise. The time of the committee has been a good deal occupied with altercations between the Administration and anti-Administration members as to the comparative purity of the motives which animate the two sides. The question seems to remain still open. The evidence of General Hillyer, formerly of General Grant's staff, that he considered Leet's engaging in the General Order business legitimate, because he was at the time on leave of absence, is interesting; this rule, if adopted, would enable army officers to add a very considerable annual amount to the moderate income allowed them by Government. To be able to engage in little money-making ventures would be certainly a great convenience to all military men, on or off leave; we may yet live to see colonels on leave of absence inspecting fish, and major-generals collecting the perquisites of the Sheriff's office. In such positions, too, they would have an admirable opportunity of bearing the West Point Cadet market, and covering other charts in staff-appointments. It will never do, however, to forget that this is a democratic community, and if such privileges as these are to be allowed officers on leave, they cannot fairly be refused to the rank-and-file. As the army is at present managed, they have all the work and none of the plunder.

A few weeks ago we alluded to the fact, well known, though not then proved in detail, that the rich men and corporations of this city had been able to make easy terms with the Ring during the ascendancy of Tammany, and that the whole burden of the frauds had fallen upon the poor and hard-working among the inhabitants. It now appears from the books of the Tax Commissioners, so long closed to the public, that the proof is not difficult to find. The *Times* published a list of ten city railroads (including such lines as those of the Third and Second Avenues) whose amount of property absolutely untaxed was no less than seven and a-half millions ($7,624,270). This partiality seems at the first blush to have been entirely arbitrary—one railroad having been assessed anywhere from twice to six times as much in proportion to its real valuation as another; but of course it was not so. The amount of the exemption depended upon the wealth and consequent influence of the road. Thus the Third Avenue line, having a real valuation of two millions and a quarter, was taxed on only half a million, or twenty-two per cent. of the real value, while the Bleecker Street and Fulton Ferry line, having a real valuation of only $360,000, was taxed on $169,000, or forty-seven per cent. Mr. Tiemann has introduced into the State Senate a series of resolutions calling for a return of all the city real estate, taxed and untaxed. We trust this matter will be pushed, that the people may learn what part of the community it is that profits by dishonest government.

The minor frauds of Tammany appear to have no end. Every few day the *Times* succeeds in unearthing some new swindle. The irony of events was perhaps never more curiously illustrated than in the history of the Tammany safes. These receptacles, for which the city, it will be remembered, paid the round sum of four hundred thousand dollars, were, it now appears, appropriated by the Ring and their friends, for the purpose of storing the booty while they were plundering the city. Tweed, and Connolly, and Cardozo, and many more besides, all obtained their share of this curious spoil, and in many a palatial extra-made burglar-proof sideboard in Fifth Avenue, as the reporters say, may now be seen the damaging evidences of Democratic crime. The only objection to the perpetual exposure of the villanies of the Ring which the *Times* keeps up is that it is gradually deadening the sensibility of the public mind on the subject. The Ring frauds are rapidly sinking from the level of real facts to that of "startling revelations," of which the public are tired. Enough has been said and written. It is of great importance that something should be done. Albany is the objective point. There seems to be some prospect of the passage of the new charter, and a little more chance this week than last of the removal of Barnard and Cardozo. The Committee of the Bar Association has at last got the matter referred to the Judiciary Committee with instructions to investigate.

The friends and foes of international copyright are busy with preparations for the hearing before the Committee of the Senate next week. A portion of the publishers have given in their adhesion to the bill introduced by Mr. Cox, and embodying Mr. Appleton's plan, which gives copyright to foreign authors, provided the books are manufactured in this country, or, in other words, makes the Government agree to protect the foreign author's property on condition that he will pay toll to some one American publisher, leaving him to make the selection. The general objection to this is that if an author has property in his books, to restrict his choice of a printer and publisher is rob him of his property to a limited degree. It is like saying, "We will let you pursue the business of a broker in Wall Street if you will agree to employ Brown, the tailor, to clothe your nakedness. You must have some covering, and we wish to encourage Brown." It is open to the special objections, that it would ruin the business of that large and respectable class of American booksellers who are engaged mainly in importing, and would cut off book-collectors from the more expensive but more accurate and legible English editions, in cases in which republication took place in this country. On the other hand, it would undoubtedly give authors a certain amount of protection, and put an end to the monopoly of republication now enjoyed by the great houses. There is an amusing argument heard occasionally in the course of the discussion—that there ought to be no copyright, because all really valuable books would be produced without it. Perhaps so, but then do not let us have publishers' profits either. If authors ought not to make money on the sale of their ideas, nobody ought.

The disappearance of Baskins from the scene of action in Utah and the arrival of District-Attorney Bates have had a very good effect in bringing clearly to light the peculiar financial character of the Mormon prosecutions. The criminal suits brought against Hawkins and the rest, charged with murder, lascivious cohabitation, and other offences against the Territorial laws, were necessarily expensive, and the judges and Baskins soon found that no money for costs was to be had. The offences were for prosecutions of Territorial laws, and it was very unlikely that the United States would ever pay for them. As no money was to be obtained, the cases were tried on credit, the witnesses, jurors, and officers of court receiving, it seems, certificates of stock in the Anti-Mormon enterprise, with which they were to do as well as they could. And now the Comptroller at Washington has declined, as it was evident from the beginning he must, to pay the expenses—amounting in all to some thirteen thousand dollars—and the certificates issued by McKean and his associates to the witnesses, bailiffs, and jurors are now selling on the street in Salt Lake City at twenty-five cents on the dollar. This seems a high rate, but the community is a speculative one. Not only is it impossible to pay the expenses of the trials which have already taken place, but no provision exists for those which are still to come off, and the Ring has now sunk so much capital that strenuous exertions are felt to be necessary to prevent a total loss. So the Government at Washington has been appealed to, and Senator Cragin has introduced a bill making an appropriation for more trials, and for the payment of the expenses of those which have already taken place—or, rather, for the holders of the court certificates, probably now in the hands of local brokers.

These facts are given in a letter from Salt Lake City to the *Tribune* under date of December 22, which fully confirms all that has been said about the illegal character of the Anti-Mormon proceedings. The history of the cases has been this: When McKean went out to Utah, he found that if he sat as a Territorial court he would lose the benefit of the United States statutes as well as the chance of anything out of the United States Treasury. On the other hand, if he sat as a United States court he would lose the benefit of the Territorial statutes, under which most of the indictments had been found. He therefore determined to sit in both capacities, recognizing the Territorial courts when the cause could be served by such recognition; denying all validity to their decisions whenever their jurisdiction seemed likely to make the other way. The result of this has been that there is now practically no criminal law in Utah. Several keepers of houses of ill-fame and prostitutes, for instance, who had been arrested by the police and sentenced by the Mormon alderman's court to fine and imprisonment, were at once released, with a full remission of their fines, by Judge Hawley, on the ground that the city had no authority to establish regulations of this character or provide courts to try the offenders. The thought of being let out of jail for the sake of the suppression of polygamy must be very amusing to this class of the community. In law, of course, the Territorial courts are entirely distinct from the Federal courts, and the confusion introduced by McKean is in direct violation of every principle and every precedent. On every ground, it is to be hoped that Senator Cragin's bill will not pass.

The newly acquired Rhine territory of the German Empire has been definitely constituted in three main divisions—Upper Alsace, with a population of 473,000; Lower Alsace, 610,500; and Lorraine, 514,400. Their material prospects dating from the new year must be considered good, as the Zollverein restrictions are now removed, and the products of Alsatian industry can now find an outlet through any part of Germany. The tobacco monopoly has been done away with. The German civil service, too, is proving better than the French: the mails are cheaper and surer, and the other functions of the post-office—such as money-orders and newspaper subscriptions—much simplified in practice. The telegraphic stations have been multiplied, no longer with a prefect's capricious "perspective," by which places of importance were slighted in favor of smaller towns, but with a common-sense regard to the good of the greatest number. The fortifications of Strassburg are to be pushed out from the city, and on one side will be merely nominal, in order to permit a healthy expansion, while new bridges across the Rhine and improved railroad facilities will tend to develop its commercial advantages. The entire school-system has been reorganized, and compulsory attendance enforced, and—what cannot be reckoned a slight circumstance—singing has been introduced, for which no provision was made in the French plan of instruction. The census taken at the close of the year does not show so great a falling off in population as might have been expected, and it is remarked that a concerted attempt of the women to raise money as a New Year's gift to France produced a niggardly return, that of Mühlhausen, for example, not amounting to $500, though the inhabitants have been conspicuously dissatisfied with annexation, and for other objects, religious and humane, have been in the habit of giving freely much larger sums.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF ARBITRATION.

WE hope the public will not allow itself to be cheated by the jaunty explanations of those far-seeing observers, the Washington correspondents, into the belief that the Treaty of Washington is in no danger. It *is* in very considerable danger, and the danger comes from a source which must fill those who, like ourselves, valued the treaty no less as a precedent than as a means of terminating an existing quarrel, with genuine concern; for the difference which has arisen is one which well illustrates the difficulties which attend, and must attend, all attempts to decide great international questions by arbitration. We believe nothing was better understood by both parties, when the Treaty of Washington was under negotiation, than that the question of consequential damages—that is, the question whether England was responsible for the loss caused by the prolongation of the war after the escape of the *Alabama*—was not a question of dispute between the two countries. Mr. Sumner made a great uproar by trying to put this question into the guise of a legal proposition, but no sensible man, lay or professional, in either country, gave his performance any attention, except as a passionate expression of feeling likely to create a good deal of popular excitement. It was never considered by any lawyer as a question which could be gravely submitted to any human tribunal. The American Commissioners produced it, as the newspapers produced it, as a general and vague description of the American cause of complaint against England, to be used in the further prosecution of the quarrel in case no "amicable settlement" was arrived at. But nobody hoped or believed that a thousand million dollars, the sum Germany has wrung from unhappy France at the point of the bayonet, was to be obtained from England by any process short of war. It was evident from the protocol that the British Commissioners were under the impression that they met and disposed of this, the immeasurable, incomputable, and therefore sentimental part of the American complaint, by their expression of regret and their agreement to give the three rules an *ex-post-facto* operation. Apparently the American Commissioners accepted these concessions in this sense, but, as so often happens where two disputants, after being much embittered against each other, come to terms and "make up" unexpectedly, there was so much "effusion" over the apology that both sides forgot to put on paper what it was the apology atoned for. It would now appear that the British looked on it as quieting and for ever disposing of that vast mountain of indirect and incalculable wrong of which the Americans had so often made threatening mention, leaving nothing to be paid for in cash except what could be exactly appraised. The Americans, on the other hand, seem to have looked on the apology as simply an expression of contrition which it was the moral duty of the British to make, but which in no degree modified the relations of the parties before the law, and which left the consequential damages in their old position—that is, good things to urge on the attention of whom it might concern, as an embellishment or aggravation of the American case, even if there was no hope of getting them recognized by the arbitrators. This view of the matter, however, unfortunately found no expression anywhere, but it would seem to have been excluded from the Treaty by the provision that the arbitrators should consider the damage done by each vessel separately. It is easy enough to estimate the amount of loss which each Confederate cruiser escaping from British ports caused to the United States; but of course it would be ridiculous to provide that the Commission should define the extent to which each cruiser was responsible for the prolongation of the war; and it is fair to conclude, therefore, that the negotiators did not intend that any attempt to estimate English responsibility for that prolongation should be made.

The American "Case" was evidently drawn up under the impression that the Treaty left the United States still at liberty to get all they could from the arbitrators, and that the English concessions had in no way narrowed the field of controversy, and that it was fair to submit whatever was likely to magnify the sum of American wrongs. The British, on the other hand, supposed themselves to have reduced the controversy within certain defined limits, and to have disposed of all sentimental griefs—that is, griefs incapable of estimation in dollars and cents—by the apology, and to have left nothing to be argued at Geneva but England's liability for damages ascertainable by ordinary computation. The appearance of the "Case" has, therefore, plunged the English public into a fever of excitement, and there is imminent danger that the Treaty will be thrown overboard. This danger flows from two sources. First, the Treaty never was popular in England. It was accepted as a mode of escape from a position of considerable difficulty and embarrassment; but it was not a welcome and gratifying mode of escape. It was, throughout, a string of humiliations. It conceded a great many things which everybody had believed, two years previously, never would be conceded. It contained—what was without parallel—an expression of regret to a foreign power for acts and omissions which the Government maintained were not blameworthy, and it agreed that certain *new* rules of international law should have a retrospective effect. This was a hard pill to swallow, and nothing but the graceful and kindly way in which these various concessions were received by the American people made it possible to swallow it. There was much grumbling, but it was smothered by the general desire to escape from an *impasse*, and to wipe out the remembrance of the most unfortunate blunder in English foreign policy. Nothing but the smooth working of the machinery, and the absence of any hitch in what remained to be done, could have prevented the revival of the earlier bitterness. This hitch has occurred, and it is to be feared we shall see now an outburst of the opposition which a combination of good influences suppressed last year. Second, the Ministry is not as strong now as it was when the Treaty was made, and its weakness has been largely due to growing dissatisfaction with its foreign policy and with its preparations to give it effect. An outcry which Mr. Gladstone could have disregarded twelve months ago he can hardly so effectually disregard at present, and the assault on the "American Case" will probably serve as a powerful weapon to the opposition. It is bad enough, they will say, to eat dirt in order to escape a kicking; but to eat dirt, and get the kicking, is something to which no nation can be expected to submit more than once.

If the Treaty should now miscarry, it will be a striking illustration of the difficulty of getting international questions before any tribunal that can be devised; and it will show that in our rejoicing over the gain to civilization which was made by the organization of the Geneva Board, we overestimated the reasonableness of man. For it must be remembered that the sole question which divides the two Governments is the question whether one party shall be allowed to ask the arbitration for incalculable damages which he frankly acknowledges he has not the least expectation of receiving, and which the other party knows perfectly the arbitrators would never think of awarding. A frank and fair acceptance of the principle of arbitration would make Great Britain indifferent to the contents of the American Case, provided she had confidence in the Board, for she would naturally say, the Board is as competent to pass upon the extent of the American claims as upon their nature. But the fact is, England has only yet reached the point of accepting arbitration on distinctly defined issues, and we doubt if any other nation has got much further. We are still at some distance from a state of things in which international disputants will throw down the facts before a court and ask it to say what are their rights and duties. In the meantime, both parties owe it to the great interests of civilization not to let the Treaty of Washington miscarry for any but substantial reasons. If nothing real is gained or guarded against by the claim for consequential damages, there ought surely to be some means found of disposing of it so as to save everybody's self-love.

MR. BOUTWELL'S "STRICT PARTY VOTE."

MR. BOUTWELL is probably perfectly satisfied with the strict party vote which on Thursday last absolved him from the charge of having violated the law in his loan operations with the

Syndicate, for he doubtless feels about a party vote very much as Moses felt about the voice out of the burning bush. A very large and very respectable portion of the community, however, regrets, for the sake of the Republican party and for the sake of public morals, that any such vote took place. Of its absurdity we do not need to speak, because we spoke of it last week, and because it is patent. Resolving Mr. Boutwell has not violated the law, because, no matter what the law said, what it meant was that he should do whatever he has done, is simply trifling with the popular intelligence. The resolution ought to have contained a formal admission that Mr. Boutwell had committed an error of judgment, which, however, Congress, in consideration of the goodness of his intentions, and the substantial success of his operations, was willing to overlook. This would have furnished Mr. Boutwell with all that he needed by way of indemnity, while it would have saved the party from the responsibility of conniving at a deliberate violation of a most important statute on a most important subject by a high official. As matters stand, the party has not only forgiven Mr. Boutwell, but has made on his behalf a statement which it is difficult to characterize in proper language, inasmuch as it displays the coolest contempt for notorious facts. There are certain circumstances in Mr. Boutwell's case which make this performance peculiarly unfortunate, though they are not circumstances which affect in any way the question of Mr. Boutwell's official integrity.

Great care ought to have been taken as to the form in which the Secretary was whitewashed, because his alleged offence was one flowing from the very condition of mind to which we owe nearly all the great frauds by which the country is being desolated. At the bottom of all the operations carried on against State and municipal finances by the various great Rings, we find that very disregard of the letter of the law of which Mr. Boutwell is accused, and justly accused. The great plunderers of the treasury, whether in New York, South Carolina, or Georgia, are persons charged by statute with the care and management of the public funds, and the real fraud begins in or is carried on through a disregard of the plain provisions of the law, exactly similar in kind to that displayed by Mr. Boutwell. Their motives in disregarding the law are, we admit, very different from his, but both pass through the same door. The reason why a man managing money under a statute is bound to follow the letter of his authorization, no matter what his aims, is the same as the reason why he must render his accounts regularly, no matter what his character. To condone Mr. Boutwell's evasion, therefore, is to make the way of the Tweeds and Connollys easy for them, and to encourage that lax habit of mind with regard to the nature and extent of the responsibility of those who are charged with the conduct of public finances, which is already certainly sufficiently prevalent. All the great Ring leaders have been persons placed in positions of financial trust, with certain duties to discharge which are defined by statute. They have found it inconvenient to obey the statute, and profitable to disobey it, and accordingly they have disobeyed it. They have issued bonds where they had no authority to do so, or in quantities not authorized by law, or for purposes not prescribed by law; and they have borrowed beyond their powers or at forbidden rates. The principal difference between them and Mr. Boutwell is, in short, that he has the good of the Treasury in view, and they have their own profit; but the machinery which Mr. Boutwell uses for one purpose, if we allow it to remain standing, a rogue can use for another.

What rendered Mr. Boutwell's claim on the extraordinary devotion of "the party" all the weaker was, that the law he violated was literally of his own making, and his violation of it was deliberately resolved upon. The terms on which the act prescribed the negotiation of the new loan were the very terms on which he declared himself able to effect it. When he found, after waiting for half a year or more, that he was unable to effect it on these terms, instead of acknowledging his error and seeking to get the law amended, he pretended that it was the war which had prevented his success; and when the war closed, he prepared for and perpetrated a series of evasions of the statute. The commission allowed (one-half of one per cent.) was too low, and, instead of getting it increased by law, he increased it himself by the device of letting the purchasers of the new bonds have them, and the interest on them, three months before they were called on to pay for them; and to cover this, they were directed to make a sham payment, by depositing sham certificates of deposit, drawn by themselves, in their own banks. Every one of these steps was illegal. The expense of the operation was more than the law allowed; the sale of the bonds at three months' credit was not, as has been judicially decided, the sale of them "at par," which the law prescribed; and the deposit of the paper memorandum in the Washington bank was not that payment of the money which the law contemplated. That the whole transaction was not, from a commercial point of view, commendable, we do not assert; what is plain is, that it was illegal; and in saying that it was not illegal the Republican majority in the House has made itself ridiculous.

The fact is that Congress should in the beginning have fixed the interest on the new loan, and a minimum at which it might be sold, and then have left the task of disposing of it to Mr. Boutwell's discretion, if it believed him honest. There is no way under heaven of getting more for a loan than the market rate; and no matter how much you may try to sell it "at par," if it is not considered worth par, par you will not get. Whether Mr. Boutwell knew this, and did not venture to say it, or did not know it, he is about equally to blame. The result is that the discretion he ought to have had by law and he did not ask for, he ended by taking without asking for it and in violation of law, but sought to conceal his taking of it by a string of shams and subterfuges which the Republican majority not only pardons, but actually denies he ever committed, after formally describing how he committed them, why he committed them, and what it was that made it desirable he should commit them.

Mr. Dawes, who has acted as Mr. Boutwell's defender, closed the debate with a remarkable *reductio ad absurdum.* He pointed to the large profits the United States would eventually realize out of Mr. Boutwell's operations as proofs that he was authorized to conduct them as he did, and finally warned the House that, even if it found him guilty of exceeding his powers, he would appeal to the American people. This was an appropriate close to a very curious discussion, but it was probably as encouraging an announcement as the loose fishes of the financial world ever listened to. Nothing is sweeter to a man who is engaging in unauthorized transactions with other people's money, than to be told that if he comes out all right nobody will blame him, and that, even if he is brought to book for violating the statute, he can appeal with perfect confidence to the judgment of mankind, which is always more lenient, and anyhow is much further off, than that of courts of justice. In short, the whole "funding business" has been performed in a style more remarkable for "smartness" than anything else. We trust that there will, with regard to the remainder of the loan, be a "new departure."

CENSUS FIGURES IN A CARTOGRAPHIC ASPECT.

THE cartographic method of presenting statistical facts, or, in other words, the exhibition upon a geographical diagram of the density of population, distribution of wealth, predominance of vocation, characteristics of industry, and other social statistics, is rapidly reaching a high degree of perfection, and is likely, before long, to be as commonly employed for the publication of such data as the system of co-ordinate curves by which meteorological and other scientific variations are indicated. Among the cheap and handy publications which exhibit this method may be mentioned several small eighteenmo books, which were printed at Gotha, a few years ago, at the well-known establishment of M. Perthes, for the purpose of exhibiting the population, resources, education, religion, industry, etc., of the principal European states. Four of these manuals lie before us, one devoted to France, another to Spain and Portugal (prepared by Dr. W. Block), a third devoted to Russia (under the supervision of A. v. Buschen), and a fourth to Austria (under the direction of Dr. A. Ficker). Besides the necessary text and tables, each volume has from twelve to eighteen maps, colored with several grades or shades of color, exhibiting the greater or less predominance of the element discussed; for example, in the population map, the darker the color, the denser the people upon a square mile; and so with the rest. Similar maps have been prepared for the *Geographische Mittheilungen* of Dr. Petermann, some of them very clear and beautiful. There are also governmental maps in Russia and Austria which to a certain extent are constructed on this principle.

But by far the most elaborate work of this kind which has fallen under our observation is the series of maps recently published by the Prussian Government exhibiting the condition of that kingdom in 1866. These maps are quite numerous, and for beauty of delineation, thoroughness of preparation, and fulness of topics, are as good as can be expected in the present state of the arts. The statistical basis for such maps must have been excellent to begin with, but the facts have also been discussed in a masterly way, and then engraved with great precision and a natural gradation of tints. The first map is a physical map, showing by five colors the structure of the country, the high lands, the intermediate, and the low lands. Next there is a political map, to indicate all the civil divisions of the kingdom. The geological structure of the country and the peculiarities of the soil are also indicated on two sheets. Then the climate, as far as that is possible, is represented not by isothermal lines alone, but by isothermal patches of color covering regions. The density of the population, the preponderance of religious bodies, the linguistic differences of the kingdom, the ratio of mortality, the birth-rate, the wealth, as determined both by real-estate taxation and income-tax, the industrial characteristics, the number of horses, cattle, and sheep, the culture of forests, fruit, grains, the vine—all these, and many more interesting points, are shown so clearly that the humblest can understand the facts, while the most intelligent are aided in quickly perceiving relations, and have relations suggested, which would hardly be thought of from the scrutiny of columns of figures. Indeed, the transfer of pages of Arabic numerals to graphic and almost pictorial atlases is quite like turning Arabic into the language of common life. Facts are brought from another tongue into the vernacular. Accompanying the atlases are the necessary explanatory tables and text. Sometimes only a small number of tints are employed, and again as many as twelve gradations of color are introduced.

An intelligent American, interested in the resources of this country, naturally asks, on looking at these German maps, Why cannot we have the same thing here? To this we reply, that we can if we ask for it. It would require that our next census should be more wisely planned by Congress than the last, so as to gather in more satisfactory returns on all-important subjects; but we need not wait for that. With the data now in the possession of the Census Bureau, a moderate outlay from Congress would secure the preparation of excellent maps, showing at least the law of population in this country. General F. A. Walker, who has just been transferred from the head of the Census Bureau to the head of the Indian Bureau, and who in all respects has been a most excellent superintendent of the census—securing far better returns than could have been expected under the defective law by which he was fettered—prepared, before he was transferred, some experimental maps to show what could be done with the statistics of this country in a geographical treatment. One of these maps shows the ratio of foreign-born to native citizens in all the Northern States east of the Rocky Mountains, and a second shows the like ratio in the South. But a closer study of the figures suggested that a nearer approximation to the truth could be secured by giving to small regions in which the foreign population preponderates the strong tint they are entitled to, and then deducting from the State at large the element thus eliminated. For example, we all know that in Hoboken and Jersey City the foreigners predominate far more than in the rest of New Jersey—that the Germans are numerous in St. Louis and Northeastern Missouri, but scarce in the Southwest. Now, by coloring dark the Hudson-shore cities of New Jersey, and allowing for the deduction, the State in general is shown to have but a light foreign population; and so, *mutatis mutandis*, in St. Louis and Missouri. Two other maps show the distribution of the African race in the South in 1860, and again in 1870—a very curious illustration of the influence of emancipation upon the residence of the colored population. Carrying the system out a little more in detail, county maps have been prepared for Alabama and Tennessee, exhibiting the ratio of the African to the total population, and showing at a glance some curious phenomena of distribution.

These seven maps, which we have been allowed to examine in manuscript, are nicely drawn and harmoniously shaded. It would, on some accounts, be more satisfactory if a better subordinate indication of the physical structure of the country could be given; but we lack the right materials to prepare such a basis well, and the approximation would have been a serious addition to the cost. It is greatly to be desired that the authorities of the census should be authorized to prosecute this cartographical study of the statistics, and to print as many maps as they can well prepare. Congress could do nothing better to utilize the census, and secure the good results of the outlay already incurred. Such maps would be acceptable to everybody; but it is not their popular value only which commends them. They will be found advantageous to the statesman, the journalist, the teacher, the writer on political economy. They are a kind of symbolism, which, like the symbolism of algebra, facilitates computation, suggests ratios, and leads to results which would otherwise be gained by slower and less satisfactory processes.

A PRINCELY WEDDING.

PARIS, January 19, 1872.

I HAVE just witnessed a ceremony which had in all its features something so peculiar and interesting that you may perhaps be interested in the details—I mean the marriage of the Princess Marguerite of Orléans, daughter of the Duc de Nemours, with Prince Ladislas Czartoryski, the representative of an almost dynastic family of Poland, and who is looked upon by all the Polish emigration as the representative of the last hopes of that country. This marriage took place in a small country church, but in a place which the memory of the great Condé has rendered famous, Chantilly, situated twenty miles from Paris. The ceremony was strictly private. A special train took the members of both families and a few friends to Chantilly, where they found twenty-five carriages. An improvised master of ceremonies had given numbers to the twenty-five coachmen, and called aloud by name the ladies and gentlemen, in order to give them their proper places. They were immediately conducted to the small church of Chantilly, built in the seventeenth century, and which has a curious altar under which are buried all the embalmed hearts of the Princes of Condé. This altar bears a Latin inscription written by the Duc d'Aumale, who is the heir of the Condé property and the actual owner of Chantilly. There is a principle in the Catholic Church which forbids appropriating a church at any time for the use of individuals; in this case, however, the choir was isolated, as well as a part of the nave; but the rest of the nave and the aisles were left for the people of Chantilly.

In the remaining part of the choir, I noticed the Emperor of Brazil, tall and standing alone; his son-in-law, the future Emperor of Brazil, the Count d'Eu, who distinguished himself in the war with Paraguay as well as in the part he took in the movement for emancipation, is the brother of Princess Marguerite. The Emperor Dom Pedro is quite a favorite in France. The nation is very grateful to him for making his visit at the time of her trouble; he does not frequent the small theatres, like so many kings and emperors who visited us during the Empire, and who were seen constantly at the "Grande Duchesse"; he visits our hospitals, our schools, gets acquainted with all our *savants*, and seems in earnest about everything. Next to him were the Comtesse de Paris, in the most brilliant gray and pale orange dress; her sister-in-law, the Duchesse de Chartres, in blue velvet and ermine; the Princess Clémentine of Coburg, sister of the Duc de Nemours, and just arrived from Vienna, where she resides with her lovely daughter, Princess Amélie of Coburg, who resembles Marie Antoinette in her youth—very fair, with a high Bourbon nose. The King of the Belgians was represented by the Belgian Minister, M. de Beyens. The Duc d'Aumale, who was, as it were, doing the honors of the place, was, like his brothers and nephews, all in black, with a dress-coat and white cravat; Princess Joinville; the old Princess of Salerno, the mother-in-law of the Duc d'Aumale, in a purple velvet gown, gorgeously adorned with lace; the young Duc de Guise, the only son of the Duc d'Aumale; Prince Philip of Coburg and the Duke of Montpensier were also on that side.

On the other, I noticed besides the bridegroom—who is a man of forty-four, still very young looking—and the young son he had by his first wife, a daughter of Queen Christina of Spain, the Countess Dzialynska, his sister, dressed in gray velvet adorned with gray fur, and Count Dzialynski, one of the greatest landowners of the Duchy of Posen. Countess Dzialynska is commonly called Princess Iza, and is well known by many foreigners in Paris, to whom she extends with the greatest affability the hospitalities of the magnificent Hôtel Lambert, one of the oldest palaces of Paris in the Ile St. Louis. She is very cultivated, fond of music and of the arts, the very type of a *grande dame*. There were with her several Polish ladies, all admirably dressed, with that peculiar air of elegance which makes all Polish ladies look, to use the word of a French *couturier*, like hot-house plants—Countess Zamoyska and her daughter Countess Sophia Tarnowska, Princess Maria Lubomirska, Countess Branicka. Among the men I noticed Prince Alexander Czartoryski; Count Stanislas Zamoyski, the brother of the general so well known in diplomatic circles; Count Charles Zamoyski, General Branski, General Bystrzanowski, Count Branicki, the French Duke of Larochefoucauld-Bisacera, married to a Polish lady, young Prince de Chimay, a Belgian whose mother is a Pole.

Below the choir and in the nave were only the most intimate friends of both families. When the bride arrived, she was received at the door by her own father, the Duc de Nemours, who bears a striking resemblance to Henri IV. He conducted her slowly to the choir; she was dressed in a white satin gown, with two flounces of magnificent old Alençon lace, quite yellow with age, and probably too valuable to be washed. She wore a thin tulle veil, which did not cover her fair face. She looked very happy, very calm, only a little pale, and she smiled gently to all the friends whom she recognized while she walked along with a graceful and dignified step. Behind her and her father came her brother, the Duc d'Alençon, a handsome young officer of artillery, her young sister, Princess Blanche, and behind them the lady who has educated Princess Marguerite and has, since the untimely death of the Duchess of Nemours, been to her almost like a second mother. When the Princess had kneeled in the centre of the choir, next to Prince Ladislas, the ceremony began. Bishop Dupanloup officiated. He is an old friend of the Orléans, and his emotion was intense when he began his sermon. He had been in old times the religious teacher of some of the princesses who were now before him; he had enjoyed the confidence of Queen Marie Amélie; he alluded to all the memories of the past; he gave a thought to the Queen, "so grand, so simple," to the father of Ladislas, the late Prince Adam, whom he described as a firm column, still erect among the ruins of the temple. Speaking to a young and charming woman, his sermon had perhaps something too severe and almost too painful from its numerous allusions to the sufferings of Poland and of France; but she was not an ordinary bride, she had learned since childhood the severe lessons of exile, and the Bishop thought the occasion appropriate to give, in the style of Bossuet, as it were, a lesson to his royal audience. Bossuet had often wandered in old times with Condé in the woods of Chantilly. All the associations of French history congregate on this spot. Louis XIV., the Czar Peter, the Emperor Joseph II., a host of potentates had visited there in old times. It is not wonderful if Bishop Dupanloup wandered out of the ordinary reflections which a wedding inspires.

When he asked the young Princess if she was willing to take Prince Czartoryski as her husband, she turned round to her father, made a long courtesy to him, as if to ask his leave; and when he returned her bow, she said yes with a distinct and silvery voice. When all was over, the carriages took the company to the château, which is not far distant. All the rooms, some of which are of a magnificent architecture, but which are hardly completely furnished—for the exile of the Orléans has just ended—were open. There is among the rest a long gallery, full of pictures framed between splendid panels, and representing all the battles fought by Condé. One central picture, by Mignard, is allegorical: it represents History tearing out of her book the pages which narrate the civil war of Condé against Turenne, the defender of young Louis XIV. All along the gallery was a table, covered with luncheon. The Duke did the honors himself to all his guests, with the help of some friends; princes, princesses, and commoners were indiscriminately installed before the table, and satisfied their hunger, rendered intense by the journey from Paris, the long ceremony, and the cold morning air. The Poles and the French mixed together, and there was a general feeling of satisfaction among the Poles to have, as it were, conquered for their cause and their nationality a representative of the most illustrious family of France. It is also reassuring for the friends of Princess Marguerite to think that her happy marriage has put her in a place of safety, and taken her out of the many troubles which are perhaps in store for her own family. It is very doubtful if she will ever have to leave the dignified retirement of the Hôtel Lambert and play a dangerous part in the fortunes of a new Poland; she is accustomed to be an exile, and it is more pleasant for her to be now an exile in France.

At three o'clock, all the guests were conveyed to the station, where the special train was waiting. The Princess herself joined the party, as she had refused to make a journey, and wished to go at once to the Hôtel Lambert, with her husband, to spend there her honeymoon. It was quite like herself not to go through the fiction of a journey and to do quietly what she had determined to do. She had changed her dress, and appeared in a dark purple gown, with a fur overcoat and a very *quiet* hat. In the evening there were great rejoicings at the Hôtel Lambert, but chiefly for the Polish ladies and gentlemen. There was a great banquet, where all the family silver was exhibited; but of this part of the ceremony I can give no detail.

Notes.

THE able conductors of the *Anglo-American Times* (London) have undertaken a penny publication called the *American Settler*—"a guide for British emigration to the United States." It is an eight-page paper of the size of *Harper's Weekly*, and will appear monthly. The contents of the first number are admirably chosen, and lead us to anticipate from this enterprise a high degree of usefulness. We notice that a correspondent, himself an old-countryman, who writes from Plattsmouth, Nebraska, calls that "the English State of the Union," and can "see no reason why the English should not take Nebraska, or, at all events, why the majority of the inhabitants should not be from England."——*La América Illustrada* is the title of a new Spanish illustrated newspaper, published fortnightly in this city, and in its main features resembling *O Novo Mundo*, from the office of which it is issued, if, indeed, the two journals have not a common editor as they have publisher—Mr. J. C. Rodrigues. Some of the contributors to the first number are the Minister from Ecuador at Washington, Prof. Mantilla, of the University of New York, and José Antonia Calcaño, member of the Spanish Academy, and "the most popular poet of South America." The regular correspondent from Buenos Ayres is a lady, Juana Manso, member of the Board of Education of Buenos Ayres, and "well known there for her incessant labors in behalf of public instruction." We learn from *La América Illustrada* that a treatise on International Law ("Derecho Internacional"), by an eminent Bolivian author, Agustin Aspiazu, is in press in this city, and that an excellent "Almanaque Hispano-Americano" for 1872 has already appeared here, edited by A. Da Costa Gomez. Also, that V. G. Manrique and R. I. Cuervo are preparing a "Diccionario de la Lengua Castellana," the first ever written and published in America, of which sample pages have already been issued at Bogotá.——To the *Sunday Magazine, Good Words, Good Words for the Young*, and the *Contemporary Review*. published by arrangement with English houses, Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. now add *St. Paul's Magazine*, edited by Mr. Anthony Trollope.——A recent letter from Beirût (Dec. 29) mentions that Capt. Stewart, of the British Palestine Exploration Fund, and Mr. C. F. Tyrrwhitt Drake had arrived in Jaffa, and were about to commence the exploration in Western Palestine. The letter mentions also a rumor, which will be of interest to the American Palestine Committee, that Mr. Tristam and a party were about to begin an exploration east of the Jordan.——We did not mean, by a slip of the pen last week, to deprive Mr. Clarence *King* of the credit of the exploration of the Fortieth Parallel, of which he is geologist in charge.

—A remarkable outcry begins to make itself heard in certain parts of the country against the way in which political economy is taught in some of our universities—such as Yale, Harvard, and Williams. Some cutting remarks have appeared on this subject in one of our Philadelphia contemporaries which we need not name, in which Messrs. Mill, Malthus, Say, and Wayland are spoken of with suitable contempt as "dismal philosophers," and the college professors who "have been led astray" by them, and "have enthroned hypothesis above law, fiction above fact, error above truth, and, having done so, would misgovern mankind by means of the monster they have created," are warned that they will shortly catch it from the "judgment, the intelligence, the common-sense of mankind." Another warning voice is lifted up against Williams, which wonders whether Colonel Williams and the other contributors to this institution ever "for a moment dreamt that their doings were to be prostituted to destroy the industry of this country." This, we need hardly say, is a deadly thrust at Professor Perry, and fears are expressed that "the venerable President will soon be giving the prestige of his position in the same direction as his weak professor." Our Philadelphia contemporary aforesaid points out with pride that the University of Philadelphia "years ago rose above these false doctrines, and teaches the truth with all the acceptability and success that could be looked for or desired." It is pleasant to know that there is at least one institution in the land where the "truth" that has "money in it" is duly dealt out.

—We know of only one remedy for the state of things which our brethren deplore, and that is the Southern remedy with regard to abolitionism, viz., to withdraw our children from the institutions in which Mill, Malthus, Say, and their like are recognized as authorities; to refuse the books of these wicked men admission to our houses; and whenever we catch Perry, or any of the pestilent crew to which he belongs, in a protectionist district, to give them a nice coat of tar and feathers. That will teach them, if anything will, to take care how they spread their pernicious doctrinces "in our midst." The true way to select professors of political economy is by ballot at manufacturers' conventions. In that way, and that only, can the inroads of "false doctrine" be prevented. We rejoice to see in these protests on which we are commenting further evidences of the growth of the spirit which is creating such a salutary scare among State geologists. These wretched pedants have of late had the impudence to report in several instances that there was no copper, or tin, or iron in districts in which the interests of the State required that there should be plenty. The prompt decapitation which has followed in the case of some of them will teach their successors a little more real science than they ever got into their heads in their so-called schools. In short, there is a growing feeling that the professor of political economy, the chemist, the mining engineer, and the geologist should be the helper, and not the hinderer, of people who would like to make money and find the public coy. The pretence that so many of them set up—that they must tell the truth—is too shallow to impose on our people much longer. There is no real truth without money in it; and when we see so many eminent statesmen ready to endorse anything that promises even one dividend, the claims of a parcel of professors and schoolmasters to superior virtue are a little too preposterous. American science is not, and ought not to be, a thing of the closet and the laboratory, but of the ballot-box, and the platform, and the editorial sanctum.

—The following remarkable official invitation was issued by an American Consul at a heathen port to his countrymen last Christmas Day. The observance on the occasion of "the plain and frank usages of respectable American society," instead of the disgusting and immoral practices of low American ruffians, deserves, and we hope has called forth, an uproarious acknowledgment from the State Department:

> CONSULATE, —— ——.
>
> The pleasure of your society is requested, if not previously engaged, at this Consulate on Christmas Day, the 25th instant (as soon after 12 M. as convenient), for the interchange of friendly congratulations in honor of the day. The plain and frank usages of respectable American society will be observed.
>
> Repast will be served at 5 P.M.
>
> With much respect, ——, U. S. Consul.
>
> ☞ Please notify acceptance.

—The *Gazette des Beaux Arts* for January is an uncommonly interesting number. The opening article, Chapter XI. of Charles Blanc's "Grammaire des Arts Décoratifs," which is a continuation of his well-known and highly-esteemed "Grammaire des Arts du Dessin," is devoted to a discussion of the dress of the lady of to-day. We have read nothing on the subject anywhere else so philosophical as this, and its philosophy in no way hinders its being delightful reading both for those who enjoy seeing a woman charmingly dressed, and who do not mind understanding why the dress pleases in itself apart from the wearer; and for those women who enjoy being well-dressed, and feel that they are so, yet are not unwilling to be taught a reason for the faith that is in them. To our thinking, Charles Blanc's style is admirable every way. It is clear without being cold or formal, and picturesque without that too much of detail and color which sometimes makes French picturesqueness fatiguing. He is one of the most useful, as well as one of the most readable writers of art of our time, and a man to be relied on as well, for his information is both wide and deep, and his enthusiasm, which keeps him from being dull, never gets the better of his judgment. This particular article has the advantage over the one on men's dress (published in the *Gazette* for Nov., 1871) that it is illustrated. The illustrations consist of eleven wood-cuts engraved by M. L. Dumont, after designs by M. E. Préval. We venture to call the reader's attention particularly to these cuts, and we hope he or she will agree with us in thinking them worthy of attentive study both as designs and as specimens of wood-engraving.

—The present number of the *Gazette* contains also a well-written, sympathetic, but fair-minded account of the late Henri Régnault, the young artist whose Salomé made so great an impression in the salon of 1870, and who in less than a year after, 19th Jan., 1871, fell in the battle of Buzenval, in that desperate sortie made by the picked troops of Paris to meet the promised army of succor that never came. There is a very good etching given of the Salomé by M. P. Rajon. It appears, too, that in the volume recently noticed in the *Nation*, "Rome," by Francis Wey, there are twenty-seven designs by Régnault. These were originally intended to be published in the *Tour du Monde* as illustrations of M. Wey's voyage to Rome, but that gentleman saw their exceptional value, and laid them aside to be used when his article should be collected into a book. American readers of the *Gazette* will perhaps find the most interesting article in this number of it the one called "Un Musée Transatlantique," in which our New York Museum of the Fine Arts gets "a first-rate notice," and we are favored besides with a specimen of an etching by Jacquemart of one of the pictures from the collection bought by Mr. Blodgett. The advertising pages of the *Gazette* contain the announcement that the publication of these etchings is commenced. Messrs. Paul & Domenic Colnaghi & Co. will issue the work in ten numbers, each to contain ten etchings. The first number appeared on the 23d of December, and has just been received in this country by M. Knoedler & Co. (Goupil's), Twenty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, who are the agents, and ready to receive subscriptions. The list of plates in the first number is as follows: 1. The Sorceress, by Frank Hals. 2. Study of a Young Girl, by J. B. Greuze. 3. Repose, a Landscape with Figures and Cattle, by N. Berghem. 4. The Moerdyck, by Van Goyen. 5. St. John the Baptist Visiting the Infant Jesus, by Jacob Jordaens. 6. Portrait of Jacob van Veen, the Father of Marten von Heemskerck, by M. von Heemskerck. (This is the specimen given in the *Gazette*.) 7. Interior of a Dutch Cottage, by Willem Kalf. 8. Portrait of a Young Woman, by Lucas Cranach, the younger. 9. Portrait of a Dutch Burgomaster, by Barthelemy van der Helst. 10. Portrait of a Young Dutch Gentleman, by Adrian De Vries. The terms of subscription are as follows: Artist's proofs (very few), £3 3s per number. Proofs on India paper, £2 2s. Prints, £1 11s. 6d.

—Our readers are doubtless aware of the reputation of Herr von Mühler, Prussian Minister of Public Worship and Education, as a narrow-minded and bigoted official, whose retention in so important a place is one of those inconsistencies that offer a little shock to one's unreserved admiration for the Germans. One of the Berlin deputies to the Landtag has sought to throw ridicule on him as a Cultusminister who has mistaken his vocation, by publishing a collection of verses written in his youth by Herr von Mühler, and putting on the title-page one verse of a bacchanalian song by the same author:

"Wollt' man zum Minister wählen
Mich beim Wein"—

in which he pictured himself ruling a land full of topers:

"Trunken müssten alle sein—
Voll vom Wein!"

Though the Minister has shown himself sensitive to this little attention, it is the opinion of some good judges that he is needlessly so, inasmuch as the deputy's anthology contains not a few pieces of real merit, and gives Herr von Mühler a name in literature which he has not heretofore enjoyed. Herr Dohm, of the *Kladderadatsch*, professes to show proof that the Cultusminister has not mistaken his vocation, his line of attack being satirical parodies of the poems collected by Deputy Parisius. For instance, he turns the praise of wine above cited into a school-teacher's glorification of bread:

"Ei, wie wird mir doch so närrisch
Bei dem Wein!" etc.

becoming:

"Ei, wie bin ich doch so fröhlich
Bei dem Brod!" etc.

The full force of this parody lies in the fact that of the whole body of Prussian teachers, not one thousand have a salary of 500 thalers, while fully ten thousand receive from 50 to 150 thalers. In 1864, twenty thousand teachers received less than 200 thalers, and their condition is hardly improved to-day. "The schoolmaster conquered at Königgrätz, but starves at home," says a commentator on these unpleasant statistics.

—Miss Anne Brewster, writing from Rome to the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, gives an interesting account of some Dante readings she attended, by the Duke di Sermoneta. The distinguished company engaged after each canto in a conversation upon it, each one contributing his comment, emendation, or exegesis, as the case demanded. Of these the most noteworthy was perhaps a remark on the curious passage in the thirteenth canto of the "Inferno," which offers great obstacles to an elegant English rendering:

"Infiammò contra me gli animi tutti,
E gl' infiammati infiammâr sì Augusto
Che i lieti onor tornaro in tristi lutti.
L'animo mio, per disdegnoso gusto,
Credendo col morir fuggir disdegno,
Ingiusto fece me contra me giusto."

On this Delâtre observed that he had seen some MS. letters of Pietro delle Vigne, the supposed speaker, and that their style is precisely like these lines—full of antithesis and repetition. "Dante evidently knew it, and wished to give a faithful portrait of the Chancellor's mode of expression in this passage."

—Three historical works lately published in Italy deserve attention. The "Storia della Repubblica Milanese," of Francesco Peluso, is an attempt to supply needed information in regard to the period (1447–1450) referred to in the title—from the death, namely, of Filippo Maria Visconti to the accession of his son-in-law, Francesco Sforza. The same topic was treated by Bianchi-Giovini, in 1848 ("La Repubblica di Milano"), and will presently receive still further illustration from the labors of a committee appointed by the city of Milan to gather together the inedited archives of the Visconti epoch. Their third volume, now well advanced, is brought down to Sforza, and therefore includes the time of the republic. "Mémoires de la Guerre des Alpes," derived from the papers of Count Ignazio Revel, who died in 1835, is another work filling a gap in modern history. The contest here described by Revel from notes made during his service as a superior officer, was that among the Alps, from 1792 to 1796, between the Austro-Sardinians and the French Republicans, and has heretofore been chiefly narrated by partisans of one side or the other. The "Mémoires" will be found good military reading, and is accompanied by maps of the Maritime Alps and of Southern France. A new "Life and Times of Daniel Manin," by Alberto Errera and Cesare Finzi, is based on hitherto inedited documents deposited by his son with a public institution in Venice. The first volume extends from

1803 to 1848. Part of the new matter is the diary of Manin's daughter Emilia, which is very affecting reading. Of course large numbers of Italian patriots, past and present, figure in these pages; for example, the criminal process brought against Niccolò Tommaseo, in 1848, is here reported for the first time. Being asked who had instigated him in his writings, Tommaseo denied that anybody had done so, except on one occasion, when a couple of Jews, at the house of Manin, being in want of some one to draw up a petition for civil equality, Manin urged Tommaseo to undertake it, and he consented for want of some one better fitted. The law under which he was prosecuted directing an enquiry into the money or other advantage that might have accrued from the culprit's action, Tommaseo told his judges that he had declined the editorship of four newspapers and three professor's chairs in the Roman States, Piedmont, and Tuscany, and that from his exile in France he had brought home an article which may not be named in the presence of English ladies, but is mentionable in a prison—a pair of breeches, namely, costing eight francs, which he had worn every spring from 1839 to 1848, which fate had destined him to wear out in a Venetian prison, and which he had on at the moment of addressing his judges. Another work which we may also recommend is Giovanni Flechia's dissertation on the origin of names of places in Upper Italy ending in -ago, -asco, -ate, and -engo ("Di alcune forme dei Nomi Locali dell' Italia Superiore"). The author's illustrations show extensive familiarity with the dialects and nomenclature of the whole Peninsula. Finally, we can praise, without reserve, the balloon correspondence of the Milan *Perseveranza* from Paris, as being among the best of its kind for truthfulness, impartiality, and humor ("L'Assedio di Parigi, 1870–71"—"La Comune," five volumes in all, 32mo). The collection embraces a number of letters which failed to reach their destination, but of which the writer had preserved copies.

COBDEN CLUB ESSAYS.*

THERE is a school of political economists which holds that property in land rests upon precisely the same ground as other kinds of property; that its origin is the same, and its claims the same. Certainly this view finds support in the drift of popular sentiment on the subject, and, what is of still more importance, in the history of the laws which govern the tenure and transfer of land. This class of property has steadily diminished in relative importance from the time when it formed the sole, or at least the principal, basis of political institutions. The agricultural population of England, for example, which 800 years ago was three-fourths of the whole population, is now only about one-fourth. And side by side with this tendency of landed property to lose political weight, there has been an equally steady movement to assimilate the laws which concern the different kinds of property, and place land upon the same footing with stocks and chattels. In the United States we find this tendency most powerfully developed; and it is not to be wondered at that persons who have given no special attention to the subject have scarcely any conception of anything different, and find it hard to realize the immense power that landed property has exerted in other times and other countries. Nevertheless, there is at the bottom of men's minds a feeling that the distinction between real and personal property is something essential and permanent, not the chance result of a transient and artificial state of society. This volume of essays, published by an association one of whose chief aims is to facilitate the transfer of land, is itself a proof that the feeling exists and has a substantial basis. Granted that its aim is a controversial one, directed against the landlord class, as some of its critics have charged, the very fact that this kind of property permits and calls for an independent and distinctive treatment is one proof that it stands apart from other kinds of property. And, after all, it would be hard for the most captious criticism to detect any tendency in the book inconsistent with the most strictly scientific method of enquiry. Only two out of the whole collection of essays bear directly upon the practical problems which lie before British statesmen; and if two others are arguments for small culture as against large, and still two others bring forward historical facts which tell upon the same side, we do not know that the Cobden Club is to be blamed for borrowing arguments from history and political economy, provided it is all done in a candid and scientific spirit. That this is the case will appear from our analysis of the contents of this publication.

The volume consists of eight essays, varying very considerably in length, and devoted respectively to Ireland, England, India, the Netherlands, Prussia, France, Russia, and the United States. The two first are, as might be expected, the ones that deal directly with the practical questions of English statesmanship, the Irish question, and the English land question. Judge Longfield's essay on "The Tenure of Land in Ireland" contains a very calm and perspicuous analysis of the causes of the troubles in Ireland, which he traces very largely to the ignorance of the peasants and their low standard of living and agriculture. He is not in favor of peasant-proprietorship; "in general," he says, "it is not for a man's interest to be a peasant-proprietor." Neither does he think that the "Ulster Tenant-Right" can be advantageously extended to other parts of Ireland, or that it would be possible to establish by law a fixed and fair valuation of property upon which this could be based. He proposes, however, a plan of "Parliamentary" tenant-right which shall contain all of the Ulster system that is capable of being transplanted and of being legalized by set enactment, and which shall, at the same time, give free play to contract and recognize vested rights. Mr. Wren Hoskyns's paper on the "Land Laws of England" is, in the main, an argument in favor of greater facility in the transfer of real estate. It is shown, for example, by a comparative table, that under the present laws the expense incurred in purchasing land, irrespective of the stamp duty, is nearly twice as great for an estate of £1,000 as for one of £1,800; and very nearly the same for one of £100 as for one of £1,800. It is a complete refutation of the charge of an unfair bias in the compilers of this collection, and an illustration of the perfect independence of the several authors, that these two essays—the only ones that are primarily directed towards practical reforms—take an exactly opposite position. Judge Longfield thinks that it is bad economy for a laborer or farmer to become a proprietor; Mr. Hoskyns laments the separation of the English people from property in land. This proves, at any rate, that the Club had in mind only the attainment of scientific truth—not the establishment of any pet theory. A further proof of its fair spirit is shown by the comparative table at the end of the book, taken from an Irish paper, which contains a collection of facts going to show the superiority of the English system of large estates. M. de Lavaleye's discussion of "The Land System of Belgium and Holland" is hardly anything more than an argument in favor of small properties and "la petite culture," the argument being in the main drawn from the experience of the Netherland provinces, especially those of Belgium. It is eminently clear, well-arranged, and—one is tempted to add—convincing. The argument is very well supplemented by Mr. Cliffe Leslie's essay on "The Land System of France," which is not so much an elaborate argument for the system of small properties as an illustration of its workings in France, and a statement of the means by which it is maintained.

The four essays above described are those which will be most generally interesting to students of political and social economy, and to those whose chief concern is with the immediate problems and needs of the day. Mr. Campbell's long essay upon India (this and the one upon Ireland make up nearly one half the book) is also of interest to the English statesman who has to legislate for India; its chief value, however, is historical, as describing the various systems of tenure which have existed traditionally in that country and the various modes of settlements adopted by English administrations. Taken in connection with Mr. Maine's "Village Communities," it gives a tolerably complete account of this important subject. The student of history will, however, be most attracted by Mr. Morier's paper upon "Agrarian Legislation of Prussia" and Mr. Fancher's upon "Russian Agrarian Legislation." The historical sketches in introduction of these papers are of very high value. Mr. Morier begins with a summary of the views of Von Maurer and others upon the primitive Teutonic village communities. This essay is referred to by Maine, in the work above cited, as an authority upon this special subject; and this, as well as Mr. Campbell's, should be consulted by those who wish to go behind Mr. Maine's *comparative* study to the facts upon which his discussion is based. After these introductory pages, there follows a very clear statement of the revolution effected by Stein and Hardenberg in the early part of the century, together with some judicious remarks pointing out the analogy of this with the English "Enclosure" movement in the sixteenth century. As to the result, he uses the following striking language: "Three great countries—England, France, and Germany—began their political life from a similar agricultural basis. In each of them the great conflict between *immunity* and *community*, between *demesne land* and *tenant land*, between the *manor* and the *peasant*, has had to be fought out. In England the manor won; the peasant lost. In France the peasant won; the manor lost. In Germany the game has been drawn, and the stakes have been divided" (p. 329). We wish, by the way, that Mr. Leslie had given more than a page to the question of common ownership in France. The little he tells us suggests that there is much more that we should like to know.

Mr. Fancher's essay upon Russia also begins with an historical sketch which is exceedingly interesting and instructive. In many passages his description of the community system in Great Russia, within quite historical times, serves as a commentary upon Mr. Morier's sketch of what must have taken place in Germany in prehistoric times. For instance, the colonization of villages, described on p. 363, is in the main the same as that upon p. 289;

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* "Systems of Land Tenures in Various Countries: A Series of Essays Published under the Direction of the Cobden Club." Second edition. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1870. 8vo, pp. 431.

and each system, the Teutonic and Slavic, serves to explain the other. The ends reached from these quite similar beginnings were very different—witness feudal Germany and the reforms of Stein; autocratic Russia and Alexander II.'s ukase of emancipation. There is nothing in the book, not even Mr. Morier's sketch, which we have found more instructive than Mr. Fancher's account of the manner in which the Russian village system was developed and transformed—at the same time without being destroyed; the problems which arose when emancipation was determined upon; and the manner in which these problems were approached. He makes an interesting suggestion, which, as he shows, is not without plausibility, that it may have been from the knowledge of Queen Elizabeth's legislation against vagabonds that Boris Godunoff (died in 1605) borrowed the scheme which turned the free peasants into predial serfs. In regard to the agrarian legislation of the present emperor, which is described in detail, the author is inclined to doubt the permanence of the *mir* or village community system. "If I am right in this, then anything rather than communistic habits and leanings are to be expected from them [the peasants] as free men; and I hope it will be so, in the general interest of civilized humanity" (p. 405).

There remains Mr. Fisher's essay on the "Farm-land and Land-laws of the United States," which is a short and rather slight affair, to be criticised rather for what it omits than for what it contains. There is a table of the amount of lands, farmers, laborers, etc., in the several States; a compendious and convenient statement of the laws in regard to the transfer of real estate; and some selections from the statutes of the United States, and the States of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Illinois, Kansas, and Georgia. The remarks which accompany these statistics are of no especial value; we have the usual allusions to "cities rivalling some of the proud capitals of Europe which had been founded a thousand years ago," "as good land as any in the world," "the great prosperity of the country," and "the industry of our population." Our superficial agriculture is excused on the ground that "we can, and do now, produce a bushel of wheat at much less cost than the most scientific farmer of England can by the best approved method of cultivation, *even if he paid nothing for the use of his land*"—a statement which, if true, does not tell us how it will be when our process of "skinning the land" has been carried on a generation or two longer. As compared with the other essays in the volume, this is utterly without appreciation of the higher aspects and relations of the question. All the others present matter for the profound attention of the statesman, the economist, or the historian; this contents itself with bare statistics and forms. This is not for lack of matter so much as from the lack of habit in this country of looking below the surface, and seeing that land differs essentially from every other kind of property. American land tenures might be treated in either of the three methods illustrated in other portions of the book. Historically, much instruction could be derived from a study of the systems introduced by the early settlers into the several colonies. A system of community of property has been pointed out in these columns, at once in the New England colonies and in the French settlements on the Mississippi—whatever may have been their cause and origin. New York has still, we believe, some remnants of the manorial system; and it is not impossible that a careful search would bring to light other peculiarities. These, however, are matters of curiosity rather than of practical importance. The social and economic aspects of the land question afford many topics for discussion of a very practical nature, even in America.

In regard to the South, for example, Mr. Fisher only gives us a hint that since the war there has appeared a tendency towards small holdings. This is very true; in fact, it is almost a truism; but how does this tendency work in regard to the plantations? The plantation system—partly an outgrowth of circumstances, partly a partial copy of the manorial system of England—had a far wider effect than merely that of giving form to American slavery. It is the foundation of the social system of the South; it is the territorial unit of South Carolina, just as the *town* is of Massachusetts; and it seems destined to give shape to the free labor of the future as it did to the slave-labor that has passed away. At all events, this tendency was very clearly marked during the first few years after emancipation; the small holdings were parts of plantations, and there were manifest tendencies towards the development of communistic rights on the part of the freedmen of the several plantations. It was not to be expected that these tendencies should survive the establishment of a completely free society; it is, however, not impossible that some plantations are still held in common by their freedmen, as they were six or eight years ago. Again, the decay of the New England towns deserved consideration in an essay of this sort. It results from a twofold movement: a centralizing one, which leads the dwellers on the farms to move into the villages, and which drains the country towns to build up the cities; and an economical one—which is, indeed, dispersive—a movement from the hard and unremunerative labor of New England to the rich lands of the West. These movements are independent of each other. It is every way best that these rocky hills should be left to become pasture and forest; on the other hand, the rapid centralization suggests more serious and threatening problems. Another question which arises is as to the tendency of land itself—whether this, too, is becoming centralized, like everything else. Is the abandoned land in New England bought up by a few capitalists; and if so, will this be a source of political power? Are the farms in the West getting into fewer and fewer hands? Are foreigners taking the place of native citizens in the ownership and cultivation of land, both West and East? On the whole, one would say that if native Americans are leaving the farms and thronging to the cities, it is because they are needed there to perform, on the whole, a higher order of services to civilization; and that, if land is coming into a few hands, there is no danger of its being the source of excessive political power, so long, at least, as the great corporations stand as they do. It is not the possession of land, but the existence of a landed aristocracy, with special privileges and powers of jurisdiction, that is perilous to freedom.

We have indicated a few of the points that an essay upon the Tenure of Land in the United States ought to take up. In regard to the rest of the book, we have little but grateful commendation. We have indicated one subject in relation to France which we wish had been followed out; the essay on Ireland, too, needs for its full comprehension some such historical discussion as Mr. Seebohm's in the *Fortnightly Review*. If we went on to wish for essays upon the southern and northern countries of Europe, and upon the relics of Roman agrarian institutions in Italy, France, and Spain, or for a sketch of the primitive systems of land tenure in the Celtic countries similar to those given by Mr. Morier and Mr. Fancher for Teutonic and Slavic communities, we should be indicating materials for another volume as large as this.

NUMEROUS POETS.[*]

I.

THE books in metre are doubtless the class of books most apt to accumulate upon the editorial table and lie there unreviewed. Not to speak of the poetical collections made into gift-books for the holidays, nor of the volumes of "favorite poets" and "household books of poetry," which are apt to be not very different in different years, nor of the new editions got out for various reasons or on various pretexts, there are also the many volumes, more numerous with each year, containing the cultivated verses of the man of cultivation, which having everything else but not the indescribable something, make no very peremptory call for description and criticism; and, still more numerous, there are the many, many volumes—these, too, being not so different from their predecessors in other years—in which the new aspirant sends out his venture watched with so many hopes and appealing for a welcome often so far other than gods and columns are able to give it, that these volumes, too, like the rest, are often suffered to lie without welcome at all. But putting together familiar names and obscure new ventures of little value or none, and works the fame of which is long established and which no number of new editions or of designs by well-known artists can ruin or injure, we will endeavor to say a few words about each of the books of poetry which remain over from last year unnoticed by us.

The thin volume with the title of "Ivy Leaves" contains a great deal that we feel sure will please many readers as being well-finished verse infused with poetry, and a great deal that we should think might be found very consolatory by many devout and wearied hearts which, needing consolation, are accustomed to seek it in the truths of Christianity, but hardly to find it without the sympathy and help of others. Miss Atkinson's prelusive verses indicate with sufficient distinctness the prevailing tone of her book, which if hopeful is hopeful with a borrowed hope and strong in another's strength:

> "This Ivy grew upon the dear church wall,
> Clung loving round its pillars, crept across
> The colored splendors of its window fair,
> And leaned where it could feel the organ thrill
> Which shook our hearts too with its harmony.
>
> "This Ivy hung above the sacred porch
> And made the carven arches bright and fair
> With little creeping sprays of tender green,
> A memory of summer in the snow,
> The joy of Christmas lingering all the year.

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[*] "Ivy Leaves. By Mary Ellen Atkinson." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1870.

"Our Poetical Favorites. By A. C. Kendrick." New York: Sheldon & Co. 1872.

"Lyrical Poems. By Francis Turner Palgrave." London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1871.

"Songs of the Heart. Selected from many Sources." Illustrated by T. Moran, R. S. Gifford, Mrs. Hallock, Miss Ledyard, Hoppin, McEntee, etc. New York: C. Scribner & Co. 1872.

"Imogen, and Other Poems." Boston: B. B. Russell & Co. 1871.

"Poems. By Wm. Allen Butler." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

"Admetus, and Other Poems. By Emma Lazarus." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1871.

"Landmarks, and Other Poems."_ By John James Piatt. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1872.

"Under this Ivy I have entered in
From all the tumult of the outer world
Into the quiet of my Father's house,
From all the heat and burden of the day
Into the joy of peace and holy rest.

"Under this Ivy I have passed again
Out from the sacred stillness and the songs
Of happy worship to the work-day world,
Refreshed and strengthened. For dear memory's sake
I pluck these Ivy leaves to take with me."

So her verses, too, are ivy-leaves rich in associations with the church, where she has found "refreshment, light, and peace,"

"And filled her heart with music sweet and calm."

Readers who are indifferent to such considerations as have moved Miss Atkinson to most of her singing will perhaps like best the poem called "The Nixie," which, though not out of key with its companion pieces, owes more to the moral imagination than they, and is less purely the product of religious feeling.

"Our Poetical Favorites" is a volume of handy size, containing more than four hundred pages and, we should think, nearly as many separate poems and parts of poems. It should therefore contain the poetical favorites of a great many persons whose favorite pieces are different, and favored for different or opposing reasons; and should contain, besides, one would say, the poetical favorites of a great many people who are not very fond of poetry. Both these things which on seeing it one would expect it to do, Mr. Kendrick's volume does in fact do. That it contains all the poetical favorites of the persons fondest of poetry, or very many such favorites, we would not say. It is a popular collection, consisting of such pieces of standard poetry as have been approved by the consenting voices of the average taste and the educated taste, and, with these standard pieces, many such poems as find their way from newspapers, song-books, and volumes of current minor poetry into the collections of readers who make scrap-books. Mingled with the other pieces are many hymns. There are few readers, however, who may not find the volume good and useful. Any reader of poetry may profitably spend half an hour now and again over the semi-poems, which in the eyes of most are the best and truest poetry. Neither "Jamie's on the Dark Blue Sea" nor "Look on me with thy dark brown eyes, Philip my King," is probably a favorite poem with Mr. F. T. Palgrave; but it is pleasant enough to have them at hand, along with "A Soldier of the Legion," and the like. But in view of the fact that there is a "second and enlarged" edition of "Our Poetical Favorites," and the fact that other editions will no doubt succeed this, we feel impelled to say to Mr. Kendrick that we think he has already erred in the direction of too easy inclusion, and that to suppose that "a work of triple the size could scarcely exhaust the treasures of this department of our literature" is, in our judgment, a mistake which tends to the injury of his book. What is meant by "this department of our literature"? Not surely all the smooth verses that anybody may write which may succeed in getting into print.

Mr. Palgrave's "Lyrical Poems" is an original volume of verse by the well-known compiler of "The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," and if we can promise the reader of the original verses none of the delight, we can assure him of some of the concomitant pleasures, which he has had in using the "Treasury." Rarely is there in Mr. Palgrave's verse anything that strikes the chords which answer to poetry, but there is an elevating refinement of feeling, a precision of not very weighty thought expressed with niceness, an instinctive withdrawal from all that is coarse of texture and of low nature rather than a lofty remoteness from all but high things, an elegant simpleness of workmanship, and—for a nearest approach to poetry—an occasional sweetness of sentiment, as of the sentiment of conjugal love-making or of paternal affection, which will all be found very agreeable by most readers already familiar with Mr. Palgrave. There is also, as there could hardly fail to be, some verse amid Mr. Palgrave's lyrics which embodies good criticism; and we may add that of this some strikes us as being fair criticism upon a number of Mr. Palgrave's contemporaries who hold the opinion that we of to-day can be some other sort of Greeks in literature than Greeks not worth having and at the same time spoiled moderns. And these might plead against Mr. Palgrave's criticism in "The Ancient and Modern Muses" some of the expressions in his dedication, which is addressed "to the immortal memory of Athens." The dedication is a regret that the liberalism of to-day is in certain respects inferior to that of immortal Greece, and, so far, is an incitement to that waste of strength of which many of the younger poets have afforded examples. Much more encouraging than the regrets of the dedication—

"That unfantastic strain
Void of weak fever and self-conscious cry,
Truth bold and pure in her own nakedness,
What modern hand can try,
Tracing the delicate line twixt More and Less?"

—much more likely to promote effort and activity in the direction of the true development of the modern literary spirit, are words like these, from "The Ancient and Modern Muses":

"But we who work with smaller skill
And less refined material mould
—This close conglomerate English speech,
Bequest of many tribes that each
Brought here and wrought at from of old,

"Residuum rough eked out by rhyme,
Barbarian ornament uncouth—
Our hope is less to last through Art
Than deeper searching of the heart,
Than broader range of uttered truth.

"One keen-cut group, one deed or aim,
Athenian Sophocles could show,
And rest content:—but Shakespeare's stage
Must hold the glass to every age—
A thousand forms and passions glow

"Upon the world-wide canvas. So
With larger scope our art we ply,
And if the crown be harder won,
Diviner rays around it run
With strains of fuller harmony."

This seems to us to be in the main proposition perfectly sound and serviceable. We do not know that we care much about what is said as to the relative merits of the Greek and English tongues, because we shall be unwilling to believe that Mr. Palgrave has ever found the Greek so ductile to every thought, sentiment, and emotion of his mind and spirit as that it was a means of expression for him in comparison with which his native English was stiff and cumbersome. Yet, if he has not, and if, moreover, he does not know, either, what would have become of the Greek tongue had the Athenians of pure blood been able to perpetuate their race down to these days of steamships in the Ægean, and Greek patriarchs of the Holy Eastern Church at Athens, and a King George from Thule reigning over Lacedæmon and Thebes, we do not see how it is very pertinent to the question in hand to bring the "material moulds" into comparison. The true statement of the case would seem to be, as Mr. Palgrave says, that

"Our hope is less to last through Art"

—of the Greek type—

"Than deeper searching of the heart,
And broader range of uttered truth";

and this is not only our hope, but it is the burden laid upon us, and from it there is no escape. Mentioning as good examples of Mr. Palgrave's more popular manner such pieces as "The Old Year," "The Three Ages," "Now and Ever," and "Eugenia," we take leave of our author by quoting these two pretty stanzas, "To a Child," which hint not unfairly of Mr. Palgrave's range and the degree of skill with which he works within it:

"If by any device or knowledge
The rosebud its beauty could know,
It would stay a rosebud for ever,
Nor into its fulness grow.

"And if thou couldst know thy own sweetness,
O little one perfect and sweet!
Thou wouldst be child for ever,
Completer whilst incomplete."

"Songs of the Heart" is an illustrated Christmas and New Year's book, and is the third volume of the reissue of Folk Songs, of which "Songs of Life" is the first and "Songs of Home" the second. The series is to include one other volume called "Songs of Nature," and when that is issued we shall have the original volume of "Folk Songs" in four illustrated volumes, embellished after designs by American artists, and, moreover, enlarged by the addition of new poems. In this volume, for example, we have Mr. E. C. Stedman's pretty poem of "The Doorstep," which appeared a couple of years ago for the first time, and there are also three new poems taken from *Scribner's Monthly*, of which one, "Making Port," has much unconventional vigor of description, and another, "Love's Young Dream," is clever enough as *vers de société*, as agreeably redolent of New York as a Brady's photograph of the sexton of Grace Church, or a card of invitation to a ball in honor of the Grand Duke Alexis. As to its merit as a collection of poems, "Songs of the Heart" is such, considering the use for which it is intended, that we do not feel called upon to praise it or to blame it. It is better than the publishers might justifiably have made, and it might have been made better without trouble or without danger to its chances of sale. We glance at the table of contents, and see on one page, in the order here preserved, the names of Tennyson, Browning, Wordsworth, Mrs. Norton, Dobell, Leigh Hunt, Maria Brooks, W. S. Roscoe, "H. H.," M. E. Dodge, N. A. W. Preist, J. G. Holland, George Macdonald, Lytton, "H. H." again, Dunlap, and sixteen others of about equal and equally various merit. Our principal fault-finding would be directed against the designers, we believe. Mr. Hoppin having to design a picture to illustrate Leigh Hunt's pretty verse about a prettier incident which occurred in the course of his acquaintance with the Carlyles, might have done better than represent Mrs. Carlyle, in "Jenny Kissed Me," as a youthful maiden kissing her toothless grandfather. And there was a remarkable carelessness about fitting the picture to the meaning of the poem in the case of Mrs. Hallock's design for "Too Late I Stayed." Similarly bad is the illustration of Waller's "Girdle," and bad for other reasons, and really disagreeable enough to have their disagreeableness pointed out, are the illustrations to "Dolly Sullivan," "James Mellville's Child," and "A Musical Box."

We hardly expect to be believed, but the author of "Imogen" prints a volume of verse, seriously intended, of which this is a favorable specimen:

> "Soon came the banquet,
> And the guests were ranged around;
> While at the head the host
> Presided like a prince.
> The smoking joints he cleaved with his unsheathed sword:
> The showered blows fell thick and fast,
> Quick as the eagle's wing that smites
> The unresisting air in mortal agony."

Of Mr. William Allen Butler's book, the best known verses, those called "Nothing to Wear," are likewise the best—though for that matter they are not different from many others of their author's verse, except in being more fortunate of their subject, which invited to an easy exercise of obvious satire, and evoked from Mr. Butler what it suggested to the average satirist of the newspapers:

> "Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison Square,
> Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
> And her father assures me each time she was there,
> That she and her friend Mrs. Harris
> (Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
> But plain Mrs. H. without romance or mystery)
> Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping
> In one continuous round of shopping—
> Shopping alone, and shopping together,
> At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,
> For all manner of things a woman can put
> On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
> Or wrap round her shoulders or fit round her waist," etc., etc.

The serious pieces which are here published with these and some similar comic pieces are of no distinctive character.

Miss Emma Lazarus gives us a volume of poetry nearly all of which is of promise either for what it is or for what it is not. Among the pieces of the latter sort we count the greater number of poems in her volume, because of their freedom from the common faults of youthful writers of verse, and especially youthful female writers of verse. In each case, either her selection of her subject, or else her grasp of it and her thoughtful way of dealing with it, whether wisely chosen or not, indicate more than common ability, and separate her from the writers of the ordinary sentimental verses adorned with imagery more or less successful. Among the pieces which we think are to be praised for positive merits of their own are those composing a series which the author names "Epochs." These are in a way sentimental poems; but there is in them a naturalness of sentiment, a force and apparent honesty, united with a certain artistic reserve, of expression, a firm hold on the realities of feeling amid temptations to morbidness of feeling, which altogether seem to us worthy of marked praise and to augur well for the writer's future. Of the "Admetus," the "Tannhäuser," the "Lohengrin," and the "Orpheus" the execution is to be commended, we think, rather than the choice of subjects or anything that the author imports of her own into the old tales. Like her translations, they probably have done her more good as practice pieces than they will do any one else. It is perhaps worth while to say that Miss Lazarus informs her readers—the imputation of plagiarism having been brought against her in private circles—that "Admetus" was completed before the publication of Mr. William Morris's "Love of Alcestis," and "Tannhäuser" before the same gentleman's "Hill of Venus." The disclaimer was hardly necessary, we should say, outside of the private circles. Miss Lazarus's blank verse is not strictly her own; a poet's mastery of that most difficult metre comes later; but the tiresome diffuseness, the ill-judged archaisms, and the cloying smooth sweetness of Mr. Morris's versification Miss Lazarus is far from. And as for the subjects, whose are they not that chooses to take them?

Mr. Piatt's volume called "Landmarks" takes its title from its first half-dozen poems. Of all these we may say that their pervading feeling is that with which a certain sort of Western man, who can partly remember the pioneer days of the Middle West, now regards or recalls the vestiges of the past while around him he hears the roar of the railroad trains and the clatter of machinery, and sees the lights of the city beside the stream where he knows the smoke of his father's solitary chimney was once all that dimmed the prairie air. A certain sort of a Western man, we say, for there is a retrospective pensiveness about Mr. Piatt's poetry that one does not think of as the feeling which would agitate most Western men engaged in contemplating internal improvements. The wheat-sheaves cut by the sickle, the old stage-coach and the baiting tavern, Mr. Piatt's muse takes to more kindly than to the six-storied hotels and the "through lines" and McCormick's reapers, of which we have no doubt he approves during business hours. Cheerful enough, however, is the sonnet that closes the series of poems we have mentioned. The poet paints an escutcheon for some one of the new States which are arising in the West, and the picture drawn by him of the present and future of yet another Ohio will serve also as a picture of the past and present of the Ohio in which he writes:

> "Far off a young State rises full of might:
> I paint its brave escutcheon. Near at hand
> See the log cabin in the rough clearing stand;—
> A woman by its door with steadfast sight,
> Trustful looks Westward where, uplifted bright,
> Some city's Apparition, weird and grand,
> In dazzling quiet fronts the lonely land,
> With vast and marvellous structures wrought of light,
> Motionless on the burning cloud afar:—
> The haunting vision of the time to be,
> After the heroic age is ended here,
> Built on the boundless still horizon's bar
> By the low sun, his gorgeous prophecy
> Lighting the doorway of the pioneer."

This seems to us good, and as good as anything else in Mr. Piatt's volume, though in the other poems there is much of pretty fancy. The best thing about the volume, perhaps, is that its contents, be their worth much or little, are Mr. Piatt's own. It is easy to exaggerate the value of this quality in poetry; but it is not easy to exaggerate its rarity in poetry not of the higher order, and in virtue of possessing it Mr. Piatt's poetry has a claim to remembrance, and he to the thanks of his readers.

"THE SPEAKER'S" PENTATEUCH.*

THE idea of the work before us was conceived, as the preface informs us, some eight years ago by the veteran Speaker of the British House of Commons, the Right Hon. J. Evelyn Denison, who felt that "there was a want of some commentary upon the Sacred Books in which the latest information might be made accessible to men of ordinary culture," and in which every educated man "might find an explanation of any difficulties his own mind might suggest, as well as of any new objections raised against a particular book or passage." These few words explain the real, or at least the principal, object of the work. It is to form a bulwark of defensive criticism, erected against sceptical attacks originating in "the changing phases of physical, philological, and historical knowledge." The Speaker consulted on his project the Archbishop of York, who undertook to form a company of divines, each of whom was to expound the portion of Scripture "for which his studies might best have fitted him." The Canon of Exeter was chosen editor. The work was divided into eight sections, of which the volume before us—about 930 double-columned and very neatly printed large 8vo pages—embraces the first. For cases of dispute the Archbishop of York and the Regius Professors of Divinity of Oxford and Cambridge were appointed a committee of reference. It was decided to reprint the Authorized English Version, without alteration, with the marginal references and renderings, and to amend in the notes all translations of passages proved to be incorrect. Subjects involving much research and fuller illustration were to be treated in separate essays at the end of each chapter, book, or division. This was in brief the plan of the Commentary, and it has been adhered to under many expected and some unexpected difficulties. Three contributors, two of whom had undertaken the commentary of Exodus and Numbers, died before the publication could be begun, which considerably augmented the labor of the survivors. Of these, the Bishop of Ely, E. Harold Browne, has contributed to the first volume the general introduction to the Pentateuch, the introduction to Genesis, and the commentary and critical notes to the same book; the editor, the introduction to Exodus, the commentary and notes to the first nineteen chapters of the latter book, and three comprehensive essays "On the Route of the Israelites from Rameses to Sinai," "On the Bearings of Egyptian History upon the Pentateuch," and "On Egyptian Words in the Pentateuch"; Samuel Clark, Vicar of Bredwardine, the commentary and notes to the last twenty-one chapters of Exodus, and the introduction and the commentary and notes to Leviticus; and T. E. Espin, Rector of Wallasey, the introduction to Numbers, a portion of the commentary and notes to the same book—the rest being by the late Vicar of Barrington, J. F. Thrupp—and the introduction and the commentary and notes to Deuteronomy.

That a work published under such auspices, with such aims, and with such literary forces and resources at its disposal, represents both a great deal of orthodoxy and a great deal of learning, need hardly be stated. To illustrate the former, it will suffice to notice that the writer of the general introduction to the Pentateuch, destined chiefly to vindicate Moses's authorship of it, finds it "extremely probable that the very autograph of Moses was . . . stored up first in the Tabernacle and afterwards in the Temple" (p. 11); that in the history of creation he sees "that which was very probably the ancient primeval record of the formation of the world," and "may even have been communicated to the first man in his innocence" (27); that he is "led to conclude that the Deluge is described as from the point of view of an eye-witness" (p. 75) and that in the narrative of that event we have "in all probability . . . the very syllables in which the patriarch Shem described to the ancestors of Abraham that which he himself had seen and in which he had borne so great part" (p. 76); and that it seems to him probable that in the times preceding the collection of the Hebrew Scriptures and their paraphrases even "a Targum on the Pentateuch would easily be handed down memoriter" (p. 14). Conclusions and beliefs of this kind being, even in this critical age, not rare in books calling themselves critical, we may be allowed to state them without an attempt at refutation. The arguments used for the defence of views so extreme, though of very unequal value, and not at all novel, are mostly very ably presented. In general, however, we may say they are apt rather to strengthen than to create belief. A portion of the Canon of Exeter's plea for Moses's authorship of Exodus—that contained in the second paragraph of the introduction to that book, and drawn from the characteristics of the narrative and of the lawgiver—is, if not convincing, at least very strong. Another, presented in the following paragraph, which makes the account of the ten plagues of Egypt a proof of the antiquity and authenticity of the book, is at least equally feeble, to use a very mild expression. Some points of the general introduction are equally infelicitous. Thus we hear that "*nothing* points to Joshua as the writer of the Pentateuch" (p. 19), an assertion which is easily refuted by a comparison of Deut. xxix. 10, 11: "You stand this day all of you before the Lord your God; your captains of your tribes, your elders, and your officers, with all the men of Israel, your little ones, your wives, and *thy stranger that is in thy camp, from the hewer of thy wood unto the drawer of thy water,*" with the account (Josh. xxiii. 2) of the call "for all Israel, and for their elders, and for their heads, and for their judges, and for their officers," by Joshua, who had received the Gibeonites and made them "hewers of wood and drawers of water for the congregation" (Josh. ix). And here we must still further remark that the substitution of one letter for another in the Hebrew text will change the words of Deut. rendered in the Authorized English Version "your captains of your tribes" (Heb. *shibtekhem*) into "your captains, your judges" (*shofetekhem*), the very words of the corresponding passage in Joshua—the Hebrew having the same word for "captains" and "heads."

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* "The Holy Bible according to the Authorized Version (A.D. 1611), with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation by Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church. Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter." Vol. I., Part I.: Genesis—Exodus. Vol. I., Part II.: Leviticus—Deuteronomy. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1871.

In the same way, we are told (p. 19) that "Samuel . . . . is nowhere presented to us as a legislator," in face of the Biblical statement that when appointing the first king "Samuel told the people the manner of the kingdom [in the Heb. text, *mishpat hammelukhah,* the law of royalty], and wrote it in a book [in the original, *bassefer,* in *the* book], and laid it up before the Lord" (1 Sam. ix. 25). And again we hear (p. 19) that "David is as little likely as Samuel to have had time for composing the Pentateuch or drawing up its sanctions," for "he was a man of war, and though the darling and the hero of his people, yet by no means exercising that kind of control and influence which is needful for one who would impose a new code of civil and religious laws"—as if Justinian and Napoleon had elaborated their codes with their own pens, in times of profound peace, and had been revered as saints by their nations, far above David, who had only such men as Gad, Nathan, Asaph, Heman, and Jeduthun to aid him in his labors, and to vindicate him before Israel. Strange to say, while the Bishop of Ely overlooks the prosaic *bassefer* (in *the* book) quoted above, and referring to a book kept before the Lord, he finds (p. 10) in the *hassefer* used in the elevated style of Isaiah (xxix. 11, 12), a mention of *the* book, viz., of the Law, and in that mention an argument for the antiquity of the latter, and changes (p. 10) the "they shall lick the dust like a serpent" of the Authorized Version (Micah vii. 17) into "they shall lick the dust like *the* serpent," in order to have an allusion to the serpent of Paradise, as if nouns with the definite article were never used in Hebrew in an indefinite sense. Now, the very chapter of Isaiah which he quotes from contains a number of examples to the contrary: "As when an hungry man [Heb. *hara'ab, the* hungry man] dreameth;" "as when a thirsty man [*hatztzame, the* thirsty man] dreameth;" "into a fruitful field" [*lakkarmel,* into *the* fruitful field]; "for a thing of nought [*battohu,* for *the* thing of nought]. The argument for the pre-Mosaic origin of the name Jehovah (p. 26) drawn from the form of the verb underlying it is still more fallacious. "In Hebrew," we are told, "the verb is *always hayah,* though in Syriac and Chaldee it is always *havah.* A name, therefore, derived from *havah,* and existing in ancient Hebrew, must have come down from a time prior to the separation of the Hebrews from their kindred Aramæans, *i. e.,* not later than the time of Abraham." But the truth is that while the Chaldee has only *havah* for *to be,* the Hebrew has both *hayah* and *havah,* and that the latter form occurs not only in Ecclesiastes (ii. 22) and Nehemiah (vi. 6), where it may be an Aramaism, but also in Genesis (xxvii. 29) and Isaiah (xvi. 4).

Without entering into a close examination of the single notes and comments, or of the special treatises contained in the "Speaker's Commentary," we must observe, in general, that the work is, on the whole, very ably and elaborately done; that the notes are specially remarkable for clearness and conciseness; that the value of the criticisms is often impaired by foregone conclusions, to which the results of enquiry must be adapted; that some of the essays are characterized by a timidity of judgment which betrays the compiler; and that, in spite of many imperfections, this revised English Bible cannot fail to be acknowledged as one of the foremost publications in this field. Among its minor imperfections is a lack of uniformity in the English equivalents for Hebrew and Egyptian words. Compare, for instance, *Zebach* (p. 496) with *chelev* (p. 500) and *nabhi* (p. 654), in which *b, v,* and *bh* represent one and the same Hebrew sound; or "Zal*ou*" with "Zar*u*" (p. 466), and the often repeated "Shas*ou*" with the equally frequent "Aper*u*" in the Egyptian essays. Of misprints and slips of the pen, too, occur such as *be'aroth* (Heb.) for *me'aroth* (p. 464); *meberoth* (Heb.) for *mekheroth* (p. 492); *tocakhoth* for *tokha'hoth,* and *elleh* for *eleh* (p. 791); *seer* (Heb.) for *sheer* (p. 18); *kinnur* for *kinnor* (p. 57); "the Persian *greifen*" for "the Persian *girifthen* or *grifthen* (Ger. *greifen*)" (p. 52). The note on "*Ur of the Chaldees* (p. 98) opens with the false statement that "there is great diversity of opinion as to the site of this city, except that it was in the southern part of Babylonia"—a statement refuted in the following sentences.

CASTILIAN DAYS.[*]

"CASTILIAN Days" is not so much a book of travel as a collection of essays on a number of topics to which Mr. Hay, being in Spain, naturally gave some attention and concerning which, being a ready and willing writer, he naturally set himself to write. The result of his observation and activity is a more than usually readable book, from which one may pleasantly learn something of Spain as she is, while at the same time learning something about Mr. Hay's opinion as to the necessity of establishing a republic in Spain; as to the malign influence of Catholicism on Spanish well-being; as to the works and ways of Spanish politicians and statesmen; as to the Spanish character, and the causes of its being what it is; and as to various other matters which are matters of opinion or of fact, and of which Mr. Hay treats with a clearness and forcibleness which leave his reader in no doubt as to the conclusions at which he has arrived. We have not the knowledge of Spain, present and future, that qualifies us to form a satisfactory judgment, but we have found ourselves, as we read, reserving our assent to more than one opinion of our author's. Here, for instance, is one which is of constant occurrence through the book: In January, 1870, the true course for Spanish statesmen, says Mr. Hay, was once for all to discard the idea that any good was to be got from a constitutional monarchy, that form of government being "a compromise with tradition, unworthy of the time," and useless in the attitude of free choice in which Spain at that time stood. Then, the absolute monarchy being an evident impossibility, there remained the republic, and the republic, says Mr. Hay, was "the only logical solution," and the one having more and better chances than any other of giving the country peace. This may turn out to be so; meantime, one cannot but think that the Spaniards themselves may properly be presumed to know something of what kind of a government they think they want; that though the ignorance of Spaniards concerning the advantages of a republic is disgraceful, that is no reason for at once making Spain into a republic, but rather an appreciable reason for not doing so at present; and that Spanish statesmen may go so far as to concede to Mr. Hay, as one of them did, that America is fortunate and enviable in having no traditions, and yet may go on to demand for Spain Mr. Hay's "compromise with tradition, unworthy of the time"—as the time goes in some of the countries outside of Spain. All things considered, and considering especially the fact that there is not any republic in Spain, one thinks that Mr. Hay might have done well to keep in his mind a saying of another interlocutor of his, a pessimist, who remarked that Spain would no doubt have the republic sooner or later, and added that the only trouble would be for the first five or six hundred years.

There are several other things in "Castilian Days" besides the author's generous rather than well-judged zeal for the abstract republic which indispose one to go fully along with him, and make one wish that a writer of such aptitude and cleverness were more careful and restrained. For example, the Pope of Rome is the Scarlet Woman no doubt; and the Protestant cantons of Switzerland surpass in prosperity the Romish cantons; but in spite of those and similar truths for which we also are strenuous, Mr. Hay might advantageously have considered a moment before observing incidentally, while talking of Spanish doctors, that the mass for the sick is "a ghastly mummery" and is injurious to patients—irrespective, it seems, of the fact that a sick Spaniard may have views as to the efficacy of the mass different from those entertained by an American Protestant in good health, and may thrive on the celebration of it, while the effect on us or on Mr. Hay would be highly prejudicial.

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[*] "Castilian Days. By John Hay." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1871.

However, in spite of some interferences with the reader's pleasure, "Castilian Days" is a very readable book—so trustworthy is Mr. Hay's sense of what will agreeably engage the attention of the general reader without jading it, so interesting is the nation which he describes, so good were his opportunities of close observation of the political leaders who have been of especial interest of late, and so much more clear and lively than is common is his way of expressing himself. Very well, for example, is it to find in a book of travel such a chapter as that entitled "A Field Night in the Cortes," in which Mr. Hay describes the personal appearance of the chiefs of the various political parties, tells intelligibly what was the question under discussion and how the issue was made up, gives the substance of the debate, shows us how the ministry is trembling on the verge of parliamentary ruin, and then calls up General Prim to speak:

> "The Marquis of Perales, Vice-President, said as Silvela took his seat, 'The President of the Council of Ministers has the word.' Prim slowly rose, holding his eye-glasses in his gloved hands. His face was as colorless and impassive as that of a mummy. There was a rustle of movement, as the house was wide awake bent forward to catch his first words. They were full of soldierly bluntness: 'I am not going to discuss this law. I know nothing about these matters, and never talk about things I do not understand. I have full confidence in the Minister of Hacienda, and so believe this law is a good one; this opinion is shared by my companions in the government.' Nothing could be more simple and frank than these words; yet they were deeply pondered and perfectly fitted to the occasion. No art could have improved them. They at once enlisted the sympathy of his followers, and set an example of party discipline. He continued, expressing his inability to understand the cause of this attack from the Liberal Union: 'I can understand the opposition of M. Tutau; the Republicans desire the fall of the present government; and that of M. Muzquiz also, for the Carlists wish the disappearance of this Cabinet and this Chamber; for the same reason I was not surprised at the assault of M. Canovas.' Here his voice and manner, which had been as mild as that of an undertaker's, suddenly changed, and he said with great dignity and solemnity, turning to the Unionist faction, 'But I cannot understand—I declare it with the sincerity of an honest man—the attitude of the gentlemen of the Liberal Union, because, though my distinguished friend, M. Silvela, has clothed his opposition with beautiful and elegant forms, still opposition, and of the rudest, it is, which his lordship makes, not only to M. Figuerola but to the whole government.' He continued for some time, showing the disorganizing and disastrous results that would follow the Unionist attack, declaring that the Cabinet would immediately resign in a body. He recounted the efforts he had made to prevent the rupture, and his voice and utterance had something almost pathetic as he narrated his fruitless endeavors to find some ground for agreement. But as he closed a sort of transformation came over him. He seemed to grow several inches taller. He stood straight as a column, and his voice rang out like a trumpet over the hall: 'They present us the battle. There remains no more for me to say than Radicals! defend yourselves! Let those who love me follow me!' What tremendous power there lies in the speech of a man of action! If any deputy but Prim had said these words, how coldly they would have fallen. But from him they were so many flashes of lightning. The house was ablaze in a second. The Radicals were cheering frantically. It was a battle-field speech, and had its deeply calculated effect. The phalanx was fused into one man. As the cheering died away, Topete was seen to rise from his seat by Prim and take him by the hand in sign of farewell. The gallant sailor uttered a word of energetic protest too low to be heard in the tumult, and then passed over to his friends of the Liberal Union. It was now their turn to burst out in a shout of defiance. They surrounded the Admiral, embracing and welcoming him. For some minutes this wild agitation reigned in the Chamber. There was an excited tremor in the voice and bell of the President as he rung and shouted his unavailing appeals for order."

Then follows a brief description of the eager voting, and of the salvation of the ministry by a majority of six.

Good, too, is the chapter entitled "The Cradle and the Grave of Cervantes," with its description of the university, and its account of Sor Marcela and her poetry, so touching for what it implies and so good in itself. Perhaps there may be in this chapter rather more of the tendency towards fine writing which some tastes will have noted in the passage just given above. Probably to this tendency may be due a noteworthy error, originally made by Victor Hugo if we recollect right, which has more than once been corrected: Mr. Hay speaks of Cervantes as having prepared himself to die on the 17th of April, at which time he had been expecting his death to take place, but as having waited six days longer in order that his soul might be accompanied to the shades by the soul of Shakespeare, who died on the 23d. Protestant England, however, had not at the time of Shakespeare's death accepted the reformed calendar, and it was on the 23d of April, old style, that Shakespeare died, so that Cervantes's waiting, being done in Catholic Spain, was without the intended effect.

Other excellent parts of the book are the unhackneyed chapter on the hackneyed subject of bull-fighting, and the still better chapter describing a miracle play—a subject which is for the moment almost as hackneyed as the other, but which Mr. Hay makes interesting, as may appear from this brief extract, which gives, on the whole, a fair specimen of the contents of the volume. The scenes of the play have been described effectively, and these remarks follow:

> "A curious observation is made by all foreigners of the absence of the apostles from the drama. They appear from time to time, but merely as supernumeraries. One would think that the character of Judas was especially fitted for dramatic use. I spoke of this to a friend, and he said that formerly the false apostle was introduced in the play, but that the sight of him so fired the Spanish heart that not only his life but the success of the piece was endangered. This reminds one of Mr. A. Ward's account of a high-handed outrage at 'Utiky,' where a young gentleman of good family stove in the wax head of 'Jewdas Iscarrit,' characterizing him at the same time as a 'pewserlanimous cuss.'
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> "'To see these Mysteries in their glory,' continued my friend, 'you should go into the small towns in the provinces, uncontaminated with railroads or unbelief. There they last several days. The stage is the town, the Temple scene takes place in the church, the Judgment at the city-hall, and the procession of the Via Crucis moves through all the principal streets. The leading *rôles* are no joke—carrying fifty kilos of wood over the mud and cobble-stones for half a day. The Judas or Gestas must be paid double for the kicks and cuffs he gets from tender-hearted spectators—the curses he accepts willingly as a tribute to his dramatic ability. His proudest boast in the evening is *Querian matarme*—'They wanted to kill me!' I once saw the hero of the drama stop before a wine-shop, sweating like rain, and positively swear, by the life of the devil, he would not carry his gallows a step farther unless he had a drink. They brought him a bottle of Valdepeñas, and he drained it before resuming his way to Golgotha. Some of us laughed thoughtlessly, and narrowly escaped the knives of the orthodox ruffians who followed the procession.'
>
> "The most striking fact in this species of exhibition is the evident and unquestioning faith of the audience. To all foreigners the show is at first shocking and then tedious; to the good people of Madrid it is a sermon, full of absolute truth and vivid reality. The class of persons who attend these spectacles is very different from that which you find at the Royal Theatre or the Comic Opera. They are sober, serious *bourgeois*, who mind their shops and go to mass regularly, and who come to the theatre only in Lent, when the gay world stays away. They would not dream of such an indiscretion as reading the Bible. Their doctrinal education consists of their catechism, the sermons of the curas, and the traditions of the church. The miracle of St. Veronica, who, wiping the brow of the Saviour in the Street of Bitterness, finds his portrait on her handkerchief, is to them as real and reverend as if it were related by the Evangelist. The spirit of enquiry which has broken so many idols, and opened such new vistas of thought for the minds of all the world, is as yet a stranger to Spain. It is the blind and fatal boast of even the best of Spaniards, that their country is a unit in religious faith. *Nunca se disputó en España*—'There has never been any discussion in Spain'—exclaims proudly an eminent Spanish writer."

The High Mills. By Katherine Saunders. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.)—This story differs from most in the fact that it has nothing to do with love. To be sure, there is a line at the end of the book which announces the ringing of wedding-bells, but it seems as if it had strayed into that place from some other novel, as there is nothing in the tale itself to justify or to make the reader demand the usual ending. The whole story is of a man who, out of contrition, gives up his life to those whom he has wronged. The mysterious reason of this course is very well kept by the author, and we prefer not to disclose it to the reader, although the novel is not one of the conundrum kind, as they might be called, in which all interest is lost as soon as the plot is made clear. It is rather a study of a not particularly interesting character in very peculiar circumstances, and thus it lacks one means of attracting readers which a love-story has to perfection, that, namely, of interesting the reader by a certain reference to his own position in regard to one of the most idealized facts of human existence. Every true remark about love, every good love-story, will be of interest to almost every one; but a novel that does not treat of this passion has to find enough material that brings it into the same universal relation to us all before it can be counted a success. Balzac has done this by analyzing and drawing some of the stain of the old Adam which clings to every one, and the result is a work which may be of the greatest merit, but yet leaves a distaste in the reader's mind that is more terrible even than the grim reality, as if our minds were unconsciously more idealistic in their action in regard to what we know than is the realist with regard to what he only imagines. Without by any means comparing our author with Balzac, it may be said that we have here a very different treatment of the question. We watch the struggle of the hero to escape from the meshes his own folly and misfortunes have wrought around him, and always without having our sympathy misdirected; the struggle is a heroic one, and the success complete. But, while it may be said that the book has good tendencies, it is also open to the objection of a certain heaviness in the management of the details, so that the total effect of the story is marred by inartistic construction. Many of the characters are well drawn, and not without humor. The book, too, contains some good descriptions. On the whole, it can be recommended to those who may be tired of the novel of social complications, and who care for something more serious than the small-talk of flirtations. This may not be a great work of art, but it is a sincere and not wholly unsuccessful effort to treat a serious subject with care and respect.

Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There. By Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." With fifty illustrations by John Tenniel. (New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.)—It is seldom that the appearance of a child's book attains the dignity of a literary "event," but this distinction the long-promised and long-delayed sequel to "Alice's Adventures" may certainly lay claim to. That it brings some disappointment, at least to the older readers and critics, can hardly be doubted, though it has perhaps all the excellence of the former work as a true picture of a shifting dream; and the notion of a Looking-glass Land, with its inverted ways, is certainly better than the original rabbit-hole labyrinth. Alice, too, remains the same well-bred, self-possessed, courageous child, under all circumstances, and her little talk, before and after her dream, to her kittens, is as charming as it is nicely studied and cleverly sustained. Wherever we meet Alice, indeed, the book cannot be called devoid of interest; but recurring once more to the comparison with her "Adventures," we should say that the first half only of the "Looking-Glass" is altogether worthy of the author's lively genius. The last six chapters, with a few exceptions, are much below the level of the first six, in which, indeed, there is nothing so funny, to our mind, as the supper with the March Hare and the Hatter in the "Adventures." On the other hand, "Jabberwocky" and "The Walrus and the Carpenter" are hardly surpassed by any of the absurd poetry of the earlier work. Mr. Tenniel's illustrations, as before, leave nothing to be desired, while they do a great deal to lighten the latter portion of the story. They are particularly felicitous in showing how, along the briny beach,

"The Walrus and the Carpenter
  Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
  Such quantities of sand:
'If this were only cleared away,'
  They said, 'it *would* be grand.'"

And how, as the little oysters stood out of breath and waited in a row,

"'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
  'To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
  Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
  And whether pigs have wings.'"

And, finally, when the wicked meal had been begun, how

"'I weep for you,' the Walrus said;
  'I deeply sympathize.'
With sobs and tears he sorted out
  Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
  Before his streaming eyes.

"'O Oysters,' said the Carpenter,
  'You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?'
  But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
  They'd eaten every one."

Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain, with Pictures of Life in Camp and Field. By Benj. F. Taylor. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1872.)—We do not remember any newspaper correspondence from the front, during the war, which would be worth reprinting to-day for the *facts* it contained; but the author of the sketches now reprinted in the book before us trusted chiefly to his fancy in his letters to the Chicago *Evening Journal,* and a fancy is as good now as it was then. These scraps are mostly mere notes suggested by what the author saw rather than reproductions of historical scenes and events, the poetical turn of the writer's mind leading him to reflective and imaginative comments evoked by the reality rather than to a statement of the bare reality itself. He describes but one battle which he witnessed, that of Mission Ridge, and even in this his fancy rather than his eye is called into play. He is rather too rich in the color of his descriptions to be serviceable as an eye-witness: the moral elevation at which the poet stands is too far above the level of the battle-field. But what he writes in this sketch, as in the others, is interesting if only because it carries the reader back to the high resolve and ardent patriotism which reigned in the purest atmosphere of loyalty during the late rebellion The letters seem more like fine writing now than they did then, when there were sons and lovers and brothers at the front, and constant telegrams of their dangerous doings there; and a whole book in a strain more or less emotional is certainly harder on the writer than a column or two in a daily newspaper, with prosaic columns to right and left.

The author seems to have been in full sympathy with the rank and file, and he was very successful in seeing and describing their best side. He has caught the spirit of humor which pervaded the army, and in one instance he brings it out so well that we will quote him in illustration of a trait which was oftener a sense than an expression that could be carried away in words. It seemed to satisfy itself with reflection and to await patiently the opportunity to find a vent, and then perhaps in only a couple of words, which would hit or miss according to the hearer's ability to understand them. The scene is in a Western camp, where General Halleck was well remembered, and where, it may be supposed, he was thought to be not quite a Napoleon I. To save explanation of the soldier's real employment, we will say that he was cleaning his musket. The paymaster was coming with his greenbacks:

"An epitaph for a modern paymaster can be easily stolen from Halleck's sweetest little poem, as thus:

'Green be the turf above him.'

Just finishing the inscription, I read it and the explanation to a rough boy near by. He looked up with 'Old Halleck write that?' 'Fitz-Greene,' said I. 'That's what's the matter,' said he, and worked away at his musket again."

Border Reminiscences. By Randolph B. Marcy, U. S. Army. 12mo, pp. 396. (Harper and Brothers.)—General Marcy's book is a portfolio filled with sketches of life upon the frontier. His "Reminiscences" are mostly of the humorous order, and depict the odd characters of remote army stations. Here are described the major of the old régime, the braggadocio, the eccentric cadet, the army belle, and the practical jokes and drolleries which make up so large a part of station life during times of peace. We are shown, too, some well-known Southern characters. In one anecdote "General Sam Houston" figures amusingly. Houston had not a little trickery in his composition; and on a certain occasion he had promised his support, in an approaching Texan election, to each of two opposing candidates for office. He was a frequent visitor at the farm-house of one of these candidates, a Mr. W——d. One morning this gentleman astonished the General by showing him a letter, in Houston's own handwriting, in which he had denounced his entertainer to the opposing candidate, and urged the latter to make every effort to defeat him. Houston saw that he was caught in an unpleasant predicament; however, he read the letter very carefully in order to gain time. Perceiving, at last, "that it would be useless to deny its authenticity, he turned up his eyes with a most puzzled and bewildered expression, saying at the same time in soliloquy, 'That handwriting certainly resembles mine; but, if I wrote it, how does it happen that I cannot remember anything about it? That's what bothers me!' After a moment's reflection, he went up to W——d with the letter open in his left hand, placed it before his eyes, and, significantly shaking the index-finger of his right hand at the paper, said: 'Who would suppose that I could ever have got so beastly drunk as to write such an absurd letter? You, my dear W——d, know me too well to believe for an instant that this letter expresses my real sentiments.'" Some of the stories of Major C——s, the Munchausen of a frontier post, are equally amusing. General Marcy's style is often weak and verbose, and the illustrations of the book have little merit. But in spite of its imperfections it has a certain interest as describing a phase of life that is peculiar, we believe, to the American frontiers; and we can imagine that it will be even more interesting a hundred years hence to some maker of history than it is to us to-day.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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De Puy (Rev. W. H.), Threescore Years and Beyond	(Carlton & Lanahan)	
Eastlake (C. L.), History of the Gothic Revival	(Scribner, Welford & Co.)	
Farjeon (B. L.), Blade-o'-Grass; a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	35
Gaboriau (E.), Mystery of Orcival, swd	(Holt & Williams)	75
Hotze (C. L.), First Lessons in Physics	(Hendricks & Chittenden)	
Junius Unmasked	(John Gray & Co.)	
Lange (Rev. J. P.), The Book of Joshua	(C. Scribner & Co.)	
Legends and Fairy Tales of Ireland	(P. M. Haverty)	
Leland (C. G.), Meister Karl's Sketch-Book	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	2 50
MacDonald (G.), Wilfrid Cumbermede	(C. Scribner & Co.)	
McCabe (Rev. L. D.), Light on the Pathway of Holiness	(Carlton & Lanahan)	
Morley (J.), Voltaire	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1872.

The Week.

THE flurry over the threatened withdrawal of England from the Washington Treaty has almost subsided. In fact, on this side of the water it can hardly be said that there has been any flurry, the principal newspapers having, after the first day, treated the whole affair with great coolness, and, indeed, exemplary impartiality, which has made the excitement in England look a little ludicrous. The talk of war was, however, always absurd, as there is nothing more to fight about, and considerably less disposition to fight than there was a year ago. It is a great mistake to suppose, however, that the uproar in England is a mere device of political partisanship, got up by the Tories to confound the ministry. There is not a shadow of proof of anything of the kind. The press of all parties is unanimous in the outcry. But there is no doubt that the Tories are taking advantage of it, and that Mr. Disraeli has used it with most unfortunate effect by taunting Gladstone into the ridiculous declaration of his intention to resist "the preposterous demands" of the American case to the last. If the Treaty breaks down irretrievably, probably nothing will contribute more to this deplorable result than this bit of rhetoric.

The Amnesty Bill has been defeated in the Senate, through a variety of influences, not the least potent being Mr. Sumner's attempt to tack on to it his Civil Rights Amendment, securing persons of color admission on equal terms to inns, public conveyances, cemeteries, and theatres. Some object to his amendment on general grounds, others on constitutional grounds, and others through dislike of the negro, and some who are really opposed to amnesty pretended to be opposed to it solely because the amendment was tacked on to it. The only noteworthy incident in the debate was a tussle between Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Sumner over the Declaration of Independence, of which Mr. Sumner convicted Mr. Carpenter of having spoken disrespectfully, and quoted against him certain passages from Petroleum V. Nasby of a scathing character, whereat Carpenter smiled in a sickly manner. At the bottom of the great contention was a difference of opinion as to whether the Constitution should be interpreted by the aid of the Declaration, which is one of those points on which any man's opinion is respectable. If the majority are willing, the Constitution may be interpreted by the aid of the Bible, "Butler's Analogy," the "Spirit of the Laws," the works of Swedenborg, or any other book that may be agreed on. Once the historic view of the intent and meaning of the framers of any document is thrown aside, there is unlimited choice as to the manner in which it shall be construed, but the decision must always rest with the majority, a fact which deprives constitutions interpreted in this way of most of their value.

The Education Bill, as passed by the House, provides that the proceeds of the public lands shall form a perpetual fund to be called the "National Education Fund," to be composed of half the revenue derived each year from the land sales, and invested in five per cent. United States bonds—the interest of this fund and half the proceeds of the land sales of the previous year to be distributed among the States and Territories on the basis of population between the ages of four and twenty-one, but during the first ten years the distribution to be made in the ratio of the literacy of the various populations; that the local legislatures must first pledge themselves, before receiving their share, to provide free education for their children between the ages of six and sixteen, and to apply all money received under the act in accordance with its conditions; that fifty per cent. of the amount received the first year, and ten per cent. during subsequent years, may be devoted to the establishment of normal schools; that each State and Territory shall be entitled to every apportionment after the first, which shall have made the above provision for the education of its children, shall have applied the money already received in the prescribed manner, and shall have made a full report of the number of its schools, teachers, and school-houses owned and hired, the daily attendance at its schools, and the amounts appropriated for free schools by its legislature; that the money shall only be paid to such State or Territory on the certificate of the Commissioner of Education that these conditions have been complied with; but there lies an appeal from his decision to Congress, and, pending the trial of the appeal, the money lies in the Treasury, or, if the decision of Congress is adverse, it goes for that year into the general fund, but the money is not to be withheld for any failure to provide mixed schools for black and white children, or for the provision of separate schools. In case of loss, or misapplication of funds by any State or Territory, its claims under the act are suspended till the loss is made good. The Circuit Court of the United States has exclusive jurisdiction of all offences committed under the act. The clause with regard to mixed schools is justly objected to, on the ground that it contains an implied censure of such schools, and yet does nothing either to promote or prohibit them.

The most startling incidents of the week in home politics are the announcement, which we foreshadowed in our last issue, that the President has directed Secretary Boutwell and Collector Arthur to provide some substitute for the general-order system of the New York Custom-House, and that Colonel Forney has resigned the Collectorship at Philadelphia. The abolition of the general-order system is an excellent thing, and it is none the less valuable for being the result of "the Schurz-Fenton trick." But it must be confessed that it would do the President more credit if it had not come as the result of an investigation which his friends have stoutly opposed and in every way obstructed and belittled. In fact, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that had "the Schurz-Fenton trick" not been successful, we should not have had this great reform. We trust Messrs. Schurz and Fenton will continue their "tricks," and that they all may be as fruitful as this first one.

Colonel Forney's resignation is a slightly mysterious occurrence. When the Colonel declares himself against an Administration, whether directly or by implication, the anti-Administration press always says that he has "cried halt!" The last time he "cried halt" was about a year ago, and the occasion of his doing so was the movement against Mr. Sumner, which was supposed to have affected the New Hampshire election injuriously. He shortly afterwards received the Philadelphia Collectorship, which enabled him to resume his onward march and to swallow the civil-service reform. From his recent outspoken approval of this reform, we presumed he might be counted on to trudge away throughout the campaign; but he has, we are told by the opposition papers, now "cried halt," again, and they draw from it the conclusion that he thinks the Administration is in rather a bad way, and wishes to draw off till he sees how the conflict is going. The Administration organs, on the other hand, maintain that he has resigned simply in order to be able to give the Administration more independent support as a journalist. His letter of resignation makes no proffer of devotion to General Grant personally, but the New York *Times* says he has also written a private letter, in which he expresses the intention of working for the President's renomination.

The Citizens' Municipal Reform Association of Philadelphia called a public meeting on Wednesday week to protest against the corrupt government of that city, and against the fraudulent nomination and election of the regular Republican candidate in the

Fourth Senatorial District. There was a large attendance and a great deal of enthusiasm, and it was made to appear that Philadelphia is controlled by rings, both local and at Harrisburg, whose audacity compares favorably with that of Tweed & Co. It was resolved to increase the Association's Committee on Abuses to thirty, and various reforms were called for in the electoral machinery and in the pay of clerks of courts, receiver of taxes, city treasurer, and district attorney. Col. McClure made a speech among the rest, promising proofs of "official and individual movements to perpetrate wrongs and defeat justice, even in its own sanctuary, that would appall the citizens of Philadelphia." The only allusion to Grant was made by Mr. B. F. Brewster, who renominated and re-elected him on the spot; but he also gave the most pointed expression to the chief significance of the meeting—its open confession that Republicans may be divided into two classes, the honest men and the knaves, and that the sooner the former resume control of the party, the better. In Missouri, this discrimination is called "hostility to the Administration"; in Congress, "a Schurz-Trumbull trick"; in Philadelphia, it yet remains to be characterized by those who think washing was invented only for Democratic dirty linen. The courts, meantime, have made short work of the City Treasurer and his illegal sureties, and for the moment the political atmosphere is a good deal clearer than it was.

The Custom-house investigation, after proceeding for thirty days in this city, was adjourned to Washington, where it will sit again the 19th of February. The most important evidence during the last ten days has been that of Mr. P. G. Jayne, one of the delectable body called special agents, and occupied in making seizures. He was very frank and cheerful in making his disclosures, and seemed to take a good deal of pride in his calling and in his manner of following it, and yet what a calling it is as he described it! His share of "moieties" and other perquisites and rewards for making seizures and discovering frauds, since 1869, was, he confessed, over $100,000 on the Treasury books, and, after sharing the spoil with assistants, amounted to nearly $80,000 net cash—in other words, a considerable fortune for a man of his class. To understand what this means, it must be remembered that it was in this man's power, on "a general warrant," which there was no difficulty in obtaining, to enter any merchant's office with a band of followers of his own kind, seize all the books and papers, and examine them at his leisure either for proof of the charge on which he was acting or for proof of anything else that he could find; and to put himself on the track he was in the habit, he confessed, of bribing clerks and book-keepers to give him information about their employers' business. When he came on anything in the books which, though not what he was looking for, was likely to be serviceable, he used it, or, in his own expressive language, if he was "fishing for bull-heads and caught a trout, he did not throw it back in the stream." Describing his "legitimate methods of extracting the truth" from persons against whom he was proceeding, he said he first "tried to reason with a man, telling him how wicked he had been, and advised him that it was his best way to tell him frankly the whole truth; if that failed, he held up the terror of the law"; but he refused to go into further details. He acknowledged that it was not uncommon for a pair of handcuffs to be lying on the table when he was conducting his examinations, and for him to "play with them" and put them on his own wrists in the accused person's presence. He threw some curious light on the way in which purity was promoted in the Custom-house under Tom Murphy. He found out a debenture officer stealing a case of goods off a Custom-house cart and substituting a box of shavings, and reported him to Murphy, but all that happened to the culprit was his removal to another department of the Custom-house, where he actually remained in office till about a month ago, although the offence was committed last summer. He also told of a weigher, whom he had detected in fraud and reported, being removed for a year, but being afterwards restored to the service, in which he now is, by Murphy.

Mr. Sumner has spread a new cloud over the Administration sky, by moving for a select committee to investigate some scandalous charges against the War Department, in the matter of the sale of Government arms and ammunition to the French during the late war. The charges have been brought to light by the recent investigations of the French National Assembly into the transactions of M. Place, the French consul at this port during the war. It appears that the Messrs. Remington, the noted rifle manufacturers, were employed to furnish arms to the French, and after selling all they had on hand themselves, tried to purchase from the War Department, which declined to sell them, knowing them to be acting for the French, and also declined to sell to one Squire, knowing him to be their agent. But they got over this difficulty by putting forward a Mr. Richardson, their lawyer, with whom the War Department dealt freely, not only selling him 40,000 altered Springfield rifles, but setting the Government cartridge factory to work to make cartridges for him. These facts Squire communicated in high glee in an official letter to the President of the Armament Committee at Tours, in December, 1870, in which he said "they had the strongest influences working for them, which will use all their efforts to succeed." But this is not all, nor the worst. It appeared from the report of the Secretary of War last year, that the receipts from the sales of ordnance stores in 1870 amounted to $10,000,000; but it appeared from the report of the Secretary of the Treasury for the same year that he only received from this source $8,286,131 70, leaving a difference of over $1,700,000, which Mr. Sumner wishes to have accounted for. It appears, moreover, that the French Government paid for these arms and ammunition $11,000,000 gold, or, at the then rate of exchange, $14,000,000 in currency. There is here, then, a difference of $4,000,000, and the French Government asks our Government very plainly to find out who got it.

The answer of the Administration organ to these charges, thus far, is that Schurz and Sumner are in a conspiracy against the President, and are animated by the basest motives; that behind them is an acute, dexterous, cunning Frenchman, named the Marquis de Chambrun, who is semi-officially connected with the French Government, who has supplied Sumner with the materials for his charges, and put him up to making them. Chambrun's theory is that some army officer has been guilty of gross corruption in the matter, but the Secretary of War says he has always refused or failed to accuse any officer in particular. The charge of selling arms knowingly to the French Government the Secretary denies flatly; he only sold them to private individuals, Richardson included; but he acknowledges that he took the unprecedented step of setting the Government factory at work to make cartridges, and justifies it on the ground that it was necessary "to effect the sale" to Richardson. He denies also, all knowledge of "any influence exerted in favor or for the success of any transaction between the United States and Mr. Squire." The matter certainly calls for searching enquiry, and we sincerely trust that when we get at the truth we shall not be told that General Grant has been imposed on by bad men. The Leet affair has quite as much of this sort of defence as the public can stand. One of the qualifications of a President is the ability to prevent "bad men" from imposing on him or abusing his confidence. The head of this Government certainly needs perspicacity enough to cut short the career of such a personage as Leet in less than three years, and without the aid of sixty days of Congressional investigation.

"Supporting the Administration" is sometimes very trying work for journalists. It is so at this moment. Here is the "Custom-house investigation," for instance, which has resulted in unearthing an enormous number of abuses. The Administration papers opposed it ardently; then they said it had revealed nothing worth mention; but now they say that the Administration is going to reform all the abuses it has brought to light, and that the President is far more disgusted by them than we hypocritical reformers. It is very severe upon honest writers to have to do all this tumbling. Their life in the Whitewashing Department is very hard and unhealthy. It was not difficult to give Murphy a coat, particularly before the investigation; but then he has been followed by a long procession of doubtful characters, of whom it is really almost impossible to make a creditable job. Leet, for instance, presented himself in such a begrimed condition that he could not be made presentable, so he was passed on as "improper" and "indelicate." Now comes Terwilliger, who has long filled the office of Deputy Collector of this port, and in that capacity was a powerful aid to Murphy in "controlling primaries." He also takes a deep interest in State politics, so deep that he had himself elected Clerk of the Senate, in which capacity he received over four thousand dollars last year from the State printer. To the carnal eye, this sum appears to have been blackmail; the printer says it was given for proof-reading on official documents, but would have been given if he had read no proofs; and Terwilliger himself says it was a "gratuity".

There has been a vigorous attempt made by the Administration press to belittle the Convention of "Liberal Republicans," which met lately at Jefferson City, Miss., by asserting that it did not by any means represent the powerful body of seceders who elected Gratz Brown and Carl Schurz two years ago, and was largely attended by Democrats. Colonel W. M. Grosvenor, the late editor of the St. Louis *Democrat*, and Chairman of the Liberal Republican State Committee, writes a long letter to the New York *Tribune*, showing that no Democrats attended it, and that counties which cast 75,859 of the 104,771 votes which elected Brown and Schurz were represented at it; and he shows, moreover, that nearly all the leaders of the bolt of 1870 were present, and took part in the proceedings. It is a significant fact, in more senses than one, that the late Connecticut Democratic Convention adopted a large portion of the "Liberal Republican" platform, almost word for word, nominated on it a man who had advocated the war to put down the rebellion, and loudly cheered the name of Lyman Trumbull.

The death of Senator Grimes, who died suddenly at his home in Iowa on Wednesday, the 7th instant, took the country by surprise. His health, which was prostrated three years ago, he has since been sedulously nursing, and it was thought to be so fully restored that his friends had begun to urge his return to politics, and at the moment of his death some of them were pushing him as a favorable candidate for the Presidential nomination. And though Mr. Grimes was better known to the Northwest than to the country at large, and though he was best known to the country at large as a man who had been most violently and disgracefully abused for faithfully obeying his conscience, there need be little doubt that it might have been a happy thing for the party and the country if he had lived to be the next Republican candidate, so distinguished was he by ability, so irreproachable in character, so versed in politics, so little uncorrupted by a long term of political life, and so immovably independent. Of his firm independence he gave the country one conspicuous proof, and, now that he is dead, and has left behind him in our politics so many men without firmness of conviction, without courage to face clamor, it is nothing less than a duty to speak with gratitude and praise of his admirable firmness and honesty. "Since he did not believe that Andrew Johnson was guilty, as charged in the articles, it was incomprehensible to him that any man should think it his duty, as a partisan, to vote for conviction." We can all remember, doubtless, how it was that we rewarded him. Him and Mr. Fessenden, while they were alive, and some others who are still living, we were going to read out of a party which, had they done their duty as partisans, as some of us understood a partisan's duty, would, some time since, have passed out of power, if not out of existence. It is not a lesson that we can afford to forget, and there are, perhaps, special reasons why it should be borne in mind just at present.

The assassination of the Governor-General of India, the Earl of Mayo, by a Mohammedan convict, following so close on the assassination of Judge Norman by a Hindoo fanatic, is exciting some uneasiness in England with regard to the condition of her Indian possessions. There are some fears of an outburst of Mussulman bigotry, which, though not dangerous to the empire, would of course fill the lives of English residents with the bitterness of insecurity. There has been for some years a good deal of religious movement among the Hindoos, but, curiously enough, it has been carrying them into Mohammedanism rather than Christianity, the simplicity of the Mohammedan faith and its social usages making it highly attractive. The general result has been a rather rapid renewal of Mussulman ascendency, which, if accompanied by unusual religious exaltation, would be very dangerous. We know too little as yet, however, about the circumstances of the Earl of Mayo's assassination to be able to draw inferences from it of much value. The Earl himself was an Irishman, who had displayed considerable ability in Parliament as Lord Naas, but had surpassed the expectations of his friends as an Indian administrator.

Much the best news that has for a long time come from Germany is that of the retirement of Von Mühler, the Cultusminister, from the Prussian Cabinet. For the ten years he has held his place, he has been the best-hated member of the Government, and his continuance in office to this time has been possible only because greater questions—first, of military reorganization, and then of German unity through life-and-death conflicts with Austria and France—have more immediately engaged the national attention. Behind him he had at last only the junkers and the clericals, for he had long ago served all the purposes of Bismarck, to whom he was undeniably useful during the long struggle from 1862 to 1866 between the popular representatives and the royal prerogative. With the end of foreign war and domestic division, Von Mühler's functions resumed their natural importance, and the new controversy with Rome demanding a minister capable of resisting clerical aggression in church and school, he has been thrown overboard with little ceremony—though ostensibly in consequence of an issue with the Landtag—amid rejoicing not unlike that when a bad king dies and a worthy prince succeeds to the throne.

The ridicule which has been heaped upon Von Mühler, and which has been thoroughly merited, might cause one to overlook the man's natural ability, which is not small. He was the son of a Prussian Minister of Justice, liberally educated, apparently accessible to new ideas, and not suspected, when called to the Cabinet in 1862, of the narrow bigotry which has since distinguished him, and which has even been stigmatized as fanaticism. Another circumstance, it is now seen, was overlooked, and that was that he was married to a woman capable of directing, as she has virtually done for a whole decade, the school and church policy of the leading state in Europe. She has illustrated the wisdom of the priesthood in basing their power on the influence of women, and if she has enjoyed her irresponsible control of affairs in the interest of the clericals, she has the singular retribution of having her name publicly linked with her husband's in the parting maledictions of an outraged and long-suffering people. "Heinrich and Adelheid—Herr von Mühler and his wife," says a leading German newspaper, and one of the soberest, "have been laid with the dead. A ten years' régime, for which it would be hard to find a parallel in Prussian history, so strange and pernicious was it, has come to an end."

HOW THE TREATY HAS BROKEN DOWN.

WE take it to be doubtful if anything further will be done for the present, if anything is ever done, under the Treaty of Washington. But we may take it for granted, also, that some time or other, be it early or late, another attempt will be made to settle in the forum of reason the differences which have for the last ten years divided England and America. When we consider what is the nature of the difficulty which has now suspended the arbitration, we may safely conclude that it will not suspend it very long. It does not consist in the demand by the United States, with the serious intention and expectation of getting it, of anything which Great Britain refuses to concede. All that the United States ask is that they may be allowed to claim something which they confess they do not expect to get, and all that England insists upon is, that this little ceremony may not be gone through in her presence. The deadlock is, in short, one in which Swift or Voltaire would have delighted, and to do it full justice the pen of Swift or Voltaire would be necessary. The whole civilized world rejoiced mightily when, last summer, it was announced that the two nations which stand in the foremost rank of political progress, had found a more excellent way of ending even the fiercest international controversy than marching against each other with guns, "making a noise," as Voltaire said, "with two little sticks on an ass's skin tightly stretched." But the civilized world had only to wait six months to see the great tribunal which was then erected for the preservation of peace arrested in its action by one of those disputes which disturb the harmony of garrison mess-rooms, and furnish the raw material of duels. The philosophers have to put up their wisdom, and the lawyers stow away their lore, till Mr. Gladstone agrees to let General Grant ask him for $1,500,000,000, which he assures him he does not expect him to pay, and which Mr. Gladstone swears before high heaven he never will pay, come what will.

It may be worth while, in the interest of future negotiations, before the subject passes from the public mind, for those who deplore this imbroglio, not more for the delay it causes in the restoration of good relations between England and America than for the injury it inflicts on the general cause of peace and good-will, to consider well what it is that has led to the failure of the Treaty, and in what the failure of the Treaty consists. In the first place, it ought to be remembered that the assertion which is being repeated in so many of the newspapers, that, as long as the United States offer to submit the whole controversy to the arbitrators—the claim for consequential damages as well as other claims—England has no just ground of complaint, is justified neither by the history of the controversy nor by a consideration of the nature of the process called arbitration. Arbitrators do not occupy the position of a court of justice having jurisdiction independently of the will of the parties. You can take a man before a court of justice on any claim you choose to urge; you can only take him before arbitrators on such claims as he is willing to submit to them. The object of the Treaty of Washington was twofold: first, to provide that there should be arbitrators; and, secondly, to furnish the issues which the arbitrators should try. The Geneva Board has no more right to examine the conduct of America generally, or the conduct of England generally, than to try the Queen's title to the crown or the justifiability of the Southern Rebellion. Its business, and sole business, is to give judgment on points submitted to it in common accord by both parties. Neither England nor America has any right to lay any claim before it on which England *and* America have not agreed to accept its decision as final and binding. It is, therefore, nothing to the purpose to say that the Board is a very competent body to decide whether the United States are entitled to consequential damages; this is no reason why the United States should submit a claim for consequential damages. The question we have to ask ourselves is whether England agreed that the claim for consequential damages should be submitted. If we answer this question in the negative, the other question, whether it would not be, or have been, a wise thing to submit it to the Board, is one about which we need not concern ourselves.

Now, we believe, after a candid perusal of all the reports, that the English negotiators did not intend that any such question should be submitted. When Mr. Sumner first produced this claim, it created great excitement in England. The English were a good deal ridiculed by us for getting so much agitated about it—for, said our press, and said Mr. Sumner, and said his friends, "We do not expect you to pay this enormous loss. We know we cannot put it accurately into dollars and cents, and cannot prove by ordinary methods that you caused it. We simply set it before you to give you some idea of the extent to which we feel that you have wronged us, and to convince you that it is useless to hope that you can allay our resentment by a simple acknowledgment of indebtedness in money, to be set off by claims from British subjects for damage done during the war. You have done us a national wrong, and we must have some atonement for the nation over and above the compensation paid to individuals in money." In fact, both sides went into the negotiation finally on the understanding that the basis of the Treaty should be—1. The separate discussion and settlement of the *Alabama* claims; 2. The payment by the book of all losses, capable of computation in money, caused by the various Confederate cruisers; 3. The offer of some moral atonement or expiation for the wrong done the nation at large. What the nature of this atonement should be was not clearly ascertained in anybody's mind; but a simple apology or expression of regret was something suggested by the analogy of private life, and something for which the American people naturally and reasonably looked. In addition to this, Dr. von Holtzendorff proposed—and, whether designedly or not, his proposal was adopted by the negotiators at Washington—that England should, by way of expiation, join the United States in accepting certain rules, settling the duty of neutrals, which should thereafter render clearly illegal such acts or omissions on her part as the United States complained of.

There is no doubt that it was well understood by the English negotiators at least, and Sir Stafford Northcote expressly declared in his place in Parliament after he got home, without protest from this side of the water, that the claim for consequential damages was excluded by the Treaty, and that England had succeeded in wiping out all that side of the American complaint which was known as the "sentimental side"—that is, that portion of American wrongs which, from their immensity or their nature, did not admit of computation in dollars and cents. If this were not true, the apology and the acceptance of the *ex-post-facto* rules were a simple act of humiliation on her part which had absolutely no influence on the controversy whatever, as it left the United States just where they were, still angry, still unsatisfied, and still claiming everything they ever claimed. The general belief was—and the terms of the Treaty and the language of the protocol appear to justify it—that the United States were going before the arbitrators in a friendly spirit, claiming damages for all injuries wrought by the various Confederate cruisers—the amount of which the Treaty expressly provided should be ascertained separately in the case of each vessel—and these damages were to be awarded either in a gross sum or item by item. The total amount the American Commissioners estimated at about $20,000,000. The total amount of the "consequential damages" would be, however, as nearly as one could estimate them, from $1,500,000,000 to $2,000,000,000. No mention of any such sum was ever made. If the American Commissioners felt themselves really entitled to such a sum, and expected to get it, they were guilty of neglect of duty in not asking for it, or in letting it be understood that it could be satisfied by the payment of $20,000,000. If they did not expect to get any such sum, and did not feel themselves entitled to it, their claiming it in the "Case," if it results in breaking up the Treaty, and defeating the real object of all the negotiations, was a mistake. We believe it was put in simply as a rhetorical means of impressing the arbitrators with the strength of the American case; but, if so, it is difficult to justify its being allowed now to stand in the way of real business—in the way not only of the United States getting all they ever expected, but in the way of a settlement of the highest importance to the peace of the world and the industrial interests of the two countries.

There is one other ground on which the friends of peace may freely protest against the course things are taking. The system of deciding international quarrels by arbitration, of which we have been considering this Treaty of Washington the happy beginning, cannot stand and succeed, unless it is carried out in sober earnest and with a conscientious avoidance of shams—that is, unless all the parties to arbitration solemnly refrain from submitting any question on which they are not prepared to accept the decision of the arbitrators as conclusive and obligatory. The tribunal must not be used for the trial of "feigned issues" or sham claims. Nations must go before it not as smart attorneys, but as moral persons, asking nothing they do not hope to receive, and do not believe they are entitled to, and disputing nothing on which they are not prepared to bow to an adverse judgment.

Now, if this be a fair statement of the functions of such a tribunal, and of the spirit in which litigants should approach it, what are we to say to a proposal that, the very first time it sits, a first-class power should appear before it to defend itself against a claim of over $1,500,000,000, alleged to be incurred by a breach of the neutrality laws—that is, a claim for a sum larger probably than the cost of a bloody war, larger than any nation has ever yet paid a conqueror as the price of national existence, and larger than Germany has exacted from France after one of the most crushing and remorseless overthrows recorded in history? Of course England would not pay such a sum on the award of any tribunal; no people with an army or a fleet would pay it to an equal; it would, therefore, be almost an offence against civilization to ask the first Board of Arbitration ever set up to go through the farce of hearing her liability on such a claim seriously argued and solemnly decided. The Devil of War could not desire a better mode of bringing the whole principle of International Arbitration into contempt, of perpetuating that supremacy of the sword over what is weightiest and most solemn in human affairs which has been the great scourge and shame of the civilized world.

It must not be forgotten, too, that the proposed enquiry would not simply be futile, but frivolous—as frivolous, perhaps, as any enquiry in which a body of serious men ever engaged. No speculation of the Schoolmen was ever airier than an attempt to ascertain the effect on the hopes and fears of the six or seven millions of men engaged in the rebellion against the United States of the escape of the Confederate cruisers from English ports. By what testimony could we prove whether it had any such effect? in what scales could we weigh it? Are not the nature, extent, and force of the moral influences which kept the South in the field, like the moral influences which act on all large bodies of men, things which are known only to the Ruler of the Universe? Is there in history anything more preposterous than a grave proposal to have them analyzed and measured by lawyers and accountants? Moreover, although we may satisfy ourselves, for the purposes of historical judgment or philosophical speculation, that England was really responsible for "the prolongation of the war," if we attempt to estimate her responsibility in damages, we must distinguish between the influence of her acts and that of all other possible causes of the prolongation of the war. To fix the amount she ought to pay, the arbitrators would have to examine Grant's strategy in the years 1863–4, and decide whether it was in the highest degree effective; to examine Lincoln's and Stanton's policy, and decide whether it was sufficiently conciliatory; to weigh the influence of the articles of the New York *World* and Chicago *Times*, and of the speeches of Mr. Vallandigham; and, in short, all other agencies which could by any possibility have stimulated Southern hopes or allayed Southern fears. In fact, to ask any human tribunal to say what agencies prolonged a great war, and in what degree each contributed to such prolongation, is to ask it to solve one of the most inscrutable of all the problems presented by human affairs.

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

THE difficulties which surround the international copyright question have received some illustration during the past week from a movement set on foot among the publishers in support of what is known as Mr. Appleton's bill, which proposes to give foreign authors the same rights as American authors—that is, copyright in the United States—provided they employ an American publisher, and provided American materials are used in the manufacture of the book. The meeting at which this bill was adopted, however, was not by any means a full representation of the publishing interest. Philadelphia, for instance, sent no delegates, and several of the publishers present did not vote—some for one reason and some for another. Mr. Appleton's plan forms a middle ground between the position of the International Copyright Association of this city, to which most authors give in their adhesion, and that of the Philadelphians. The former asks for the plain and simple recognition, without ifs or buts, of the foreign author's property in his books, provided the country to which he belongs recognizes in a similar manner the American author's property in *his* books. The Philadelphians, on the other hand, while conceding that an author owns his ideas as long as he keeps them to himself, declare that if he gives utterance to them, they become, like light and air, the property of the human race; but, to make assurance doubly sure, they also declare that even if he does own them, he ought not to be allowed to sell them here, as that would not only discourage American industry, but raise the price of books on American readers. In short, they are opposed to all copyright. This theory, which was, we believe, originally concocted by Mr. Henry C. Carey, and has been defended by him in a pamphlet of extraordinary absurdity, like the "cursed-be-Canaan" theory of the origin of slavery—and, indeed, like all theories which furnish a plausible reason for not interfering with a profitable abuse—has, as might have been expected, found considerable acceptance, and is, perhaps, the most serious obstacle with which the friends of international copyright have to contend. As far as "natural right" goes, there is no distinction whatever between literary property and any other property. If I have a natural right to anything, I have a natural right to what I produce, and other people desire, and are willing to pay for if they cannot obtain it without paying for it. Moreover, it is not "ideas" in which an author has property under any theory of copyright. In discovering that ideas, when enunciated, become the property of the human race, the Philadelphia philosophers have lighted upon a mare's nest. Nobody claims property in ideas. An author's property lies in the clothing of his ideas in language; it is of this clothing books are composed; it is this clothing which publishers sell and make money on, without the slightest scruple; and it would have no market value if it had not all the incidents of property. We have just as much right to walk into a publisher's store, and clear his shelves of his last new book, on paying him the bare cost of production, as he to take an author's manuscript, or his printed work, and reproduce and sell it for his own benefit. He is perfectly welcome to distribute Dickens's or Mill's ideas among the human race as much as he pleases, but if he undertakes to sell the forms of expression in which Dickens or Mill produced them, he owes the author a share of the profits.

The difficulty there is, and has always been since the invention of printing, in securing respect for literary property—of the absence of which the Philadelphia theory is simply a coarse and frank expression—is a remarkable illustration of the extent to which the security of all property is dependent on purely utilitarian considerations. The natural sense of justice, one would say, would be quite as much offended by a man's carrying off a book which has cost me years of labor, and selling it at a profit and pocketing the money, as by his running off with my painting or my carved chair, and disposing of them in the same manner. But, as a matter of fact, society does not as yet look on the two acts in the same light, and for two reasons: one is that the idea of property apart from corporeal possession is of comparatively recent growth, and maintains its ground in the minds of a considerable portion of the community with great difficulty. Of this, the reluctance with which even tolerably honest men, as men go, restore lost property to its owner is a familiar illustration. In all the earlier stages of civilization, whatever a man owned he kept in his custody, and could defend *vi et armis* if need be. As civilization, and security, its attendant, grew, he took his money out of his chest and kept it in the bank; he became the owner of indivisible shares in all sorts of enterprises, and of books which were read all over the world. His money in bank, and his shares in railroads and canals, and his rights under trusts, jurisprudence and public opinion speedily took charge of, because these were kinds of property of which everybody felt he might himself any day become possessed. But property in books is a kind of property which not one man in a million ever dreams of possessing. The owners of it have always been, and will always be, a small and peculiar class, and the property a peculiar property, and therefore the failure of society to protect them has not seemed likely to endanger the security of other classes of possessions, and it is consequently very difficult to get society to trouble itself about their special interests.

The other reason is that, in the opinion of many people, the consideration by which society is so powerfully influenced, that without security in the enjoyment of the fruits of their industry men will cease to produce, ought not to operate in the case of authors, inasmuch as authors, and especially good ones, are sure to produce whether they are protected or not. Genius, we are told, does not care for money, and, money or no money, is sure to find expression; therefore there is no occasion to trouble ourselves about its getting its due reward in dollars and cents. There is, however, a great deal of valuable literary work done by men who are not geniuses, and there is a great deal of genius turned away from literary production by the reflection that it is poorly paid. Moreover, it is not permissible for us to speculate about a man's motives for working when called upon to pay him wages. It may be that he works for the love of work, and would work whether he was paid or not, but with this consideration the legislature has nothing to do. We owe it to the general cause of morality and social order to see that he gets his reward if he chooses to call for it; and this is a peculiarly binding obligation when the commodity he produces is a vendible commodity, and is dealt in by others. If an author chooses to make his book a voluntary contribution to the civilization of his time, well and good. If society chose to declare that all books would be so regarded, and that nobody would be permitted to make anything out of the circulation of them, there would be something to be said for it. But there is nothing to be said for a policy which throws the burden of philanthropy on the author, and leaves the printer and publisher the sweets of profit; and no community can avoid being demoralized by systematically denying one class of men all reward for the products of their labor, while allowing another class to make these same products an article of commerce. We say this in perfect familiarity with the quibble which makes the commercial value of a book consist largely in the paper, print, and binding; those who use it, however, know perfectly well that, if what the author has contributed to it were taken out, it would bring simply seven cents per pound or thereabouts. At the bottom of the disinclination of many people to give the foreign author protection, or, in other words, at the bottom of the difficulty about international copyright, lies this hazy condition of the public mind about all literary property. If the popular morality were in a sound condition on this point, there would be no more readiness to take the books of foreign authors without paying for them than to plunder foreign insurance companies or strip newly-landed travellers. It is not because Dickens and Thackeray were Englishmen that we did not want to pay them for their work, but because they were authors, and because we were in some doubt whether any author ought to be paid for his work; and because, so few of us being authors, we concern ourselves very little about the sorrows of the class.

But, as far as American publishers are concerned, considerations of another kind come into play in dealing with the question. To accept the standing offer of complete reciprocity which England makes—that is, to give the English author copyright in the United States without conditions—would be tantamount to giving a monopoly of the great American market to English publishers for all English books. For it must be remembered that, although it would be open to the English author to employ an American publisher if he chose, in practice there is no doubt he would employ his own countrymen in preference to foreigners, acquaintances in preference to strangers, and houses near his home in preference to houses three thousand miles away, doing business in the jurisdiction of foreign courts. So that the practical result of reciprocal copyright would be that American publishers would be deprived at one blow of the most important branch of their business apart from the publication of school-books. For the melancholy truth is, that American authors are neither prolific enough nor held in sufficiently high estimation to make it possible for American publishers to get a living out of the trade in American books. If they lost the privilege of dealing in English books on their own terms, we presume it is no exaggeration to say that half of them would be ruined. A very large proportion of them, therefore, oppose international copyright in the interest of self-preservation. They are not willing to surrender the American market to the English publisher, and there are as yet but few American copyrights with which they could carry the war into England. So they say, in reply to all arguments based on the abstract justice of the thing, that they are unwilling to be sacrificed to abstract considerations of any kind, and that, moreover, it is not for the interest of American literature that they should be sacrificed. They say that it is for the national advantage that there should be American publishing houses on American soil capable of bringing the works of American authors before the world; that, in the absence of such houses, every American who had anything to publish would have to carry his manuscript to London; and the country would, in all that regards literature, sink into a condition of colonial dependence which would in the long run be as injurious to the author as to the publisher. That this is a strong argument against anything like sudden or violent change in the existing conditions of the book trade there is no denying. Interests that have grown up under the protection of law or public opinion ought not, even if indefensible on moral grounds, to be hastily or inconsiderately dealt with; and we believe that a process of transition perfectly harmless to American publishers, and making a near approach to complete justice to foreign authors, might be found in an arrangement by which anybody should be at liberty to republish a foreign author's works in this country on paying him a royalty. There are doubtless some practical difficulties in the way of such a measure, but we have as yet heard of none that are not trifling, and they are such as attend the enforcement of all copyright laws.

Let us say, in conclusion, that there could not be a more striking illustration of the way in which people are deceived by names than the notion that, as long as we do not have to go to Europe for our printing and binding, we preserve ourselves from colonial dependence on England in literary matters. The fact is that there could not be a stronger proof of the depth of that dependence than the plea put forward by the publishers, that they could not live if they could not get English copyrights for nothing. Our independence is not secured by getting all our books printed in New York or Boston, but by getting our thinking done in New York or Boston. As long as our thinking is done in London and Paris, we shall be intellectually colonial, no matter where we do our printing and binding. To secure literary independence, what is wanted is native thinkers; and our conviction is that there is nothing which contributes so much to keep down literature as a profession in the United States, to make American poets, novelists, and speculators inferior to those in Europe, and to keep the people of the United States in a condition of mental vassalage to the Old World, in spite of their political emancipation, as the long refusal of the nation to give native writers the stimulus, encouragement, and protection that would come from compelling native publishers to pay foreign authors for their works. No matter how great the difficulties which surround honesty, stealing in the long run is never profitable.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Jan. 26, 1872.

THE political horizon has just now a stormy aspect. The Dissenters have been holding a grand conference at Manchester, and are lashing themselves up to a very angry state of mind. They have come near to proclaiming open war against Mr. Gladstone's Government, and considering the immense political influence which they exert, there can be no doubt that their defection would be an almost fatal symptom. At present, indeed, they are willing to leave him place for repentance. One gentleman, I observe, last night, was kind enough to intimate an opinion that Mr. Gladstone was almost emancipated from "the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity"; and several members of the Cabinet are held to be in a still more hopeful position. The great disappointment is the apparent defection of Mr. Forster, a gentleman whom every one acknowledges to be as straightforward as he is able, but who, in the Dissenters' opinion, has taken a view of the education question entirely incompatible with the true Liberal theory. The cause of all this wrath is simple enough. Mr. Forster, as well as the other members of the Government, sincerely believed, as I have no doubt, that the system which they founded would embody a satisfactory compromise, and would not give a decided start to any one of the rival denominations. It has as a matter of fact worked quite differently. The Church of England was already in possession of the ground. A year's grace was given, during which time any denominations were at liberty to found schools under the old regulations, which would be taken into account in estimating the educational deficiencies of the country. The Church of England exerted itself warmly, and the consequence is that in many districts it is considered to have supplied all the educational wants, and the act will in them not come into operation at all. Another rule, allowing the school-boards to pay the fees of children at denominational schools, will tend in its practical working to be of great assistance to the bodies already in possession of the ground. The effect of these regulations, which was not foreseen, or at any rate not taken into account, has been that the Church of England and the Roman Catholics have reaped the chief benefit of the act, and that Dissenters, so far from finding themselves raised to an equality with their rivals in educational matters, are probably placed at an additional disadvantage. Undoubtedly, this is annoying, and no argument as to the theoretical fairness of the arrangements goes far to pacify men who see that the arrangements, however fair, tell against them most seriously in practice.

By way of complicating the situation, Cardinal Cullen has just been putting forward in an extravagant form the claims of the Irish priesthood to have the whole educational system of the country placed in their hands. The effect of this claim upon the English Dissenters will certainly not be of a calming character; and Mr. Gladstone will have a very difficult course to steer if he intends at once to conciliate the Irish members who are under pressure from the Catholic priesthood, and the English members who are under pressure from Dissenting ministers. The mode in which he decides to deal with these conflicting claims will probably determine the nature of the political warfare of next session. The position is plainly one of extreme difficulty. The confidence which Mr. Gladstone once possessed has been superseded by an almost morbid state of suspicion on the part of a large body of his supporters. Any error of judgment may lead to a catastrophe; and it is impossible for the keenest-eyed of prophets to say what new combinations of party may be in store for us. Mr. Gladstone, like M. Thiers, is coming to rely rather overmuch on the undeniable difficulty of producing any plausible candidate for succession to his power.

One suggestion that is made by an extreme party is that he should boldly take up the question of the liquor-trade. By avowing himself as a thorough-going supporter of the Permissive Bill, it is suggested that he would call out a sufficient amount of enthusiasm to carry him over all his other difficulties. I cannot believe in the prescription, nor in the probability of its being adopted. A vigorous attempt, however, is being made to get up an agitation on the subject. Mr. George Trevelyan, who gained credit—very deservedly—with his party for resigning office when the tendency of the Government Education Bill began to reveal itself, and who has since taken a conspicuous share in the discussions on army reform, has now thrown himself into the Permissive Bill agitation. His last performance was at a meeting in Exeter, where the eminent Bishop, Dr. Temple, took the chair. The publicans had taken care to pack the meeting, according to a precedent which, I ought to say, has become rather too common of late. A violent disturbance took place. A bag of flour, hurled by a powerful arm, nearly knocked the Bishop off his legs. A distinguished wrestler — Exeter, you may remember, is the capital of one of the great wrestling counties, Devonshire — applied his toes with characteristic skill to the shins of some of the advocates of temperance. In short, the meeting resolved itself into a bear-garden, owing to the blackguard conduct of a certain number of roughs, believers in the old British melody which denounces supernatural penalties upon the eyes of those "who would rob a poor man of his beer." Demonstrations of this kind are not likely to be permanently favorable to the cause which they are intended to support; but they are some proof that the agitation is beginning to take root in the country. It must be said, however, that it will divide the Radical party. Professor Fawcett, whom even his opponents admire as a consistent and unflinching supporter of his creed, lately stated to his constituents that, sooner than vote for the Permissive Bill, he would never again enter the doors of Parliament; and the same views are shared, though they are not often so openly expressed, by all who admit the intellectual guidance of Mr. Mill, and hold that it is an act of unjustifiable tyranny to prevent sober men drinking at all, in order that drunkards may not drink too much. Professor Fawcett, I have no doubt, will stick by his convictions; but the opinions of most of the virtuous are observed to conform rather more rapidly than might be wished to the views of their constituents; and there is clearly a current running just now in favor of some kind of liquor law. How strong or how permanent it may be, remains to be proved.

Allow me, in concluding this letter, to say a few words upon a subject which I see discussed in one of your recent articles: What is the real meaning of that outburst of loyalty which was provoked by the Prince of Wales's illness? Was it indicative, as official people say, of the profound attachment of the British people to their ancient monarchy, or was it merely due to the natural feeling of sympathy with a young man struggling for life? As you justly remark in the article to which I refer, no individual can judge very confidently of the feeling of several millions of people. Still, I will venture to give you my own theory, and you may take it for what it is worth. I should say, then, that amongst the most highly educated classes, such enthusiasm as existed was chiefly due to the feeling of personal sympathy. Nearly everybody to whom I have spoken has been disgusted by the exaggerated bombast in which the newspapers generally indulged, and very little edified by the general behavior of the public. But then people who read the *Saturday Review* are not the class from whom it would be wise to expect any warm enthusiasm. Going a step lower, we come to the shop-keeping class, to the people whom you meet in omnibuses and second-class railway-carriages, who look upon Mr. Dickens as the greatest of all writers, not excluding the Evangelists, and whose favorite organ is the *Daily Telegraph*. They, of course, are generally loyal, after the fashion of the class everywhere, though their loyalty partly consists in admiration for an institution which "encourages trade," or, in other words, brings grist to their mill. Just at present they have been scandalized both by English trades-unions and Parisian Communists, and are very strongly convinced that a revolution would be a very costly affair, and not very likely to improve their position. The British publican, grocer, or tailor is in a fit of more than usual dislike to disturbance of all kinds, and the "Conservative reaction," so far as it really exists, is doubtless to be found in this social stratum. The Prince's illness gave them a very excellent opportunity for indulging in such sentiment as they love. They really enjoy the true old British-lion platitudes which people of a higher rank are too cynical and people of a lower rank too uncomfortable to enjoy. Finally, our present masters, if they knew their power, the artisans and the laboring classes generally, doubtless caught the excitement and were willing enough to express sympathy for the representative of the nation. Just now they are in a good humor; business is unprecedentedly active; wages are rising and the hours of employment falling; the workmen have had unparalleled success in all the demands recently made on their employers; pauperism is falling off, and is now something like 25 per cent. less in London than it was at this time last year. Under such circumstances, there is little bitterness of feeling waiting for expression, and people are quite ready to be good-humored and sympathetic. You may judge whether such a description—if accurate—implies that the recent outburst of loyalty rests on any deep substratum of feeling. My own opinion is that it shows very little indeed. By the time the Prince has got well and shot a few more pigeons, we shall be rather ashamed of our enthusiasm; Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Odger will be once more in the ascendant; and though I do not believe, as I never have believed, that the Republican sentiment is at all strong in the country, I fancy that our loyalty will speedily subside to something very near freezing point.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.

LONDON, January 16, 1872.

THE recent exhibition of the Photographic Society of London has been a curious demonstration of the economic value of scientific discovery. It only wanted one of the original examples of the sun pictures by which Daguerre opened the gates of light to industry, to complete, perhaps, the most pregnant lesson of the worth of inventors—to every one but themselves—which the generation affords. I can remember the first daguerreotypes taken in New York, and can, with much allowance for shortcomings of memory, compare them with the multiplicity of results of almost absolute perfection now produced as I saw them gathered in the exhibition just closed. And whatever may be said on the score of taste and artistic originality, it is certain that, taking the whole range of photographic production, the English are far ahead of any other nation in technical excellence. In landscape and that kind of taste which is the genuine artistic element in photography, there is no comparison between fine English work and any produced elsewhere. The combination landscapes in the exhibition, by Robinson and Cherrill, are, in good taste and exquisite manipulation, in the happy rendering of skies, with all the multiplicity and delicacy of cloud form—fleecy "mackerel sky," drifting scud, or piling cumulus—all that one can conceive of a photographic record of the flitting, evanescent, never-to-be-repeated and unpainted cloud scenery. They are surprisingly perfect, and the ensemble of landscape and sky, though printed from separate negatives, taken at different times and places, is so complete that no one but a practised painter could, in certain cases, detect the duality of the impression. Some of the lovely old English landscapes (for which, I believe, most New Englanders retain a hereditary instinctive love, like that which Indians are reported to have for the original seat of power of their tribe) by Bedford are not less remarkable for their technical perfection, and some small views, by Messrs. Gordon and Cooper, amateurs, but distinguished for executive successes in the landscape department, are really quite all that can be expected of landscape photography under present conditions of science.

Nothing, indeed, in the history of the art in England (elsewhere, too, perhaps) is more remarkable than the amount of progress and discoveries made by amateurs, who bring to the practice cultivated tastes and refined perceptions with leisure and wealth to devote to their experiments. Most of the improvements in the dry processes are due to them, and most of those in the apparatus either directly to their ingenuity or the demand they make for improved and portable apparatus. Photography has, in fact, become not only a great business, giving occupation to thousands of workmen of all grades of intelligence, but the favorite amusement of thousands besides, for whose convenience and interest more than for professional photographers the ultimate refinements of its practice are brought out, so that certain branches of the trade exist by the amateurs alone. The manufacture of apparatus is carried to such perfection that one may carry in the hands all that is necessary for a day's work, all folding and packing together into the corner of a portmanteau. Then establishments for the preparation of sensitive dry plates give a supply of ready-made material which keeps for years, and with which a tourist has always at hand, without any drawback of chemical preparation, everything necessary for preserving photographic reminiscences of the tour. There is no excuse for any person gifted with average manual dexterity not becoming sufficiently conversant with the art to enable him to make complete record of scientific, topical, or picturesque features of everything worth seeing and remembering, and at a cost actually less than he would be able to do it with his own manufacture of the materials or transportation of chemicals. Four or five different makers of dry plates and many more of portable apparatus reduce by their competition the cost of all these things to a minimum, and every traveller may now illustrate his own books photographically and pack everything requisite for a year's voyage in a space less than eighteen inches cube.

Amongst these notable mechanical results, one of the most notable is the pantoscopic camera of Johnson, one of the most accomplished mechanical geniuses whom photography has attracted into its service. It is a panoramic camera, which by a most ingenious mechanism sweeps the whole landscape in, and takes it on a plane surface, embracing on one negative one third of the circle. The exactitude of its operation is as singular as the beauty of its results; and I am surprised that our photographers have not used it for those great scenic landscapes which are the most noteworthy of the features of American nature—Niagara, the Yo-Semite, and our mountain and lake scenery, which, if not Alpine in their grandeur, have still a certain unique sublimity and interest which they will not have a hundred years hence. The pantoscope begins at one end of the view desired, and goes round the horizon as one sweeps it with a telescope, the plate moving with a corresponding motion through the arc, which might be a circle if it were desirable.

In portraiture the English have not the general success which they attain in landscape. In manipulation they are not equal to the Americans, and in artistic feeling to the French and Germans—the best portraits in the exhibition being by a Berlin house. But one or two of the English professionals, notably Blanchard, are eminent in technical success. Rejlander, a naturalized Swede, and Mrs. Cameron have a kind of accidental freedom and lucky success which is not notably good photography, yet suggests good art, in an alien language. The enamel portraits on porcelain of Henderson are in another way remarkable proofs of English excellence in manipulative qualities, and in view of the questionable permanence of photographs, it seems desirable that the portraits of modern greatness (could we only decide at present what is worthy the title) should be enamelled for future preservation.

The mechanical and permanent printing processes deserve especial mention as of a great future interest. Thus far the autotype has been unrivalled in the quality of its work. It is based, as your readers most likely know, on the property which light possesses of rendering insoluble gelatine impregnated with a chromate. The gelatine thus treated is held by the effect of the light with any pigment which may be combined with it, while the portions unaffected are washed away, showing the white background. For its admirable reproduction of the drawings of the old masters in the original colors this process is already well known, but its inequality of result and the necessity of light to carry it on make it far short of what is desirable for commercial use. Of the printing processes, no one has yet been found to equal the autotype in quality of the print. The nearest approach has been with the photo-relief of Woodbury, in which the insolubility of gelatine above alluded to is employed to make a mould in relief, which, being filled with a transparent ink, transfers its charge to printing paper. But this fails where great expanse of white skies or other unbroken surface occurs.

The genuine printing processes, in which a surface is produced fit to receive printer's ink and transfer it by pressure, are numerous, and the results, as shown in the exhibition, are very interesting, but they are all immaterial modifications of one, the original chromated gelatine process of Tessie du Motay, in which the relief formed by the swelling of the gelatine after exposure under a negative to light is employed as a relief to catch and hold the ink. These modifications all have the quality of flatness and dulness in the extreme shadows, and want of delicacy in the larger gradations. For ornamental work, or subjects in which the detail pervades the whole subject, as architectural ornaments and copies of drawings in line or engravings, nothing can be better than some of the results here shown; but in portraiture they are worse, resembling a print from a worn-out lithographic stone, and there is a great want of brilliancy and a general unsatisfactory appearance which I much fear will never be overcome by this process. Woodbury is now developing a new application of the same principle as an engraving process, some heads by which in the exhibition are quite equal to and resemble ordinary mezzotint engravings. I do not know the details of the process.

In the reproduction of paintings, the Germans as yet carry the palm—the Berlin Company's photographs from the original pictures of the old masters leaving nothing to be desired except color, and really rendering all that can be seen in the originals of expression and drawing. They have taken the complete series of the Louvre, the Pitti, Berlin, and National Galleries, and are about to add those of the Dresden, for which permission has hitherto been withheld. The Madonna di S. Sisto will probably be the most interesting of all the reproductions of this kind yet taken, the subtlety of expression of this picture having hitherto, it is said, defied copyist and engraver. W. J. STILLMAN.

Correspondence.

COLONEL LEET'S SALARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In its issue of 25th inst., the *Nation* has fallen into an error of fact relative to Mr. George K. Leet which, besides being unjust to him, may mislead the public in relation to a principle, and which seems worthy of correction. He is spoken of as, at one time, "drawing both the pay of a colonel in the army and of a clerk in the War Department." After previous service as a captain of volunteers, Mr. Leet was appointed an assistant-adjutant-general, with the rank of major, in March, 1866, which position he held until his discharge in August, 1870. He was a lieutenant-colonel by brevet, and therefore a colonel by courtesy in conversation; but brevet rank carries no pay. His duties during the most, if not all, of this time were in connection with the Headquarters of the Army and the War Department, and, like those of all other adjutants-general, were what is known as bureau or clerical work.

He therefore may have been described as "a clerk" by some one unfamiliar with the technical distinction, but it must immediately occur to the *Nation* that no officer of the army, even though he may discharge two entirely distinct sets of duties, as is sometimes the case, can receive pay for more than one office. Mr. Leet's pay during the period mentioned could not have exceeded that of a major of the staff. W.

January 31, 1872.

A WESTERNISM EXPLAINED.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your paper of January 18, under the head of "Hoosier Schoolmaster," you say "to crate a person" is a phrase that you find incomprehensible. It was the custom thirty years ago in frontier communities to "crate a drunkard," that is, to put a crockery crate over him, and then subject him to various indignities, some of which will not bear description. This discipline, which was usually administered by boys and young men, was looked upon as a substitute for the "lock-up," and had the tacit approval of the older men. The writer has often witnessed the operation of "crating a person," and believes the custom described was the origin of the phrase.

D. A. H.

New York, Feb 6, 1872.

Notes.

THE spring publications of Messrs. Dodd & Mead will embrace the deferred work on "Corals and Coral Islands," by Prof. Jas. D. Dana; "The Miracles of Faith;" and "Bible Lore," by James Comper Gray.——"Memoirs of John Quincy Adams," edited by Charles Francis Adams; Edward Whymper's "Scrambles among the Alps"; "Philadelphia and its Environs"—illustrated; and "Black-Robes; or, Sketches of Missions and Ministers in the Wilderness and on the Border," by Robert P. Nevin, are in the press of J. B. Lippincott & Co.——Messrs. Ginn Bros., Boston, announce "Allen & Greenough's Latin Grammar"; "A System of Drawing," by the late John S. Woodman, of Dartmouth College; and "Our World," a Grammar-School Geography, by Mary L. Hall. ——Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, have in press a number of religious works for the young: "Old School-Fellows, and What Became of Them"; "Soldier Fritz, and the Enemies He Fought"; "Dr. Plassid's Patients," etc., etc.——The *American Builder and Journal of Art*, published at Chicago, and now in its fourth year, has, we are glad to see, survived the fire. It is a journal of considerable promise, and one that we wish well to. It is something to have fairly established a journal honestly devoted to architecture, with a standard which, if not the highest, gets higher as the journal goes on, showing that the editor has an open mind. He has undertaken what the American Institute of Architects and its many chapters seem never to have contemplated; and, while we still have urgent need of a thoroughly good illustrated journal of architecture and the allied arts, we give the praise it deserves to this Chicago effort to come as near the best as it can. ——The third volume of the "American Bibliopolist" (J. Sabin & Sons) is just come to us from the binder's hands, a stout octavo of 550 and odd pages. This publication, though nominally addressed to book-buyers, furnishes a large amount of curious and entertaining information for all lovers of literature, and may be relied on for fair dealing with the trade and the public. It is not the mouth-piece of any set, and its criticisms of catalogues and book-sales are refreshingly independent and piquant.

—Mr. Bayard Taylor's "Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure," published by Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co., brings this firm into the field so well and wisely worked by the Harpers, but in a somewhat different way. The object of the series is, to use the words of the prospectus, "to furnish a clear, picturesque, and tolerably complete survey of our present knowledge of lands and races, as it is supplied by the narratives of travellers and explorers, especially those of our own times." It would seem to depend upon the editor how much or how little wholesale reproduction there shall be, and how much compilation. Of the two volumes that have already appeared, the first, on Japan, is compiled chiefly from M. Humbert's account of that country, while the second, Gordon Cumming's "Wild Men and Wild Beasts," is a simple reprint, without note or preface from the editor. Both volumes are freely illustrated, and that on Japan has a tolerable map, but neither has an index. In these two latter respects the series is susceptible of improvement which would very greatly enhance its value. The labor of indexing, we are well aware, may equal or exceed that of editing, and it is not cheap nor easy to procure. As for maps, however, the development of photography offers numerous methods of copying them at a low cost, and we hope to see the day when, instead of the reader's being obliged to refer to a large and flimsy folded map at the end of a book of travels, he will be served as often as the text requires with so much of the map as the narrative is immediately concerned with. This could be effected with much greater economy of space than might be imagined, even if a portion of every second page were appropriated to it. The apparently useless repetition would fix in the mind as nothing else could the geographical relations involved; and the details once mastered, the general map would show their connection and complete the lesson.

—The abstract of proceedings of the American Philological Association at New Haven last July has been printed in the usual simple form, and will be found good reading. We have particularly enjoyed Dr. Fitz Edward Hall's defence of the "Imperfect Tenses of the Passive Voice in English," that is to say, specifically, of the phrase "is being [built]." After disproving the so-called absurdity of it, Dr. Hall says: "To pronounce the locution 'unidiomatic' implies a wholly new definition of *idiomatic;* and as to 'being opposed to the genius of the language,' that is a sounding phrase which has no philological value." He goes on to draw a parallel between *is being built* and the word *its*, which we know to be not very old, and to have given a shock to purists on its introduction, and which "involves a worse violation of sound principle and analogy" than the verbal phrases. Seven of the papers here enumerated relate to the Indian dialects of this country, and are all interesting. That on "A Mode of Counting, said to have been used by the Wawenoc Indians of Maine," by J. H. Trumbull, deserves mention as a neat and convincing exposure of a fallacious hypothesis put forward by Dr. J. G. Kohl, of Bremen, whom, by the way, this pamphlet errs, as we ourselves did lately, in speaking of as dead. We believe the report of his decease to have been false. The association will hold its next annual meeting at Providence, on Tuesday, July 24, and persons intending to read papers on that occasion should send early notice, as usual, to the secretary, Prof. Geo. F. Comfort, of this city.

—Once in so often the city authorities of Cambridge, Massachusetts, take into consideration the possibility of taxing the property of the University there situate, and the University authorities on their part protest, alleging that the hundreds of students whom the colleges and schools attract to the town spend much money among the inhabitants, that many persons of large means are drawn to the vicinity of the college as a favorite place of residence, and that the lands adjacent to the college yard are made more valuable by its neighborhood. To these protestations the reply of the common-councilmen is, that the collegiate property in Cambridge is valued at two millions of dollars; that the estates owned by the University are about seventy acres in area; and that every year the University adds to its estates. The common-councilmen might have gone further, perhaps, and said that so uneconomical has been the management of the city government during the few past years that they would be very glad indeed to lay hands upon the college revenues. We have, at any rate, heard charges of extravagant management brought against the city, and we believe it is like a good many of its sister cities throughout the Union in having been compelled to "run a reform ticket" at its last election, and in having felt compelled to elect the reform candidates. And the University may furthermore plead on its side of the question that it is like all other great universities in that it is not, from a mercantile point of view, successful; that indispensable though its work be, its revenues are not of themselves sufficient to allow of its keeping its doors open to students; and that if it is to be above the need of begging money — or rather, if it is to cease being altogether too heavy a weight on the charity of its private friends — State aid in some form it must have. But, after all is said in behalf of the University, we think it must strike every one as unjust that two millions of college property should lie untaxed in the middle of so small a city as Cambridge. After setting down on the credit side of the college's account with the city all the items insisted upon by the college officials, there still is apparent proof, which we venture to say investigation would show to be real and perfect proof, that Cambridge is made to pay out of her municipal pocket a disproportionate share of the subvention which it is, as we think, beyond question the State should pay, but of which Cambridge should pay very little more than her strictly ascertained share. It is to her peculiar honor that Harvard University should be within her borders; but it is greatly to the general honor, glory, and profit of the State of Massachusetts also that so ancient and far renowned a university should be the vivifying root of that educational system to which may be directly traced so much of the material prosperity of Massachusetts, as well as so much of her distinction among the States of the Union, and, indeed, among the nations of the earth. The State, it seems to us, has hitherto been generous at the city's expense, and there is little wonder that the city grumbles.

—A scheme has been broached in the *Illinois State Journal* which looks to the establishment in every State of a College of Military Science, and to an annual subsidy from Congress of $10,000 to pay the salaries of a professor of military tactics, another of military engineering, a drill-master, band-master, and armorer. West Point, further, is to be made of higher grade, "a military high-school of the nation," receiving a part of its students from the graduates of the military colleges. This scheme seems to us to have only the merit of pointing out an obvious defect in our military academy, viz., that it is employed in teaching at a disadvantage elementary knowledge which had much better be acquired elsewhere, and consequently receives pupils whose capacity has not previously been tested, and who, on account of their youth, are exposed to temptations greater, in spite of discipline, than are encountered in non-military institutions. A highly desirable reform would be so to raise the standard of admission as to require a full collegiate education in candidates for the lowest class. This would, to be sure, limit the range of selection for Congressmen, but it would send fewer dunces to West Point; and it might even be provided that the nation should pay for the preliminary collegiate training, on condition that the candidate should be chosen by competitive examination. The Illinois scheme would, on the contrary, weaken our present colleges instead of strengthening them, and raise up another host of half-paid professors and feebly endowed schools, from which deliver us.

—One of the cleverest of late *jeux d'esprit* is contained in the last *Saint Paul's Magazine*, and will amuse all readers of "The Last Tournament"—except possibly Mr. Tennyson, and those of us who have been enthusiastic over the recent political activity of Sir Charles Dilke. It is a parody on "The Last Tournament," and at the same time an attack on Sir Charles and his friends, the attack, doubtless, being the author's primary object, but the goodness of the parody being what gives the performance most of its interest for American readers—though there is a satisfaction, too, in seeing a noisy and inconsiderate gentleman very soundly admonished. In many parts of "The Last Tournament," Mr. Tennyson has so managed matters as no doubt to cause great discouragement to intending parodists, but the writer in *Saint Paul's* makes a gallant struggle, and merits a good deal of commendation. The reader has probably not forgotten the maimed churl:

"But on the hither side of that loud morn,
Into the hall staggered, his visage ribbed
From ear to ear with dog-whip weals, his nose
Bridge broken, one eye out and one hand off,
And one with shattered fingers dangling lame;
A churl, to whom indignantly the king:
My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast
Hath drawn his claws athwart thy face?
Man was it who marred heaven's image in thee thus? or fiend?

"Then sputtering through the hedge of splintered teeth
Yet strangers to the tongue, and with blunt stump
Pitch blackened sawing the air, said the maimed churl,
He took them and he drove them to his tower . . .
. . . .
The Red Knight he . . ."

Of this remarkable passage we think the reader most inveterate against parodies may well enough be willing to see a little fun made. Our parodist thus deals with it:

"But on the other side of the great day
Preceding that, or less ambiguously,
The morning just behind the day before,
To Carlton House there staggered eagerly,
With broken nose and one black jellied eye,
His teeth knocked down to his œsophagus,
His raiment rent, his face with filth besmeared,
A churl, to whom Sir William angrily:
My churl, for whom I've passed so many bills,
What ails thee? who hath spoiled heaven's image here?

"Then, with his loose teeth rattling in his throat,
Like dice within a box, spluttered the churl:
O William, this maimed likeness thou dost see
Is Codger's," etc., etc.

Codger—who is Mr. Odger, we suppose—goes on to tell Sir William that it is Red Bradawl (Mr. Bradlaugh) who has inflicted upon him such complicated mayhem, whereupon Sir William says that

"The land is full of curs, lean Communists,
Mad atheists, watery spouters,"

and departs to do battle against "Red Bradawl, that most bastard knight," and his horde of "duffers," leaving "Sir Foster, mightiest of my knights" (Mr. Forster) to judge the approaching tournament. This tournament is the Tournament of the Dead Loyalty. We have not space to tell the story of the poem, which, in general, may be said to follow that of its original with all desirable closeness, while occasionally there is marked felicity in securing parodical coincidences. Of the characters, "Bernalet," the fool, is Mr. Bernal Osborne; "Sir Boblo," Mr. Robert Lowe; "Sir William," Mr. Gladstone; "Sir Tyke," Sir Charles Dilke; and "Queen Mobbe," wife of "Sir Bull," does duty for Mr. Tennyson's Isolt, wife of King Mark. This is the opening of the satire:

"Bernalet, whom the Irish for a joke
Had made mock knight of William's Table Round,
At Westminster, within the gardens there
Skipt, snapt his fingers, chuckled, smoked his weed;
When to him, on the prandial side of noon,
Sir Tyke, a something addleheaded knight,
Hard-grained, dull-eyed, no genius, somewhat pale
From thoughts of brickbats whirling round his head,
Stept forth, and grasping in his dexter hand
A Red Cap, with a circlet labelled "Guy"—
Said, 'Wherefore dost thou chuckle so, Sir Fool?'

"For William and Sir Foster, riding once
Through England, with great Boblo in their rear,
Pricking full speed upon a bicycle,
Saw on a doorstep, wailing in the wind,
An infant, red and bare as Gloucester cheese."

"Ginx's Baby" Mr. Forster at once pronounces this infant to be, but Mr. Lowe declares it no babe of Ginx's but the bastard child of the caitiff Sir Sans Culotte, and says that its real name is Democracy. The great queen, receiving the foundling from Sir William, names it by a new name, "Loyalty," and strives to rear it, but it dies, and the "Tournament of the Dead Loyalty" is held that some one of the knights may win the fool's cap. This Sir Tyke easily carries off, and taking it to Queen Mobbe, he is by-and-by kicked down stairs by Sir Bull.

—The purchaser of the January *Saint Paul's* will find in it, besides the satirical poem after Tennyson, one or two other papers that may assist to justify him in his outlay. Mr. Henry Holbeach, a man of letters favorably known also under the pseudonym of "Matthew Browne," and, we believe, by still other designations, contributes the first of a series of articles on "literary legislators"—Mr. Disraeli being his subject this time. The subject is, one would say, rather too much for the author; but that might have been expected, for while there have been plenty of people competent to put aside as inadequate and even silly much that all kinds of English writers have said about Mr. Disraeli, there are very few people whom one would set down as competent to make an adequate explanation of his character and show us the secret law which governs his remarkable combination of qualities. What is at the bottom of the nature of a man who exercises himself now in the invention of "the Asian mystery," or "Young England," now in a retort which masters his enemy and the House of Commons, and becomes historical; who is to-day the easy victim of anybody's satire for a novel of which it would kill Mr. Gladstone to be thought the author, and to-morrow, with his grandiose nonsense all forgotten, beats the Liberal party before the country, takes away from it its own cherished political treasure, and passes a reform bill that equally disgusts Lord Derby and Earl Russell; who is sincerely denounced by many men as a mere political trickster, and yet, by his worst enemies, if he can be said to have any bad enemies, is more than half believed to be always true to some definite theory of his own; who is admitted to be fluent in speech, even eloquent; and who, on so great an oratorical occasion as the speech-making on the death of the Duke of Wellington, plagiarizes by wholesale from the oration made by M. Thiers on the death of Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr; who appears to care little for power, yet spends a laborious life in seeking it; who is a politician who has always been full of "views" and social theories, and yet who, though an untitled Jew, is at the head of the bucolical Conservative party in a country so little "viewy" as England. This is undoubtedly a character hard to translate into plain prose; and which it is none the easier to translate that Mr. Disraeli is undoubtedly a humorist; nor any the easier either that, though a humorist, he is apparently unconscious that often he is fully as absurd as Thackeray's absurdest presentation of him. One is sometimes tempted to think of him as a humorist not unconscious of his bathetic attitudes, but indifferent to them, or even finding a humoristic gratification in being whatever he likes, and nevertheless at the same time governing the English while mystifying them. Then, again, it is impossible sometimes not to think of him as being sincere—though his faith is never glowing—in all the things that seem to us his weaknesses. Mr, Holbeach's essay will be found interesting, though one hesitates to think it exhaustive. Were there no other thing in his essay to commend, we might commend Mr. Holbeach's advice to his fellow-essayists to lend no countenance to the growing fashion of using personalities in commenting upon public men and analyzing their motives. Mr. Holbeach's practice, however, is imperfectly consonant with his precepts. For example, the remark about Mr. Disraeli's relations with his wife is respectful and well meant, but what delightful passages we shall get by-and-by from some well-meaning gentlemen of the press when they come to imitate it and follow Mr. Holbeach in never being personal, except when they can honestly praise one's wife or one's charming daughter.

—We find in the *Academy* of January 15 a review of Roesler's "Romanische Studien," which gives a very interesting summary of the views of the author in regard to the origin of the Wallachians or Roumanians. These people, inhabitants of ancient Dacia, speak a language which is derived from Latin; and it is the common theory that it has come down by direct transmission, from colonies planted in this province by Trajan and his successors. Mr. Roesler, however, appears to have proved "that the forefathers of the present Roumanians did not live in Dacia, but in ancient Moesia [south of the Danube] and other parts of the Haemus peninsula, whence they migrated across the Danube to their present seats not much earlier than the thirteenth century.” It is certain that the greater part of these Dacian colonists were removed south of the Danube after the province of Dacia was abandoned by Aurelian in 272; and that the name went with them, two provinces south of the Danube being called *Dacia ripensis* and *mediterranea*. The Wallachians maintain that a considerable portion of the colonists still remained north of the Danube, and that the present nation is descended from these. To this Mr. Roesler's reply is that there is absolutely no evidence of the existence of a Romance-speaking people north of the Danube “from the third to the thirteenth century,” while there is abundant evidence of a Wallachian population called by this name as far south as Thessaly. This is traced back to the sixth century, and exists at the present day. The strongest argument, however, is found in the language. This is full of Greek elements, which can hardly have made their way to the present Wallachia; while the Slavonic elements are Bulgarian rather than Russian, and “until the seventeenth century, the Bulgarian language was the only one used by government and the church.”

—The fourth centennial of the birth of Copernicus has revived the ancient discussion whether he was a German or a Pole. The Germans insist that Thorn, the place of his birth, was a German town when Copernicus was born, while the Poles say that it was not annexed to Germany until seven years afterwards; and they prove that his parents were Poles, and that he entered his name as a Pole at the University of Padua, and that all his life he never ceased to display an attachment to his native Poland, its customs and its laws. The Poles have always honored Copernicus as one of their grandest names. It is not many years since they raised a statue to his memory in Warsaw by public subscription, and two others have been erected in Cracow. The anniversary will be celebrated on the 19th of February, 1873, at Posen, and great preparations are making for the interesting event.

NUMEROUS POETS.[*]

II.

RETURNING again this week to our pile of unreviewed poetry, we take up first a volume in which are published all of Mr. Bryant's poems previously known to the world, together with some few that have not appeared in any former collection. They are arranged, Mr. Bryant tells us, in the order in which they were written, “The Ages” and “Thanatopsis” being the first, and the last being some pieces which have appeared within a year or two—the latest products of half a century of devotion to poetry. We have been struck as we read at one perusal the poems of the poet's youth, middle life, and old age, by the singular unity of feeling, thought, and style which pervades the long series, and which is so marked that one would say the “Thanatopsis,” written before the poet attained his majority, might have been the production of his age, and that the “Planting of the Apple Tree” might as well have been assigned to his twentieth year as to his sixtieth or seventieth. From the beginning there is the same steady love of nature, and of nature moralized and solemnized by thoughts of man's duties, man's wrongs, man's sufferings, man's melancholy transitoriness in the presence of the eternal earth, which must, we suppose, be taken to be the characteristic mark of Mr. Bryant's poetry; throughout there is the same ardor for liberty or exultant, eloquent applause of liberty and indignant hate and condemnation of tyranny; the same resignation, almost pensive and sad, but too self-collected to be called pensive and sad, or even to be named resignation; and throughout there is the same sure, sober finish of method and style. Perhaps the latest pieces are to be spoken of as less austere in the loneliness of their communing with nature than the earlier, as giving clearer recognition than the earlier to the truth which is hinted in these stanzas of the “Invitation to the Country,” written in 1855, and which in 1825 would hardly have been so written, we fancy:

“Yet these sweet sounds of the early season,
  And these fair sights of its sunny days,
Are only sweet when we fondly listen,
  And only fair when we fondly gaze.

“There is no glory in star or blossom
  Till looked upon by a loving eye,
There is no fragrance in April breezes
  Till breathed with joy as they wander by.

“Come, Julia, dear, for the sprouting willows,
  The opening flowers and the gleaming brooks,
And hollows, green in the sun, are waiting
  Their dower of beauty from thy glad looks.”

But whatever slight qualification of our remark may be necessary, no qualifying clause is needed for the assertion that the equality of the poet at each stage of his long career to himself at each other stage is a remarkable and even astonishing phenomenon in the history of literature. It may, nevertheless, be that the poetry of Mr. Bryant's later years will be found to require less of clarification than the earlier poetry to free it from mere eloquence, and from verses made on set themes—such as the Indian, the Greeks, and so forth; and moreover it may be, despite what we have said, that when the clarification is complete, it will be found that a higher mark was reached in the poems of Mr. Bryant's early manhood than in the later poems. Certainly, bearing in mind his peculiar powers and their legitimate bounds, one might well doubt if anything in the “Later Poems” can be placed so high as the “Waterfowl”—“lone wandering but not lost”—the “Summer Wind,” “The Hurricane,” the “Forest Hymn,” “The Prairies,” the “Hymn of the Sea,” and the beautiful “June.” The “June” may almost be said to be the finest of all, and to have in it more at once of Bryant and of beauty than any other of the poems. It is, to be sure, the poet of “the melancholy days, the saddest of the year,” and of the unnumbered dead “where rolls the Oregon,” and of “the stormy March,” who thus gazes on the sky of a New England June; but the poem is beautiful and June-like, nevertheless:

“I gazed upon the glorious sky
  And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
  At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune
  And groves a pleasant sound,
The sexton's hand my grave to make
The rich green mountain turf should break.”

One is tempted for a moment to the injustice of quoting the other lines:

“ . . . .
His part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
  Is that his grave is green.”

And the more widely popular and taking poems, as “The Battle Field,” “The Death of the Flowers,” “The African Chief,” are also to be counted among the poems of Mr. Bryant's youth and promise. But what surpasses the mellow sweetness, the serenity, the chastened melancholy, of the “Thirty Poems,” his latest original gift to us?

At this frozen season, when belief in summer weather is a little faint, it is pleasant, sitting before the fire, to read Mr. Weeks's poetry and let it quicken one's faith in the return of the springtime and the season of blossoms:

“More soft and white and light,
  More fragrant than the snow,
The cherry flowers are falling
  And floating to and fro
About the happy trees,
  And happy birds are calling
Each other, and the breeze
  Is listening, loth to go.

Or it might be read in the spring days themselves, with spring sights and sounds to comment the pages:

“When first the spring grasses
  Take motion and glisten,
In sun-litten masses
Where through the brook passes
  And shimmers and sings;
When first the birds woo me
  To linger and listen,
And watch them upspringing
  On wonderful wings.”

With its flow of easy music and its suggestion of the physical enjoyment of outdoor existence, Mr. Weeks's poetry recalls and will accord with the sensations of springtime; but perhaps it is as an aid to faith, or as a sympathetic companion beneath the cherry boughs, that it is best—better than when it is taken independently of the fireside and brookside commentators, and made to depend without extrinsic aid upon its own capacity for giving vivid and accurate pictures of nature. “With Nature” and not “Nature,” Mr. Weeks names that part of his volume of which we are speaking, and we think he has rightly named it. Yet we are inclined to think that we like the poetry best when external nature is most prominent in it, or when we have in it Mr. Weeks in the enjoyment of external nature and expressing his delight in it; we care less for it, we believe, when the poet goes on to tell us the thoughts and feelings with which the objects of nature inspire him. For in this sonnet, which seems to us excellent, we may see the mood in which the poet habitually takes his second look at all that comes before him. “The

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[*] “Poems. By William Cullen Bryant.” New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.
“Episodes and Lyric Pieces. By Robert Kelley Weeks.” New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1870.
“The Student's Dream, and Other Poems. By Howard Miller.” Louisville: J. P. Morton & Co. 1871.
“Reveries of Song. By C. M. Birch.” London: Bell & Daldy. 1871.
“The Music Lesson of Confucius, and Other Poems. By Charles Godfrey Leland.” Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.
“Saint Abe and his Seven Wives.” New York; Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1872.
“The Divine Tragedy. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.” Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1871.
“Beautiful Snow, and Other Poems. By J. W. Watson.” Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1871.
“Ballads of Good Deeds, and Other Verses. By Henry Abbey.” New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.
“Short Poems for Short People. By Edgar Fawcett.” New York: Francis B. Felt & Co. 1872.
“Thistle Down. By Esmeralda Boyle.” Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.
“Awful, and Other Jingles. By P. R. S.” New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1871.
“Poems. By Celia Thaxter.” New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1872.

New Narcissus" is the title of it—the Narcissus not of fable but of present fact:

" Given up for all the unprofitable day,
O'er the ship's side that moves not in her place,
To lean and look and languidly to trace
On the slow glass of the receding bay
The troubled image of a troubled face;
Or, with vague longing up and down to pace
The narrow deck, and of the far away
Swift ships that glisten with momentary spray
Ask what avails a little larger space
Of insufficient ocean—this is he
Whose stranded life, too careful to be free,
No dreams deliver and all thoughts betray
To hate the calm that holds him in delay,
To doubt the wind that calls him to the sea."

This is not a mood that can be called healthy, or anything but unprofitable. Whether "too careful to be free" is the right description of it, or "too willing to be bound," one would say that, after all, for man it is servitude that is freedom, some servitude of some kind; that until our wings shall be grown it will be wise in us to concede that there is such a thing as the unattainable; that our ability to get glimpses of it, and to perceive its unattainableness, does not diminish the wisdom, rather increases it, of putting resolutely aside too much thought about it, while we select something less than the impossible to be accomplished by us in these less than eternal years—"this bank and shoal of time" where, for whatever else we were placed upon it, we were probably not placed to scan the horizon.

Mr. Weeks's poetry abounds in pretty fancies—of which perhaps some readers will declare that too many of them have relation to a certain well-known passion. But they all are delicate in sentiment and poetical, and the expression of them leaves nothing to be desired. Indeed, Mr. Weeks's work throughout is finished with an elegance consonant with the refinement of the matter, and, barring a line here and there which seems to have been caught from poets whose natural voice is not so different from his that he may not pretty safely assert it to be his natural voice also, we have nothing but good words for his mode of speech. Omitting to quote any of the pieces in which Mr. Weeks uses classical personages—he is not at all of the modern pseudo-classical school—and omitting with emphasis to quote a poem called "The Mist," we will make room for one of the little fancies we have just mentioned. "Greenhouse Flowers" is its title, and it will be found, we think, to have more of the fragrance of the roses than of the watering-pot:

" 'Tis too late to find her flowers
Such as I would rather give—
Such as sad and sunlit hours
Equally have taught to live.

" How can these that never guessed
How the evil helps the good—
How can these to her suggest
Aught of what I wish they could?

" How can these that never felt
Doubt and fear and hope deferred,
Ere the snows began to melt,
Ere the frozen earth was stirred;

" How can these that never thrilled
In the midst of their distress,
With the hope of hope fulfilled—
How can these my thought express?

" Yet, because perhaps they may
Please her once or twice to see,
Let them go and have their day,
Happier than they ought to be."

In reading "The Student's Dream," which comes to us from Kentucky, we have more often found ourselves inclined to give our respect to Mr. Miller as a man than as a poet, and we have formed such an opinion of him as to believe that he will not fall out with us on that account. Here is one of his vigorous sonnets, which we quote for its boldness of criticism and for its exemplification of the value of some kinds of the criticism that proceeds by comparison. It is a sonnet to Milton, with a comparison disadvantageous to another poet who has treated of Satan:

" Since those primeval years when prophets spoke
By Him inspired who made and rules the whole,
No man hath shown profounder depth of soul,
And with a nobler tongue the silence broke
Which else had lain for ages like a yoke
Upon the world. *Nor didst thou, like a mole,*
Approach to hell by creeping through a hole,
As Dante did; but face to face thou spoke
To God for guidance, and essayed to go
As to Goliath David went when he,
Saul's armor lying idle in his tent,
Went clad more stoutly with sublime intent.
Thou strode a god with ample step and free;
Thus heaven beheld, and told thy vision so."

The South has produced much poetry not so good as this; and we are bound to say that in "The Student's Dream" itself there is much that is not so good.

In "Reveries of Song," the first twenty-five pages end with the end of a romance called "Lady Leonore," which begins with these verses:

" Sir Harold was a knight in years long lost,
Who boldly fought with sword and lance of steel—
A braver man ne'er walked the plains of war:
Upright and honest, and each morn and eve,
Upon the battle-field beside his couch,
Lifted in prayer his voice and prayed to God,
'Whate'er betide, Thy Holy Will be done!'"

Sir Harold confesses to the Lady Leonore that he loves her, but she affects to think, or really does think, that he loves "to win the battle of the field" more than he loves her, and tells him so, at the same time flinging into the sea some scented flowers. Sir Harold stands gazing at her with tears in his eyes, and as he does so, a gaudy butterfly sporting about here and there in an uncertain way alights upon the flowers which the lady has thrown into the water. With this the first scene closes. In the second it is night, and dark for a while; but by-and-by the moon breaks through the mist, clearing it away and shining upon the ocean and the walls of Castle Clare. By its light, Sir Harold, who is on the beach, sees floating upon the waves "the precious prize, culled by the fingers of his Leonore," that is to say, the flowers. He plunges in to possess himself of them, and manages to swim out to them and seize them, but, being all in mail, his exertions are too much for his strength, and he is drowned. With this accident, and the falling of the mist, the second act closes. On the following morning Lady Leonore, with her attendant maids, walks along the beach, and sees approaching shore a boat rowed slowly by two fishermen. They have brought in the body of a youthful knight. Leonore at once recognizes in him Sir Harold, whom she had so lightly dismissed as not being sufficiently in love with her, and who, she now plainly sees, has met his death in the attempt to secure the bouquet thrown away by her at their last interview; for that or a similar bouquet is discovered in his bosom, and on its being taken out and the petals opened, the same butterfly which had been observed to alight on the flower came forth,

" And sailed on gilded wings right through the air"—

leaving no doubt of the identity of the flowers, and transfixing the lady with remorse.

In the volume entitled "The Music Lesson of Confucius, and Other Poems," we have for the most part a republication of poems which Mr. Leland first gave to the public some years ago. There are, however, some new ones, of which several were written during the war of the rebellion; but there are not enough of these, and not enough in any one of them, to alter the general character of the volume. How to characterize it precisely we hardly know. It has verses of the German romantic kind; patriotic verses, such as a literary member of a Union League might have written in celebration of the emancipation of the negroes; verses patriotic and military, such as might have been written in camp by the late Colonel Halpine; verses rendering Eastern legends; verses accounting for the nature of various perfumes, as Frangipani and Cologne-water, which might have been written for albums by command of the ladies owning them, or contributed to the late Mr. Willis's *Home Journal;* verses describing various types of female beauty, as Miriam, a Jewess, Luise, a maiden of Normandy; love verses after the manner of Heine; satirical verses, comic verses, and sentimental verses. They all are facile, most of them are clever, and some give some indication of the possession, by moments at a time, of a poetic capacity early overlaid by the influence of the author's reading and his admiration for other writers. Apparently, too, it was sure of its death sooner or later from the facility with which its possessor could turn out innumerable rhymes on all kinds of subjects, for any reason or none, and into each set of which he could put a spark of the fire which might perhaps have made a flame could he have kept it together. Some of the Breitmann ballads and the translations of Heine will still be thought by far the surest supports of their author's literary reputation, while the pieces in the volume before us will be sufficient evidence that in his day a semi-literary, semi-social reputation might very well have been his. The volume might be commended to officers of the army and navy.

"Saint Abe and his Seven Wives" is a fluent satire directed against Mormonism, or rather against polygamy. It is not without desert as work in "dialect," though it is better in its sketching of the characters whose traits the "dialect" indicates; but it appears to give evidence that it was done with haste. This, however, is seen rather in the general slightness of the fabric than in the versification, which is vigorous, easy, and smooth. Doubtless it was inevitable, the subject being what it is and the method of treatment adopted being dramatic and realistic, that the reader should get from the book a very high and coarse flavor of vulgarity; that, at any rate, is what he does get; and the author must have a singular notion of what promotes "jollity," which state of feeling is what "Saint Abe and his Seven Wives" is intended to promote. At this rate, Mark Tapley made a capital mistake when he stopped short at Cairo, instead of keeping on till he found Utah.

Mr. Longfellow's new poem is said to form the first portion of a trilogy, of which the other two parts are "The Golden Legend" and "The New England Tragedies," the design of the whole work perhaps being to insist upon a certain view of the character and mission of Christ, and to make an exposition of his relation to the state of religious thought at different stages of its development within the Christian church and outside of it. In this view, it would be Mr. Longfellow's contribution to the Christology which is so prominent a study throughout the religious world of to-day. We have not gone over the three poems together; nor shall we trust to our recollection of the two that are not before us as we write, nor to our understanding of the one that is, so far as to attempt any estimate of the whole work. This initial drama, "The Divine Tragedy," simply puts into verse the New Testament narrative of the teaching, persecution, and crucifixion of Christ. The verse is as agreeable as was to have been looked for from our author; the literalness with which the Gospel words are transferred into the poem is surprising; and we should say that the reverence of the believer is in as little danger of a shock from such freedom as the poet allows himself in the intercalated parts as it is from the handling of the Scriptural story. Of the intercalated parts, considered as poetry, the most that could have been asked was that they should be at once fine poetry and fine poetry of such sort as not to jar in the least upon the mind in key with the inspired Word, while the least that could have been accepted was that they should be tolerably good poetry and should not offend in this latter respect. The lesser requirement, at any rate, seems to us to have been almost perfectly met. That the greater has been met we are not prepared to say, and, indeed, after such consideration as we have been able to give, we are decidedly of opinion that it has not. It is proper, however, to defer forming definite judgment even of a part of an important work till the whole has been considered with care. To the religious reader, as distinguished from the reader of poetry—and perhaps we should say as distinguished from the theological reader also—we judge that we are safe in promising pleasure from Mr. Longfellow's latest work.

One might imagine that when a person has written a poem which within a year or two a dozen other persons stoutly declare that they themselves, severally, wrote, the real writer might begin to have suspicion as to the poetical value of his production. It has not been observed, so far as we know, that there is a popular disposition to assume the responsibility of poetry of a high class. Suspicion of this kind has not clouded the mind of Mr. J. W. Watson, who is at present rejoicing that he is at last left in undisputed enjoyment of his title to the authorship of "Beautiful Snow." It is a very sentimental piece, very good-hearted and not very hard-headed, and a sort of hand-organ pathos that it has it grinds away at with a persistency and certainty of note that fit it for the most untuneful audiences. The fate of "Beautiful Snow" most others of Mr. Watson's poems might very well share, we should think; and we do not know why it would not be rather an encouraging sign than otherwise if the authorship of half a dozen of them were to be claimed by numbers of writers in every State in the Union.

Mr. Henry Abbey's ballads show a marked improvement over the former volume of his that we remember. They are of a sound moral tone, they have been worked at with conscientiousness, and not improbably they may do good. We are, however, not able to say that we think the time and labor expended upon them has been well bestowed. Still less can we say so of the time and labor expended upon such works as "Short Stories for Short People" and "Thistledown." We are aware that something may be said in behalf of the composition of such verse as a means of cultivation; and it is not without some satisfaction that one sees even thin libations poured out before altars which are at least not consecrate to base and deformed deities. And doubtless the practice of verse-making, even of very bad verse-making, may be defended as being at least anti-materialistic. So, too, we remember, the gloomy rigor of the old New England Sabbatical Sunday has been defended on the ground that no matter how absurd or even cruel it was, the Puritan Sunday was an institution which one day in seven rescued men and women from immersion in gross material cares. But New England has found a way of escaping from week-day sordidness without making divine things grotesque or odious, and it is greatly to be wished that numbers of our anti-materialists in metres of the other kinds might take example by their congeners of the long-metre type. And indeed, it frequently occurs to the reviewer that room might be found among given numbers of our young poets for a good deal of the poor despised materialism itself. Take, for example, the case of the author of "Leonore," above quoted.

"P. R. S." is a writer who for some two or three years has amused himself, he says, by "popping away through the columns of the *Evening Post* at sundry objects of a general, though it may be an ephemeral interest." Almost all his topics are decidedly of ephemeral interest, and it might have been as well if he had been content to leave his verses in the corner of the newspaper where they first saw the light; but they are better worth binding than most similar productions, being spirited in versification and not without sharpness. Persons who are still interested in the "Tyng Case," or the Loew Bridge across Broadway, or the Boston Musical Jubilee, or Mrs. Stowe's book on Lord Byron, and similar topics, may here find them treated of in fashion such as this. The lines contain "A Recipe for a Poem in Dialect":

> ' Take, for your hero, some thoroughbred scamp,
> Miner, or pilot, or jockey, or tramp—
> Gambler (of course) drunkard, bully, and cheat,
> *Facile princeps* in ways of deceit;
> So fond of ladies he's given to bigamy
> (Better, perhaps, if you make it polygamy);
> Pepper his talk with the vacant slang
> Culled from the haunts of his pestilent gang;
> Season with blasphemy, lard him with curses,
> Serve him up hot in your dialect verses."

Mrs. Celia Thaxter's verses have for a principal merit that they suggest by means of an accumulation of separate images the scenery of a Northern sea-coast. They less often give us these images made into a coherent and beautiful poem or picture, without a moral at the end, but this also Mrs. Thaxter can do. We believe we present a favorable specimen of her work in quoting the poem called "Seaward," which is the poem of her small collection that we like best, as on the whole having more unity and less moral than most of the others, while equal to almost any in picturesqueness:

> "How long it seems since that mild April night,
> When, leaning from the window, you and I
> Heard, clearly ringing from the shadowy bight,
> The loon's unearthly cry!
>
> "Southwest the wind blew, million little waves
> Ran rippling round the point in mellow tune,
> But mournful like the laugh of one who raves
> That laughter of the loon!
>
> "We called to him while blindly through the haze
> Uprose the meagre morn behind us, slow,
> So dim, the fleet of boats we scarce could trace,
> Moored lightly just below.
>
> "We called, and lo, he answered ! Half in fear
> We sent the note back. Echoing rock and bay
> Made melancholy music far and near,
> Sadly it died away.
>
> "That schooner you remember? Flying ghost,
> Her canvas catching every wandering beam
> Aerial, noiseless past the glimmering coast
> She glided like a dream.
>
> "Would we were leaning from your window now,
> Together calling to the eerie loon,
> The fresh wind blowing care from either brow,
> This sumptuous night of June!
>
> "So many sighs load this sweet inland air,
> 'Tis hard to breathe, nor can we find relief.
> However lightly touched, we all must share
> This nobleness of grief.
>
> "But sighs are spent before they reach your ear,
> Vaguely they mingle with the water's rune,
> No sadder sound salutes you than the clear
> Wild laughter of the loon."

WATSON'S REPORT ON THE BOTANY OF THE GREAT BASIN.*

THE second volume of Reports illustrating the Survey of the Fortieth Parallel under Mr. Clarence King has just been published by the War Department as one of the professional papers of the Corps of Engineers, to whose supervision the explorations were assigned. It is numbered the fifth of the series, the third having been a report on the mining industry of the region. The other volumes, which will be three in number, if the original plan is carried out, are to discuss the zoölogy and the geology; and there is also to be an atlas of topographical and geological charts. The region which this survey has examined is a belt of land about one hundred miles broad between the Sierra Nevada, on the eastern borders of California, and the Rocky Mountains on the western confines of Colorado. The work is a study of "The Great Basin" of Fremont and the other early explorers, and is especially important in its relations to the progress of settlement and industry along the route of the Central and Union Pacific Railroads. Mr. Sereno

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* "Geological Survey of the Fortieth Parallel. Clarence King, Geologist. Vol. V., Botany; by Sereno Watson, aided by Prof. D. C. Eaton and others." Washington, 1871. 4to, pp. 525.

Watson was the chief collector of botanical specimens in this region, and he has also been entrusted with the preparation of the Report before us, which was chiefly drawn up in the herbarium of Professor Eaton at New Haven, with the latter's constant co-operation, and with occasional aid from Drs. Gray, Torrey, and other well-known botanists. Several of these gentlemen have contributed descriptions of those classes of plants in which they are particularly interested. Forty engraved plates and a very clear outline map of the traversed routes are inserted in the volume.

Such a work, chiefly made up of the specific descriptions of the plants of the region, is primarily of value to the professional botanist; and Dr. Gray, in the last number of the *American Journal of Science*, has half-promised to review it from this point of view; but the introductory chapter is of great interest to the general reader, and has besides an important bearing upon the question of introducing cultivation into that uninviting region. As a portrayal, too, of the aspects of nature, and especially of the vegetation of a lofty arid region, it is admirable, and we propose to sum up in a few paragraphs the statements which it gives us in respect to the physical structure and the plants of a very curious and interesting part of our national domain still but imperfectly described in the books of travel and of geography. The term "Great Basin" is an obscure and unsatisfactory designation popularly applied to the vast interior plateau which lies between the Sierras and the Wahsatch, separated by moderate hills from the Snake River Valley on the north, and blending on the south with the desert of the lower Colorado. Its general elevation is from four to six thousand feet above the sea level, and although it contains vast tracts comparatively flat, there are also numerous lofty parallel chains of mountains running nearly northwest and southeast, varying from 1,000 to 6,000 feet above the valleys, and occasionally rising to nine or ten thousand feet above the sea, or, in other words, as high above the plateau as the White Mountains above the ocean. There are two main depressions in this region—one at the eastern base of the Sierras; the other, the Great Salt Lake Basin to the west of the Wahsatch Mountains. The water supply of these basins is quite limited, in proportion to their area, and the lakes are strongly saline. The East and West Humboldt and Toyabe Mountains, rising to the height of 10,000 or 12,000 feet, receive considerable snow-falls in winter, and in summer are subject to more abundant rains. The climate is very dry, with cold winters and hot summers, the annual rain-fall being roughly estimated at eighteen inches.

Now, in this arid region there is a peculiar vegetation. No portion of the district, however desert in repute and in fact (except the limited alkali flats), is destitute of some amount of vegetation even in the driest seasons; but on the plains, the foot-hills, and the mountain slopes there is a monotonous sameness of aspect, characterized by the absence of trees and grassy greensward, the wide distribution of a few low shrubs, and the prevalent gray or dull olive color of the herbage. The mountains are in large measure as free from trees as the valleys, and are often more naked, because of the dwarfed character of the shrubs. There are some exceptions to the absence of trees, for example, the Truckee Valley, and in some of the mountain cañons. Those which are found rarely exceed 40 or 50 feet in height, and are very knotty and cross-grained. Some striking illustrations of the contortions of the fibre are given by Mr. Watson.

The flora, like the country, is naturally described in two groups—the valley flora and the mountain flora. In the former are included plants peculiar to alkaline regions, few in number; the fresh-water aquatic and meadow species; and plants peculiar to the drier valleys and foot-hills, by far the larger class. In the mountain flora 393 species were collected, fifty-five of which (mostly new) are not known to grow beyond the limits of the Basin. The number of alpine and subalpine species equals that of arctic and subarctic. The Wahsatch and Washoe Mountains are not included in the statements just made, but they were studied by Mr. Watson. Thirty-three introduced plants are described. The flora of the basin is, on the whole, regarded as indicating a distinct botanical region, a large portion of Pacific species stopping abruptly on the eastern slope of the Sierras, and a like line of demarcation being visible at the Wahsatch. Of the 1,140 species given in the list of the Basin, Wahsatch, and Uintah, 60 per cent. are found on the Pacific slope, about the same proportion do not pass eastward beyond the Rocky Mountains, 15 per cent. approach the Mississippi or Saskatchewan, and 25 per cent. approach the Atlantic, 17 per cent. are Mexican or southern, and 15 per cent. arctic.

The practical value of researches like these is often overlooked or unappreciated, but they have an important bearing upon the question of the possible agricultural development of the country. The deficiency of water is great, but with a moderate supply for irrigation in the growing season, there is no difficulty in securing good crops of cereals and vegetables in any of the valleys and lower cañons of the territory. On the other hand, with the present supply of water, most economically employed, it is thought that not over 1,000 square miles could ever be brought into cultivation in the 34,000 square miles of Northern Nevada examined by the Survey. In Western Utah, and in the more southern portions of the Basin, the relative amount must be less. In Eastern Utah the water supplies are larger and more constant from the Wahsatch Mountains. For grazing purposes the region is not adapted. The possibility of cultivating without irrigation some forms of woody vegetation is discussed, and the opinion is expressed that either existing species or others more serviceable may at some future time be profitably cultivated. Some experiments were made to ascertain the sources whence the plants derive their moisture, and the conclusion was reached that it is from the soil and not from the atmosphere; and this natural resource of the vegetation favors the possibility of the successful introduction of orchard, vineyard, or other tree-culture in those now desert territories.

We have recently adverted to the charge of extravagance brought against the manufacture of these handsome reports, and need only repeat that we have no sympathy with it. As we do not believe, however, that the usefulness of such works should be limited by official generosity and discrimination in distributing them, we should be glad to have a part, at least, of every edition sold in open market at as moderate a price as can be afforded. At present the volumes are rarely, if ever, to be obtained except as a matter of favor from those in authority.

SOME RECENT NOVELS.*

MANY of our readers will remember that very pretty story, "Dorothy Fox," and will be glad to see some more work by the same author. The first volume of our list contains ten or a dozen short tales from her pen, some of which are very good, while others, apparently, belong to her earlier work, and only have this undue prominence given them on account of the success of the longer novel. But if they are not all equally good, they have in common certain merits which are rarer in stories than is pleasant for either writer or reader. Love, and occasionally jealousy, is the burden of them. There is no complex plot to baffle us, no great wit to fascinate us, nothing but a pretty tale, told with considerable humor, and with such a gracious enthusiasm that one is interested even in the flimsiest of the sketches. "The Blue Bell of Red-Neap" is rather longer than the rest, and may be taken as a very good example of the author's merits, which are simplicity, naturalness, and delicacy.

Of "Wilfrid Cumbermede" we cannot say that it is either simple, natural, or delicate. It is the autobiography of a self-perplexing casuist—a favorite character of Mr. Macdonald's, by the way—who allows himself to be governed in his mode of life by his dreams, and hence, as might be expected, fails in almost everything he undertakes. If we enquired the reason of Mr. Macdonald's popularity, as this book tempts us to do, not for the first time, we should find it, we think, chiefly in his continual reference to solemn subjects. Along with it is a deliciously vague so-called philosophy, which also may win admirers. For example, in "Wilfrid Cumbermede":

> "No one can deny the power of the wearied body to paralyze the soul; but I have a correlate theory which I love, and which I expect to find true, that while the body wearies the mind, it is the mind that restores vigor to the body, and then, like the man who has built him a stately palace, rejoices to dwell in it. I believe that, if there be a living conscious love at the heart of the universe, the mind, in the quiescence of its consciousness in sleep, comes into a less disturbed contact with its origin, the heart of the creation; whence, gifted with calmness and strength for itself, it grows able to impart comfort and restoration to the weary frame. . . . The child-soul goes home at night, and returns in the morning to the labors of the school."

As good as anything of Mr. Macdonald's are his descriptions of scenery. As for his characters, they have all a pedantry if they are good, and a hopeless despair if they are bad. His heroes lack manliness—that is to say, reality; they are all shadows of men, as unlike men of flesh and blood as the ghostly element of his stories is unlike actual existence. There is an air of the sick-room about them all, as if they were the creation of an inexperienced fancy, rather than the results of observation. Mr. Macdonald has a certain power of imagination, but it is so warped by education or wilfulness that his books are continual disappointments. He coddles his characters. He is like a mother who would refuse her son of five-and-thirty a latch-key, and stand over him while he changed his shoes and stockings when he came in at half-past nine. Not that there is any necessity for introducing every crime in the calendar into a novel, though we fancy that Mr. Macdonald would have no very serious objections to doing it, but that a novelist who represents men simply as struggling to free themselves from Calvinism, without any human emotion except repentance, or more worldly interest than a superstitious awe of a nightmare, fails pitiably as an observer and as a chronicler of human nature. His novels will please the inexperienced; whether they will do them good is another question. We do not believe that even his warmest admirers will be highly pleased with "Wilfrid Cumbermede," although its faults are shared in a greater or less degree by all his other works. The account of Wilfrid's infancy is beyond all measure tedious, and that of his later years is hardly better.

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* "John Thompson, Blockhead. By Louisa Parr, author of 'Dorothy Fox.'" Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

"The Blue Bell of Red-Neap. By the author of 'Dorothy Fox,' etc." New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1871.

"Wilfrid Cumbermede. By George Macdonald." New York: Chas. Scribner & Co. 1872.

"The Sylvestres; or, The Outcasts. By M. de Betham-Edwards." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

"Two Plunges for a Pearl. By Mortimer Collins." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

"Can the Old Love? A Novel. By Zadel Barnes Buddington." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

"The Sylvestres" is the title of an interesting novel by Mrs. Betham-Edwards. It is the story of a young English lady, with property and a mind of her own, who gets interested in socialism, or more truly, perhaps, in some socialists, whom she has met abroad, and who come to her in England in abject poverty. She puts them on their feet, gives them a farm, and falls in love with one. We will not tell the story, but wer ecommend it to our readers. The leading socialist, Père Sylvestre, is admirably drawn, with just that apparent exaggeration which in fact is only realism. There is not a word of ill-nature or of fanaticism in the author's treatment of this subject, and that in itself is singularly meritorious in a work that treats of socialism. It is a very good example of the method of applying fiction to a "topic of the day." It does not pretend to settle any questions, but is a proof of how much more efficacious a straightforward, unaffected representation of the matter is than any special pleading, however eloquent. It may be well to say that the book is by the author of "Dr. Jacob" and of "Kitty," and that on the whole it is better than either.

"Two Plunges for a Pearl," by Mortimer Collins, is one of the numerous English novels of society, differing from hundreds of others only in the novelty of its plot. There are two heroines, twin sisters, one of whom, when they are left penniless at their father's death, becomes an actress and the other a maid-servant. They are both pursued by wealthy aristocrats, and both make good marriages at the end of the book. All the characters have sonorous names—"Launcelot Lydiard," "Ianthe Murray" and her sister "Rosalind," etc. The most unpleasant thing in the book is the vulgar cynicism, the ostentatious worldly-wisdom, that "Ouida" is so famous for, and in which it might be well that she had no rival.

"Can the Old Love?" is the question in the mind of Mrs. Zadel Barnes Buddington. Judging from the novel, one would say that they could do very little else, and that it is a pity that they have nothing better to do. The first hero is sixty-three years old; he has a wife twelve years older, and falls in love with a girl of sixteen, who does not return his affection, however, and he dies either of a broken heart or of old age. In the rest of the book, which is put together without any apparent system, we have several other love affairs; occasionally a young man gets a smile thrown at him, but men over fifty are the only ones unlucky enough to win the remarkably offensive heroines. It is thus that a young lady of twenty describes her lover of fifty-two to a lady over sixty, but as sentimental as a girl of sixteen:

> "'I do not think he is handsome, at least he is not called so; but, though he looks older than he is, he is not plain. He is good, or fine looking, rather. His hair is touched with gray; but he has a quantity of it, and it is dark, with an odd, wavy line running through it. His eyes are a warm shade of dark brown, very expressive, bright, and of the kind that I call searching. A stern rather than a gentle eye, yet capable of emitting rays . . . .'
>
> "'True artist,' said Lady Hope, tenderly smiling. 'You paint *con amore*. You enjoy your picture as it takes shape from your fancy. Your voice caresses as softly as it describes smoothly,'" etc.

With a trace of worldliness, however, very unusual in any except the villains of the story, Lady Hope "with gentle seriousness" says:

> "At the first glance, it would seem more usual, more natural, that some younger man should have won your love. It would seem that youth should mate with youth. You are now nearly twenty. When you are fifty, in the prime of middle age, ten years younger than I am now, he, if living, will be eighty-two. In a great majority of cases, to be eighty-two is to be helpless and imbecile."

The heroine replies:

> "No soul can die. It *may* sink; but it *must* rise. It may *seem* lost; but it *will* be found. It thinks and loves; and these things preserve, expand, perfect it. . . . I love a soul," etc., etc., etc.

Old Parr himself would have been a prattling boy beside this wise maid. We will not more than mention the grosser faults of the novel, which make it one of the most unpleasant that we have ever read. It has no plot, and besides its general silliness there is a certain amount of coarseness which probably comes from inexperience determining not to be prudish. The result is not gratifying. To see the difference between a good story and a fatally bad one, one need only compare Mrs. Buddington's work with the sketch, "How it all Happened," by the author of "Dorothy Fox." There are very different ways of treating the same subject.

Lectures on the Science of Religion; with a paper on Buddhist Nihilism, and a translation of the Dhammapada or "Path of Virtue." By Max Müller. (New York: Chas. Scribner & Co.)—In regard to the first half of the contents of this book, we expressed ourselves at some length in No. 276 of the *Nation*. We shall, therefore, now confine ourselves to the latter portion, and can hardly do better than to make it the occasion of calling attention to a short review of the author's theory of the Buddhist Nirvána, which has lately appeared in Ceylon from the pen of Mr. James D'Alwis. In 1857, Professor Müller held the view that Nirvána meant annihilation—an opinion held by all the profoundest Buddhist scholars—as may be seen by his essay on the Buddhist Pilgrims in the first volume of his "Chips from a German Workshop," and in the next chapter on the meaning of the term Nirvána. In an essay on Buddhism, written in 1862, but placed in the volume immediately before that on the Buddhist Pilgrims, we find that his view has changed. He acknowledges (Am. reprint, p. 229) that Buddhist philosophers may have held this opinion, but that it cannot have been generally received. On the next page, however, he says that he cannot even bring himself to believe that such was the belief of the reformer of India, *i.e.*, Buddha. The reasons that he gives seem to us to be singularly shallow. We quote them. He is unable to believe that—

> "The teacher of so perfect a code of morality, the young prince who gave up all he had to comfort those who were afflicted in mind, body, or estate, should have cared much about speculations which he knew would either be misunderstood or not understood at all by those whom he wished to benefit; that he should have thrown away one of the most powerful weapons in the hands of a religious teacher—the belief in a future life; and should not have seen, that if this life was sooner or later to end in nothing, it was hardly worth the trouble which he took himself or the sacrifices which he imposed on his disciples."

A very lofty morality does not necessarily imply conventionally proper metaphysical opinions, nor is the greatest charity inconsistent with the logical carrying on of one's investigations for their own sake, and it is to be hoped that religious teachers, of all men, should seek to extend their influence rather by what they consider to be the truth than by what might be especially useful as a "powerful weapon." The last remark sounds strange as coming from one who has studied Buddhism, and is sufficiently refuted by his own words on page 248, where he shows how in their belief they escaped, by means of Nirvána, transmigration and the misery of living. In his preface to the "Dhammapada," he returns to the charge with solider arguments than likes or dislikes, namely:

> "1. That though the Abhidhamma Pitaka favors the negative view, the affirmative may easily be proved from the Sutta and Vinaya, and especially from the Dhammapada. 2. That the Abhidhamma is of no authority, and contains the notion not of Buddha but of his followers. 3. That it is stated that Buddha saw his disciples after attaining Nirvána, and even after death; and that therefore Nirvána is not extinction of existence. 4. That the expressions used for Nirvána in the Dhammapada convey a sense of rest, immortality, eternity, etc., and therefore Nirvána does not mean nihilism."

This statement of his case, which is a perfectly fair one, we quote from Mr. D'Alwis's preface to his review; in the body of his book he proceeds to examine Professor Müller's arguments in order, and the result is their complete refutation. In the first place, he proves that the Abhidhamma properly belongs to the discourses of Buddha, and that the three baskets, as the different parts of the code are called, should be regarded as one whole. Moreover, that the negative side of the question may be proved from the Sutta and Viñaya, as well as from the Dhammapada; "that the non-existence of an Absolute Creator, and of a soul, was the foundation for the Buddhist doctrine of Nirvána; and that, therefore, there could be no condition of the soul after the final 'destruction of the elements, and the germs of existence,' or Nirvána." The third point, he shows, rests only on legendary tales, and is in direct contradiction to the canon which Professor Müller himself says must be our only authority. The fourth point he disproves at some length by showing the difficulty inherent in all the attempted definitions of Nirvána, the inaccuracy of Max Müller's interpretations, and that the expressions used in the Dhammapada, when taken with the other admitted doctrines of Buddhism, do clearly prove that Nirvána meant nihilism. We have not space to give a more thorough synopsis of what is already very condensed in form; but we desire to call the attention of the many readers of Max Müller to a book that might otherwise escape their notice, and which deserves to be read in conjunction with his work, that is necessarily so much more widely known. The main argument against the nihilistic view of Nirvána is the *a priori* one, that it cannot be true, that it is against human nature. To this the Buddhist replies, that to be sure it is not a view that recommends it to the general mind of mankind, but that it is only the direct, logical, necessary sequence of their pessimistic view of the universe. For it is to be borne in mind that although Buddhism more than any other religion resembles Christianity in the purity of its morality, yet it differs most widely in its ontology. It is atheistic, it denies the existence of the human soul—indeed, it might not be wholly inaccurate to call it, in a word, the religion of despair, as compared with the hopefulness of Christianity. On account of both its close similarity and wide differences its study is peculiarly interesting, and every work that facilitates such research is of great importance. Professor Müller is a brilliant guide; but, at times, he pays for his brilliancy by errors that comparatively obscure men may correct, as Mr. D'Alwis has here done. The title of his book is: "Buddhist Nirvána: A Review of Max Müller's 'Dhammapada.' By James D'Alwis, Member of the Royal Asiatic Society. Colombo: William Skeen, Government Printer. Ceylon. 1871." It may be had through Trübner & Co.

Macaronic Poetry: Collected with an Introduction by James Appleton Morgan, A.M. (New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1872.)—This volume affords another proof of the endeavor after better designs in binding and ornamentation which the Riverside Press has recently been said to be making. It is certainly tasteful in appearance, and of excellent example to our other Presses, most of which will neither give us prettily bound cloth books nor volumes in paper covers, to be kept in paper or to be put into other dress, as may please their owners. Having said this much in praise of what the publisher has done for Mr. Morgan's book, we must remark that, though a press may win credit by attention to the external appearance of the books it issues, the chief glory of a good press is thorough and learned proof-reading, and that inattention to this weightier matter of the law is not atoned for by zeal as to the mint and anise and cumin; rather this zeal aggravates the error. Mr. Morgan's title-page is very pretty, but its red and black letters, printed from fonts of handsome type, ill compensate for the two or three mistakes in the easy Latin of the dedication, or for making *virorum* in the title of the famous "Epistolæ" into *viorum*.

Of the contents of the book not much needs to be said; the author, having retained since his Freshman days at Yale College a fondness for macaronic verses and similar literary performances, now not very possible outside of colleges, has for some years amused himself by collecting specimens of these "literary follies," as Hallam declares them, or these pastimes and relaxations of the man of letters, as Mr. Morgan prefers to call them. Mr. Morgan's reader may find in his book examples of the work of the pangrammatists, the lipogrammatists, the makers of acrostics, telestics, and mesostics, the alliterators, the palindromists, the anagrammatists, the rhopalic verse-makers, and the various other blowers of literary glassware that is without use, without beauty, and, although quaint, too laborious and trifling to make the artisan's ingenuity pleasing enough to secure favor from a taste much above being delighted by rebuses and enigmas. They are things, however, that always have interest for the rather unprofitably curious, and that have some interest for the literary investigator, though this latter will find Mr. Morgan's collection desultory and inexhaustive. Perhaps we can, as well as in any other way, give some notion of the compiler's work by reproducing part of a piece which does not appear in his volume, but which is worthy of a place in it, and may serve to illustrate the character of its contents. We do not know where we first found "Tonis Ad Resto Mare," and we make whatever apology is necessary for detaining the attention of the unskilled reader upon a stanza of it:

> "O mare æva si forme;
> Forme ure tonitru;
> Iambicum as amandum,
> Olet Hymen promptu;
> Mihi is vetas an ne se,
> As humano erebi
> O let mecum marito te
> Or ητα βητα πι."

"Tony's Address to Mary" is the translated title of this production, which is to be read by dropping the h's—and if it please God, as the saying is. It is fair to say that Mr. Morgan's readers, if they find in his volume many things about as well worth attention as this that we have quoted, will also find many well-known things, less slight if essentially no more respectable, as, for instance, the double-barrelled pun,

> "Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ,"

which, according to hoary and unvenerable tradition, was made by Dean Swift on the occasion of a lady's mantua knocking down a Cremona violin. There is also a reprint of three alliterative mediæval Latin poems, the "Pugna Porcorum," the "Certamen Canum cum Cattis," and the "Hugbaldi Ecloga de Laudibus Calvitii," of which the first contains no word that does not begin with a "p," and the others none that does not begin with a "c." But, on the whole, the reader inclined to be pleased with "Tony's Address to Mary" will be the reader most pleased by Mr. Morgan's collection.

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The Week.

THE House of Representatives has, during the week, voted the repeal of the duty on tea, but has refused to repeal the duty on salt and coal—in other words, done what it ought not to have done, and left undone what it ought to have done, and what it undertook to do last session. The Committee of Ways and Means is rather indignant at having the work of reforming the tariff taken out of its hands in this way, but nobody thanks it, for there is not much disposition to venture on any general measure. The tea duty is taken off because it tickles the popular fancy, although it is valuable to the revenue, and the salt and coal duty is left on because the high-tariff men look upon it as the outworks of their system. The House Committee has agreed to report a civil-service reform bill, making it a misdemeanor for a member of Congress to recommend persons for office unless he is asked for his opinion. Is there not some danger that this may be so evaded as to increase the labors of the Departments—that is, that members of Congress will treat a failure to ask their opinions as offensive and a ground of quarrel with the Administration? There is great curiosity over the forthcoming appointment to the Philadelphia collectorship. Under the reform in the civil service, the vacancy ought to be filled by promotion, but the Pennsylvania politicians laugh consumedly over this idea, and say the rules will be "suspended" in order to put in "the right man," as they were suspended in the case of McClellan, the Troy collector. He found himself "decapitated" without cause assigned, and, claiming the benefit of them, learned that they had been "suspended" in order to get him out. This reminds one of Judge Hogeboom's ruling about "momentary insanity" in the Cole case. He held that a man might be sane up to the moment in which he fired a shot at an enemy, during which he might be insane, and then become sane again as soon as the ball had struck. So the civil-service rules may work beautifully up to the moment that somebody is going to be turned out; then they stop for a few moments till he is gone, and then resume their faultless movements once more. Leet still retains his place, as "improper" and "indelicate" as ever.

The sale-of-arms controversy, as some call it, or the "Schurz-Sumner trick," as it is probably called by others, has made considerable progress since last week. There appears no doubt that the discrepancy between the amount acknowledged by the War Department and that acknowledged by the Treasury can be explained by some difference in the mode of keeping their accounts, but the fate of $4,000,000 which the French paid and the Treasury never received, remains to be discovered, and on this no light has as yet been thrown. There are two reasons for looking sharply into the matter; one is the natural curiosity which every citizen feels in these times to know what has become of so large a sum of money, and the other a proper desire to know whether it in any way accounted for the "influence" of which Squires boasted in his letter to the President of the Armament Committee, and which enabled him, he said, not only to purchase the arms, but to get the cartridges made for them. Mr. Schurz, in a masterly speech on Tuesday, rendered an escape from investigation impossible.

The weakest point in the affair of the arms is the disregard of the law displayed in the sale of rifles, and above all in the manufacture of cartridges. The resolution under which the sale was made authorized the sale simply of "old cannon, arms, and other ordnance stores now in possession of the War Department, which are damaged or otherwise unsuitable for the United States military service or for the militia service of the United States." The rifles sold, however, were not damaged or unsuitable. They were good Springfield breech-loaders, many of them altered, but as good an arm as the needle-gun. For the manufacture of cartridges for them, there was not a shadow of authority of any kind.

A kind of compromise has been reached in the matter of international copyright between the Copyright Association and the friends of Mr. Appleton's measure, by which the bill of the former, offering copyright to foreigners on terms of reciprocity, is saddled with the condition that the book must be produced by an American publisher. It is hardly worth while to enumerate in detail the various objections to this. Our own recent suggestion, which, however, we did not originate, that anybody should be at liberty to reproduce the works of a foreign author on paying him a percentage on sales, is pronounced by the *Times* "obviously absurd," on the ground that "the principle on which it is based" would, if carried out, make it also obligatory on anybody who borrowed a book or newspaper instead of buying it, and derived "benefit" from its perusal, to pay something to the author or publisher. "The principle" on which our suggestion was based—and we offered it not as the best thing possible, but as something worth consideration—is the principle of all copyright, viz., that anybody who takes the product of an author's brain, and makes it an article of trade for his own profit, should be compelled to pay the author. To anybody who sees in this an argument for making anybody who borrows a book for his own perusal also remunerate the author, we can think of no better reply than that made by the expressman to the Widow Bagley in Mark Twain's story, "Have it your own way; it ain't for me to contradict." The *Evening Post* pronounces the plan unconstitutional, because it would, in reality, be the imposition of "a tax" on a particular class for the benefit of an individual, and that individual a foreigner. This deserves consideration, but we can hardly undertake to discuss it in a paragraph. But we may say, *en passant*, that if literary property be property at common law, like any other property, the unconstitutionality is difficult to see. On the same principle, does not the State, by making everybody who gets dry goods at A. T. Stewart's pay him for them, impose "a tax" on a large body of persons for Stewart's benefit? Ought Stewart to be exposed to indiscriminate pillage in order to avoid odious distinctions?

The Congressional Committee appointed to enquire into the condition of the States lately in rebellion detailed sub-committees to each State, and the reports of all have now been presented. The report of the General Committee finds that the Ku-klux organization originated in 1866, and confirms most of the charges brought against it, with which the public is already familiar. As regards the condition of the negroes, it says their relations with their former masters seem to be those of confidence in all other matters than politics. The refusal of their masters to co-operate with them naturally threw them into the hands of adventurers. Many of them were elected to offices the duties of which they were, through ignorance and inexperience, totally unfitted to discharge. "In legislative bodies, this mixture of ignorant but honest men," says the report, "with better educated knaves gave opportunity for corruption, and this opportunity has developed a state of demoralization on this subject which may and does account for many of the wrongs of which the people justly complain; and the demoralization is not confined to one race, nativity, or political creed." In short, the report gives a most deplorable picture of the condition of the South. One amusing and yet melancholy proof of the utter destruction of public spirit among the old planting class is afforded by some of the evidence given by members of this class before the Committee. General M. C. Butler, one of the leading men of the old aristocracy of South Carolina, and the independent candidate for lieutenant-governor in 1870, testified that "if he had land to sell, and could sell it by buying a State senator for $500, he would do so." Dr. R. M. Smith, another gentleman of the same class, and a Democratic member of the Legislature to boot, declared that he "could see no wrong in bribing a public officer, and compared the transaction to the purchase of a mule." The fact is that the contempt of these men for the now governing class, which was great enough at the outset to make good government very difficult, has been intensified by the ignorance and corruptibility of the negroes and carpet-baggers; and they protect themselves against their excesses in the usual way of rich men—by buying them up. It will probably be a long while before anything like healthy political life will be witnessed in the majority of the Southern States.

One sub-committee devoted its attention to the condition of Southern finances, and its report, as might be expected, is the sorriest of all, and, as might be expected also, South Carolina makes the worst figure of all the States. Governor Scott answered promptly and cheerfully the enquiries addressed to him regarding the State debt; but as his accounts of it were varied and contradictory, the committee pronounce them unworthy of attention. Our old friend, Niles G. Parker, the State Treasurer, being 'cuter than Mr. Scott, "kept dark," as the sporting men say, and took no notice of the investigators. Governor Bullock, of Georgia, was very high and mighty, and refused to answer in the interest of "State rights," and the impeccable Reed of Florida, now under impeachment, took the same ground. The committee makes some curious but necessarily loose calculations as to the loss sustained by the South during and in consequence of the war, and calculates that it came out of the struggle in 1865 with a burden, including Confederate debts, State debts, commercial debts to people at the North, and other liabilities of all sorts, amounting in round numbers to $3,000,000,000. The report somewhat comically gives the amount with the greatest nicety, not in dollars only but in odd cents—its figures being $2,976,145,955 90. It calculates the amount devoted by the North to purposes of Southern relief in 1865 at $13,000,000.

But if nearly everything that the committee has to say about the immediate past of the South is sufficiently discouraging, there is at all events some cause for satisfaction visible in the immediate future. Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, may continue to wait for "authentic information" that some of the Southern State governments have been corrupt and rather expensive; but except him and a few other innocent people, there is nobody at the North who does not now admit that the Republican party of the North, as soon as General Grant has secured the delegations to the Republican Convention, or at all events directly after the Presidential election, however that may turn out, will have to drop all responsibility for the Republican party as at present organized in the South, and that will be half the battle that must be fought before the Southern State governments get back to common decency. Holden, of North Carolina (impeached and removed from office for robbery); Bullock, of Georgia ("wanted"); Scott, of South Carolina (one of "the forty thieves" of the State); Clayton, of Arkansas; Warmoth, of Louisiana (at the head of a State Government that, like North Carolina, South Carolina, and Florida, doubtless must repudiate); Reed, of Florida (now on trial for stealing railroad bonds), have at last proved too much for the Republican stomach, and have finally disposed of the "loyal" form of government and probably of carpet-baggism. It was sure to come, because ignorant thieves can seldom rule impoverished American communities for many years together, but it is proper to rejoice when at last it has come, and the sight of Reed on his trial is a great reason for hope and encouragement.

It is a cause for peculiar as well as great satisfaction that Governor Reed is at last brought to book, for he is quintessential carpet-baggism—the thing itself. A broken-down politician, he was given an office under the Treasury Department for the apparent reason that he had a relation who had been among the earliest of Northern judges to declare the fugitive slave law unconstitutional "in his State," which had a "Personal Liberty Act." The office took him to Florida, where, being attached to the commission for the sale of lands for non-payment of direct taxes, he had an opportunity to begin the sort of operations which have brought him where he now is, and which may perhaps, with the blessing of heaven, take him a little further in the same general direction. In other Southern States, the carpet-bagger who wished to control the State had to have some strength of some sort; but in poor Florida, out of the stream of modern life, peopled by an apathetic, ignorant population, a man like Reed, destitute of sense, courage, and knowledge, had only to be loyal and make promises to the negroes, and be in possession of an office, military or civil, under the Federal Government, in order to capture an entire community, and, as the late Fisk phrased it, proceed to exercise his talent for "rescuing other people's property." This one talent Reed had, but not, it appears, in sufficient measure, and his own Legislature has unanimously impeached him. And by the way, in view of his career and present position, which is symptomatic of that of the party in the Southern States, what should be the weight of "regular" Republican delegations in the approaching Convention?

The Terwilliger affair has ended in Terwilliger's resignation before the Senate Committee appointed to enquire into his doings had made its report. He did not acknowledge that he had done anything wrong, but said that the "unusual sensitiveness of the public" about the kind of thing he had been doing made it advisable for him to retire. What he had been doing, according to the report of the committee, was taking twenty per cent. on the bills of the State printer from November 15, 1869, to August 1, 1870, amounting in all to $4,638 05. His defence was that he received this money under a usage which had prevailed for several years; but it appeared in the evidence that it had only prevailed for ten years, or, in other words, during the period in which Mr. Terwilliger has himself been clerk of the Senate, namely, from 1860 to 1869, so that he originated the "usage" himself. Of this usage the committee say very properly "that the practice of receiving a per-centum by the Clerk of the Senate on printing done for the State is highly reprehensible, as being pernicious in its tendencies, wrong upon principle, and manifestly against public policy." Of course it is. It is precisely the same in principle as the usage under which for many years back nobody having a bill against this city could get payment without submitting to a heavy discount for the benefit of the officials through whose hands it passed; in other words, it is the practice on which Tweed and his brother thieves grew rich, and which finally grew into the practice of presenting large bills against the city which were wholly fraudulent.

Turning to the Administration organ, the *Times*, to see what it thinks of the affair, we find "that it affords it no pleasure to see a gentleman of excellent character, of good abilities, and hitherto much esteemed by a large circle of friends, compromised in any way, but especially in such a way as this. The sum paid to Mr. Terwilliger, a little over $2,000 a year, is contemptible; it would not corrupt a door-keeper. Mr. Terwilliger was told that it was part of the just perquisites of his office. . . . Mr. Terwilliger would have been thought very eccentric had he refused to take it. But for all that, the custom is a vile one," etc., etc. There, you see, there is nothing in the matter at all. Here was an innocent who had been "inside politics" a great many years, taken up to Albany, made Clerk of the Senate, and told by some bad men that he ought to levy twenty per cent. on the bills of the State printer, and that it would look queer if he did not. So to avoid an appearance of oddity, he did so, but, bless you, it was hardly worth his notice. The next year this cherub was down in New York acting as Tom Murphy's confidential "deputy," and helping him to "control primaries," but ill-luck taking him back to his old post, the malignants attacked him, and he had to resign to save trouble to the Senate.

Dr. Woolsey has written an article in the *Independent* on the Treaty difficulty in which he comes to the conclusion: that there is little as yet that is definite to guide us with regard to the impressions of the British members of the High Commission;

but that, judging from the protocol, "there was no obligation in honor laid on our Government to make no mention of indirect losses in the case." On the other hand, looking at the provisions of the Treaty, and particularly those which define the mode of assessing the damages, he finds the balance of probability on the side of the British view. He asks, "What part in the prolongation of the war, or in the transfer of the American commercial marine to the British flag, and in the enhanced payment of insurance, can be assigned to each vessel? Would it not need something," he says, "beyond any guesses of lawyers, beyond any differential calculus, to determine this?" He expresses, in conclusion, the hope "that an end is to come to these claims [for indirect losses] now; if not, an end is likely to come to the faith in international arbitration which has gladdened the hearts of so many." Judge Nott's criticism, on another page, is worthy of attention.

We must remind Dr. Woolsey, as regards the English understanding of the Treaty, that Earl Granville, the Foreign Secretary, and Lord De Grey, in explaining and defending it before the House of Lords, June 12, 1871, immediately after its conclusion, stated that the present Treaty had over the Clarendon-Johnson Treaty the great advantage that under it the claims for indirect damages "entirely disappear," owing to its "more limited reference." Sir Stafford Northcote, who was one of the High Commission, made a similar statement in the House of Commons. These declarations elicited no protest or correction from this side of the water, either official or unofficial, and they prove beyond question, it seems to us, what the understanding of the British Commissioners was. Whether this understanding, or misunderstanding, was justified by the protocol or Treaty is another matter, on which there is, and will always be, considerable difference of opinion, not only between Americans and Englishmen, but among Americans and Englishmen. That it exists makes one thing certain, and that is, that the negotiations were greatly mismanaged, on the English side, in not expressly excluding these claims; on the American side, in not expressly including them—or, in other words, in leaving any room for doubt in the minds of reasonable men that it was the intention as well as the right of the United States to bring them up before the arbitrators; for this is one of those cases in which to doubt is literally to be damned. If it were a common lawsuit before an ordinary court, it might make no difference, but it is not a common lawsuit before an ordinary court. As we pointed out last week, neither party can be dragged before the arbitrators. He must, if the arbitration is to be of any value or weight, go voluntarily, and he must go on issues which he fully understands and has agreed to submit, and on which he is willing to abide by the decision of the tribunal. The arbitrators cannot give judgment by default and issue execution. The whole proceeding is, in short, a moral proceeding, to the validity of which clear comprehension and undoubted consensus on both sides are necessary at every step. If these do not exist, there is no use in wrangling over the wording of the Treaty. There is only one thing to be done, and that is, go to work again over the claim for "indirect damages," and see if a satisfactory arrangement can be made. If it cannot, then there remains the usual resort — to kill and mutilate a large body of Americans and Englishmen—count the corpses, bury them in shallow graves, in their bloody clothing, and crow over the number of them; burn and waste a great amount of property, and squirt a great quantity of abuse at each other through the newspapers. After about two years of this we should probably have a treaty in which the "consequential damages" would never be mentioned, and after which they would never trouble anybody any more.

The view that there has been shocking blundering on the part of their own negotiators is the one which is now uppermost in the English mind, and the press has abandoned the task of berating the Americans for that of berating the Ministry, which is certainly in a wretched "fix," whatever view one takes of the matter. If the Treaty does not stand, they are face to face with the *Alabama* difficulty in a more unpromising, if not in a more serious form, while to go before the arbitrators to defend themselves against such claims as are laid down in the American Case is more than they dare attempt. Mr. Tom Hughes has in the meantime witten a letter to the *Tribune*, which has rather injured than helped the English side of the controversy—if for no other reason, through its outspoken expression of want of confidence in the arbitrators, on the strange ground, among others, that one is an ardent Republican and some do not speak English, as if we had the advantage on either of these points. There are only two defences of the English position that are worth mention. One is that the Treaty is ambiguous in its terms, and that the American interpretation of it is a surprise; the other, that England cannot honestly submit to the arbitrators a point on which she would not obey the award if it went against her.

M. Thiers had no sooner got over his quarrel with the Assembly about taxing raw materials, than he fell into fresh trouble over the navigation laws as M. Pouyer-Quertier proposes to amend them, for the benefit not less of the shipping interest than of the military marine. Foreign ships coming from any port of the Mediterranean are to pay seven francs and a half per ton; those coming from non-European countries on this side of the Cape of Good Hope, fifteen francs; from beyond the Cape, twenty francs differential duty. The measure had no sooner been proposed, however, than the Government found itself plunged in the difficulties of which Mr. Schenck used to have such a dismal experience, in the old days when he was every month piling on the duties. In the first place, Austrian ships are exempt from this duty, under a treaty concluded with her in 1866, and which does not expire till 1873, and eight other nations share the same privilege under the favored nation clause in other treaties. So that, for one year at least, the tax would not reach the shipping of the principal maritime powers of Europe. Then, as usual, up jumped various French "interests," and demanded exemption each for itself. The deputy from Martinique demanded exemption for French colonial produce, on the ground that the people of Martinique ought not to be put on the same footing as Englishmen and Belgians, and got it. Then the agricultural interest demanded exemption for all ships carrying guano, and got it; and then the manufacturing interest demanded exemption for ships importing corn, and got it, at least for all times of scarcity; so there is little left of the navigation laws. The Assembly agreed to everything joyously, knowing as little of political economy as M. Thiers himself.

The only interference of Government with the Pope's appointment of bishops in Italy, under the settlement effected last year, is in requiring them to present their credentials for verification. The Roman Curia, being resolved to resist to the last the *modus vivendi* proffered it, has forbid the new bishops to go through this form, and the consequence is that they are thrown into embarrassments from which they have been obliged to appeal to the Pope for relief. Without the required concession to the Government they are in danger of being cut off from the enjoyment of their benefices, and this being clear enough and not to be blinked, Cardinal Antonelli at first promised to send a certified copy of the Papal bull in each case, which might be submitted to the authorities, but was informed that this would not be received, when he fell back on his absolute refusal to allow the originals to be presented. The threatened destitution of the bishops thus thrust forward into martyrdom still weighed upon the Papal conscience, or was steadily kept before the Pope's view, with the result of drawing from him an appropriation of $8,000 a month in aid of such bishops as should be deprived of their revenues, though it was admitted that the sum was not adequate to their necessities. However, it was the best that the Papal Treasury could provide, and even this subsidy would last but a year and a half, at the end of which time, if the condition of the Church had not improved, they must look to Providence for support. With these childish manifestations of temper and obstinacy, the Pope and his counsellors make a pretence of warding off the inevitable.

LAWLESSNESS IN HIGH PLACES.

THE Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* remarks, commenting on the French arms affair, that "it is said by independent Republicans and Democrats that there has been all through this Administration a growing tendency to disregard law, and conduct the affairs of the Government independently of its restraints." If the independent Republicans and Democrats say this, they say something which, if not wholly true, has a great deal of truth in it. It may be that there has not been on the part of the Administration a *growing* tendency to disregard the law, but there has certainly been a steady tendency. The Government at Washington came out of the war with habits of lawlessness contracted, and perhaps unavoidably contracted, during the war. Four years of "military necessity" and suspended habeas corpus and steady denunciation of the courts for real or suspected interference with military operations, no matter how necessary they may be for the successful conduct of those operations and the salvation of the country, play sad havoc both with popular and official respect for that old-fashioned barrier against "short cuts"—the law of the land. There is no use in crying over this. It forms one of the objections to going to war, but it forms also one of the inevitable sequelæ of war. It furnishes a reason for dreading and refraining from war as long as possible, but it does not, any more than the loss of life or destruction of property, furnish a reason for not going to war at all under any circumstances, as some Democrats seem to think. But it is the duty of all good citizens when war is over to do what they can to bring officials back to the ancient ways, and revive in everybody's mind as fast as possible that reverence for legal enactments and judicial decisions without which no political system ever has lasted or ever can last long.

It was the duty of the Republican party, as the party in power and the party which carried on the war, to have addressed itself to this business with even more zeal than to the business of paying off the national debt. It is hard for a candid man to say that it did so. On the contrary, it is very difficult to deny that it encouraged the Administration to persist in its lawless military way of looking at its duties. The Impeachment trial, a strictly legal proceeding, was conducted as if such a thing as law was unknown, and as if no man need look any further than his own breast for rules of conduct in any exigency of life; and any one who then talked of law as something binding on his conscience was assailed with the foulest abuse. Mr. Grimes, just deceased, was a victim of this outburst of mob fury, and Mr. Fessenden's death was certainly hastened by it.

One of the very first acts of the present Administration was to add to the Supreme Court two new judges, chosen avowedly because they were known to hold certain fixed opinions on a matter in litigation between private parties before the court, and with the view and intention of having a judgment already given in that litigation reversed by the aid of their votes. What made the matter all the worse was that that judgment bore hard on certain great corporations whose counsel one of the new judges had been, and that the relief it granted was granted to creditors under contracts which had for several years been deliberately violated. It would be impossible to put into an article in a newspaper all the moral objections there were to this performance. Among the political objections to it were these: that it was directly calculated to destroy the confidence of the country in all subsequent decisions of the court, or, in other words, to destroy the popular respect for the whole of that enormous branch of American jurisprudence which is embodied in judicial decisions; that it was really an interference by the Executive alone—an interference, too, such as royalty in its worst days has never attempted—between private suitors about a matter of property, the President having used his authority to affect the result of the suit almost as directly as if he had sent a military force to prevent the execution of a writ or to intimidate the judges on the bench; finally, that it was a direct and open tampering with the constitution of the Supreme Court, on grounds of *what seemed to the President* public policy, and in preparation for *what he thought* a probable contingency (the necessity for legal tenders in some other war)—he in fact constituting himself sole judge of the whole matter. The affair roused a good deal of indignation, but the Republican party, as a party, winked at it. We are glad to see that the "Independent Republicans" have taken up this great usurpation in their platform adopted at Jefferson City, and trust that it will not be overlooked at Cincinnati.

A President who had successfully exercised his discretion in this way was hardly likely to be in a modest frame of mind, and was not likely to be filled with a very profound respect for the law or lawgivers. But Congress, far from doing anything to bring him back to a healthier and more constitutional view of his duties, then armed him with authority such as has never been bestowed on a constitutional ruler in any age or country, by giving him power to suspend the habeas corpus over half of the Union, whenever in his judgment it should be necessary. The suspension of the habeas corpus, being practically a suspension of the law, is a serious measure, to which resort should only be had in the gravest crises, but certainly the legislature alone should, in a law-abiding country, be competent to say when the crisis had come. At this moment, this unprecedented discretion is lodged in General Grant's hands. He has not abused it, it will be said. Perhaps not; but does anybody suppose it has increased his respect, or the respect of his followers, for the Constitution and the laws?

We shall not comment on the San Domingo movement, high-handed as many of its features were, inasmuch as it was resisted, and successfully resisted, by Congress. But is it surprising, after all this, that when Mr. Boutwell came to place his new loan, and found the provisions of the law under which he was acting inconvenient or objectionable, he should, instead of waiting to have it altered, have totally disregarded it, and have acted on his own discretion in a matter on which the legislature allowed him no discretion whatever? And does anybody seriously suppose that other managers of the public finances, after seeing his disregard of the law unblushingly pronounced wholly blameless by a solid party vote, will be any less scrupulous than he, whether they are as upright and well-meaning or not?

We need not wonder, then, that the War Department, having received permission by resolution to sell damaged arms, should not only go to work to sell as good arms as ever were made, but should actually manufacture ammunition to accompany them. Somebody, in this case—we do not know who it was—only did what the President did in the matter of the legal tenders and the Supreme Court, and what Mr. Boutwell did in the matter of the loan—that is, substitute conclusions of his own as to what was desirable or advantageous, for the will of the nation, as plainly expressed in legislation. General Grant either knew and did not care, or did not know, which is nearly as bad, that a court packed by the President, to render decisions in support of what he considered good policy, was not a thing contemplated by the Constitution or by the American people; and Mr. Boutwell probably knew very well he was breaking the law, but he felt that his judgment was better than that of the law-makers, so he followed his judgment and disregarded theirs.

The disease is one which is running through the country, and has seized on functionaries, both State and Federal, in every direction. As might be expected, it shows itself in its gravest form in financial matters, but it is not confined to financial matters. The judges, the sheriffs, the governors, and the mayors are all exercising their discretion in all sorts of ways for "the good of the people," and letting the statute lie in their drawers. We have had a worse outbreak of the distemper in New York than elsewhere, but the type grows more malignant as time wears on, and it is time something was done to stay the plague. We want "a government of laws, and not of men"—an ancient phrase, associated with many great traditions, but which, in our day, is becoming a mere rhetorical commonplace; and unless we greatly mistake the signs of the times, something will be done before long to give it back its old force and pregnancy. When one sees the outburst of *personal* devotion which a Presidential candidate calls forth, one hardly needs any argument to prove the necessity of curtailing discretion in every direction.

SOME CIVIL-SERVICE FALLACIES.

ONE of the stock arguments against the civil-service reform is based on the assumed folly of demanding a high grade of intelligence for filling an office the duties of which are a matter of pure routine. The sympathy of the public is continually appealed to by portraying the treatment of some poor John Smith who has applied for an humble office, and is rejected by the examining board because he knows nothing of the history of Greece or the geography of Asia. Notwithstanding the defects of his book-learning, he has proved his abilities to perform all the duties of a copying clerk. He has a mother or a sister depending on him for support, and he has travelled a thousand miles to seek the office. He goes before the board in full confidence of his ability. And, after all, notwithstanding his faultless handwriting, and his accuracy in copying, he is discomfited and sent back home because he cannot tell who Pericles was, or what rivers flow into the Caspian Sea! Whereupon the public is expected to become indignant with the pedagogues who examined him, and to protest against the introduction of any such tests of qualifications for office.

Judging from the frequency with which this picture is presented to the public, we may infer that great numbers of intelligent people really think that poor Smith is hardly used, and that it would be an act of kindness towards applicants for office if Government would not require any qualification beyond ability to perform the duties of the office they were seeking. To see the fallacy of this view, it is only necessary to reflect that John Smith's competitors, one of whom must prove successful, are entitled to as much sympathy as he is, and deserve the office as much as he does. If he does not get the office, some one else must—Brown, for example; and if he (Smith) had succeeded, poor Brown would have failed, and would have been entitled to all the sympathy that Smith now gets, and the system that rejected him would be subject to all the objections denounced against that which rejected Smith. In a competitive examination, the question is not shall Smith be accepted or rejected, but whom shall we accept—Smith, who can do nothing but copy letters, or Brown, who, besides copying as well as Smith, proves his education and general intelligence by telling who Pericles was, and naming the rivers which flow into the Caspian? As only one man can be appointed to a single office, and as all applicants but one must be rejected under the one system as well as another, the question whether the lucky man shall be Smith, Brown, or Jones is one for the Government itself to decide in the way most conducive to its own interests. When politicians invent some way by which every man who wants an office may have it, there will be some cause for complaint that poor John Smith fails to get one, but no sooner.

The same fallacy is frequently couched in the form of a squib, representing the candidate as undergoing examination in all sorts of abstruse subjects. If we analyze these jokes, we find that the man is always supposed to fail, for no one would see anything ridiculous in the appointment of a good scholar merely because he was such. If some politician should find that every clerk and messenger in the State Department could read Laplace, translate from any European language, name all the Roman Emperors, and explain every principle of international law laid down by Grotius or Vattel, and should make this state of things the basis for ridicule and denunciation of the system which allowed men with so much knowledge to be appointed to office, the laughter he might excite would not be entirely sympathetic. But, if these clerkships are really filled, and if no one is "passed" who cannot do all this, the logical consequence is that they are filled by just this class of men.

The next argument in point of frequency is that success in passing an examination is, after all, an imperfect test of ability to perform the duties of a clerk, and that the most brilliant competitor may fail on the test of actual trial. The Civil-Service Commission tacitly admit this when they provide for a period of probation. Glad as they would have been to inaugurate the millennium, it is quite clear that they did not hope to do it. Sensible men will not, however, refuse to move forward because they cannot at once reach this happy state, but will be satisfied with anything which is a decided improvement on the present. The practical question is not whether the new system is a perfect one, but whether it is better than the old one. We do not ask whether intelligence is an infallible criterion of ability, but which is the better criterion, intelligence or pertinacity? Shall we prefer ability to read French, or ability to lead a dozen Irishmen from their grog-shop to the polls? Since we must take some one on trial, shall we try a young man because he is studious and intelligent, or because he is a particular friend of his member?—because he can describe a steam-engine, or because he can pack a primary meeting? Shall we prefer soundness in arithmetic or political soundness? When the question is put into this its true shape, there are few who will openly declare themselves opposed to the reform. If any proof is wanted that the new system is an improvement on the old one, it is to be found in its results. In organizing the Census Office two years since, the subordinate positions were all filled by competitive examination, and though there was much complaint of the system at the time, we know none who pretend to deny that the work of the office is done more efficiently than before. The same remark would apply to the Patent Office but that it never has been a political machine.

In our illustrations, we have given the politicians the strongest possible case by supposing the examinations to be of the most scholastic character. In fact, however, far from approaching this extreme, the danger is that the examining boards will so far yield to the clamor of the John Smiths as to err in the opposite direction, by giving too much weight to the commonplace qualifications necessary in the lower grades by which it is expected all will enter, and too little to the wide scholarship, general culture, and scientific training which is necessary worthily to fill the higher grades of positions to which all will be eligible. Viewing the higher education as a mere ornament is one of our prevailing vices of thought, and the fact that it is to the interest of our Government that all who operate its complicated machinery should know as much and understand as well as possible, is very apt to be lost sight of. While we cannot expect to fill our twelve-hundred-dollar clerkships with the greatest men of the age, we do insist that if any youthful Grotius is found to be a candidate, he shall be secured for the position; something which cannot be done without some test which shall distinguish him from the competing crowd.

FRENCH PROTESTANTISM.

PARIS, February 2, 1872.

POLITICS are only the outward expression of certain deep and inner forces. It is for this reason that when the political aspect of a country is very perplexing, there is some hope of coming nearer the truth in studying its religious life. It must always seem very extraordinary to an Anglo-Saxon witness of French history that Protestantism has ceased to play any part in it. The history of the French Protestants is one of the proofs that might can be stronger than right, and that even ideas can be successfully destroyed by the sword. Such a confession is painful; but the Protestant idea has been, I am afraid, completely extinguished in France: not that there are not a few Protestant churches left in it, in Paris, in Nismes, in a few other cities, but they remain, as it were, on the ruins of the old Huguenot Church, like isolated columns testifying the ruin of a temple. There is no life in them; no spirit of propagandism; no real desire to make proselytes. They seem to be satisfied with their isolation; they only wish to be forgotten. The Protestant Church of Paris is very wealthy, being chiefly composed of bankers, most of them of Swiss or Alsatian origin. It has a consistory where the Calvinists and Lutherans meet; for it is one of the curious characteristics of the organization of the Protestant churches in France, that the organic law of Napoleon which rules them seems completely to ignore the fact that there are several confessions of faith. Napoleon found it convenient that the state should pay the ministers of all religions; a Mussulman in Egypt, he was a Catholic in Rome. He decreed that all the Protestants should form a consistory, and have a synod, a sort of small parliament. In Paris, Monod, who was a strong Calvinist, was obliged to meet constantly in the same council Coquerel, who belonged to the broadest Evangelical Church. These two men, who are now dead, were for a long time the two great lights of our small Parisian Protestant Church. Monod was extremely eloquent; he had a nervous style, which reads somewhat like that of Bossuet (and I could not imagine any higher praise); he had also a depth of conviction, a seriousness, which produced some effect even on his enemies. Coquerel, the father of Athanase Coquerel, who has lately been travelling in the United States, had an easy eloquence; he was very fluent, too rhetorical, and what the French call unctuous. These two men gave for a time some life to the consistory, but as this life was dissension, the Catholic witnesses of the struggle were not much edified by discussions which to them appeared merely a struggle for power. I ought to mention a third name, Martin Paschoud, who, now very old and broken, has been in his time a very remarkable preacher, only his Protestantism drifted by degrees not only towards Unitarianism, but towards a nondescript form of Christianity, which had ceased to have any limits or lineaments. Martin Paschoud undertook to create a "Universal Christian Alliance," into which entered Catholics, Protestants of all shades, Russians, and, if I am not mistaken, Turks. His Christianity, which admitted Renan as well as the French Catholic bishops, was merely a sentimental sort of philanthropy, employing the phraseology of the New Testament instead of that of political economy or of statistics.

Now, without entering into any criticism of M. Martin Paschoud's universal religionism, I confess that I do not see how it can become an instrument of religious reform. Men are so constituted that they will only make great efforts for a very determinate and fixed idea. Monod, narrow and bigoted as he was, made more impression upon the general French mind than Coquerel by his benevolent evangelism, and than Martin Paschoud, who was seen hand-in-hand with infidels and with Catholics. The misfortune of the Protestant Church is that it has always been divided, though it never was really sectarian—by which I mean that there has been no organization of the different parties which divided it. It has had a disturbed and, as it were, indistinct life, without any strong and well-defined organism. See what a curious arrangement the French love of equality has produced. As there are several parties in the consistory, you would have thought, perhaps, that each party had its own churches. Not at all. There is a regular rotation of the ministers from one church to another. Every month a card is printed, which tells you that on such a day the Reverend —— will preach at the Oratoire, the next Sunday at the Rue Roquépine, etc. As it is impossible to follow a minister from one place to another, the result is that there is no congregation in the true sense of the word. There can be no communion between a certain number of men and women and an individual whom they have chosen or accepted as their spiritual guide. There is no continuity whatever in the lessons which fall from the pulpit. A more absurd arrangement, one more calculated to pulverize, as it were, religious teaching, and to create in the community a state of indifference, can hardly be imagined. It creates in the Protestant public a sort of torpid equilibrium which nothing can disturb. The church which is no longer inspired by a strong faith becomes more and more worldly and *genteel*. Lately, there has been an effort to separate the Protestant churches from the State. The law, as it still exists, precludes the existence of free churches; and it is only owing to the tolerance of the Government that the free chapel of the Rue Taitbout is allowed to exist. M. de Pressensé is the apostle of the *free* church. He is a very respectable man, with strong convictions, somewhat chimerical in his views, but more preoccupied with politics than with religion. He is a member of the Republican Left in the Chamber, and his duties keep him most of the time in the Chamber.

This predominance of the political passions has gone far to neutralize the most eminent members of the Protestant Church. The government of the church, between the narrow limits which have been marked by the state, is left to a body half clerical and half laic. The most illustrious of these lay members of the consistory is M. Guizot. He is of Nismes, which remains still one of the strongholds of Protestantism and of Calvinistic opinions; but his political passions, which are strongly conservative, have finally brought him over to the defence of the temporal power of the Papacy. In his "Meditations on Religion" you will find that his faith does not live in a sphere superior to the troubled current of politics. General de Chabaud-Latour, who is another member of the consistory, belongs also to the conservative party. He is one of those Protestants who are so afraid of political agitation that they have come to dislike also religious agitation. This want of activity, this inertia, this dislike of the popular passions, seems to me the characteristic trait of French Protestantism. It is highly respectable, but cold and distant. Under our so-called Republic, and under the state of siege which has become the normal state of Paris, I know that there is not much liberty of association or of meeting. But what a field would there not be for real apostles in this enormous working population of the French faubourgs, which lives in a state of rebellion against Catholicism! The Communists have shown that they considered the clergy as their great enemy. It would require much courage to meet these pagans of modern civilization, who have no other God than their animal instincts, and who have been sedulously taught by the Revolutionary writers that the "Declaration of the Rights of Man" of Robespierre was the only gospel in which they ought to believe.

I have often told my Protestant friends that Belleville and Montmartre were the places where they ought to send their missionaries. The Rue des Rosiers, where two old generals were shot, the neighborhood of the prison of La Roquette, are places as shut to Christianity as the wilds of Africa. The Catholic Church has still some hold on these pagans. By the splendor of its ceremonies, by its monuments, by the memories and associations of centuries, it speaks to the imagination of the people even when they profess to hate its priests. But Protestantism is to them an empty word—they do not understand its true meaning. The populace is always engrossed by some show of power, and Protestantism in France cannot make such a show. It could only gain the hearts of the people by great efforts, by persecution; and the tolerance of the state never gives it the halo of misfortune. Among those who have not become indifferent to religious questions there is very little hope of ever bringing to life again the Protestant Lazarus. The long struggles of the wars of religion, Saint Bartholomew, the cruel persecutions of Louis XIV., which in their time were applauded by all cultivated Frenchmen (read Mme. de Sévigné's Letters), the new teachings of the French Revolution, have been successive blows which Protestantism has not resisted. While some thinkers attempt to moralize the Revolution and to establish a sort of deistic rationalism, the rest would be contented with breaking the bonds which unite French Catholicism with Rome, to throw it back into the old channels of Gallicanism, which is a more austere sort of Catholicism, more rational, with a smaller admixture of Mariolatry. But all these attempts seem vain. While Catholicism is becoming daily more ultramontane, and has submitted to the new dogma of the Vatican Council, rationalism is becoming more and more positivist, less and less deistic and ideal. Spiritualism seems defeated in the church and out of the church. The doctrines of the Internationale are the grossest and coarsest expressions of a naked materialism. The Catholic Church has perhaps gained more visible empire; it has worked upon all the instincts and interests which are hostile to the communistic instincts; but it has become more and more pagan, contracted, and sensual. The Roman rites have been everywhere introduced; the old Gallican prayer-books have been in all the sees replaced by the Roman prayer-book.

The religious state of the country explains all its misfortunes. In losing the Huguenot element, the old provincial nobility, which was neither revolted nor submissive, France lost the power of self-control, of self-government. Here and there you meet some remains of the spirit which inspired Henri de Rohan, but how seldom! I remember stopping once in the midst of the Plain of the Beauce, in a solitary mill: on the walls of the mill I saw, to my great surprise, some verses of the Bible. The miller informed me that he was a Huguenot; for generations his family had been living on this solitary spot, far from any minister, from any church. He seemed to me like a phantom of old France of the sixteenth century. Who can wonder if, in a few years, his sons or grandsons become either Catholics or infidels? The misfortunes of France may perhaps bring some moral revolution. We no longer believe in the Revolution as our fathers did. Rousseau, the Vicaire Savoyard, and the school of the rights of man, have lost much of their credit. Let us hope that some day a new spirit will revive the Protestant churches of France, and that our children will not repeat, as we can hopelessly, with Alfred de Musset, "Je suis venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux."

NOTES FROM BERLIN.

BERLIN, Jan. 30, 1872.

THERE are many in the United States who will receive the announcement of the death of Professor Trendelenburg with a sense of personal loss, for he possessed in a remarkable degree the power of transferring his own personality to his pupils and friends. For forty years a lecturer upon philosophy in the University of Berlin—first as *Privat-Docent*, and, since 1837, as a regular professor—he retained to the last that magnetic influence which marked the opening of his career, and always attracted an eager throng to his lecture-room at the unconscionable hour of seven in the morning in summer and eight in winter. It was not his teaching alone, but his manner, spirit, and character, that gave him this extraordinary popularity through two generations. He was a model of frankness, sincerity, kindliness, conscientiousness—of manly, earnest devotion to truth. With him the ethical was the highest end in philosophy and for humanity, and his "Naturrecht auf der Grundlage der Ethik" is, on the whole, the best expression of Trendelenburg both as a philosopher and as a man. He revived the philosophy of Aristotle, but infused into this the spirit of Christian theism. In this work especially—the "Naturrecht"—his very style reflects the purity and nobleness of his character. As a teacher, he was more critical than constructive, and he expended his strength upon the analysis of existing systems rather than in the synthesis of a new philosophy—as, for instance, in his "Beiträge zur Geschichte der Philosophie" and his "Logische Untersuchungen." Into such criticism he carried the clear, keen, rigorous method of a mathematical mind. But Trendelenburg had also the elements of a positive system. Against the idealism of Hegel, he maintained that conceptions (*die Begriffe*) are not self-originated, but are the product of contemplation (*Anschauung*) —the inner spiritual vision reproducing the outward, and from this refining its own abstractions. Hence he was wont to say, "Human thought lives by *Anschauung*, and must die of hunger if compelled to feed upon its own entrails."

Unhappily for himself and for us, he overstimulated his own brain with the uninterrupted contemplation of philosophical questions, until, about a year ago, a stroke of apoplexy warned him to prepare for the close of his work. Nevertheless, he persisted in lecturing almost to the day of his death, which took place on Wednesday, January 24, in the seventieth year of his age. As one of his colleagues expressed it, the instrument with which he worked so faithfully, his brain, caused his death. On that very day the journals announced his decoration by the King as a Knight of the Order of Merit, for his eminence in science and art. For twenty-five years he had been the indefatigable and most acceptable Secretary of the Berlin Academy of Science. His funeral took place on Saturday, January 27, at the new chapel of the Dom-Kirche in the Müllerstrasse. This chapel is in a remote suburb of the city, and the weather was unpropitious; yet there was a large gathering of professors, students, and men of position and of science to pay the last tribute to one so universally honored and beloved. An appropriate address was delivered by Professor Kleinert, and several chorals were admirably rendered by a quartette from the *Dom-Chor*.

To pass rather suddenly from philosophy to art, all Berlin is agitated by a new sensation in the opera, in which Lucca was the heroine. Indeed, it was what our royal guest, Prince Arthur of England, who witnessed it, might call "a nice bit of a row." For years Lucca has been the queen of the opera, the favorite of Berlin, the pet of the court—indeed, one might say of courts, since her popularity is even greater at St. Petersburg than at Berlin. But the past season has brought a new star upon the stage in Frau Mallinger, who first in the absence of Lucca began to rise to her place as the favorite singer, and since Lucca's return has challenged comparisons somewhat invidious toward the queen. In short, each prima donna now has her partisans, and the two factions may be likened to those of the Louisiana Legislature in their unscrupulous zeal. Lucca has been accused of *hauteur* toward Mallinger and her retainers, and of dictation and unfairness behind the scenes. Last Friday evening the two rivals, for the first time, appeared upon the stage together. The entrance of Lucca (as *Cherubim*, by the way) was the signal for tumultuous applause, but this was answered by a prolonged hiss--a sound which her ears had never before heard. She exclaimed energetically, "*Ungezogenheiten*"—unmannerly impertinence—and bolted from the stage. The curtain fell, and the house was in an uproar. After a while the curtain rose, and Mallinger was about to sing, when the spunky little *Cherubim* reappeared, stepped energetically to the middle of the stage, and in a clear, loud tone said, "I am conscious of no wrong, and see nothing in what I have done for which to blame myself." Everybody was carried away by her pluck, and the applause was frantic. The opera went on, and at the close of it Lucca's carriage was drawn up before the court entrance to the Opera House—a distinction said never before to have been conferred upon any artist. The affair has resulted in the triumph of Lucca. Both she and Mallinger tendered their resignations to the manager; Mallinger was at once released from her engagement, but Lucca's request was refused; she remains queen of the Berlin stage, and awaits an ovation in the "Huguenots." It is reported that she has been offered a hundred thousand dollars for a six-months' engagement in the United States.

Berlin is paying in enhanced prices, in the growth of speculation, and in the general unsettling of society, the penalty of her sudden promotion to an imperial capital. It will be well for her and for Germany if she can avert the perils of that political centralization, with its attendant social demoralization, which has wrought the ruin of Paris and of France. There is no longer a question of cheap living in Berlin; the previous question has been sprung upon every householder—how to live here at all? Rents have advanced in much the same ratio as in New York from 1863 to 1868. Five years ago, I hired in a fine house *Unter den Linden* a spacious parlor facing the street, and two bedrooms, modestly furnished, for 30 thalers a month. Such rooms in that street now command from 100 to 200 thalers monthly, according to the floor or the furniture. A third floor on the Linden, unfurnished, which four years ago rented for 700 thalers, now brings 2,400. Of course the rise is greatest in the central part of the city, but it is felt in every quarter. Several of my friends have been compelled to quit homes that were endeared by the associations of years because some outsider had overbid them in rent. Others are obliged to content themselves with half a dwelling (or *Wohnung*, in distinction from a *Haus*) or to rent out one or two rooms of their own scanty lodging. A friend entreated me not to pay the landlord what he demanded for a vacant floor in the same house with herself, because such an advance upon the previous rent would be followed by a levy upon all other tenants in the same building. People of moderate incomes are in mortal terror of being turned out of doors.

One cause of this is the frequency with which real estate changes hands through the spirit of speculation. A house purchased before the war for 40,000 thalers was lately sold for 92,000, and the new owner has since refused 200,000 thalers for it. He has notified the tenants of such an advance of rent that every occupant will perforce quit the house on the 1st of April—the Berlin "moving-day." In another case, a new proprietor hinted at an increase after April. A second-floor tenant, reluctant to pay 300 thalers, proposed to take the upper floor, then assessed at 200. But an artist in possession, wishing to secure his light, at once offered 300 thalers to keep his rooms, whereupon the owner notified the second-floor tenant that 400 thalers would be the rate after April, and every suite of rooms was raised in the same ratio, yielding an increase of 2,000 thalers in the rental of the entire house.

As for spacious and elegant apartments, such as an English or American family would be content to take, or even to look at, these will readily command from 1,000 to 2,000 thalers a year, and even more, according to local advantages. These figures, though quite moderate to the average New York tenant, are enormous for Berlin, which, in respect to business and to private fortunes, is relatively a poor city, and makes this a much dearer residence than London. In such attractive districts of London as Canonbury and Highbury Park, or Herne Hill and Upper Tulse Hill upon the other side, one can obtain a commodious and elegant house, with a garden, or in the vicinity of a park, for from £60 to £70 a year; and the necessaries of life are cheaper in London than in Berlin. Here everything has followed the advance of rents; and, to make matters worse, since the 1st of January the new system of weights and measures, uniform throughout Germany, has gone into effect; and though each new weight and measure is smaller than its fellow of the old system, the dealers charge the same rates for the new as for the old; thus mulcting the buyer at the rate of about 20 per cent. All housekeepers are grumbling, and the poor are suffering, but there is no redress. The principal hotels have advanced full 40 per cent. upon the rates of five years ago.

Amusements feel this general fever of appreciation. If one would enjoy Ulmann's Artistic Concert, he must pay 2 thalers for a seat; if he would hear Lucca in "Faust" or the "Afrikanerin," he must pay at the office 3 th. 10 sg. for a place in a box, and 2 th. 5 sg. for a seat in the parquet; and to this must be added from a half-thaler to a thaler for the services of a Dienstman or Commissionär, or to a speculator for standing two or three hours in the crowd before the ticket-office. This brings the cost of a good opera night up to the Nilsson prices in New York. In short, the world over, one must pay the best prices for the best things. No "International League" can reverse that law.

This rapid advance of prices is not due here, as at Dresden, to the influx of a large colony of English and Americans; for English and American colonists produce hardly a ripple upon that tide of immigration which is rolling in upon Berlin at the rate of 2,000 a week. It is the fact that Berlin is henceforth to be the head of all Germany, that the imperial court is here, that the parliament of United Germany meets here, and has resolved to make this its home by erecting here a national parliament house, and that by consequence capital, trade, wealth, pleasure, fashion, enterprise, adventure, all gravitate to this as their natural centre. There are not houses enough to provide for this sudden expansion of population, and though new districts are being opened on the outskirts of the Thiergarten and beyond the Potsdam Bridge, yet the high price of land and the present cost of building put new houses beyond the reach of persons of moderate incomes. It is upon salaried men and persons of fixed income that this pressure comes most heavily; but it is felt in all domestic arrangements. Men hesitate to marry because of the high rents and the upward tendency of the necessaries of life. Many are talking of moving out of the city; but this would change the habits of society, especially in the two interests most dear to a Berliner—his home and his amusements. He could no longer have his mid-day dinner with his family, and he could no longer spend his evenings at the concert, the *Conditorei*, the opera, or the theatre; and such a revolution would soon be followed by a counter-revolution in favor of hotel-life in town. Moreover, as yet the railway accommodations are not adapted to suburban life. The railway stations are on the outskirts of the city, and to a German a walk of twenty minutes to the cars seems a serious undertaking; but there is talk of building a common station in the heart of the city.

Old Berliners are complaining of the effect of this enormous growth of population upon the manners and even upon the language of the people. The past three years have witnessed an increase of nearly 150,000, making over 800,000 by the recent census. The native-born inhabitants are already in the minority; and there is reason to fear that in time Berlin will become a city for only the very rich, the very poor, and the speculators and adventurers who prey upon society, and will be the gathering-point for all the worst, as well as the best, political and social elements from the whole Germanic Empire. As yet, however, I have not heard either a republic or women's suffrage proposed as a remedy for this new social economy.

AN AUSWANDERER.

Correspondence.

PRESIDENT WOOLSEY AND CONSEQUENTIAL DAMAGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is, as it appears to me, in the recent article of President Woolsey's in the *Independent*, a fallacy, which, coming from a scholar so eminent and a mind so just, is entitled to what few fallacies are, a refutation. It lies in the following paragraphs:

> "Or, to come to the especial difference of opinion between the two Governments, might not the United States say: 'We consent to the English understanding and interpretation; let it rule in regard to the province of the tribunal at Geneva. But, in consistency with that opinion, we shall regard the results of the proceedings of that Board as a full, perfect, and final settlement of the claims (Article XI. of the Treaty) that relate to direct injuries. But the claims we have made, as it respects indirect injuries, are not thereby settled, and we shall reserve them for a more convenient season'? The British Government, then, ought to contemplate, if its interpretation is to prevail, the possibility of a batch of new claims, which were beyond the province, as it maintains, of the existing Court of Arbitration.
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> "As we have said, if indirect and consequential injuries were not to be submitted to the arbitrators, then the United States did not, by making no mention of them, abandon them, and may resume their claims on this account. This, then, is the dilemma—they were or were not included in the submission. If they were, they must be considered, and Great Britain cannot withdraw from the arbitration or refuse to abide by it. If they were not, why can they not, after a longer or shorter sleep, wake up again?"

The fallacy here may be shown best by illustration.

If I strike a man, he may sue me and claim his direct damages, the doctor's bill, or his "consequential" damages, the indignity, or both. But if I am beyond the jurisdiction of any court in which he can seek redress, so that I cannot be sued without my own consent, I may stipulate that, should I voluntarily appear in a designated tribunal, his demand shall be limited to the direct damages which he has sustained. Should some dispute arise before I thus appear in court as to the construction of the stipulation, I may still refuse to appear, or may agree that its construction be left to the court, or insist that it shall be understood to limit my liability to the direct damages. Assume, now, that I thus insist, and that with this understanding we go to trial, there being, if you choose, declarations and asseverations on his part as to his right to demand, here or hereafter, consequential damages. If he should successfully prove that I struck him, and that his doctor's bill was $100, and for this amount a verdict should be rendered and judgment entered, the wrong I did him would become merged in the judgment, and the matter in controversy be for ever at an end.

It is the word "claims" in the Treaty whence all the trouble and confusion flow. But it must be understood that this word embraces two distinct things: first, the cause of action; second, the damages, be they direct or consequential, springing therefrom. The fallacy consists in taking a part for the whole—a resultant for the injury—an effect for the cause—in saying that the claims (meaning thereby the causes of action with their consequential damages) survive, when in fact the claims (meaning thereby the causes of action) are dead.

I am aware that the controversies of nations are not in all things governed by the analogies of municipal law, and that the principles of international law must be applied untrammelled by many of its restrictions; but there can be no system of law on earth that will allow a controversy to be prosecuted to judgment, the judgment to be paid, the payment to be accepted, and one of the parties to remain free to revive the controversy because he did not recover all that he demanded. *Interest reipublicæ ut sit finis litium* is a maxim applicable to controversies between governments as to controversies between men; and "if there be any one principle of law settled beyond all question it is this, that whensoever a *cause of action*—in the language of the law—*transit in rem judicatam*, and the judgment thereupon remains in full force and unreversed, the original cause of action is merged and gone for ever." So said the Supreme Court against the United States in a suit where they were plaintiffs (11 Peters' R., p. 100). If we suffer England to atone for injuries inflicted, the atonement blots them out, be it little or much; if the wrongs which we complain of expire in the award of the international tribunal, a future claim for their consequential damages will be but their vexatious ghost. Respectfully yours,

CHARLES C. NOTT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 16, 1872.

Notes.

A PHILOZOIC essay, by Col. E. B. Hamley, entitled "Our Poor Relations," is announced by J. E. Tilton & Co., of Boston.

—A recent English writer, having spoken of the "foundation" of principles upon which a certain political party is standing, pauses to amend his expression, and says that for the word "foundation" he will substitute a forcible Americanism, "platform," as being better suited to the flimsiness of the structure in question. Like some other "Americanisms," this is not to be called an Americanism at all. For a time in the course of its existence it has been actively used in this country while not used in England; but formerly it was used in England; it is sure of being used there again; and we do not know where is the authority to pronounce it an Americanism and refuse it a place as a recognized English word of good standing and repute. Most probably it came into common use on this side of the water at the time when our New England communities were agitated by theological discussions over various forms of Calvinism—discussions which resulted in "platforms," as the "Plymouth Platform" and the "Saybrook Platform," modelled on the set of propositions so familiar to English as well as American divines under the title of "The Geneva Platform." It is altogether likely that our politicians took the term from the theologians, the church and the politicians being in those days quite as closely connected together as in our time; but had they liked they might have found other than American and theological warrant for its use. Hooker among English Churchmen employed it, and so did Bacon among English politicians; and if our platform-makers had been readers of plays they might have found it in "Sir John Oldcastle," one of the "doubtful" plays of Shakespeare. The conspirators in that tragedy show Sir John a statement of their grievances set forth item by item, which they present to him as "the platform" of the new league. But, in fact, so excellent a metaphor requires no one's authority or defence, and is to be thankfully accepted as a welcome addition to the language wherever spoken.

—A novel mode of emending the text of our English classics with special reference to Shakespeare's text, is described in the *Athenæum* of January 27, by Mr. William Blades. That a large proportion of the obscure passages are attributable to printers' blunders there can be no doubt; but Mr. Blades confines himself chiefly to such as naturally arose from what the printers call "a foul case"—the *case* being the set of boxes from which the types are picked, and into which they are distributed. Careless distributing is the principal cause of fouling, but this may also arise, since the case is slanted, from the slipping down of type from an over-heaped box above to the next lower. This contingency is the one most relied on by Mr. Blades, who, after explaining it, shows by a diagram the arrangement of "upper case" and "lower case" respectively in Shakespeare's time, indeed, down to the commencement of the present century. Double letters (or logotypes) prevailed much more extensively than at present, and affected the arrangement considerably. The scientific order now employed, for instance, places the *e* at the bottom of the case instead of at the top, as being the letter most used, but the positions formerly assigned *t* and *a* correspond with their importance as the second and third letters of the alphabet. We shall give but a single illustration of Mr. Blades's hypothesis. Promising that, in the lower case, the box for *o* ranged above the *a*, we have only to suppose an *o* to have slipped down among the *a*'s to arrive at the change proposed (*Macbeth*, v. 5):

> "Were they not *forc'd* with those that should be ours,
> We might have met them dareful, beard to beard."

"The word *forced*," says Mr. Blades, "should be read *farced*. . . The enemy's ranks were not *forced* with Macbeth's [natural] followers, but *farced* or filled up." This, perhaps, is not a favorable specimen of emendation, inasmuch as *forced* for *enforced* seems no great stretch of meaning; but it exhibits well enough Mr. Blades's ingenious *modus operandi*.

—For a long period, perhaps from the days of Heminge and Condell themselves, we suppose it has been true of the English stage as of the Continental, that no play of Shakespeare's has been acted without curtailment or alteration. The vast changes which have taken place in the manners and occupations of society; the decline of the theatre in importance, together with the steady improvement in public taste, requiring greater perfection in the mechanical adjuncts of dramatic representation; and, finally, the moral differences between this age and the Elizabethan, have all combined to render Shakespeare unfit for literal performance. Life is now too short, the tax upon the scene-painter and stage-carpenter too severe, and the offences against decency too numerous and too gross, to leave us any choice between tinkering and total neglect. Besides, the fact of a traditional stage version of Shakespeare's plays nigh two centuries old is evidence of defects in them apart from those considered above. Managers, playwrights, and actors have all had a share in this version, which we speak of as a whole as distinguished from the original as a whole, although outside of the same theatre any given play of Shakespeare's may hardly have been twice represented in exactly the same way. The great "stars" have freely cut the text to suit themselves, now to subordinate still more the parts of other actors, and again to heighten, by condensing and unifying, the dramatic effect. That any consistent and scholarly attempt at reducing and adapting to the stage the complete works of Shakespeare has ever been made in our language we are not aware.

—In Germany this attempt is now being made by M. Oechelhäuser, one of the officers and a leading founder of the Shakespeare Society, who has studied devotedly, and with true poetic sympathy, the works of Shakespeare, and in his "Essay on King Richard III." had already sketched the principles which should guide one in a task like the present. These principles he discusses anew in the first of the eight volumes that have thus far appeared. They are, in general terms, that "nothing organic should be changed, nothing essential should be rejected, and of course nothing unnecessarily invented and added." Of the success with which he has observed these conditions, it may be said that it is admirable so far as regards omissions and condensation, and that in the main, too, his own additions, to serve as bridges where the connecting link has been dropped, are satisfactory enough. As the rule, of course, these additions have consisted at most of a verse or two—as little as would suffice. It is only when filling a longer hiatus that the want of genius becomes manifest. This happens notably with the trilogy of Henry VI., where Herr Oechelhäuser condenses, with a great deal of skill, three plays into one, prefacing it with some seventy verses, which explain the situation, in a dialogue between York and Salisbury. The editor intends to adapt all the plays of Shakespeare except *Titus Andronicus, Timon of Athens, Measure for Measure, All's Well that Ends Well*, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Of these it would seem hardest to part with *Measure for Measure*. but, though one of the most enjoyable in the closet, it is unfit for the boards, the plot being such as no audience would endure. The volumes already issued contain *Richard III., As You Like It, Hamlet, Henry IV., Richard II., Midsummer-Night's Dream, King Lear*, and the *Taming of the Shrew*. We venture to suggest to Shakespeare Societies in England and in this country whether the English stage might not, with no great labor, be enabled to profit by Herr Oechelhäuser's labors, and a standard version be thus arrived at which would materially promote a Shakespeare revival.

—The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* having been commanded by his superior officer to make an article on the statuary and paintings of the Capitol, and having himself no knowledge whatever of the plastic arts in any of their forms, proceeded to consider how he should set about obeying orders. Very soon he bethought himself that he had once had a slight acquaintance with a gentleman whom "no one will deny a place among the eight or ten distinguished American sculptors," and out of him the correspondent resolved to chisel, so to speak, two columns and a half about the art objects of Washington City. Not every man of resources must be a newspaper correspondent, but every newspaper correspondent must be a man of resources, and this correspondent betook himself at once to the Capitol grounds to waylay Dr. Horatio Stone, the sculptor to whom reference has been made, and to make him produce the required matter for the letter. This he succeeded in doing, though not to his entire satisfaction. What he wanted was a spicy article, containing anecdotes about the statues, and telling how much each piece cost; but, instead of this, the doctor persisted in discoursing "like a lecture," declining to produce any anecdotes, and referring his young friend to the "appropriation bills" for the "items of prices." It is true, the correspondent admits, that "the presence of the various works which he talked about added greatly to the interest of his conversation"; but still the conversation was, he feels, too much like a lecture. It is borne in upon him, as our fathers used to say in "meeting," that he must somehow contrive to give it more of interest for the readers of the *Commercial*. And now, do any of our readers figure him to themselves as casting about for a means of accomplishing this result? Did he beat his brains for ideas, do they imagine, and give himself some trouble to find a way of making the doctor's transcendentalism readable? If any do so figure him, they thereby reveal their own complete ignorance of the newspaper correspondent's habits. Our friend, they may be sure, gave himself no concern on this point, being too practised a fellow of his craft not to know precisely what the occasion called for. He just took his pen and wrote down for the second head of his discourse these three words, in small capitals, HOW HE LOOKS, and then proceeded to give his readers a little of that sub-variety of anthropology in which the correspondents greatly joy themselves, and which consists in giving an impudent detailed description of the nose, bust, front teeth, ears, hair, legs, clothes, under-clothes, ear-trumpet, and "personal appearance" generally, of any officer of the coast survey, sister of charity, metaphysician, acting assistant adjutant-general, senator's wife, senator, philosopher, politician, panel thief, or what not, any of whose acts or remote ancestors may for the moment be undergoing discussion. As to how the victim in this particular case looks, we learn that—

> "He looks better than ever. Age has strengthened his face while taking from it none of its softness. His hair was light brown [formerly], which mixes well with gray, and is worn rather long and negligently. His beard is full and long, and streaked plentifully with gray. The same fine, sensitive, nervous, discriminating face remains, and the same head which overruns with poetic genius."

—Dr. Stone, we are told, would not attract a stranger by his appearance, because he is not a person who obtrudes himself on people—a trait of character in which he does not resemble a gentleman whose name our correspondent may learn by calling at this office—but "give him half a chance" and he is a most agreeable companion, and converses very instructively and very freely. We may believe, then, we suppose, that our correspondent's memory failed him in his attempt to carry off the doctor's two columns of conversation in this instance, for it is two columns of matter as to which we can make oath, without perjury and without mental reservation, that it deserves to be memorable even in the history of art-criticism in the District of Columbia, and no one can say more than that. We do not intend quoting any of it, nor saying anything further about it, except to beg our correspondent—and some other people—to give a moment's consideration to one or two propositions which may almost be pronounced self-evident: Of all the millions of men, there are rarely two on earth at any one time who are able to do perfectly every possible thing within the compass of human power; who perfectly comprehend every field of human activity, and who are competent to talk to their fellow-creatures upon every known topic; most of us, then, may honestly and without shame confess that as to certain subjects we are incompetent to speak, and that beyond peradventure we shall go to our graves before we have acquired the right to talk about them; that among these subjects sculpture and painting are in the cases of a majority of men so certain to be included, that no man until after long observation and study is justified in doing anything else than distrusting his own judgment and consenting to be taught by what long ages have said; that, finally, the conversation of sculptors suspected of being eighteenth-rate or even eighth-rate or even fourth-rate is to be violently suspected as but a bad means of instruction, and indeed worse than worthless. Going back to the business of anthropologizing his subject, our correspondent—who, if he has some of the tricks of his trade, is nevertheless, let us say, a very good correspondent—informs us that hereafter, before he engages in conversation with Parson Newman about himself (the Parson), or with Mullett about fire-proof buildings, or Grant about horses, or Ben. Wade about the conduct of the war, or Thurman about the Constitution, or Professor Hayden about the Yellow Stone country, or Dr. Horatio Stone about art, he'll take care to have a good deal of time on his hands, these gentlemen, apparently, being understood to be prolix when discussing these several topics. We advise him, so far as Dr. Stone is concerned, to have as little time as possible on his hands when next the doctor turns the conversation in the direction of Signor Brumidi, and Colonel Trumbull, and Mr. Greenough's Washington, and the "coats of arms" of the various States, and the architecture of the Federal District.

—Two petitions, asking for a commutation of the sentence of deportation passed on Elisée Reclus (the well-known author of "La Terre," lately reviewed in these columns), on account of his complicity with the Commune, have been signed by the leading men of science in England, and addressed respectively to the Board of Pardons at Versailles and to M. Thiers himself. These appeals, joined to similar ones from members of the French Academy, would seem well-nigh irresistible. There is, perhaps, no excuse for the fatal error into which M. Reclus was betrayed, and his example as a man of learning and of unusual intelligence may deserve the severe penalty decreed for it, but his previous character powerfully pleads for any mitigation of his sentence consistent with the public welfare. He became a Communist from having long been a socialist by conviction, and yet this destructive alliance was not incompatible with conscientious scruples against eating meat, on the ground that man has no right to kill his fellow-creatures. In private intercourse he was distinguished for warm-heartedness and amiability, and only his social theories could have led him at last into the company of assassins and *pétroleurs.* Elisée Reclus was born in Roussillon, at the foot of the Pyrenees, in 1829, and received his early education at Neuwied, in Rhenish Prussia, and his later at Berlin in 1850, having from the first given proofs of a precocious and powerful intellect. Unlike the majority of his countrymen, he learned foreign languages with facility, speaking German as if it were his native tongue, and being also master of English, Spanish, and Italian. He first attracted the attention of the scientific world by his contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which followed a four years' absence from France, two of which were spent in this country, chiefly in Mexico. If a harsh punishment is still deemed necessary for him, simple banishment, while answering all the demands of justice, would preserve for science this eminent disciple.

—The number of publications relating to the siege of Paris and the Commune is on the increase in France, though the military history of the second siege, and final overthrow of the Commune, is thus far very meagre. While Bazaine is still unconvicted of treachery in the surrender of Metz, a history of the Mexican expedition is about to appear, in which the Marshal's ability as a soldier will be brought out in a striking manner—as the announcement goes. The narrative will be complete, and of considerable interest, as having been written by a staff-officer to a Minister of War. More agreeable to mention are works which pertain to the moral and political reconstruction of France: in the latter field, "La Réforme électorale en France," by E. Naville; "Du Suffrage universel et de la manière de voter," by H. Taine; "Les Limites du Suffrage universel," by R. Rondelet; in the former, "De l'enseignement des Langues vivantes dans les lycées," by Eugène Baret; "Les Langues vivantes avant et après la guerre," by Henry Montucci; "De l'étude de la Langue allemande dans les établissements publics d'instruction secondaire en France," by J. N. Charles. The two authors last named are professors of the modern languages in the Paris lyceums. A renowned explorer of American dead languages, the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, has just published a *catalogue raisonné* of his private library—"Bibliothèque Mexico-Guatémalienne, précédée d'un Coup d'Œil sur les Études Américaines." This collection embraces 80 manuscript volumes on the languages of Mexico and Central America, 60 grammars and vocabularies, and 80 other historical documents. Among these 20 relate to the *Maya* language of Yucatan, 25 to the *Nahuatl* of Mexico, 14 to the *Quiché* of Guatemala, etc., etc. The catalogue ought to be accessible to every student of the Central American languages; but in this country we fear they might be counted on the fingers of one hand. Of much more general interest is the index which the conductors of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* will shortly publish, and which will include, says the *Academy*, "notices of the authorship and circumstances under which the more remarkable articles appeared during the forty-two years that the *Revue* has been identified with the best literary workmanship in France."

—An ever-interesting episode in modern history, the burning of Moscow, has been called to mind by Count Anatole de Ségur, whose mother holds a deservedly high place as a charming writer for the young. She was the daughter of the late Count Rostopshin, Governor-General of Moscow in 1812, and it is his life that his grandson has undertaken to write, or rather to compile, from documents preserved in his family ("Vie du Comte Rostopchine"). It is well-known that Rostopshin, after he had become famous, resided for a number of years in France, where he published a pamphlet to exculpate himself from the charge of having ordered the firing of the Russian capital. This disavowal seemed strange to his countrymen, not only because they regarded the destruction of Moscow as a glorious act of patriotism, but because they remembered that in his passage through Germany he had allowed himself to receive extraordinary attentions offered expressly on account of it. They knew, too, that he had fired his own country-house in the suburbs of the city on the approach of the French, and that in the evacuation of Moscow he ordered away all the fire-engines. M. de Ségur, for his part, admits that Rostopshin thus prepared for the conflagration, but acquits him of having given orders to that effect. The fact was notorious that the burning of the town had been openly declared necessary in case the enemy occupied it, and that Rostopshin had as openly manifested the same disposition. His bulletins and proclamations, however, never alluded to the subject; but, on the contrary, urged the duty and security of defending the city, and apparently in perfect sincerity. Field-Marshal Kutusoff encouraged him in this illusion at the same time that he and his generals, with one exception, were unanimous in deciding for the abandonment of Moscow. Rostopshin was, intellectually considered, a man of recognized ability, and it is a pity that his rule at Moscow was tarnished by acts of atrocity at which even the mob revolted when asked to participate. They will be found narrated at pp. 12–19 of Vol. I. of the late Nicholas Turgeneff's "La Russie et les Russes." The burning of Moscow and that of Chicago have naturally been compared. The latter was, of course, a much more terrible event than a premeditated removal with which fire had no necessary connection as a cause. Nevertheless, the number of homeless in the former instance was by far the greater. Out of 300,000 inhabitants of Moscow, only 60,000 awaited the arrival of the French. Turgeneff tells a ludicrous story of the chief of police, who migrated with the rest, and made report to the Emperor in the usual official forms, according to which he wrote: "I have the *pleasure* of informing your Majesty that the French have occupied Moscow," etc.

—There is abundant evidence to show the settled hostility of the ruling class in China to foreign residents, and to convict officials, high and low, of the most unscrupulous attempts to inflame the ignorant populace against them, either directly or indirectly; and there may be said to have been an unbroken series of mob violence, or excitations to mob violence, ever since the Tien-tsin massacre. It cannot be denied that this state of things affords reasonable ground of alarm to the foreign colonies and to the more or less isolated missionaries—much greater, indeed, than if it were clear that the Imperial Government were planning a crusade of expulsion, instead of merely encouraging resistance to foreign intercourse while keeping within the letter of the treaties. The latest manifestation of this anxiety which has come under our notice is a letter from the Rev. J. V. N. Talmage, at Amoy, written last September, to Gen. Le Gendre, U. S. Consul at that port, and published as a pamphlet at Hongkong: "The Anti-Missionary Movement in South China; more especially in the Amoy District and adjacent localities." The writer endeavors to show that the Chinese opposition to the Christian religion is directed against it chiefly as a foreign religion, and that it affords the Government the readiest means of exciting odium against foreigners in general. This would appear to be the state of the case, since the allegations brought against the missionaries and their doctrines are specimens of the most deliberate and malignant lying conceivable. Nevertheless, precarious as may be the safety of foreign residents, a broad view makes evident a steady progress on their part during the past ten years, and a prospect of greater security hereafter. Every factor of Western civilization, however slight, tells against Chinese barbarism and exclusiveness, as patient waiting will show. The coast telegraph already laid will do much both for security and progress, and we observe that the introduction of that recent invention, the road-steamer, to run between Taku and Tien-tsin, is anticipated with rejoicing, as likely to open the way for railroads, for which the country is perfectly adapted. Meantime, the French negotiations which ensued on the Tien-tsin massacre promise to improve the standing not only of foreign residents but of foreign diplomatic representatives in China.

MR. LECKY ON IRELAND.*

THIS volume contains four essays first published anonymously many years ago, and in now reproducing them with an introduction, Mr. Lecky says "he is yielding in part to the request of many friends in Ireland and elsewhere who have been good enough to regret the difficulty of procuring them, and in part also to a feeling that at the present moment their appearance might not be wholly useless or inopportune," and in part, we suppose, he might also have added, to the belief that the growth of the author's reputation will now secure them an amount of attention which, when they first saw the light, they were far from receiving. It would be a great mistake, however, to set them down among "the early efforts" of distinguished men which the enterprise of publishers so often rescues from oblivion, and which are luminous only with a reflected light. They are solid and valuable contributions to the literature of one of the most melancholy subjects of which historian or philosopher is called on to treat, and we doubt much whether anybody who wrote on it many years ago would find now so little to revise in his judgments and so little to regret in his prophecies as Mr. Lecky does. He has written an introduction, too, which contains his latest opinions on the great and apparently hopeless question of Irish discontent, and they are opinions which, even if not very encouraging, are very suggestive, and they deserve the attention of everybody whom Irish discontent is likely to affect—and what corner of the earth have the waters of that bitter fountain not reached?—as those of a class of Irishmen whose voices are now seldom heard on Irish affairs, and whom the insane policy of England has robbed of all influence over their own countrymen, and yet who are probably the only men in existence who look at the Irish question with enough sympathy with the Irish people to understand it, and enough sympathy with the rest of the world to talk rationally about it.

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* "The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland: Swift, Flood, Grattan, O'Connell. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky, M.A." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

The story he tells in the shape of four essays on the career and character of four great Irishmen—Swift, Flood, Grattan, and O'Connell—is that of the growth and degeneration and, we might almost add, the extinction of public opinion in Ireland. Swift called it into being; Flood fostered and watched over its growth; Grattan made it a power strong enough to secure Irish independence; under O'Connell it achieved its greatest triumph, and then declined rapidly. It can now be hardly said to exist. The ravings of the Fenians and the curses and grumblings of the Ultramontane priesthood are not the voice of a nation.

To understand what it was that these four men accomplished we have to bear in mind the state of things with which they had to deal. We gave a brief account in these columns (No. 276, Oct. 13, 1870), in a review of Mr. Prendergast's "Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland," of the condition of Ireland after the subjugation by Cromwell and the subsequent reconquest by William III. The flower of the Catholic or native population were dead or gone into exile; the best lands were divided among the English settlers, composed in the main of Cromwellian and Williamite soldiers. The Treaty of Limerick, which closed the struggle with James II., stipulated for the religious freedom of the Catholics. It was deliberately and immediately violated as soon as signed, and the "penal code" was passed by the Irish Parliament, composed of English colonists, the English Parliament setting them the example. The English legislation against the Catholics under William was indeed worse than the Irish, many of the most atrocious of the Irish statutes being simply transcripts of the English ones. We hear less of the English persecution simply because the English Catholics were a mere handful, whereas in Ireland they formed the bulk of the population. The first step in this legislation was taken in 1691; the first measure of relief was passed in 1768; but Catholics were not put on a footing of complete equality with Protestants, as regards civil rights, till 1792. During the intervening century, they suffered from disabilities of which Mr. Lecky gives the following excellent summary:

> "By this code the Roman Catholics were absolutely excluded from the parliament, from the magistracy, from the corporations, from the bench, and from the bar. They could not vote at parliamentary elections or at vestries. They could not act as constables or sheriffs or jurymen, or serve in the army or navy, or become solicitors, or even hold the positions of gamekeeper or watchman. Schools were established to bring up their children as Protestants; and if they refused to avail themselves of these, they were deliberately consigned to hopeless ignorance, being excluded from the university, and debarred, under crushing penalties, from acting as schoolmasters, as ushers, or as private tutors, or from sending their children abroad to obtain the instruction they were refused at home. They could not marry Protestants; and if such a marriage were celebrated, it was annulled by law, and the priest who officiated might be hung. They could not buy land, or inherit or receive it as a gift from Protestants, or hold life annuities, or leases for more than thirty-one years, or any lease on such terms that the profits of the land exceeded one-third of the rent. If any Catholic leaseholder by his industry so increased his profits that they exceeded this proportion, and did not immediately make a corresponding increase in his payments, any Protestant who gave the information could enter into possession of his farm. If any Catholic had secretly purchased either his old forfeited estate or any other land, any Protestant who informed against him might become the proprietor. The few Catholic landholders who remained were deprived of the right, which all other classes possessed, of bequeathing their lands as they pleased. If their sons continued Catholics, it was divided equally between them. If, however, the eldest son consented to apostatize, the estate was settled upon him, the father from that hour became only a life-tenant, and lost all power of selling, mortgaging, or otherwise disposing of it. If the wife of a Catholic abandoned the religion of her husband, she was immediately free from his control, and the chancellor was empowered to assign to her a certain portion of her husband's property. If any child, however young, professed itself a Protestant, it was at once taken from the father's care, and the chancellor could oblige the father to declare upon oath the value of his property, both real and personal; and could assign for the present maintenance and future portion of the converted child such proportion of that property as the court might decree. No Catholic could be guardian either to his own children or to those of another person; and therefore a Catholic who died while his children were minors had the bitterness of reflecting upon his death-bed that they must pass into the care of Protestants. An annuity of from twenty to forty pounds was provided as a bribe for every priest who would become a Protestant. To convert a Protestant to Catholicism was a capital offence. In every walk of life the Catholic was pursued by persecution or restriction. Except in the linen trade, he could not have more than two apprentices. He could not possess a horse of the value of more than five pounds, and any Protestant, on giving him five pounds, could take his horse. He was compelled to pay double to the militia. He was forbidden, except under particular conditions, to live in Galway or Limerick. In case of war with a Catholic power, the Catholics were obliged to reimburse the damage done by the enemy's privateers. The legislature, it is true, did not venture absolutely to suppress their worship, but it existed only by a doubtful connivance, stigmatized as if it were a species of licensed prostitution, and subject to conditions which, if they had been enforced, would have rendered its continuance impossible. An old law which prohibited it, and another which enjoined attendance at the Anglican worship, remained unrepealed, and might at any time be revived; and the former was, in fact, enforced during the Scotch rebellion of 1715. The parish priests, who alone were allowed to officiate, were compelled to be registered, and were forbidden to keep curates, or to officiate anywhere except in their own parishes. The chapels might not have bells or steeples. No crosses might be publicly erected. Pilgrimages to the holy wells were forbidden. Not only all monks and friars, but also all Catholic archbishops, bishops, deacons, and other dignitaries, were ordered by a certain day to leave the country; and if after that date they were found in Ireland, they were liable to be first imprisoned and then banished; and if after that banishment they returned to discharge their duty in their dioceses, they were liable to the punishment of death. To facilitate the discovery of offences against the code, two justices of the peace might at any time compel any Catholic of eighteen years of age to declare when and where he last heard mass, what persons were present, and who officiated; and if he refused to give evidence, they might imprison him for twelve months, or until he paid a fine of twenty pounds. Any one who harbored ecclesiastics from beyond the seas was subject to fines which, for the third offence, amounted to the confiscation of all his goods. A graduated scale of rewards was offered for the discovery of Catholic bishops, priests, and schoolmasters; and a resolution of the House of Commons pronounced the prosecuting and informing against Papists 'an honorable service to the government.'"

The Protestants, who were all men of English descent, formed about one-fifth of the population, and it might have been supposed that England would have spared no pains to attach them to the mother country, and to make them an instrument for the absorption of the island into the English political and social system, or, in other words, for making it an integral part of the British Empire in fact as well as in law. She did nothing of the kind. On the contrary, they rapidly became, like all the other colonists, objects of jealousy, suspicion, and even persecution. Everything that a depraved ingenuity could suggest was done to alienate them. Not only was their legislature kept in abject dependence on that of Great Britain, but the Irish Protestants were systematically excluded from all the high offices in the gift of the Crown. The lord-lieutenant, chief secretary, and other prominent political officers were always Englishmen. During the whole of the eighteenth century, no Irishman held the archbishopric of Armagh; of the eighteen archbishops of Dublin and Cashel ten were Englishmen. The lord chancellor was nearly always an Englishman, and so were a large proportion of the bishops and judges. The parliament was at the same time controlled by a system of corruption which has no parallel in political history, except Walpole's and Tweed's. It contained 300 members, of whom 216 were returned by rotten boroughs; and of these 200 were returned by 100 individuals, and nearly 50 by ten. One peer returned sixteen members, another fourteen, and these patrons the Government bought up wholesale. The Irish pension list was as large in proportion to the resources of the population from which the money was drawn as that of Louis XV., and it was used partly in debauching the legislature and partly in rewarding English or foreign adventurers or creatures of the Government. The mistresses of George I., and the Queen Dowager of Prussia, and the Sardinian ambassador who negotiated the peace of Paris, were quartered on it, and it was increased at the pleasure of the crown.

But this was not all, or the worst. A deliberate attempt was begun in 1663, and persisted in for more than a century, at the destruction of all Irish industry, and it was an attempt which involved Catholic and Protestant in a common ruin; and when we consider how largely character is the result of hereditary industrial training, it is impossible to doubt that the recklessness and improvidence which had, by the beginning of this century, come to be considered essential traits of the typical Irishman, were the result of this really atrocious legislation. On the restoration of peace and security in 1663, the Irish began to raise cattle and export them on a large scale to England, their only market; an act of the English Parliament of that year prohibited the trade absolutely. In the same year Ireland was excluded from all trade with the English colonies. In 1696, the law was made more stringent by prohibiting all direct importations from the colonies into Ireland—the principal colonies being those of North America, and Ireland being peculiarly well situated for intercourse with them. The Irish then began to raise sheep and go into the wool manufacture. An act was passed in the English Parliament in 1699 forbidding the exportation of Irish woollens to England or any other country. As the manufacture had reached a point of considerable prosperity, this was a frightful infliction and plunged the people in the deepest distress. They then turned their attention to the linen manufacture, which the English Government professed to look on with a favorable eye, and, if they did not encourage it, at least suffered it, but it was not till 1777 that Irish linens were admitted to the colonies, and they were not, even then, admitted to England. There were a great number of minor restrictions placed on Irish industry; to mention only one—the export of glass, of which the Irish began to manufacture the coarser kinds, to England or any other country, was prohibited by special statute.

It was in the midst of this prostration that Swift first roused the sentiment of nationality in the breasts of the Protestant colony, for the Catholics were mere broken-spirited serfs, who aspired to no part in the political life of the country, and were no more thought of as capable of taking part in it in Swift's day than if they had actually been slaves. The first symptoms of resistance to English oppression were shown by a handful of men, not over half a million in all, whose political morals the mother country had done her utmost to ruin, both by pecuniary corruption and exclusion from high office, and by unrestricted indulgence in class tyranny. It is the story of their struggle during fifty not inglorious years that Mr. Lecky traces, and a more instructive story one does not often read. They wrested from Great Britain, between Flood's appearance on the scene in 1759 and the passage of the Act of Union in 1800, the abolition of all legislative restrictions on the commerce and industry of Ireland, the legislative independence of the Irish Parliament, the release of the Irish courts from the control of those of England, the irremovability of the Irish judges. They effected the emancipation of the Catholics from almost all their disabilities, and this voluntarily, heartily, and in the teeth of much English opposition. They produced, in the persons of Flood, Grattan, Burke, Plunket, and Sheridan, orators and statesmen who, either in the Irish or English House of Commons, held positions for which political history may be said to offer no parallel. Two of these orators, Grattan and Burke, have left the only political speeches which anybody now reads for instruction, and which nobody can read without receiving much instruction; and if we have to except Burke's hostility to the French Revolution, and Flood's hostility to the American Revolution, there was no great movement of their day which the world now recognizes as really progressive which did not receive their hearty support. Flood's aberrations on the subject of the American war we may pardon when we find that John Wesley opposed the repeal of the Penal Laws. Flood failed, when transferred to the English House, but failed only through an accident. He got up with the intention of making a few remarks on an Indian question, and the rush of members in from the lobbies to hear him when they learned that he had risen was so great that he was excited and flattered into attempting a set speech on a subject with which he was not familiar. The result was disappointment which he never got over. But Wraxall's statement, "that the slow, measured, and sententious style of the enunciation which characterized his eloquence, however calculated to excite admiration it might be in the senate of the sister kingdom, appeared to English ears cold, stiff, and deficient in some of the best recommendations to attention," furnishes a curious illustration of the extent of the change which Irish oratory has since undergone.

This remarkable display of fertility in political talent on the part of the Irish Protestants, under extraordinarily unfavorable circumstances, promised the happiest results for the future of the country. But it alarmed England, and the Act of Union was pushed through by the most disgraceful corruption, while complete Catholic emancipation, which the native reformers had been pushing, was indefinitely and perfidiously postponed by Pitt, in deference to the king's bigotry. These things, combined with the growth of a strong anti-Catholic feeling among the Protestants, as the result of the Evangelical movement in the Church of England, gave the national movement a purely sectarian character. The agitation begun by O'Connell had the immense advantage of rousing the self-respect of the Catholics, and achieving complete political equality for them, but it divided the two creeds as they had never been divided, and gave the leadership of the masses wholly into the hands of the priests, and, through this, allied Irish liberalism with reaction on the Continent, and made hostility to England and fidelity to the Pope the two solitary planks in its platform. In the meantime, the educated laity have wholly abandoned the arena of purely Irish politics, and have thrown themselves eagerly into the field which England opens up to their ambition. Irishmen are now carrying off more than their share of the prizes of the civil service, and have invaded the English bar with such success that they have, or had very recently, five of the twelve English judgeships, and a few years ago put a chancellor on the woolsack (Lord Cairnes) to whom none deny the foremost position among English lawyers. Of seven great Indian soldiers and administrators of whom Mr. Kaye has told in his "Lives of Indian Officers," Barnes, Neill, Connolly, Todd, Pottinger, Lawrence, and Nicholson, the last three were Irishmen. In short, the cause of Irish nationality, which Flood and Grattan served so splendidly, has been abandoned by the class from which these great men sprung, and is now served exclusively by the blatant adventurers who head the Fenian raids. The country has never in its history been materially so prosperous as it is now; its administrative system is admirable, taxation light, the judges pure and able; but the political sentiment of the people is thoroughly debauched. What agencies will purify or elevate it, it would be hard to see—probably education, if the priests do not get hold of it. Mr. Lecky is not very sanguine evidently.

HOLLAND'S "RECOLLECTIONS OF PAST LIFE."*

IT would be easy for the reader who knows something of Sir Henry Holland's very remarkable career to expect a great deal more entertainment from this volume than it will afford him. Sir Henry, born in 1788, and now, in 1872, still living, in nearly full possession of his faculties; who, in the course of almost a century of life, has visited every European capital many times, has eight times visited the United States, and four times visited Constantinople and the East; who has made three tours in Algeria, two in Russia, several in Sweden, Norway, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Ireland; who has sat and told stories with President Lincoln, been the household physician of Queen Caroline, campaigned in the Peninsula with Wellington, visited Napoleon III. at Chislehurst, danced in the same set with King Joachim Murat before Waterloo, and visited Mount Vernon with the Duke of Edinburgh after the impeachment of President Andrew Johnson; who knew Lord Alvanley, and the wits and rakes of the Regency, and who was the friend of Prince Albert, Encke, Leverrier, Bond, and Arago; who knew Doctor Johnson's Mrs. Piozzi, and has a friendship with Mr. Thurlow Weed and Mr. Evarts; who, in short, knew everybody—Sir Walter Scott, President Buchanan, Sydney Smith, Queen Hortense, Talleyrand, Palmerston, Wordsworth, Praed, Lushington, Macaulay, Lady Holland, Canning, Thiers, Castlereagh, General Meade, Byron, Drouyn de Lhuys, Pozzo di Borgo, Cuvier, Gay-Lussac, Godoy the Prince of Peace, the "Maid of Athens," the Emperor Nicholas, Coleridge, Sismondi, Mrs. Somerville, Jefferson Davis, Whewell, Rogers, Augustus Schlegel, Edward Everett, Poniatowski, Bobus Smith, Ugo Foscolo, Ali Pasha, Mr. Grote, Dumas, Webster, Benjamin Constant—such a man after such an experience of such a length ought to be, and probably is, the depositary of a fund of reminiscence and anecdote such as is not possessed by any other man in existence. Evidently, too, Sir Henry has always been of an eminently social turn, and has had the will, as well as the best opportunities, to enjoy society. Very early in the course of his professional life he determined that he must never allow his work so to engross him as that he should not be able to give two months of each year to travel; and having made this resolution in the interest of health, long life, and the happy exercise of all the powers of his mind, some of which demanded regular travel into strange lands, he made the further resolution, in the interest of social enjoyment, that, during the ten months still remaining to him of his year, his earnings should never amount to more than a certain sum, and the whole of his time should never be mortgaged to his patients. Such being his social disposition and social habits, his abilities as an observer being more than commonly good, and his opportunities of observation unequalled, it is only natural for the reader to expect much, even a vast deal of biographical sketching, having high interest, or, indeed, high value, and an addition nowise contemptible to the store of English and foreign biographical anecdote. Both of the anecdote and of the biographical sketching the volume contains some, but compared with the amount of either that might have been expected by the reader least sanguine of entertainment, there is exceedingly little. But what little there is of either is good enough to make one wish for more. Excellent, for example, is this characterization of Lady Holland—a person who was not exactly such "a vision of delight" as she might have been supposed had history no other account of her than that transmitted by the Reform Bill Whigs. Lord Dudley's account of her has an air of veracity which does not impress one in Lord Macaulay's "orating" about the queenly hostess of Holland House, and we confess sincere gratification with Sir Henry Holland for departing so far from his usual safeness as to "serve out" this uncomfortable lady, who has so long been in the enjoyment of honor and renown. She is decidedly of bad example, especially in these days when women are in open revolt; though, for that matter, it is her own sex that would have made short work with her, we fancy. Here she is:

> "The master-hand here was that of the mistress, Lady Holland—a remarkable woman in every way, well-remembered by all who knew her—difficult to describe to those who did not. Supreme in her own mansion and family, she exercised a singular and seemingly capricious tyranny even over guests of the highest rank and position. Capricious it seemed, but there was in reality *intention* in all she did; and this intention was the maintenance of power, which she gained and strenuously used, though not without discretion in fixing its limits. No one knew better when to change her mood, and to soothe by kind and flattering words the provocation she had just given, and was very apt to give. In this latter case, indeed, she was aided by a native generosity of mind which never failed to show itself in kindness where

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* "Recollections of Past Life. By Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., D.C.L.," etc., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

> kindness was wanted. In my long and intimate knowledge of Lady Holland, I never knew her desert an old friend, whatever his condition might be. Many things, seemingly wilful and incongruous in her, might be explained through this happier quality of mind blended with that love of power which, fostered by various circumstances, pervaded every part of her life. The influence she exercised was doubtless aided by large general reading, of which she made sedulous and skilful use. Her management of conversation at the dinner table—sometimes arbitrary and in rude arrest of others, sometimes courteously inviting the subject—furnished a study in itself. Every guest felt her presence, and generally more or less succumbed to it. She was acute in distinguishing between real and false merit, and merciless in her treatment of the latter. Not a woman of wit in words, she had what might well be called consummate practical wit in all her relations to society. Once only, and that very late in life, she spoke to me of the labor she underwent in maintaining the position thus acquired. The information was not necessary. My own observation had already made me well but silently aware of it.
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> "My personal relations to Holland House, fostered by much previous intercourse in Italy, were of the most agreeable kind from the beginning, and the lapse of time in no way altered them. Despite Lady Holland's imperious rule in all matters of society, I was a guest almost at my own bidding, and often passed the night at this picturesque old mansion, abounding in so many recollections of men and times. My profession doubtless served in some degree to maintain this intimacy. My politics, never much more than neutral, and rather tending to the other side, had certainly nothing to do with it. The political visitors of Holland House were of course almost exclusively of the Whig party; though it was always matter of rejoicing to Lady Holland when she could catch a stray Tory to mingle with them.* But political party was better leavened by the admixture of literary men and eminent foreigners, who under her invitation found place at this table. Lord Holland himself came to it each day wholly ignorant whom he was to find there; but greeting all alike with his genial smile, and animating all by the charm of his conversation, and by a flow and felicity of anecdote peculiar to himself; the effect heightened by his own enjoyment of it. He sat always at a corner of the dinner-table, to which I doubt whether he ever himself ventured to invite a guest. The writings he has left behind him give no just or adequate idea of Lord Holland's abilities or of his admirable qualities in social life. They present that disparity which is often so strangely marked in faculties seemingly the closest in relation; of which disparity his uncle, Mr. Fox, was himself a remarkable instance. The tongue is often much more eloquent in style than the pen." (Pp. 228–231.)

And, further, in obedience to the precept *audi alteram partem*, and out of consideration for the fact that hero-worship has perhaps done about as much harm to the world as the heroes have done it good, it may be well to quote this about Coleridge, who, beyond doubt, if he had a band of bitter and scurrilous detractors in his own time, had also a band of very fluent and faithful friends whose somewhat partisan laudations of him may probably be none the worse when diluted a little. Sir Henry Holland, who was a man of sense, attainments, and good temper, thus remarks upon the celebrated conversations:

> "These brief notices of some of the patients of fifty years' practice might be largely multiplied if made to include literary and scientific men of the time. Taking poets alone into account, I may speak of my relation both as physician and friend to Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Campbell, Moore, Frere, Matthias, Sotheby, Praed, Luttrell, William Spencer, Joanna Baillie, Lady Dacre, etc. With Byron, Southey, Rogers, Crabbe, and Bowles, I was intimate, but not professionally. I saw Coleridge more rarely, and never took a place among the worshippers at his shrine. I recollect him only as an eloquent but intolerable talker; impatient of the speech and opinions of others; very inconsecutive, and putting forth with a plethora of words misty dogmas in theology and metaphysics, partly of German origin, which he never seemed to me to clear up to his own understanding or to that of others. What has come out posthumously of his philosophy has not removed this imputation upon it. I suspect his 'Table Talk,' as we have it in the very agreeable volume bearing this title, to have been sifted as well as abridged by the excellent judgment of the editor." (Pp. 205–206.)

Here is an interesting anecdote of the christening of the planet Neptune, a ceremony of which Sir Henry was a witness. He casually heard of the discovery of the new-comer, and hastened from Bremen to Berlin that he might get a glimpse of it. But the night was a night of floating clouds, and Neptune was invisible:

> "Frustrated in this main point, it was some compensation to stay and converse with Encke in his own Observatory, one signalized by so many discoveries—the stillness and darkness of the place broken only by the solemn ticking of the astronomical clock, which, as the unfailing interpreter of the celestial times and motions, has a sort of living existence to the astronomer. Among other things discussed while thus sitting together in a sort of tremulous impatience, was the name to be given to the new planet. Encke told me he had thought of Vulcan, but deemed it right to remit the choice to Leverrier, then supposed the sole indicator of the planet and its place in the heavens—adding that he expected Leverrier's answer by the first post. Not an hour had elapsed before a knock at the door of the Observatory announced the letter expected. Encke read it aloud; and, coming to the passage where Leverrier proposed the name of Neptune, exclaimed, '*So lass den Namen Neptun sein.*' It was a midnight scene not easily to be forgotten." (Pp. 298–299.)

We are quoting rather more than it is fair to quote from a volume no larger than this one, but we cannot forbear laying before our readers a picture which it is to be wished Milton could have seen:

> "While speaking on astronomy, I am tempted to notice a spectacle, having a certain association with this science, which I do not remember to have seen recorded either in prose or poetry, though well meriting description in either way. This spectacle requires, however, a combination of circumstances rarely occurring—a perfectly clear Eastern and Western horizon, and an entirely level intervening surface, such as that of the sea or the African desert—the former rendering the illusion, if such it may be called, most complete to the eye. The view I seek to describe embraces the orb of the setting sun, and that of the full moon rising in the East—*both above the horizon at the same time.* The spectator on the sea between, if he can discard from mental vision the vessel on which he stands, and regard only these two great globes of Heaven and the sea-horizon circling unbroken around him, gains a conception through this spectacle, clearer than any other conjunction can give, of those wonderful relations which it is the triumph of astronomy to disclose. All objects are excluded save the sun, the moon, and our own globe between; but these objects are such in themselves that their very simplicity and paucity of number enhance the sense of the sublime." (Pp. 305–306.)

If these "Recollections" are less readable than they might have been, their author is not without an excuse, which, while it does not indeed fully account for their shortcoming in this respect, does partly account for it, and which is highly honorable to his character. It would appear that he has been the physician of most of the distinguished persons with whom he has been on friendly and intimate terms, and that as regards most of his intercourse with them he would find it troublesome to say to how much of it belongs the character of the intercourse of friends and over how much the veil of professional secrecy should be thrown. Rightly he lays down the professional maxim that the relation of the physician to his patient is a sacred relation, and if he has maintained this rule too strictly, his error is, at all events, an error on the right side, and one which, whatever innocent pleasure a larger construction of the rule might have given us, we shall all be easily able to pardon. This certainly is not the time when we should make haste to condemn even an excessive delicacy about telling to the public all a man knows about his friends and their affairs. Sir Henry's scrupulosity even led him to the extreme of not keeping a journal of any of the ordinary events of the day, lest thus there might creep in some danger of a breach of his professional duty, so that it happened, when he came to compile his memoirs for his children, that he found his memory must be his principal reliance. But he thinks it almost a duty to distrust conversations or speeches reported after long lapse of time, and does not like to ask the reader's credence for stories in any way dubious; so, for this and the other reasons above given, and for the additional reason that he considers himself unskilled in anecdote, the storehouse of his memory does much less than it might to enliven his pages with anecdote.

But the mere spectacle of such a life is of itself necessarily interesting. Its length alone would make it remarkable, but it is the life of a man who, at eighty-four, can say that but for the loss, inevitable as time goes on, of many endeared to him by the ties of family and friendship, he can point to no serious misfortune—in the course of fifty years of practice no ill-health sufficient to prevent his attending to the maladies of others; no unretrievable mistakes, such as many men have to recollect; no reverses in business, such as fall to the lot of most; no wearing labors; no disappointed ambition; full and free intercourse with the wise, the good, the distinguished, and the great; entire and lifelong exemption from pecuniary cares; and, he says in conclusion, "what may well rank higher in the scale of earthly blessings, my children have never been other than a source of satisfaction and happiness to me." The book is one that we can most heartily commend.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Arthur (T. S.) Love in High Life, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	$0 50
Brincklé (J. G.) Poems	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)	
Hayes (I. I.) The Land of Desolation	(Harper & Bros.)	
Johnson (C. F.), Lucretius on the Nature of Things	(De Witt C. Lent & Co.)	2 00
Littell's Living Age, Vol. CXI.	(Littell & Gay)	
Macquoid (Katharine S.) Patty: a Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	0 50
Mulock (Miss D. M.) Mistress and Maid	" "	1 50
Nichols (Dr. T. L.) How to Live on a Dime and a Half a Day, swd.	(J. S. Redfield)	0 25
Phelps (Rev. S. D), Holy Land; Europe and Egypt	(C. C. Chatfield & Co.)	1 75
Reading without Tears	(Harper & Bros.)	
Reynolds (G. W. M.), Caroline of Brunswick: a Tale, swd.	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	
Rolfe (W. J.) Shakespeare's King Henry VIII	(Harpers & Bros.)	
Saeltzer (A.), Acoustics in Connection with Ventilation	(D. Van Nostrand)	
Saunders (Katherine), The High Mills: a Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Schellen (Dr. H.), Spectrum Analysis familiarly Explained	(Scribner, Welford & Co.)	
Sieg (W. M.), Griseldis: a Drama	(Trübner & Co.)	
Smith (Rev. W. C.), Pillars in the Temple	(Carlton & Lanahan)	
Smiles (S.), Character	(Harper & Bros.)	
Van de Warker (Dr. E.) Detection of Criminal Abortion, swd	(James Campbell.)	0 50
Wilson (Prof. W. D.) Psychology of Thought and Action	(Andrus, McChain & Lyons)	

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* "Mr. Gifford's wish was a very reasonable one, that they could 'get up a Holland House on the Tory side of the question.' Lady Holland seldom failed in attaining an object she desired. But this occurred in the case of Lord Dudley, whom she vainly sought to obtain as a guest at Holland House. I rather think there had been some previous quarrel in Italy. But when I once accidentally asked Lord Dudley the reason, I recollect his answer to have been, that 'he did not choose to be tyrannized over while he was eating his dinner.'"

Fine Arts.

FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.

THE present exhibition of the Water-Color Society is an encouraging one. The institution is evidently wide-awake, and its members have not yet learned the art which certain older societies have learned—how to make an annual exhibition of pictures without pictures. Here are drawings in number sufficient to cover the walls of the North Room, the East Room, and nearly half the wall-room of the Corridor, and many of them are of excellent quality. It would have been as well, we think, to have given up the whole Corridor to the drawings, since, by doing so, all of them could have been so hung as to be perfectly seen. It would not then have been necessary to hang any of them above the second row. Not that we have any great fault to find with the way in which the Hanging Committee has done its work. The drawings are on the whole fairly treated. In only one instance do we think there has been anything done that can reasonably be called injustice, and if it happens, as it unfortunately does, that a most deserving artist is the victim, we are sure that it is the result of accident, and that it is only necessary to point it out to have it corrected. We allude to the way in which Miss Margaret McDonald's two drawings are hung. This lady is so exceptionally excellent a workman, and sends so seldom to the exhibition, and sends so little when she sends at all, that we do not like to have her work put where we cannot give it all the study it deserves and get from it all the pleasure it is capable of giving. In the present exhibition she has but two drawings, and, to begin with, they have been changed about, so that it is not easy to find them. No. 474, "Cereus Speciosissimus," which should hang in the Corridor, is in the East Room, and No. 382, "Wild Flowers," which ought to be in the East Room, is in the Corridor. No. 474 is so brilliant in color and so strongly painted that it is perhaps well enough where it is, but the "Wild Flowers," a small drawing, a pretty subject, and as well painted as anything in the exhibition, is hung out of all reason high, and cannot be seen, much less judged, at all. So with the two drawings by Mr. Henry Farrer, a most earnest, painstaking young artist, which are hung on either side of the smaller of Miss McDonald's. One is a drawing of a peach, the other of a branch of plums, and this is all that can be made out. If they were to be hung at all, plain common-sense would have dictated that they should have been put where their delicacy and careful workmanship could be fairly seen and studied. It is not Mr. Farrer, we presume, who has given the slightly satirical name in the Catalogue to his No. 470, and yet we can hardly think the discourtesy belongs at the door of the types. Such jests, however they may serve to relieve the hard work of a Hanging Committee, ought not to be allowed to go further. It is a poor impertinence to fix them in a catalogue.

In the North Room, beginning near the entrance from the Corridor, we find a drawing by Mrs. Carson, No. 197, "Kalmias." There is a good deal of this lady's work in the exhibition, and as, in spite of its entirely unartistic quality, it is not without a certain merit of intention, we think it worth noticing. There is an evident attempt at faithfulness to nature, and an effort to look at her with the artist's own eyes, and these characteristics are something. But, then, this faithfulness is only carried to a certain arbitrary point of completeness. Thus, in No. 197 we have a twig of Kalmia with the flowers and leaves painted, weakly, perhaps, but with considerable care and accuracy; there can be no doubt as to what plant the lady means to show us, nor as to the species either. But here she stops. The twig is lying on some moss-covered rocks which edge a pool of water, but the moss and the little vine that runs through it are not like real moss and a real vine, but rather like what might be dressed out in a window of a seller of artificial flowers to allure those town-ladies who think they love nature. The rocks, too, are not in the least like real rock, nor the water like real water. The artist would see for herself how artificial her drawing is if, for one entire season, she would study out of doors, and strive to copy as literally as possible something that she should see, and if, at the end of her task, which could not fail to be a pleasant one, she would compare the result with the work of to-day. Even in this work, unsatisfactory as we must pronounce it, there is something that indicates the power to be more natural and interesting. But if, for whatever reason, it should not be possible for her to go directly to nature, she can study her at second-hand in the work of Miss L. A. Poë, one of whose drawings, No. 274, "Raspberries," hangs directly over one of her own, No. 298, "Pyrola." This beautiful piece of work is a specimen of the results that may be expected from a faithful study of nature. Another example of Miss Poë's skill is close at hand, No. 281, "Fruit Piece," and certainly very little work of such excellence both in drawing and color has been done thus far in America. Like all good work, it is without pretension, and announces itself in the quietest of tones. It is evident that the artist has a native refinement which gives her the power to feel the beauty of lines and colors, but this has been strengthened in her by close observation and steady training of eye and hand. The elder Hunt himself, we almost dare to say, never drew nor painted better chestnuts than those in the corner of No. 281. We may remark by the way that those who would like to see more of this lady's work may find it, where we first saw it, at Mr. Schaus's print-shop. He has, or had, several specimens quite as good as either of those which Miss Poë has sent to the exhibition, and also some drawings by two ladies who do not figure at all in the catalogue, Miss Victoria Ely and Miss De Golier, most delicate and skilful workers both, whose drawings would have been welcome in the present exhibition. We do not ourselves care much to see fruits and flowers treated as subjects for drawings or pictures to be framed and hung upon walls. The proper field for such work is the illuminating of books or the decorating of panels in furniture, and it were much to be wished that there were liking enough for such things with our people to make it worth while for Miss Poë, or Miss McDonald, or Miss Fidelia Bridges, or Miss Eddy, or Miss Bigelow, or the other ladies we have mentioned, to devote their charming talent to such work. There used to be opportunity given for such decoration in old times. We have seen old harpsichords in this country which had the panels over the key-board painted very beautifully with flowers, and many of our readers have seen harpsichords in Europe where not only these portions of the instrument, but the whole inside of the cover, is painted in an elaborate manner. As a rule, there is no uglier piece of furniture in our houses than the piano-forte. Every woman of taste wishes that she could be rid of the cumbersome monster, a sort of musical elephant; but if we could set either of these delicate-handed ladies at work at it, we could make a piano of pine wood that should be as pretty to look at when it is silent as delightful to listen to when it is being played upon. Then there is porcelain-painting, too; why will not some of these ladies try their hand at that? We must have such work attempted here some day, but it must come from individual effort, we think, in the beginning. If we wait for the manufacturers, we shall wait long, but any one who will try his or her hand at it will find it profitable.

Mrs. Chaney's work, "Chinese Asters," No. 291, "Pansies and Heliotropes," No. 294, "Wild Flowers," No. 442, is work done by a lady older in practice than those whose drawings we have noticed, but very inferior in all artistic points. This is the pure conventional work, of which we used to have so many examples furnished us by the decorators of prune-boxes and handkerchief-boxes before the makers of those articles began to substitute for these inoffensive suggestions of natural beauty flaunting portraits of brazen women. We are far from meaning to ridicule Mrs. Chaney's work by saying that this is the proper field for it. It is merely decorative, but decorative in a way that must get more out of fashion as people get fonder of nature. To be sure, if a Japanese has even a prune-box or a handkerchief-box to decorate, he is sure to give us something directly from nature, and with the stamp of its authority unmistakably imprinted on it. Mrs. Chaney's work has no such charm. Her flowers are only so near to nature in form as they might be drawn by any one who, in populous city pent, could get no nearer to her than she is brought by French *études* at so much a sheet. In color, they are quite wide of the truth—so dull and dingy that we must be glad the lady had not the making of the real flowers. But, then, we know very well that the "schools" teach her to subdue her tones and to hold brightness in horror. What the "schools" teach has a capital illustration in the East Room, where a drawing by Mr. D. Fowler hangs on the same wall with one by Miss McDonald. Mr. Fowler's "Cactus," No. 381, shows a wholesome fear of making the rash gazer wipe his eye, and has substituted an amiable brick-red for the triumphant scarlet of the flower as nature gives it to us. Miss McDonald, however, loving the scarlet, and desiring to communicate her pleasure, has given it back to us with the fearless force of nature itself. The best advice to be given to a young art-student is that which Mr. Whistler kindly furnished to a beginner: "Don't pay any attention to what the teachers say."

Other good work, on subjects such as we have considered in this article, is shown us by Mr. Charles H. Moore—"Dog-tooth Violet," No. 455. This is Mr. Moore's only contribution, and it is a pity that he could not have sent us more. We are glad, however, to get, in this anticipatory manner, a glimpse of the pretty flower, the nodding harbinger of the spring, that in a few weeks will be found thick-set in every plashy bit of brookside. "Geraniums," No. 143, by Lucy T. Bigelow, is strongly painted—the lady has a good eye for color; and Miss Gabriella F. Eddy's "Mayflower," No. 390, is an excellent study. So, too, are her "Nasturtiums," No. 443. Miss Fidelia Bridges has a drawing of "Daisies and Clover," No. 342, which, though a little unsubstantial, has nature in it, and evidence that her heart as well as her fingers was enlisted in the service of these plain dwellers in the meadow.

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The Nation.

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The Week.

IN Congress, the discussion on the French arms sale has dragged its slow length along in the Senate, Mr. Schurz making the only speech in it worthy of attention, but his speech was really an admirable piece of debating, the ablest that has been listened to in either House for many a year. His retorts were exceedingly pointed, and his occasional turning of his adversaries' own guns on them was in the best style of the art. It was listened to as speeches are rarely listened to nowadays, and, as far as Messrs. Morton and Conkling were concerned, was overwhelming. Turning to the organ of the Administration, the *Times*, to see what it thought of it, we find that it pronounces Schurz an "unscrupulous demagogue," a "heartless demagogue," an "unscrupulous adventurer," "an office jobber," a "political charlatan," and "a dog"; also, that he is "subtle, cunning, and dangerous"; wholly un-American in spirit, "and a born destructionist"; and that "somebody ought to tie his leg to his chair when gentlemen are speaking." We commend these excesses of the organ to the careful attention of the President. They concern him more than any other man in the community.

Mr. Trumbull also took part in the debate, defending himself and his friends against the charge of converting these investigations into political attacks on the Administration, and he improved the occasion by taking up the platform of the Liberal Republicans, and, going over it clause by clause, gave in his adhesion to it as sound Republican doctrine. His doing so is not by any means the least significant sign of the times. The way in which the Administration Senators met these onslaughts was first by moving for an enquiry, aimed at Messrs. Schurz and Sumner, whether any Senator had been guilty of unlawful communication with any officer or agent of a foreign government, the penalty under an old law being fine and imprisonment. This gave Mr. Schurz the materials for one of the happiest strokes in his speech, when he asked the friends of the Administration whether things had really come to such a pass with them that they had to threaten anybody with a dungeon who proposed investigation into the conduct of Government officials. They next sought to throw odium on Mr. Trumbull by moving for a return of the number of recommendations to office made by the Senators from New York, Illinois, Missouri, and Nebraska, their theory being that Mr. Trumbull has made so many as to disqualify himself for the position of an advocate of civil-service reform.

The debate in the Senate is rapidly degenerating into a personal wrangle. The House, on the other hand, has been preserving a remarkable silence, whether owing to wisdom or interest in the struggle in the Senate it would be hard to say. The silence of some members at this juncture—Banks, for instance, and Butler—has something uncanny about it. There has, however, been some business done in a prompt and orderly way, such as ordering an investigation into the French arms affair, without debate; and there has been some wild voting on the tariff. A motion of Mr. Cox's to lower the tariff on pig-iron to $5 a tun was defeated by a coalition of the iron and tobacco men; but this skirmishing over the duties means nothing.

Colonel Forney, who has gone on to Washington "to restore harmony," has contributed to the Washington *Chronicle* a curious and interesting account of the circumstances which led to General Grant's first acceptance of the nomination for the Presidency. From this it would appear that General Grant, as indeed everybody knew, did not seek or even desire it, but that it was in a measure forced on him by the Republicans, to whom at the time he was a necessity. He raised the not unnatural objection that, if he accepted the nomination, he would have to sacrifice his military position, which was a life office with a good salary, and said, or caused to be said, that he could not afford to do this for less than two Presidential terms. In fact, to use Colonel Forney's words, "General Grant not only desired to remain President for two terms, but it was only on the assurance of his friends that he should be re-elected that he accepted the office at all." But now comes the remorseless *Tribune*, and shows that this same Colonel Forney, in this same *Chronicle*, both immediately before and immediately after Grant's nomination, advocated stoutly, energetically, and even beseechingly, the passage, before Congress adjourned, "of a One-Term amendment to the Constitution," and among the arguments he used in its favor was this: "General Grant is in favor of it, the party which supports General Grant demands it, and, above all else, public morality calls for it." "Public morality"! O Colonel, Colonel! Is it not true, you naughty man, that you knew perfectly well there was no chance of any such amendment being passed at the end of a session and on the eve of an election, and that you therefore clamored for what you were well aware you could not get?

The plea of an agreement between General Grant and the politicians that he should have two terms, if founded on facts, and if General Grant did not authorize or connive at Colonel Forney's use of his name as an advocate of the "One-Term Principle," will doubtless do something towards exciting personal sympathy for him. He did sacrifice the most attractive position in the public service for the purpose of obliging the party, but, if he sacrificed it under any such agreement as Colonel Forney describes, he became the victim of political "confidence men." The American people will hardly countenance arrangements by which the Forneys and Camerons pledge the popular vote four years in advance, no matter to whom.

The Collector at this port has at last been directed by orders from the President to reorganize the general-order business; "and in doing so to set aside political and personal interests;" and "the work is to be so arranged and conducted as to give the largest facilities to merchants with the least possible cost." The Collector has submitted a plan for this purpose which has been approved. This is what reformers have been laboring for, and laboring in vain, for the last three years. Had these instructions to General Arthur, which we presume involve the immediate disappearance of Leet & Stocking, been given even one year ago, not to a jobbing politician like Murphy, but to a respectable merchant, General Grant would be in a very different position from that in which he stands to-day. He refused to listen to those who told him that the way to be renominated was to give us good government, and did listen to the "Toms," who told him the way to get renomination was to set a smart man at work "controlling primaries." He now sees his error, and it is to his credit that he acknowledges it; but it would have been more to his credit if he had seen it without "the Schurz-Fenton Trick," two Congressional investigations, and three mortal years of Leet, and an uprising in this city against corruption. He has also appointed a respectable merchant, and not a politician, to the Philadelphia Collectorship, vice Forney, who is "crying halt" and "restoring harmony." This appointment ought also to have been made a year ago, but better late than never.

The *Evening Post* propounds the view that the public gains by the quarrels of the Fentonites and Conklingites through the *Times* and *Tribune* respectively, as each of these papers exposes the rascalities of its opponents, so that gradually the honest people are coming by their own. This is, we think, very true; but it is to be observed that the *Times* is three rascals in arrears, the *Tribune* having exposed Murphy, Terwilliger, Wood, and Cushman, while the *Times* has not yet got beyond "Hank" Smith. In fact, it meets the attacks on its friends mainly by the enquiry, "Why does not the *Tribune* attack Hank Smith?"—an important question, perhaps, but not very pertinent. Hank's case, it must be admitted, is peculiar. He is a Fentonite chief, or, as the *Times* would call him, a "Tammany Republican," and indeed belongs, like Murphy and others, to that large class of Republican politicians in this city whose notion of "politics" consists in "controlling primaries" and dividing "the plums," and who exchange winks with Tweed and his kind when they meet in public, and broad grins when they meet in private, after the manner of the Roman augurs. Hank was president of a savings-bank, which failed disgracefully, like several others, on the downfall of the Ring; and the committee which investigated its affairs reported that, besides general mismanagement, it discovered large loans to persons whom it was unable to find and feared were fictitious. One would suppose that, during this crisis in the affairs of the institution, Hank would be found at his post day and night, the sweat of anxiety and mortification on his manly brow, trying to clear his name and save as much as possible out of the wreck for the poor men and women who had trusted him. Nothing of the kind. He has been ever since the failure up at Albany lobbying, and, in spite of an admonition from the *Tribune* and daily attacks from the *Times*, refuses, or had refused when we last heard of him, to come down.

Both the *Tribune* and the *Times* enlighten their readers nowadays by giving them a column or so of passages taken from newspapers in various parts of the country, and headed "The Drift of Public Opinion," or "Public Opinion." We observe that both of these drifts are of the nature of a violent current—a mill-race, say—and that each sets in a direction exactly opposite to that of the other, for which as for other things there is a reason, no doubt. Thus the drift of public opinion, as indicated by the *Daily Saratogian*, quoted in the *Times*, is to the effect that "a new deal in the offices is all that the *Tribune* wants. If only all the present old incumbents were ejected and the nice fellows whom the *Tribune* knows put in, it would be all butter and molasses with the *Tribune*. That's what the matter is." To encourage the *Tribune* to keep up the fight with the *Times*, which the *Evening Post* approves, we will inform the *Tribune* that we have looked up the *Daily Saratogian* in the list of papers whose conductors support the Administration and hold Federal offices, and we find it stated that it is at present "butter and molasses" with the *Saratogian* to the extent of a postmastership with a salary set at $3,000 a year. It is stated that there are between seventy-five and a hundred other journals in this State alone in which "the drift of public opinion" would very probably be in the direction of the drift in the *Saratogian*, and we wish the *Tribune* would give us a full list.

The Ohio gentlemen who are dissatisfied with the present condition of the Republican party, and with the views and policy of its assumed leaders, have been interviewed, and have been very free in expressing their opinions—so free that one easily sees them to be Republicans of a type different from that illustrated by General Cochrane, who "would vote for the devil if he was the regular candidate." Ex-Secretary Cox, and Judges Stanley, Matthews, Hoadly, and Stallo are evidently capable of "drawing the line somewhere." Mr. Cox said that he wanted reforms, that he wanted them brought about within the Republican organization, and that he hoped to see them so brought about, but that this hope failing, he and his friends would "look to a new organization for the purpose of securing them." Being asked where he would get this organization, he replied that, in his judgment, "those who believe in the principles pronounced at the Missouri Convention should have a mutual understanding, and some formal co-operation." He wishes the next campaign to turn upon questions of administrative reform or finance, and old political cries to be discarded, while, at the same time, assurance shall be given that "all the proper results of the war" shall be sustained and adhered to. Judge Matthews said that his hope was to influence the Republican party to adopt the Missouri platform. We do not know, but we conjecture that Judge Matthews would demand of the Republicans not only the Missouri platform, but a candidate upon it who has not had three or four years in which to show that practically its principles are not his, and that he would not give his support to General Grant. Should the Republican party hold out no promise of reform, Judge Matthews hopes that the Democracy will see the necessity of giving up its organization so far as to join with those Republicans who think "the present course of the party ruinous," in nominating such candidates as Charles Francis Adams or William Groesbeck; or Mr. Trumbull or Mr. Chase, as Presidential candidates, would please him. Judge Hoadley said he disliked the present tariff, the present national banking system, and the condition of the civil service, and believed the people were ready to destroy them all, and that the time had come for an appeal to honest Democrats and honest Republicans. Judge Stallo said that, when he signed the call for the Cincinnati Convention, he did so with the understanding that, when it meets, the so-called Liberal Republicans shall divest themselves of any distinctively Republican character, and invite all men to stand by the platform of the Missouri Republicans.

These views of the Cincinnati gentlemen call, it will be perceived, for the careful consideration of several important questions—important some of them to Republican managers, some of them to Democratic managers, and some to the people as distinguished from the politicians. Will it, on the whole, be safe to leave the negro and reconstruction to themselves, and may the country, after 1874, fairly consider itself discharged from further attention to them? Are there some results of the war not "proper," to use Mr. Cox's word, and which the people may fairly wish wiped out? Are the Democrats to be trusted at all? Are there sufficient dissatisfied Republicans to give the next election, Presidential as well as Congressional, to the Democracy? Are they sufficiently dissatisfied to give it to the Democracy, no matter what the Democratic platform or who the Democratic candidate? Do the Democratic leaders count on a victory in any event, and without the need of going in the least outside of their own ranks, which, be it recollected, are not so much less numerous than the Republicans? What will be the feeling of the Protectionists as to the proposed new party? What that of the Free-traders? Here be questions, indeed; and how great is the general unreadiness to answer them may be seen in the general interest and the conflicting, doubtful feelings with which news from New Hampshire is awaited. There will then, perhaps, be something definite for somebody. But if the Democrats win, what will be its effect on them, and what the effect on the Republicans and their leaders? Meanwhile, the fight in that State is very hard and, we judge, very doubtful. "The news from New Hampshire is excellent," says our Administration paper, "and next week several more speakers will be sent into the State," so one does not know how excellent it is, and cannot tell till after the twelfth of March.

There has been a "Labor Convention" at Columbus, Ohio, which, owing to the rational and practical character of the nominations it has made for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, is attracting more attention than such conventions usually do. It has nominated Judge Davis of the Supreme Court, and Governor Joel Parker, of New Jersey. The platform contains, however, the usual amount of queer finance and other queer things. It calls for the issue of legal-tender Government paper directly to the people without the intervention of banks, and convertible into Government bonds at $3 75 per cent. interest (the Convention overlooks the fact that the people have such a currency now, only it is convertible into five per cent. bonds);

for the payment of the national debt, "according to the original contract"; denounces the exemption of Government bonds from taxation; demands the free gift of the public lands to landless settlers; asks for such modification of the tariff as "will exempt articles of common use, which we can neither produce nor grow," and tax "luxuries and such articles of manufacture as, we having the raw material in abundance, will assist in further developing the resources of the country," whatever that may mean; denounces "Chinese cheap labor"; calls for an imperative eight-hour law; denounces great corporations; calls for civil-service reform; commends "the one-term principle" and general amnesty.

The important resolutions out of the eighteen composing the platform of the Indiana Republicans approve of the Ku-klux Act; express gratitude to the soldiers and sailors and willingness to pay their pensions, and give "a dig" to the Democratic party; approve of the foreign policy of the Government; approve of economy and of reduction of taxation, and again declare willingness to pay the pensions; call for "incidental protection" for Indiana coal and iron; approve of the financial policy of the Government; call for the abolition of useless offices and perquisites, and a reduction of salaries; oppose donations of public lands to railroads; demand protection for immigrants against the capitation taxes of seaboard States; approve of the "exposures" of corrupt officials, and denounce corruption generally; approve of free schools; approve of the efforts of workingmen to "vindicate their independence of class subordination"—whatever that may be—and declare that the Republican party is the only party that will help them; instruct the delegates to the National Convention to vote for Grant and Colfax. The resolutions are as pure specimens of the political dialect as we have seen for some time. We have given the meaning of them, as nearly as it can be got at by the average mind.

We have apparently entered on the second stage of the *Alabama* affair, in which each side is seeking some decent mode of escape from what everybody acknowledges to be a rather discreditable scrape. Our Government has certainly taken up the subject in much better temper and in a better spirit than the British Government. Two suggestions are reported "on good authority" as having been considered by the Cabinet at Washington as offering a way out of the difficulty. One is that the United States should "explain" that no award of money is expected under the "indirect damages claim," but it is thought desirable to submit it and get judgment on it, so as to put an end for ever and effectively to all controversy on the subject. The objections to this are, first, the one offered by Judge Nott in our last issue, that legally it is not necessary; and second, that an award made by arbitrators on the express understanding that no other would be submitted to by the parties, could not have any moral weight. It would not be regarded by the popular judgment as constituting a final and satisfactory settlement. Nothing can ever be a final and satisfactory settlement which is in ever so slight a degree a sham, and this settlement would be a complete sham, and would make the principle of arbitration ridiculous.

The other suggestion is that the question of the proper interpretation of the Treaty—that is, the question what points the British are, by the wording of the Treaty, bound to submit to the arbitrators—should be also submitted to the arbitrators. This is on its face sensible and attractive, but it does not dispose of all the difficulty. The Treaty is unquestionably ambiguous, and it is acknowledged on all hands that on a strict construction of it the United States has a very strong case. Nay, the best lawyers in England, Lord Cairns included, admit that it does not shut out consequential claims. Now, if the question of interpretation were submitted and decided in favor of the United States, and under this judgment the American claims were let in as they stand, and a decision were given against Great Britain on the consequential damages, would she submit? Everybody knows she would not. To go through the forms of arbitration with this knowledge in everybody's mind would, therefore, not relieve the proceedings of their sham character, although it might lead to a "settlement." In fact, we make bold to assert that all the diplomatists and lawyers in both countries are not competent to get the "consequential damages" claim *really* and *truly* before the Board by any amount of writing or speaking. All ingenuity and dexterity are wasted on this subject as long as it is certain that they would not be paid if awarded. The problem before us, if we want to prevent arbitration degenerating into a ghastly farce, is not how to get this or that claim before the Board, but to get the parties to abide by the decisions of the Board on such claims as are submitted to it.

Another difficulty in the way of this suggestion is that the British negotiators, to add to their other misfortunes, expressly refused to abrogate the Treaty of June 15, 1846, relating to the San Juan boundary, when requested to do so by the American Commissioners on the ground that the treaty might have been made under a mutual misunderstanding, and would not have been made had they understood at that time the construction which the other party put on the language whose interpretation was then in dispute. The British Commissioners declined the proposal, because they were firmly satisfied of the justice of their own view, but offered to submit the question to impartial arbitration. This has for them an unpleasant bearing on the present difficulty. The dispute going on as to whether Mr. Gladstone has or has not been ingenuous in his account of the date at which he became acquainted with the contents of the American case—whether a fortnight sooner or a fortnight later—is a curious illustration of the inadequacy of the conception which many people have of the magnitude of the controversy. Suppose it proved beyond question that Gladstone and all his colleagues were abandoned liars, how much nearer should we be to a satisfactory issue?

The French Assembly has been recently occupied with a question which illustrates strikingly the volcanic condition of French politics and the sense of insecurity about the future which pervades the community. A bill has been introduced and debated, and referred once more to the committee, making provision for the formation of a fresh government in case the present one was, as in 1851, overthrown by a *coup d'état*, and it was curious to see from the debate how little confidence there was in the ability of the people to devise any remedy themselves. The plan which met with most favor was the sending of delegates from the councils-general to some designated place, to form a new legislature, in case the capital was seized by a usurper; but it had to be abandoned before the objection, that if the place were designated beforehand the revolutionists would seize it, and then the government would not know where to go, and would presumably dissolve. The Left were opposed to any government made up of delegates from the councils-general, as those bodies are highly monarchical. There is little if any change in the general situation. The finances and the question of moving the government to Paris are the two main questions. On the former M. Thiers is having his own way, the Assembly having authorized him by heavy majorities to "denounce" the treaties of commerce with England and Belgium, which means, in practice, give due notice of an intention to abrogate them. On the matter of returning to Paris, he seems to have no preference, and the Right holds back, being apparently determined not to go back to Paris till they have a regular government—monarchical of course—to set up in it. The Orleans Princes, it is noticed, refrain from voting on this question, being anxious not to commit themselves, and, it is said, expecting, if the course of events gives them back the throne, to use the transfer of the Government to Paris as a trump card. A "fusion" with the elder branch is once more under eager discussion, and, owing to the increased sanity of "Henri V.," with greater chance of success.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE PRESS.

THE Civil-Service Commissioners would have added to the value of their work, from a theoretical point of view at least, if they had, when drawing up their rules, formally disqualified all editors and publishers of newspapers, as long as they remained editors and publishers, from holding any office in the gift of the Federal Government. Of course, the practical objections to any such rule are obvious enough. It would have given mortal offence to the press and led to general denunciation of civil-service reform, and it would have worn the odious appearance of an attempt to disfranchise a body of men who, on the whole, are perhaps better fitted for office than most of their neighbors, and, though last not least, it might be pronounced unconstitutional. But it is none the less true that the employment of editors and publishers of newspapers in the civil service is an evil, and a growing evil, and that if the new rules shut them out indirectly even from the subordinate offices, it will be by no means the least of their benefits.

How it comes to be a growing evil is not difficult to explain. The principal functions of the press under a popular government are two in number—the supply of news and criticism of the government—not the "he-has-made-mistakes-as-who-has-not" style of criticism, but the incessant, vigilant, remorseless turning over, day by day, of the acts of men in power, with a view to calling the attention of the public to all sins of negligence, or ignorance, or intention which anybody entrusted with authority may have committed or may be proposing to commit, and the commendation to the public favor of such measures, passed or suggested, as the editor may deem commendable. This is not altogether agreeable work, and it is work which may be made to cover a great deal of prejudice and passion and resulting injustice, but it is unavoidable work. It is one of the various imperfect instruments by which the affairs of men in this democratic age have to be conducted. Newspaper critics are often unfair, just as ministers are often dull, and treasurers dishonest, and judges corrupt, and as trains run off the track, and steamboats blow up. The check on their unfairness, and the only check, is the condition of public sentiment. As the readers are, so will the newspapers be. The defence of public men against carping critics, who never have any facts to support their judgments and never have anything to propose in place of what they condemn, lies in the fact that the public speedily finds them out and will not buy their paper. In other words, groundless fault-finding in the long run does not pay, and ceases to injure the objects of it. So that, even where an irritable temper or personal griefs impel an editor to engage in it, he is generally conscious that, to insure success, there must be among the commodities he offers for sale, first and foremost, a tolerably sound judgment. His appreciations of men and affairs must be proved by events to have been on the whole reliable, and his charges must appear to have been supportable by facts, after making due allowance for the difficulty of getting at facts where one can neither send for persons nor papers. Of course, there are exceptions to these rules—anybody can cite half-a-dozen; there are newspapers which disregard them and yet thrive, just as there are defaulters who maintain their positions in society; but it is nevertheless true, taking the press as a whole, that a newspaper must be sincere and perspicacious to have influence, just as it is true that, taking society as a whole, honesty is the best policy.

How important this function of criticism is, is readily seen when we consider how completely the newspaper press has supplanted the other agencies by which public opinion was formerly moulded or directed. The clergy were, not very many years ago, active and influential politicians, who had much to do with the choice of candidates and the growth of parties; but the anti-slavery controversy was probably the last political struggle in which the pulpit will play a prominent part. There was a time, too, not very long ago, when leading statesmen at the North as well as at the South had real weight in shaping the popular judgment and presenting the issues on which it was to pass, but the war closed their reign. The last trace of it has almost passed away. To the honest pride with which New Yorkers once regarded William H. Seward, and listened to his utterances on national affairs, has succeeded the honest shame with which they witness the antics of Conkling and Fenton. Massachusetts consoles herself for the errors of her Websters and the coldness of her Adamses by the contemplation of Butler and Banks. The last traces of the régime of "great leaders" may indeed now be found in the columns of the *Tribune*, in the innocent and pathetic dirges which Horace Greeley sings once a year over the tomb of Henry Clay, and which sound as odd and even funny in the ears of the new generation as Berryer's death-bed apostrophes to "his king."

The place of all these has been taken by the press. It exercises the pulpit influence, the Clay-Webster-Calhoun influence, and even the parental and home influence, all in one, on the popular mind. It is, therefore, of nearly as great importance that it should be unbiassed and impartial as that judges should be pure. It is restrained, as we have said, from gross abuses by public opinion, but it may influence public opinion enormously in wrong directions without committing gross abuses; and this influence grows in strength with the growth of population and the gradual but rapid levelling of ranks and conditions. Anybody who wants to address the public in our time has to get license from the editors, and there remains not an individual in the community powerful enough to set them at defiance.

Now, the question which recurs oftenest for popular consideration, and which has most other questions wrapped up in it, is the question of the honesty and capacity of the actual Administration, and on this question the great body of the American people knows absolutely nothing but what it learns from the newspapers. Nearly every man has a newspaper, through which he sees the world as through a telescope. It supplies him with all the facts on which he bases his judgments of public affairs, and it colors those facts and comments on them in such fashion that he gets insensibly into the habit of taking its judgment for his own. The entrance of a large body of editors, therefore, into the Federal service, as postmasters, revenue collectors and assessors, or custom-house officers, or the contraction of obligations towards the Administration by newspapers, for advertising or other patronage, is a serious matter, because it converts the papers they control into thick-and-thin partisans of the Government, while pretending to be honest critics. There is, for instance, a newspaper in Missouri at this moment which once praised Carl Schurz to the skies as an honest, eloquent, and high-spirited politician, and helped to elect him to the Senate, but which, finding that it was likely, in consequence of this, to lose the Government advertising, wheeled right about within a week, and now denounces Schurz as dishonest, stupid, and mean; and nobody can get at its audience to refute it, for every editor may be likened to a minister in this, that he has a congregation to himself which nobody can address without his permission.

It would, of course, be absurd to say, or to suppose, that if editors do not get Federal patronage, their criticisms will be honest and judicial-minded. Editors are, after all, but men, and a great many of them are politicians, which is not a very fine variety of man. But every Administration is, during its term of office, on trial before the people, which forms the jury, and the editors are the judges, who submit the proofs and lay down the law. It is, therefore, of the last importance that, however base or mean they may be naturally, they should not exhibit that particular form of baseness and meanness which consists in taking bribes from persons whose conduct it is their business to investigate. We cannot make judges completely pure, do what we will; but it is none the less our duty to remove from their path every removable kind of temptation. We do not look for or ask for any legislation for the direct prevention of corrupting relations between the press and the Administration. Editors will doubtless appear less frequently in a reformed civil service than they have done in the service as it has hitherto been; and doubtless, also, if the President were confined to one term of service, there would be few "henchmen" found extolling in editorial articles his wisdom, goodness, and infallibility; but we can never prevent editors from being rewarded by office for helping candidates to get elected, except by the action of public opinion. It ought to be damaging to an Administration to give an office or advertising or other favors to a newspaper, and it ought to be disgraceful to a newspaper to take them except in the rare cases in which an editor has peculiar qualifications for a novel or peculiar duty; and that such will be the popular judgment eventually, we have no doubt.

THE NATIONAL EDUCATION BILL.

THE Educational Bill which has passed the National House of Representatives is a different measure in several particulars from that which was discussed in these columns a few weeks ago. Our remarks were then based on the original bill, as proposed by Mr. Perce on the 8th of January; but on the 15th of that month the same gentleman reported some very considerable modifications of the measure, and, a few days later, the House made still further amendments on it, and then, on the 8th of February, adopted the amended bill. We have already stated the principal conditions of the enactment as it now stands awaiting the action of the Senate. It is clear, however, that there is much misapprehension in regard to it, in consequence of the changes which have been made in it. As an instance of this, we are told that in the recent convention of the friends of agricultural and scientific education held in Washington, the bill *as reported*, and not the bill *as passed*, was constantly referred to. We advise all who are especially interested in the subject to read the bill in its true form, which the daily journals might advantageously reprint.

In discussing its merits, there is a fundamental question which thoughtful men are sure to raise, and that is, the general land policy of the Government. One person holds that the public lands should be retained as a part of the national capital to meet the unforeseen contingencies of the future; another contends that the nation should get rid of them as quickly as possible; another, that they should be reserved for actual settlers, and should never be so disposed of that speculators and middlemen could get advantages which should accrue solely to the occupant and cultivator. The bill before us does not touch any of these points. It does not prescribe the amount or the time of sales. It reserves to Congress the right to bestow land bounties, and leaves the homestead and pre-emption laws wholly untouched. It does not impair the power of Congress to confer land grants upon railroads, scientific schools, or any other object. What then does it accomplish? It consecrates all the money received from the sale of public lands to popular education. Instead of blending such funds with other income, it keeps them apart for the enlightenment of the people. To bestow a land-grant on a railroad will, therefore, if this bill should become a law, simply reduce by so much the amount which might otherwise reach the treasury for the support of common schools. In each new grant this "moral obstacle" must be overcome.

It is urged against the bill that its passage will be an assumption by the National Government of rights which belong to the several States. This is not so, as any one may see who will read it. The General Government will still have nothing to do with the establishment and management of schools in the various States of the Union. The bill simply requires as a condition of receiving the national bounty that each State or Territory shall provide by its own local laws for the free education of all its children between the ages of six and sixteen; that it will apply to this purpose all moneys received by the operations of this act; and that it will report annually the condition of its schools. All such questions as the establishment of normal schools, high schools, evening schools, truant schools; as the right qualifications of teachers, courses of study, times of session and vacation; as the amount of local taxation, method of collecting it, character of buildings, Biblical instruction, corporal punishment —in short, all the elements of "free popular education"—are left undefined, and open to local discussion and decision. The national treasury bestows a grant for a specific purpose—public instruction; each State is left free to decide upon its special system. Indeed, so far is the bill from interfering with "State rights" that one of its ablest advocates, Mr. Hoar, bases his appeal for it on the argument that its adoption will foster State rights, by preventing that tendency to centralization and imperialism which popular ignorance makes easy and probable. His speech on this subject is a very ingenious and telling response to the State-rights advocates.

For ten years, as the bill now reads, the distribution of the fund to the several States and Territories "shall be made according to the ratio of the illiteracy of their respective populations," as shown by the last preceding census. This clause may receive advantageously a little clearer explanation of what "the ratio of illiteracy" is to be, or, in other words, of what amount the more illiterate States shall receive; but the main intent of the phrase is clear. Here, indeed, in our view, is the chief merit of the bill. It is a generous offer to the South of redemption from ignorance. Where the darkness rests, there light shall be poured in; where social apathy prevails, tonics and stimulants shall be applied. It is easy for financiers to say that it would be better to vote a yearly allowance from the national treasury to aid the schools of the South; but such a direct grant could not possibly be secured. Every one knows that. The proceeds of lands, being a vague and variable sum, are much more readily bestowed. At the same time, they are to be given in a way which will quicken and strengthen local efforts.

There may be some minor points in the bill which require modification, but in its main features we are confident that it ought to pass as a just and philanthropic measure for the rescue of the Southern States from the horrid blight of popular ignorance which is now so threatening. The facts brought out by Mr. Hoar in his support of the bill, by Gen. Eaton in his report as Commissioner of Education, by the census of 1870, and by intelligent private observers, all point one way. Anarchy and barbarism are impending dangers in vast regions of the South; in some localities they are actual curses. What better can we do with that portion of our income which comes from the sale of lands than to direct it to popular instruction in the reconstructed States?

The disposition of the public lands is a constant and growing subject of controversy. There are probably few things, if any, which give so much impetus to what is called the "labor movement" as the widespread belief among the workingmen of the country that the national domain is being divided among unscrupulous speculators, without reference to the interests or aspirations of the poor. There is no way in which this delusion—if delusion it be, and we fear it is not—can be so well dissipated as by the appropriation of the public lands to educational purposes, because there is no other use of them on which there is nearly the same chance of agreement. Moreover, there is no use of them which is likely to conduce one quarter as much to the political security and prosperity of the country. Whatever falling off there has been of late years in the efficiency of administration, in the tone of public life and the character of public men, has been largely due to the growing weight in politics of ignorant people. There is no use in saying they are foreign-born or bred in slavery; that does not mend the matter. The important fact is that they vote, and produce children who will one day vote also, and that ordinary efforts, such as have hitherto sufficed to educate the children of the educated, will no longer suffice. Something not unlike mediæval night is settling down on some parts of the country through want of schools, and in others the healthy and intelligent public spirit which has built the Government up, and without which it cannot exist, is seriously declining from the same cause. It is high time that this descent were arrested, and we know of no nobler way of doing it than this bill offers.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, February 9, 1872.

PARLIAMENT has met, but has not at present begun any serious business. Mr. Denison, who has been Speaker for the last fifteen years, has resigned, has been duly thanked for his services, and is to receive the usual peerage. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli have united in paying him compliments, and have not yet begun that warfare with each other to which we have been looking forward. The Queen's speech provoked a few epigrams from the opposition, but no really animated debate took place. Though the session has thus opened as quietly as usual, the symptoms of an unusually bitter struggle are neither few nor equivocal. I have at different times spoken of the difficulties which from one cause or another have been accumulating upon the hands of the Government. Two recent elections show that the state of feeling in different parts of the country is far from satisfactory. In the West Riding of Yorkshire, a Conservative has been returned, after a very close contest, owing to the defection of some of the Liberal party. In Galway, the advocate of home rule has been returned by a majority of more than four to one. Evidently a dissolution of Parliament would find the constituencies in a very different temper from that which carried Mr. Gladstone so triumphantly to power at the end of 1868. Nor, of course, is there any want of grievances amongst the various sections of his opponents. The only difficulty is to choose the most promising out of many different lines of assault. The policy of Government, so far as it is at present indicated, would seem to consist in pushing the Ballot Bill as vigorously as possible. If the House of Lords accepts it, the Government will have obtained a certain degree of credit with Liberal constituencies; and it is not likely that the Lords will encounter the odium of once more rejecting a measure which has been so long part of the established creed of the ordinary school of reformers.

Meanwhile, this and all other questions have sunk comparatively into the background. We are entirely occupied with the unfortunate misunderstanding about the Geneva Convention. I see that the New York *Herald* is good enough to assume that the excitement has been got up in this country precisely with the view of distracting attention from the various difficulties of the Government. I fancy that I need not seriously answer that suggestion to you: the ministers have neither the power nor the want of principle necessary for such a policy, to say nothing of the fact that if they had, no policy could be more contrary to their interests. It is true, that for the moment, we don't care much about the wrongs of Dissenters, nor the Ballot Bill, nor the licensing question, nor the Irish discontent, nor the appointment of Sir R. Collier, nor even for the last new scandal about Eveline Rectory—a scandal, I may say, which is so minute that I cannot make up my mind to fill your space with any explanation of it. Nothing is talked of but the American difficulty; and, moreover, there is a strong disposition to support the line taken by our Government. So far, Mr. Gladstone might congratulate himself on the result, if it were possible for so honorable a man to regard the misunderstanding with anything but profound dissatisfaction. Yet, in another sense, the ministry have cause to be more deeply sensible than any of us of the gravity of the misfortune. The arrangement of the arbitration was the one thing of which they had, we all supposed, a perfectly legitimate cause for taking credit to themselves; and this, which was their great boast, is now the performance for which, more than for any other, they stand in need of apology.

It is, however, too grave a question to be considered from a party point of view, and I only speak the general sense of men of all opinions when I say that an honorable and mutually satisfactory arrangement of the question would be worth obtaining at almost any sacrifice of party interests. I refrain, according to my usual practice, from discussing the rights of the question, on which you have all the necessary means of information as fully before you as I can have. I will simply endeavor to report what—so far as I can judge—is the ordinary tone of English feeling on the subject. Briefly, I may say that it is such as to make things very uncomfortable for anybody who is supposed to have American proclivities. We had all been indulging so freely in exultation at the admirable precedent set by two great nations of appealing to argument instead of force, that the collapse of the negotiation at its very outset comes upon us with double severity. The new era, it seems, of peace and conciliation is not only not opened as yet, but the opening will too probably be adjourned for an indefinite period by the catastrophe. We had supposed—whether we were right or not is, of course, open to discussion—that the American Government had tacitly withdrawn the claim for indirect damages. When the Treaty was attacked in the House of Lords, it was defended upon that express ground by our ministers. It is, however, generally admitted—so far as I can hear—that the words of the Treaty taken by themselves are susceptible of the American construction as well as of our own. This, for example, is the view of Lord Derby, whose opinion on such a point carries much weight. Mr. Gladstone, with his usual impetuosity, seems to have committed himself to a different statement; I have not, indeed, been quite able to understand his language, in which, as usual, the cloud of words rather tends to perplexity; but he apparently meant to say, though he also tried partly to unsay it, that the only possible meaning of the Treaty was that this class of damages was not to be referred to the arbitrators, and that any other interpretation implied something like dishonesty. It is to be regretted that the prime minister should have taken a tone which is not calculated to make things pleasant. If the Treaty has been so drawn that we could conscientiously believe that certain claims were excluded which you could as conscientiously believe were included in the arbitration, the misunderstanding is still deplorable; but at any rate there need be no imputation on the honor of either party; and so far there would be a better chance for arriving at more distinct agreement. On the other hand, the opinion that either party was guilty of sharp practice in the matter by deliberately misinterpreting words not really ambiguous is not soothing; and we can only hope that Lord Granville's despatches have been more judicious than the utterances of his leader in Parliament. However this may be, there is, I fear, little hope that the Treaty will be carried out. If the Russian Minister had been wiser, he need not have felt much alarm at the prospect of a better understanding between the two countries so long as negotiations are carried on in this fashion. To everybody who feels the importance of such an understanding, the whole affair can only be productive of bitter mortification. You may easily guess the nature of the language which is ordinarily used upon the subject.

The Yankees, says the true-born Briton, have been altogether too sharp for us; and that is only what we might have expected when we tried to deal with a set of radicals ruled by lawyers. We were in a position of unassailable strength after they had luckily rejected the Reverdy-Johnson Treaty. We had nothing to do but to fold our arms and say, Gentlemen, it is your turn to make the next proposal. Instead of that, Mr. Gladstone must needs be walking out of his strong position, falling about the neck of Brother Jonathan, and kissing him with effusion. Dealing with such acute antagonists, he ought to have known better than to have betrayed our extreme desire to patch up an arrangement. As it is, we have been rightly served. We have got into such a position that we cannot retreat without a superficial appearance of drawing back from our word, though our keen-witted antagonist is really the guilty party; he will take the tone of injured innocence, though the cause of all the mischief has been his unjustifiably sharp practice. As we have got into such a mess, our only plan is to draw back at all hazards, and take very good care not to lose our heads another time in a fit of cosmopolitan enthusiasm. And so saying, the Briton congratulates himself on not being such a fool as to believe in sentiment or brotherly love as between nations, and declares that he will never again talk platitudes about the common language, laws, and religion, or make any more references to our common interest in Shakespeare and Washington.

I shall not enquire what degree of justice there may be in this view of the case; I only give it as the common one. I may, however, add that there is, so far as I can judge, a general consent that the course taken by the Government was substantially the only one open to them. The *Times* endeavored at first to advocate the plan of leaving it to the arbitrators to decide upon the admissibility of the claims, and only protesting if their decision should be against us. Such a course, however, would be manifestly dishonorable, and the *Times* has come round to the general sentiment. Mr. Gladstone will, in fact, be supported by the country, although many people wish that the negotiation was in less impulsive hands.

We are all beginning to grow excited over the approaching thanksgiving service for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. I observe that there is a gentleman named Hall in the corporation of the town of Cambridge who persists in saying that, in his opinion, Providence did not interpose to save the Prince, and that his recovery was owing to the skill of his doctors. He and such as he are of course suppressed; and there will undoubtedly be a crowded congregation at St. Paul's who will take a more orthodox view of the influence of prayer. It is lucky that the thanksgiving is coming soon, or we should have almost forgotten our loyal instinct under the influence of the more exciting political events.

NOTES FROM BERLIN.

BERLIN, February 2.

THE Mint has just issued the first specimens of the new gold coin, the piece of 20 marks, which is to be the standard for the currency of all the German States. As a work of art, it does not compare favorably with the English and French coinage, and, as a standard, it falls just short of furthering the much-desired end of an international unit of currency. The new currency, to be sure, is based upon the decimal system; but this, as yet, is hypothetical, for the silver mark, the new unit, has not been coined, and the mark banko of Hamburg exceeds in value the proposed German mark by a little more than half. Each state of the German Bund retains at present its own currency, and with none of all the existing systems will the new coinage exactly tally. In Prussia, Anhalt, Gotha, Hesse-Cassel, Lippe, Oldenburg, Reuss, Schwarzburg, and Waldeck, the coinage is the thaler of 30 silber-groschen of 12 pfennigs each. The new mark equals 10 groschen, but a mark is to represent 100 pfennigs. In Saxony, Altenburg, Brunswick, and Hanover the thaler equals that of Prussia, and represents 30 neugroschen of 10 pfennigs each. In both these systems the new gold coin equals 6 th. 20 gro., so that the decimal reckoning is lost. In Mecklenburg the thaler represents 48 schillings of 12 pf. The thaler answers to that of Prussia, and so the new coin=6 th. 32 sch. In Lübeck, the mark courant and in Hamburg the mark banko represent 16 sch. of 12 pf., but for Lübeck the new coin of 20 German marks requires 16 marks 10 sch., and for Hamburg 13 marks 2 sch. and 11·56 pf. Bremen, again, has the pistole of 5 thalers gold, and the gold thaler of 72 groten of 5 schwaren. The new coin represents 6 thal. 1 grot. 2·74 schwaren. Bavaria has the gulden of 60 kreuzer of 4 pf., of which the new piece requires 11 guld. and 40 kr.

Here is endless work for bank calculators and endless profit for money-changers. It is expected, however, that each state will modify its own coinage, so as to correspond with the national standard, and thus bring the currency of all Germany to the decimal basis. This will be a great advance, but it will be the greater pity that the new coin does not harmonize exactly with that of England, France, or the United States. The exact ratios, calculated to decimal fractions by Kameke, will interest bankers and exchangers:

German gold piece of 20 marks,	English, 19 shil. 6·94 pence.
	French, 24 fr. 69·20 cent.
	United States, 4 d. 76·49 cents.

Mr. Ruggles will have to revive his Commission, to rectify this egregious blunder of Germany.

Prince Bismarck has declared the true policy of a constitutional government toward an ecclesiastical party in state affairs. The recent change in the *Cultusministerium* by the ejection of Dr. v. Mühler, who had held the office since 1862, and the appointment of Dr. Falk, has stirred the rancor of the clerical party throughout Prussia. Though Mühler is a stringent Protestant, his policy of using the state to further ecclesiastical interests pleased the Roman Catholic party as well as the high orthodox—whose spirit in this matter is one—and Catholic schools and convents were multiplying under his administration, to the displeasure of the liberals and of the people at large. The advent of Dr. Falk is hailed by the press generally as a sign that the Government inclines toward a true liberalism, and that religious questions are to be more and more separated from affairs of the state. A poet, punning upon the name of Falk, thus expresses the popular feeling:

"O, sei ein Falk mit hellem Auge
  Nach oben wie nach unten hin.
Voll Muskelkraft zu sich'rem Fluge
  Mit frei und treuem, deutschem Sinn,
Durchdringe düstern Dunst und Nebel
  Mit scharfem, unbestoch'nem Blick,
Und schaff' mit Gott uns Licht und Leben,
  Der *wahren* Freiheit gold'nes Glück."

The policy of the new minister, together with his church budget, gave rise to a sharp debate in the Chamber of Deputies, which extended through two days, January 30 and 31, and in which Prince Bismarck took a conspicuous part. He was accused of excluding the Roman Catholic party from its proportionate share in the Government, and the demand was openly made for a Catholic representation in the ministry. To this he replied, that he would exclude no one from office upon the ground of his being a Catholic; but, in fidelity to constitutional government, he must and would resist the appointment of any one to political office as a concession to his religious belief—that would be to change the state itself from a constitutional to a *confessional* government; the adherents of each religious confession must be carefully numbered, and proportionally represented in the ministry; and his Catholic critics might some day find themselves under a Jew as prime minister—that race having always evinced a marked aptitude for statecraft! This stroke of wit moved the whole House to hilarity.

Bismarck then put the case into this nutshell: He would gladly welcome a Catholic as a colleague; but the Catholics insisted upon making themselves a purely confessional party upon purely political grounds—a party which found it impossible to separate political concerns from the standpoint of its own confession; it appealed to electors as Catholics, upon the grounds of their faith, and for the interests of that faith alone; and upon these grounds it had arrayed itself against the Government both in Prussia and in Germany at large. But in a constitutional government, the ministry, being formed for political affairs and ends of public welfare alone, must be substantially a unit in its political policy; and such a government could not recognize an ecclesiastico-political party as having any claims upon the state or any function in state affairs. This distinction, so clearly put, so obviously wise and just, may be applied with equal force to some recent phases of American politics.

AN AUSWANDERER.

Correspondence.

A LABOR-REFORM THEORY OF CURRENCY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a cause of deep regret to at least one of your readers that a journal which takes such broad and clear views of most subjects should be so narrow in its conception of the great question of the relation of capital to labor—a narrowness which, I am sorry to say, is not confined to the *Nation*. Indeed, the only paper which does appear to be properly impressed with the magnitude and importance of the subject is one for which, as well as for the persons whose name it bears, the *Nation* appears to have very little respect. This letter, in which I shall try to state what I consider the proper and legitimate tendency of the agitation now going on, is sent to you instead of the other paper I have mentioned, because "they that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." The doctrines herein set forth may, perhaps, startle you a little, but I assure you they are not much, if any, further advanced than those held by some leading minds and expressed weekly in the columns of the only paper that as yet dares to publish them. I will premise by stating one or two uncontrovertible propositions:

1. All men have a natural right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, therefore they have a right to possess the means of happiness. Among the most important of these means is *money*—not wealth, but at least the means of subsistence. Without such means there could be no happiness, no freedom of soul or body, and perhaps not even life.

2. The wealth of a nation is measured exactly by the degree to which its natural and material resources are developed and employed by its subjects, which term includes all, both citizens and aliens, who live upon its territory; and a proper census or examination would exhibit the actual wealth of our country at any time. This national wealth belongs in gross to the whole body, but in particle to every member of the body of subject workers.

3. A national currency should be based, not upon any fictitious standard, but upon the absolute wealth of the nation issuing the same.

As a result of the foregoing propositions, I think the Government, after ascertaining the wealth of our country at the present time, should issue to each citizen his proportionate amount of the currency which should be based thereupon.

This each citizen would spend for his subsistence, and when spent another amount should be issued to him. To prevent the acquisition of large fortunes, a graduated tax should be laid on incomes upon a scale which, though but slightly impairing small receipts, should sweep away *in toto* large accumulations. Thus there would be a constant flow of money from the Government, which, after providing for the wants of the citizens—for I would exempt aliens from the benefit of this law, however much they might contribute to the wealth of the country, thus making citizenship not only a moral but a material blessing—would return to the coffers of the Government after having done its work, by means of the income tax to which I have referred.

Thus pauperism would be destroyed, while there would be none of those colossal fortunes which now excite the anger of the working-classes and threaten to destroy our political fabric.

AN "ADVANCED" THINKER.

[We have never argued against the issue of "currency" to every citizen in any quantity he might desire, provided he paid the cost of paper and printing. As long as nobody was compelled to accept it in payment of debts or in exchange for the products of honest industry, we think the distribution of "money" of this sort would do no great harm, and, indeed, might do good by giving a practical lesson in political economy to some of the wise men of the labor-reform movement. The foregoing letter is valuable as an illustration of the curious haze which, in the minds of most of these philosophers, surrounds the term "based." They are constantly asking to have currency "based" on the total wealth of the nation, instead of gold or silver. The notion that you can "base" currency on anything you please which has intrinsic value, is as old as the French Revolution, during which currency was "based" on the confiscated church lands. What the reformers mean by "basing" currency on something, is really forming an estimate in your own mind of the value of the thing when issuing paper promises to pay to that amount. In this way a man might "base" currency on his furniture, his clothes, or anything else he might possess. He refrains from doing so for two reasons: one is that the people to whom he offers the currency ask not simply that it be "based" on something, but that it be convertible on demand into that thing; and the second is, that the courts gratify this unreasonable desire by authorizing the sheriff to find out what it is the gentleman has been "basing" his currency on, to seize and hand it over to his creditor. There are, however, no courts in which a nation can be sued; and when it is said that it "bases" currency on "the national wealth," what is meant is, that it has issued paper to the nominal value of its possessions of all sorts. This currency is not and cannot be convertible into "the national wealth," and therefore, in the economical sense, it has no basis at all except the good faith of the Government—that is, the willingness of the Government to convert it at some time or other into gold or silver. There is, therefore, no reason in the world why the labor reformers should "base" their currency on anything. As it is not convertible, it does not need a "base." It has no real connection of any kind with the national wealth; and the process of finding out what the national wealth is, in order to get at the right amount of currency to issue, is one of those little bits of childishness into which very big men constantly fall when they get a fallacy into their heads. The French assignats illustrate the whole matter. They were "based" on the confiscated lands—that is, they were issued with the vague belief that the confiscated lands could be used to pay them off; but as soon as it was found that this could not be done, they became worthless. Our correspondent's theory, that when a man has spent all his money the Government should supply him with more, is, we believe, gaining a strong hold on the minds of the working-classes, and, amusing as it sounds, is in the eyes of many of them in Europe assuming the place of a new gospel. There is only one antidote to it, and that is education in the nature and working of the social machinery.—Ed. Nation.]

THE REMEDY FOR OFFICIAL LAWLESSNESS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your article upon "Lawlessness in High Places," a melancholy subject of contemplation, is as true as it is forcible. But the important question is, Where is the remedy? General outcries of warning and appeals to patriotism, honesty, public spirit, etc., are of little practical use. It is safe to say that the nation, as a whole, will not in this century be purer or more patriotic than it is to-day; and if for ten or twenty years past we have been steadily sliding down hill, the expectation that the people will turn round in their tracks is chimerical. The only hope is to find some definite defect in our political machinery, which may offer a standpoint of reform. And the one most manifest is perhaps a synonym for the phrase you have employed, want of responsibility. Mr. Boutwell was deliberately whitewashed by the majority of Congress in his illegal action, because that majority dared not risk the supremacy of the Republican party. If Mr. Boutwell had been where any individual, placing principle above party, could have called him to personal account, he would have received a wholesome lesson for the future. If it be said that this does not explain the other instances which you adduce, I reply that this may be done by means of a corresponding defect, want of power—that is, of open legitimate power. While Congress is, what Mr. Edmunds once called the Senate, a cockpit (though, as the physical aptness of the comparison provoked the risibility of the galleries, he changed the word to "bear-garden") for personal encounter, legislation is at haphazard or controlled by private interests, and the Executive has no more power to procure laws, however important for the country, than any outsider, unless indeed by the corrupt handling of offices, which forms the greatest obstacle to civil-service reform. If President Grant had been able to introduce, by his officers, a law for the repeal or affirming of the Legal Tender Act, and to defend it before the country, he would before long have got a reply, for or against, from that power which is above the Constitution, and would not have required to use his appointing power corruptly; while, again, if there had been responsibility to individuals, he might have thought twice about so using that power. So of the suspension of the *habeas corpus* in the South. If the Executive had brought forward such a measure as applicable at a particular place and time, and had been held to a close and sharp responsibility to individuals, the evil might have been light. But as it is, certain private interests require a general power to be applied, and, having worked it through Congress, they put it upon the President in a lump, and rely for its exercise upon the protection from responsibility by a Congressional majority.

More power in the Executive that is open and honest, not secret and corrupt—the power to propose laws and defend them in the interest of the country against private and local interests—and more responsibility to an active minority in opposition which is now powerless, these seem to be the true points of attack.

You deprecate further the *personal* devotion to Presidential candidates. Our country is furnishing a new instance of what all history proves, that the enthusiasm of masses of men cannot be permanently excited by principles, but requires persons. Instead, therefore, of calling upon human nature to contradict itself and return to the love of principles, the way is to make this love of persons follow devotion to principles; that is, to place men so that their adherence to a principle may secure personal devotion. The final passage of the corn-law repeal in England was carried by the personal influence of Sir Robert Peel, Cobden, and other such men, and the Irish Church reform by that of Mr. Gladstone.

Suppose, for example, Mr. Boutwell were an earnest advocate of specie payments. We know that seventeen hundred national banks now have their fangs firmly fastened in the members of Congress, who, as the Chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee said last year, dare not look at any measure opposed to that interest. To combat it, a personal enthusiasm is necessary, and the Secretary of the Treasury should hold a place where he can wield that power, subject to a responsibility which could make that enthusiasm vanish with any taint of corruption, incapacity, or illegal exertion of power. G. B.

Boston, February 23, 1872.

"PROTECTION" FOR AUTHORS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Although you have drawn the distinction on previous occasions on the point I make below, yet it would be conferring a favor on me, and, I think, on many of your readers, if you would explain more fully how your statements in a recent article of the *Nation* on the copyright question consist with your well-known and usual views on the free-trade and protection question. In that article you say that "what is wanted is native thinkers," and that that want is the reason of our dependence on the Old World for our thinking, and you express the conviction that—

> "There is nothing which contributes so much to keep down literature as a profession in the United States, to make American poets and novelists inferior to those in Europe, and to keep the people of the United States in a condition of mental vassalage to the Old World, . . . as the long refusal of the nation to give native writers the stimulus, encouragement, and protection that would come from compelling native publishers to pay foreign authors for their works."

Is not that the doctrine of protection? J. S. Currey.

Chicago, Feb. 22, 1872.

[All industries are carried on in civilized society on the assumption that the competition which regulates prices is competition between sellers who have acquired the commodities they offer for sale either by purchase or production. This amount and kind of "protection" all free bodies claim. The principle that the market shall not be open to anything in the nature of plunder or booty is indeed one of the bases of the social organization, and enters into all theories of political economy. If dealers in New York or elsewhere were in the habit of fitting out corsairs to seize and carry off iron, cloth, lumber, or any other commodity from the coasts or from the ships of foreign nations, and were to expose it for sale here at prices with which native producers could not compete, we should demand most heartily as much "protection," in the shape of Government interference, as would put a stop to the practice. Indeed, we do clamor for that protection daily, when we urge the police to be vigilant and the judges to be honest; and we find a strong argument for it in the eighth commandment of the Decalogue.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

A TREATISE on dreams, second-sight, somnambulism, spiritual manifestations, hallucinations, etc., entitled "Spiritualism and Animal Magnetism," by Prof. G. G. Zerffi; and "Lectures on the History of Art at the Government School of Science and Art at South Kensington," are among the announcements of Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.——Messrs. Ginn Bros. will issue at once in pamphlet form parts of Hudson's "School Shakespeare," beginning with the *Merchant of Venice*.

—Mr. Joaquin Miller—whose parents named him Cincinnatus Heine Miller—is the subject of a notice written by a friend of his for the *Overland Monthly*, and interesting as being probably a true story of a sufficiently checkered career, and one that would hardly be possible outside of the western half of this country. Born in 1841, in Indiana, when Indiana was a frontier State, Miller was an utterly untaught boy of ten years of age when in 1851 his father, who seems to have had the true pioneer blood, "pulled up stakes" for Oregon, two thousand miles to the westward of the Wabash district, and almost a wilderness. Young Miller was as restless as his father, and in all ways unpractical, and the California gold fever soon infected him; so when he was fifteen or sixteen he left the log cabin in the Willamette Valley, and betook himself to the mines. Of mining he was ignorant, and his life for four or five years was more varied than profitable, his professions being successively those of the "miner, astrologer, poet, filibuster with Walker, Indian sachem, and Spanish vaquero," the poet, perhaps, being as plainly manifest in the accounts he afterwards gave of his life at this period as in the verses which he produced. Of these one of his friends relates that Miller once showed him some of the pieces which he was constantly scribbling, and that on his being informed that he must reconstruct his poetry, observing metrical arrangement and limiting the number of syllables in a line, he exclaimed, "Oh! damn your rhythm and measurement. There's the ideas, and I know what poetic license means." He was now, however, to have something more of education; and when he reached his father's house, in 1860, with a bullet wound in his left thigh, another in his right arm, and several marks of Indian arrows on other parts of his body, he began, at nineteen, the study of the law in Lane County, Oregon, where in a few months, after some desultory reading in law-books and general literature, he "by some singular good fortune gained admission to the bar." He did not, however, it is added, "attempt to enter immediately upon the practice of his profession," for in the following spring came the rush to the Idaho mines, and Miller left the law for gold-hunting. He was not more successful than before, his temperament being enthusiastic and visionary, as one might suppose an astrological miner's to be; and want soon compelled him to take up a business for which his adventurous spirit and his wild experiences fitted him well. This was the business of conveying packages of gold dust and of letters from one mining camp to another, and from the camps to the towns where regular means of transportation could be had; and as the roads were infested by "road agents," all of Miller's Indian craft, Spanish horsemanship, and acquaintance with the Plains and the mines was necessary to the performance of his duties, which are said to have been efficiently discharged for the space of nearly a year, when his primitive express was supplanted. Returning again to Lane County, he became the editor of a Democratic paper, which in a few months was suppressed by the military authorities on account of its violent Secessionist doctrines. Of this journal a certain young lady of Port Orford was a poetical correspondent, and the new editor, pleased with her verses, very shortly paid her a visit at her place of residence, where on a Friday he first saw her, and on the Sunday following made her Mrs. Miller. This was in 1862, and in 1863 he was practising law in Cañon City in Eastern Oregon, and in 1864 we find him the efficient captain of a volunteer company organized to fight the Snake Indians, and victorious over them in a desperate engagement. More law practice followed this military episode, and in 1866 he was elected County Judge, and held the office till 1870. In that year he was a caucus candidate for a seat on the Supreme Bench of his State, but was defeated, was also divorced from Mrs. Miller, or rather she from him, and, gathering up his poetical manuscripts, which had been accumulating during his four years of judgeship, he sailed for London, to find fame and a publisher. He was at first unsuccessful in his pursuit, but a thin volume containing "Ina" and "Arizonian" being printed and privately circulated came to the knowledge of Mr. W. M. Rossetti, Mr. Frederick Locker, and Mr. Tom Hood, and they "at once recognized his genius and gave him their friendship and countenance." Mr. Miller is said to be now on a trip "through California and the tropics, gathering material for further literary efforts."

—The publishers of Worcester's and of Webster's Dictionaries have recently been engaged in a curious correspondence with Mr. A. S. Solomons, a respected Israelite gentleman of the District of Columbia. He begins by calling the attention of Messrs. Merriam to the fact that their dictionary contains "an intolerant definition" of a certain word. "Webster's" defines the verb "to jew" as "an active verb, meaning to cheat or defraud, to swindle"; and marks it as "colloquial." To this letter Messrs. Merriam make answer that the case of the verb in question is one of those in which an opprobrious sense is attached to a word without any offensive sense necessarily attaching to the original word; and cite "Jesuitical" as being in point. They add that they have ordered the remark "used opprobriously" to be appended to the definition. From Messrs. Brewer & Tileston, whose dictionary makes the obnoxious word mean "to cheat (colloquial)," Mr. Solomons received a note saying that the verb "to jew" has the authority of Shakespeare; that the intent of their dictionary is to give the orthography, pronunciation, and meaning of every word used by any English author of any notoriety; and that to omit the verb complained of would be to contradict the plan of the whole work. They are, however, perfectly willing either to omit it altogether or to condemn it as unjust. The correspondence proceeds at some length, and the likeliest upshot of the matter is that the obnoxious word will be omitted altogether from all future editions of both the dictionaries. We must say, at the risk of appearing illiberal and uncivil, which we think we are not in this instance, that this seems to us not the best conclusion which could have been reached. The word in question is now obsolete, except as a colloquialism which oftenest is in the mouths of low and mean men; and it is undoubtedly within the lexicographer's competence, and indeed is strictly his duty, to stigmatize it for what it is. But its place was once higher; it is historically a part of the language, and was used in good faith by persons who really knew the Jew as an accomplished bargainer and merchant, a man justly sharp at a bargain amid enemies who gave him all manner of injustice, sometimes too sharp if we allow ourselves to forget that he lived for ages amongst tyrannical robbers, against whom his money was his only protection. Why is this a thing that it should be sought to cover over and hide? Surely the Jewish population of the United States needs no such concealments. And if it does not need them, it would consult its own dignity, one would say, by not requesting them; just as equity would be consulted by not giving them if they are really needed. After all, however, there are things of more importance than lexicography—though we like to see lexicographers a little hard to convince of this—and it is agreeable to see in this correspondence the evidence of so much mutual respect and good feeling between Jew and Gentile, after feuds which have been so long, so cruel, and, the Gentile must confess, so much more disgraceful to the Christian than to the Jewish name.

—English publications and announcements begin again to assume their natural proportions. Those most noticeable in the sphere of religion are: "The Rise and Fall of a Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the 17th Century"; Ritsche's "Critical History of the Doctrine of Justification and Reconciliation," translated by J. S. Black; Reuss's "History of Christian Theology in the Apostolic Age," translated by Annie Harwood; "Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland"; "Welsh Methodism," an historical sketch; "Saint Chrysostom: His Life and Times," by Rev. W. R. Stephens; and a new volume of sermons by Rev. Stopford Brooke. In books of travel we may commence with Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "The Switzers," which we find in one catalogue under the head of "Fiction"; and these following are worth mention: Captain Burton's "Zanzibar: City, Island, and Coast"; "Round the World in 1870," by A. D. Carlisle; "Egypt of the Pharaohs and the Khedive," by F. B. Zincke; "Recollections of Society in France and England," by Lady Clementina Davies; "Over Volcanoes; or, Through France and Spain in 1871," by A. Kingsman; "Across the Ferry: First Impressions of America, by James Macaulay; "South Sea Bubbles," by the Earl of Pembroke, with what is, in some sense, a companion book, "In Quest of Coolies," by James A. L. Hope; and "Sketches from Life amongst the Hakkas of Southern China," by Rev. E. J. Eitel. In history and biography we have, or are to have: Lamartine's "Twenty-five Years of My Life," translated by Lady Herbert; the fourth volume of Freeman's "Norman Conquest" and of Long's "Decline of the Roman Empire"; "The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon," by Thomas Wright; "The History of Leicestershire in the 18th Century," by J. Thompson; "The Invasions of England," by Captain H. M. Hozier; Nasse's "Agricultural Community of the Middle Ages," translated by Colonel Ouvry; Vámbéry's "Bokhara: Its History and Conquest"; the Abbé Lamazou's "Place Vendôme and La Roquette," translated by C. F. Audley; the second volume of Lanfrey's "History of Napoleon I."; the Duc d'Aumale's "Princes of the House of Condé," translated by Rev. R. Brown; Dr. Karl Mendelssohn's "Narrative of Mendelssohn's Intercourse with Goethe"; "Memoirs of the Countess Leonora Christina of Schleswig-Holstein," translated by Miss Bunnètt; "Milton's Life in his Own Words," by Rev. J. G. Graham; "The Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," by the late Sir Herbert Edwards and Herman Merivale; "The Life of Robert Chambers," by his brother; "The Life and Miscellaneous Essays of Henry Thomas Colebrooke"; and "The Attic Orators from Antiphon to Isœus," by R. C. Jebb. In art, as important a publication as any is the new edition of Nash's "Mansions of England in the Olden Time"; and we note also: "English Artists of the Present Day," essays by Sydney Colvin and others; "The British School of Sculpture," by Wm. B. Scott; "Six Lectures on the Elements of

Sculpture," by John Ruskin; "Lectures on Christian Art and Symbolism," by Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt; and "Pictures by Daniel Maclise," with descriptions and a biographical sketch by James Dafforne. Under the head of miscellaneous we gather Browning's *idée napoléonienne*—"Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau"; "Three Centuries of English Literature," by C. D. Yonge; Buckle's "Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works," in 3 vols. 8vo; "The Miscellaneous Writings of the late John Conington," with a Memoir; "The Moabite Stone," by W. P. Walsh; "Lectures on Legal Antiquities," by Cosmo Innes; a "Dictionary to the Anabasis of Xenophon," by Rev. Wm. Barrack; and a "Grammar of Pennsylvania Dutch," by Prof. S. S. Haldeman (to be published by Trübner).

—The last number of the *British Quarterly* we commend to attention as having a table of contents worthy of the best days of the English reviews, and as being likely to be of particular service to American readers. This we say mainly because of its article on the first Napoleon. We suppose we do not exaggerate much when we assert that in virtue of his history of Napoleon, disseminated through the country in our most popular magazine, the Rev. J. S. C. Abbott almost raised himself to the dignity of a public enemy, so much did he do to secure American admiration for a man whose character and career it is no less than dangerous for a free democratic people to admire. The *Quarterly's* article is said to be by Professor Seeley, a writer in whom it is not necessary to believe absolutely, but who is always suggestive or instructive, and who, whether or not he very often goes to the bottom of things, can always be read with intelligent pleasure. Mr. Seeley's object is to make good these three propositions which follow, and he particularly addresses himself to readers who give up Napoleon to reprobation as an unscrupulous and wicked statesman, sacrificing France and Europe to his military ambition, but who cannot withhold from him their respect, because they respect the French Revolution, and look on him as the great leader who carried out the Revolutionary programme. To such readers, M. Seeley undertakes to show, first, that the great lines of the Napoleonic policy were laid down, not by Napoleon himself, but by the Revolutionary governments which preceded him; secondly, that the Napoleonic policy was flatly opposed to all the great principles of the Revolution, though Napoleon was anticipated in his apostasy by the Revolutionary leaders themselves; thirdly, that upon this inconsistency and ambiguity in the conduct of the Revolutionary governments Napoleon rested. If he were obliged, Mr. Seeley says, to put the history of Napoleonic France into the smallest possible compass, he would abridge it by saying, first, that, by the *coup d'état* of Brumaire, Napoleon subjected France to a military government (which in effect the Terrorists had shown him how to do); secondly, that by the Concordat he had brought Catholicism back into France (imitating in this the Revolutionary governments, which never thought themselves absolved from the duty o somehow finding their subjects a religion of some sort or other); thirdly, that, like the Directory, he imposed military governments on the nations he conquered. We can assure our readers that they will find Mr. Seeley's article, which we cannot pretend to summarize, not only very well worth reading, but apparently far more easy of acceptance as regards its main thesis than many of them might at first be disposed to believe. He does not hate the Revolution as Mr. Goldwin Smith hates it, nor go the length of asserting roundly that the harm which it did far overbalanced the good; but he induces reflection on the point that we are too apt to attribute directly to the Revolution not only what of good itself accomplished, but also what of good was brought about by the resistance which it aroused; and that thus we are apt to give it credit which it would be about as reasonable to give to the oppressive Old Régime which excited the Revolution and without which that uprising would not have been possible. The reader will perhaps think that in this part of his work our writer is over-ingenious for a writer in a practical world, and is unfair to the Revolution, which was a human affair, and was not transacted *in vacuo*, and is to be looked upon as having taken place of necessity—which necessity is to be set against the harm it brought us, while the good it did constituted its mission, and is to be set down to its account undiminished. But that the personal character and conduct of Napoleon did not make Napoleonism a worse thing than it needed to have been, and that upon his personal character and conduct judgment is not to be had and sentence pronounced—that is another matter; and the case made out by Mr. Smith, M. Lanfrey, Mr. Seeley, and the other accusers, early and late, seems to grow plainer and plainer. In his view of Napoleon's character, by the way, Mr. Seeley appears to make too little of what seems to us clear, that a "note" of his character, and the principal note of it, is that intellectually he had an almost miraculous perception of the precise relation of means to ends, and of the point to be aimed at in order to effect desired results; and that, seeing this point with a sureness of eye which constituted his genius, intellectually considered, he drove to his end with a force of egotistic will so gigantic and overbearing, that he seemed to be will incarnate and resistless. Indeed, in the latter part of his life his power of will and egotism seemed to amount to a disease, and to have intoxicated him to his ruin, using him rather than being used by him. To so colossal a force it is hardly worth while, even in speaking of its pettier manifestations, to apply the name of vanity, as Mr. Seeley does, though doubtless the Emperor had something of the barbaric weakness as well as the barbaric strength that belonged to him as a Corsican —a breed scarce civilized yet. As Mr. Lowell remarks of the egotism of Goethe, it was so immense that it was sublime, and was to the egotism of other men as the limitless, vast Sahara is to a sand-patch.

—Besides Mr. Seeley's article in the *Quarterly*, we have read with pleasure one on "Mahomet," attributed to Mr. E. A. Freeman, but perhaps hardly up to his level; one on "Beethoven," by an admirer, who strangely enough doubts if the English will ever like him as well as they like Handel and Mendelssohn; one on "The Speaker's Commentary on the Bible," a learned notice; and one on "Catullus and his Translators," which charges Shakespeare with laziness, Goethe with being "a man of contemptible character," and goes into rhapsodical enjoyment over some dreadful specimens of English glyconics and other classical metres. Another writer in the *Review* makes an article on "An English Interior in the Seventeenth Century." He has laid hold of a manuscript diary kept by a chaplain, a simple-minded man, who lived in the Nonconforming household of Sir Thomas Barnardiston, in Suffolk, in the days of Charles the Second; but though the subject is excellent, the article, while pleasant in flavor, is but dullish.

—The year 1871 has been very barren of works in the field of historical literature, having produced hardly one of high rank. There are several revisions, which may almost pass as new works, of which we may mention especially Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac," Michelet's "Histoire de France," the early volumes of which are being completely rewritten, Peter's "Geschichte Roms," Von Raumer's "Geschichte der Hohenstaufen," and Fessler's "History of Hungary." The last-named work is edited by Ernst Klein, with a preface by Michael Horváth; the tenth number, just published, comprises a part of the reign of Matthias Corvinus. Teuffel's admirable "Geschichte der römischen Literatur," which treats the literature by periods, as the outgrowth of the national life, belongs properly to 1870. Washburn's "History of Paraguay" has already been noticed in our columns. Bishop Hefele's "History of Œcumenical Councils" has reached its seventh volume, treating of the Council of Constance; it is written from a liberal Catholic point of view. The veteran Von Ranke has been led by the recent events to bring out the first volume of a history of "The German Powers and the Confederacy of Princes" (1780–90). The distinguished historical scholar, Ottocar Lorenz, also, has joined with W. Scherer in a history of Elsass, which has reached its second volume. Another learned work that deserves mention is Zoepfell's "Die Pabstwahlen vom elften bis zum vierzehnten Jahrhundert," in which the mode of electing Popes established and pursued in this period of the Papal supremacy is minutely related.

—Of collections of essays on historical subjects, we have Dean Milman's "Savonarola," and the recent volumes of Mr. Freeman and Mr. Froude. Historical biography, too, is well represented. The lives of General Greene and of John Milton have been reviewed in our columns; Mr. Christie's life of Lord Shaftesbury is also a book of merit. In books upon what may be called pre-historic history, there are Mr. Tylor's valuable work on "Primitive Culture," and Prof. Maine's "Village Communities"; and we may mention again the translation of Nasse's "Mediæval Communities in England." In the more remote fields of historical enquiry, the past year has produced some works of high merit. Sir Henry Yule has published a translation of the famous "Book of Ser Marco Polo," with notes and discussions. Mr. George Smith has given us a history of Assurbanipal, the greatest of the kings of Assyria (668-626), translated from the cuneiform inscriptions. From Mr. Edward Thomas we have a "Chronicle of the Pathan Kings of Delhi," derived mainly from coins; these were Mohammedan kings of the 13th and 14th centuries, at first dependent upon the Caliphs of Bagdad. A still more important work in this field is Prof. Dawson's "History of India, as told by its own Historians," from materials collected by the late Sir Henry Elliot; the third volume gives the native chronicles of the 14th century, down to the conquest by Timur in 1398. The third volume of Lange's "Römische Alterthümer" perhaps belongs rather with the first-mentioned group. This volume, while marked by all the minute learning and mass of references which characterize the earlier ones, is rather historical than antiquarian; it is really a constitutional history of the last century of the Republic, from the agrarian movements of Tiberius Gracchus to the victory of Octavianus. Wattenbach's treatise upon "Mediæval Manuscripts" gives much valuable information upon this subject. Above all, we must not fail to mention an invaluable work of Lorenz, "Deutschlands Geschichtsquellen im Mittelalter von der Mitte des dreizehnten bis zum Ende des vierzehnten Jahrhunderts."

—In the important department of "historical materials," the year 1871 has been very active; and one is astonished at the amount of work done in different countries in this direction. The Historical Manuscript Commission has issued its second report, with appendices and indices to both reports; in this they describe 101 private collections of papers, covering the whole field of English history, but particularly rich, it would seem, for the sixteenth century. Next to this, perhaps, in general interest, is "Die Recesse und andere Akten der Hansetage von 1256–1430," of which two volumes have been published, under the direction of Dr. Koppmann. It is, says Dr. Pauli, "an inexhaustible mine for researches in mediæval commerce, in the history of prices and tolls, in peaceful and warlike transactions of the period"; a book which "every civic library ought to possess." Of the numerous collections of mediæval documents published during the year, we will only mention cursorily the "Fontes rerum Austriacarum," Vols. 31, 32. and 34; "Urkundenbuch der Stadt Lübeck," Vol. 4, and similar publications for Lüneburg, Mecklenburg, Livonia, Breslau, and other parts of Silesia.

—The Abbé Gratry, who died on the 5th instant, was a member of the Academy, a professor at the Sorbonne, an author of repute, and well known in the European educational world, but he was best known in this country as the intimate friend of the eloquent Père Hyacinthe, whose liberalism has recently made so much stir within Roman Catholic boundaries, and so much more, it is probable, outside of them. The latest important act of Gratry's life was his "submission" to the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope—a doctrine which he had actively opposed, and as to which he had taken ground with those theologians who asserted that, unless history is to be set aside as a worthless record, the dogma is the merest invention. But apparently, if the logical outcome of Protestantism is, as the Romish Church alleges, the promulgation by every Protestant to every other Protestant of the dogma of the personal infallibility of each—if Protestantism in the last analysis means "none of your business," as Dr. Holmes remarks of it, so the logical outcome of essential Catholicism would appear to be that after he once gets going it's none of the believer's business what he believes. At all events, very many of the men who a year ago were declaring that to say the Pope had always been infallible was to write one's self down a dunce or else a wilful deceiver, have now accepted the decree of the Society of Jesus, and have become "reconciled." Of these Gratry is the convert most recently conspicuous, and his going over was made the theme of an interesting open letter addressed to him by his old friend Hyacinthe, who may be said to ask him therein, What is the condition of what you are "pleased to call your mind"? Gratry's reply, if any was made, was not, we think, given to the public, but some of his enemies and some of his friends will probably think they have got some light on his mental condition in a letter just published by Abbé Michaud, who insists that he can authoritatively declare what was the mental attitude of the late Archbishop of Paris, Darboy, whom the Communists shot. The Abbé alleges that four days before Monseigneur Darboy's arrest by the Commune, the Archbishop spoke to him as follows: "Inasmuch as an army ought not to rise against its officers, you should externally, in your official acts, submit to the infallibility of the Council; as for your conscience, you have enough intelligence, knowledge, and honesty to know what to do. They may say and do what they like, their dogma will never be anything but an ineptitude, and their council a council of sextons and vergers—*concile de sacristains.*" To this attack the true believers reply that this is all very well to say now that the Archbishop is dead and cannot speak for himself, and that what really ails the abbé is that he wanted to be made curé of the Madeleine in the place of the Abbé Deguerry, and when he was not became angry. To this Michaud rejoins that they may read him out of the Ultramontane Church if they like, but they cannot separate him from the Catholic Church; and that he shall absolve, marry, baptize, bury, celebrate the mass, and perform all other functions of a priest without regard to the persecutions of the Ultramontanists, who forbid his officiating unless he "internally" assents to all the dogmas of the faith. He is raising subscriptions to build a church, and appears to be in open revolt.

COUNT BEUST.[*]

AUSTRO-HUNGARY has now for some years been a home for free discussion and opinion. Parliamentary government is firmly established at Vienna and Pesth; and the Austro-Hungarian charters have been made similar to the constitution of England. Count Beust has succeeded in piloting Austria through the five darkest years of her history. Electoral reform; the breach made in the Concordat; the commercial treaty with England; the compromise with Hungary; and new institutions and laws being called into life, furnish evidence of his ability and honesty of purpose. To him is due in a great measure the difference between Austria as she was after Königgrätz, and Austria as she is to-day. Nevertheless, clouds still overhang the horizon. The Slavic agitation and the state of the national credit cast a dark and threatening shadow; and not only the statesman who would endow Austro-Hungary with lasting prosperity and contentment, but who would preserve her very existence as a nation, has problems before him as difficult as any which have ever called forth or taxed political genius.

Count Beust's well-known irritable and restless temper is accounted for by his having been bathed as soon as he was born in new wine, by an overzealous nurse; but, excepting this incident relating to his early youth, we have searched in vain through Dr. Ebeling's two stout volumes for facts of the slightest biographical interest—for something that might furnish a clue to the personal character and disposition of one who has taken so prominent a part in European politics. The Doctor has, moreover, buried his hero beneath such an impenetrable mass of official correspondence that Beust is frequently lost sight of altogether. Long disquisitions upon the internal affairs of a small German state from 1848 until 1867 are rather heavy in hand to all but the local disputants, and had far better been left in their original resting-places.

The other work before us, "A Political Sketch of Men and Events," is written with clearness and vigor, and, besides much valuable statistical information, contains ethnological, agricultural, and religious maps of the empire, and we earnestly recommend it to all interested in European politics. The author is an enthusiastic admirer of Count Beust, and although the intention of writing a panegyric is expressly disclaimed, yet that would not be an ill-fitting title of the book, which is, indeed, thought by many to have emanated from the Imperial Chancery at Vienna to serve a political purpose in England. The writer urges Austria's necessity as the cause of her reducing the interest on her public debt, and considers such a step to have originated in a choice of evils. This is all very true, but it is impossible to shield Count Beust from a great share of blame in adopting repudiation as a means of overcoming these difficulties.

In 1868, the Imperial exchequer, drained by the expenses of the war with Prussia and by the sacrifice to Hungary, by which 70 per cent. of the burthen of the national debt was borne by Cisleithan Austria, was in the most vital need of money. Taxation was very heavy, and an increase would most likely have resulted in no further result in cash. The empire was virtually insolvent, and had Count Beust at this time had the courage to come frankly forward, formally acknowledge the humiliation, ask for time for a state so rich in resources to recover her rent-paying powers, and offered a compromise such as any private creditor would have done, the principle that insolvency alone can excuse the non-payment of a public debt would have been formally recognized, and Austria, with her former high reputation for good faith, would have been trusted, and still able to negotiate her bonds. But, instead of this, the coupons of the public debt were taxed without taxing any other property. The result was that all Austrian stock was promptly struck from the quotations of the London Stock Exchange, and certificates issued entitling the bond-holders to any compensation which might hereafter be secured. Count Beust's later proposition, of conversion into currency bonds without any sinking fund, was scorned, and regarded as mere confiscation.

We cannot call Count Beust a broad-minded, calmly-calculating statesman. Great cleverness and tact are his, both by nature and habit. The skill with which he maintained the delicate connecting-links between France and Austria, without binding himself to any positive engagement, cannot be too highly praised. His talents for conciliation and his knowledge of human nature are indeed remarkable. His personal ambition is boundless, but he lacks genius, originality, and decision of character. He is not the man to decide the fate of an empire. Whenever he has taken the initiative, the hopes that were raised never have been fulfilled, as in the case of the Schleswig-Holstein negotiations, when he played directly into the hands of Bismarck. Count Beust's career as a statesman of Saxony gives evidence of his strictly conservative if not absolutist views; and previous to his advent in Vienna he had rarely missed an opportunity of manifesting an inborn aversion to the party of progress. After the battle of Königgrätz—a victory for Hungary no less than for Prussia—when Austria, disarmed, helpless, and, to use the words of the Prussian Minister at Florence, "stabbed to the heart," fell to his inheritance, by a sudden and unlooked-for conversion to "liberalism" he conciliated Hungary, and, by giving one head of the Austrian eagle to the Germans, and the other to the Magyars, the remaining crown nations were kept well in hand. But the reaction resulting from these measures cannot be said to augur well for the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine.

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[*] Friedrich Ferdinand Graf von Beust. Sein Leben und vornehmlich staatsmännisches Wirken. Von Dr. Friedrich W. Ebeling, herzogl.-sächs. Archivrath." Zwei Bände. Leipzig. 1871.

"The Austro-Hungarian Empire and the Policy of Count Beust. A Political Sketch of Men and Events from 1866 to 1870. By an Englishman." London. 1870.

"*Unius linguæ, uniusque moris, regnum imbecillum et fragile est,*" was the favorite maxim of St. Stephen, the first king of Hungary. If the converse of this were true, what elements of strength and consistency would there not be in this polyglot realm! It is estimated on good authority[*] that there are as many as one hundred and twenty different groups of nationalities under the rule of the Kaiser, while the number of dialects spoken is not less than two thousand. These various races, moreover, are scattered about in such hopeless confusion, that it is out of the question to make an ethnological map of the country which can furnish more than a very rough approximation to the truth. In Hungary, for instance, only 36 per cent. of the population is Magyar; and an afternoon's stroll from Pesth enables one to visit villages inhabited exclusively by Slovacks, Suabians, or Serbs. No wonder Austria ever has been so pregnant an example of the principle: "*Divide et impera.*" On closer examination, however, it is found that fifteen of the thirty-five millions of Austrians are of the same race. Although twenty years ago a Czech, for instance, would have considered himself no more nearly related to a Serb or a Bulgarian than he would to an Esquimaux, yet, thanks in a great measure to the activity of ambitious governments in utilizing the speculations of historians and philologists, their homogeneity is at length acknowledged.

The position of the Slavic race in Austro-Hungary, with its centre of gravity, like that of the Germans, outside of the empire, is a remarkable feature in the ethnology of Europe. Its members, continually kept apart by the active and ambitious Magyar nation, like a wedge in the very midst of them, with foreign laws, customs, and an alien language forced upon them; demoralized by centuries of misrule and oppression; dissension and discord sown among them by designing politicians; estranged by national traditions, and having their local jealousies at times fanned into a flame that they might the more readily be brought to strangle each other—they are not in a condition to realize their own power and importance. As yet they have no common literary language; still, all the Slavic dialects are enough alike to be intelligible, when spoken, to a person familiar with any one of them. The Czech, for instance, has only to learn the Cyrillic alphabet to be able to read Russian; and as early as 1693, Peter the Great, at a banquet in Prague, expressed his delight at the facility with which he conversed with the natives through the medium of their respective dialects. The impulse given of late to Slavic literature by such men as Schafarik, Palacky, Hanka, and Gaj gives rise to bright hopes for the future.

At present the Austro-Hungarian Slavi neutralize one another by radical differences in religion, love, or hatred towards Russia, and by their local traditions and habits. There is no immediate prospect of their laying these aside; but should they do so—and Count Beust is responsible for much that induces them to do so—the convulsion will shake the empire to its very foundation. The Slavi are to the Magyars what the latter have hitherto been to Austria. Pan-Germanism, as set forth by the Ultra-Centralists, has given rise to Panslavism in a most violent and selfish form; indeed, a cry was once heard: "Better the Russian knout than the Austrian sceptre." But Belgrade, rather than St. Petersburg or Vienna, is now the bright spot to which their eyes are turned. The countries lying between the Black Sea and the Adriatic are full of the monuments and traditions of the ancient Servian Empire. The Serbs, whose national spirit is ardent and intense as that of any people in Europe, are resolved to re-establish this empire in all its original power and glory. Spirit like this is contagious; and a dread of the possible result may have passed through the mind of Franz-Joseph when, as is reported, he spoke of himself as the "Last Austrian."

THE MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

FOR various reasons there has occurred in the minds of many persons something of a reaction against the praise that is poured out upon our American scenery. For one thing, we have had the school of poets and prose writers who followed or accompanied Thoreau in setting up what a critic has derisively styled the woodchuck dispensation; as if nature—and nature in Pre-Raphaelite nakedness—were by itself sufficing in verse and prose; as if "artists' materials" were works of art. And long before the day of the woodchuck and the cranberry, we had a school of writers who made American scenery somewhat tiresome to crapulous people by a patriotic insistence on the bigness of our Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, the brighter than European reds and yellows of our autumn foliage, the breadth and height and greenness of Niagara. The painters, too, as well as poets like Mr. A. B. Street, and those like Mr. W. H. Channing and the transcendentalists, have done their full share towards partly wearying mankind for a moment with the natural landscape. How many yellow and red Connecticut Valleys, and Saco Rivers, and Upper Au Sables, and North Conways in Late Autumn, have not the studios turned out—all, we dare say, to be pronounced fine pictures if the spectator knows anything about true landscape art, but which, by reason of their multitude, and their general sameness as regards truth to nature, by-and-by leave him a little tired of the landscape of the United States. Nor is he likely to renew his fondness for it as presented by literary or pictorial artists when he sees the work of that school of art which takes the foreign picture market much as Mr. Joaquin Miller made spoil of the London reading public—namely, by giving it quantities of gorgeous sierras, and Yo Semites, and Niagaras like transformation scenes in a theatre. But let the inclination towards a reactionary feeling only be confronted by some work not thoroughly conventional, or defective in truthfulness, or greatly hackneyed, and it is seen to disappear at once. The article, for instance, called "The Chesapeake Peninsula" in the March *Scribner's,* we think most of our readers will read with pleasure. It is by Mr. G. A. Townsend, a native of the attractive and peculiar region which he describes with a poetical feeling and enjoyment of its peculiarity and beauty. The summer travellers who, after the artists, mainly constitute the class who can compare and describe our varieties of scenery, are shut out by the summer heats and by the exigencies of fashion from the study of the slow rivers, the deep forests, the primitive farmers, the forgotten ancient towns of the Eastern Shore and Delaware; so while everybody who reads the newspapers knows all about Utah, the Yellowstone, the White Mountains and Montreal, no one knows anything of the Chesapeake and Brandywine. We should think Mr. Townsend's description of his "land of serenity and dignity," with its vacation atmosphere of fresh and faded historical memories, of stillness and seclusion, of summer seas, of reasonable prices, and of sufficient dulness, might be of service in calling visitors to a new field of interest and unfatiguing pleasure.

The third of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's "Back Log Studies" appears in this number of *Scribner's,* and renews and increases the evidence given in his previous performances that we have in him a humorist of real merit. His first work, "My Summer in a Garden," appears to have been begun without much consideration and to have had but little value in its owner's eyes while it was going on. It was first addressed to the indiscriminate audience made up of the subscribers to a local journal of which Mr. Warner is editor, and perhaps the audience made the work a little less good than the writer wished it to be. At all events, we think these papers in *Scribner's* show that he made it a little less good than he might, for in them we have him more elevated and serious and penetrating in thought, yet not less agreeable in his humor. Pleasant reading as "My Summer in a Garden" was, it had now and again the ease of dishabille rather than of grace; and if there was often prettiness enough in the thought, there was not so often weight or energy in it. The "Back Log Studies" would seem to show that Mr. Warner's humorous powers are hereafter likely to be used less after the fashion of the "dry" man or the general joker, of whom every New England township has one or two, and more after the methods of the masters of humor—with a serious purpose, namely, and reinforced by whatever strength character, experience, and attainments can give the writer. For how much this reinforcement will count in the case of Mr. Warner we have scanty means of judging. Neither sense nor acuteness is wanting amid the fun and wit of these "Studies," and though it will not be said that our author "deals many death-blows," he treats of the topics which he has in hand with much more than the magazine writer's usual degree of acceptability.

Other articles in this magazine of which we may say a word are Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood's "Statistics of Statira"; Mr. D. O'C. Townley's biographical sketch of Mr. William Page and Mr. Albert Bierstadt; and Mr. T. W. Knox's article entitled "That Grand Jury." Mr. Knox was a member of the famous grand jury of the Court of General Sessions which presented indictments against Tweed, Connolly, Hall, Fields, Ingersoll, Nathaniel Sands, and others of the Tammany gang and their accomplices. Mr. Knox's talent, common to him and many other writers in this age of journalism, of being constantly amid all sorts of interesting events and then writing about them in such a way as to tell nobody anything that everybody did not already know, is more in place on this occasion than it has been on most others, for as a grand-juryman he was bound to tell none of the secrets of the jury-room, and he may be said to have told none here. He comes rather too near it, however, we should think. It must be to his "journalistic tact," we imagine, that we owe the invention of magazine articles by a grand-juryman written and printed while yet the indictments presented are pending and in their first stages. We suppose it was never thought of before. Mrs. Sherwood's article is on the old subject. Statira was a servant-girl in the days "when service sweat for duty, not for meed," and she was perfection. She could cook most admirably; nobody equalled her clear starching; she staid forty years in her place, and would have staid longer had she lived; she constantly rebuked the other servants when they sought places at the family table; for wakeful infants her arms were Lethe. She had, in fact, but one great fault—"she never liked strange folks in the kitchen," and do what they would, the young ladies of the household never could persuade her to permit them to assist in making the bread or to learn about starching their things; if ever they made artful efforts to get a little dish-washing or other practical experience of housework, Statira would drive them back to the parlor. This, we should have thought, would have constituted an insuperable objection to her. But it did not, we find, and, as we have said, Statira retained her place for forty years, and then died, deeply regretted by the whole family.

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[*] Kolb: "Handbuch der vergleichenden Statistik."

We must add, for the information of the sixty thousand and odd girls whom Mrs. Sherwood advises to follow the example of Statira, that Statira began her course by getting herself disappointed in love. She had a lover and was jilted, and it cannot be doubted that this was of great consequence in shaping her after-course. We do not mean to say that Mrs. Sherwood joins us in throwing out this hint. She mentions the fact, however; and, indeed, she is no true American female head of a family if she will not admit that "*anything* is preferable to our present system." Did not Mrs. Stowe, treating of this same question, make a story in which the good American girl goes out to service, and dusts so neatly and waits on the table so efficiently that the son of the house, wealthy, handsome, genteel as possible, weds her before the end of her fourth quarter? We do not know that our hint is more likely to cause "disappointments" than Mrs. Stowe's history; though, as a matter of fact, we have heard of no young girl beguiled by the example of Mrs. Stowe's Mary. Seriously, we think Mrs. Sherwood does very little to advance the discussion. We suspect there are just now few ways of employing one's strength less likely to have visible results than advising American girls to go out to service, and assuring them that if they do we think they will be ever so much happier. They think that they know better; and the question is not so deep and intricate that they probably have failed to get it before them fully and pretty fairly. Happiness has many ingredients, and experience shows that the American-born, American-educated daughter of the American legal voter thinks that a rather precarious life of menial labor, very apt to be too severe for her strength, is not, on the whole, so conducive to happiness as working for the tailors and milliners, or being an assistant in an asylum among lunatics, or being a matron in a hospital or a penitentiary, or binding shoes till some young man asks her to marry him. It is not considered reputable to be a servant, because to be a servant is to be more obviously at the bidding of a superior than if one is engaged in the most exacting drudgery in some business that looks like the "work" of men free to choose. It may not be sensible in the girls to look at the matter in this way; but if we are to have the spirit that "would shake hands with a king upon his throne and think it kindness to his majesty," we are to expect its operation in the kitchen as well as elsewhere. It would seem to be that American girls are too proud to go out to service, and as yet it happens in this country that people with reasonable desires can, as a general thing, have their own way. The wisdom which is forced upon men and women who have to accept what they can in a competitive struggle for life in lands where people live closer and there is little to be had, is not a sort of wisdom for which there has been so much call among us as there by-and-by will be. And, in discussing this question, it is not to be forgotten how very many bad mistresses there are, how shifting are our homes compared with that in which Statira stayed forty years, how trying we allow our wretched children to be, how strong and good-tempered a servant must be to fill well her hard place, how much we have got out of the habit of caring for our servants, and, finally, how honest, faithful, and industrious very many of the servants are. How many of them do more stealing, lying, abusing of children, slighting of work, giving of impudence, betraying of secrets, and other wickedness that we charge upon them, than is done by some of the unrighteous among their accusers?

Mr. Townley's sketch of Mr. Page is marked rather by good intention than by successful characterization of the distinguished artist. But we suppose it would be hard to write many lines together concerning him which would not contain something that his admirers would be glad to read, and to this remark Mr. Townley's article is not an exception. Of particular interest is what the public is here told of a portrait of Shakespeare which Mr. Page is meditating—at which, indeed, he has for some years been intermittently doing something, and upon which he has, during this last year, if Mr. Townley is exactly accurate, been working constantly and hard. This portrait—to call that a portrait which, if Mr. Page will pardon us for saying so, is, in the eye of the law as known to our courts, no portrait, but a picture, to which a man may, if so minded, give the name of Shakespeare—this portrait bids fair to give great pleasure to all professors of the Shakespearian religion. To such, or to many such, it is known that, some years ago, a mask was found in Germany, in some obscure collection, which, after critical examination, has been accepted by many as a mask of Shakespeare, taken at Stratford just after his death. We cannot pretend to give a synopsis of the evidence for and against its authenticity; the authorities of the British Museum declared against its genuineness, we know, or, at any rate, against its purchase; and we know that Mr. Page, on the other hand, has declared in favor of its being veritably the face of Shakespeare. In a course of reasoning which any one can follow, but which it would require a jury of artists and lawyers to appreciate at its precise value, Mr. Page maintains that both the Stratford bust and the Chandos portrait bear the strongest testimony to the genuineness of the German mask. Any sculptor, he asserts, will say that the obvious faults of the bust are exactly the faults which the use of the mask would force upon an honest carver intent on "following copy" but unskilled in his profession. And so of the Chandos portrait; it is the face and head of the original of the mask, but the face and head in hands with certain professional habitudes—habitudes which the eye of an artist can easily see to have been influential in such and such ways. Believing, therefore, that we have in the mask the face of Shakespeare, Mr. Page has procured various photographs of it, and has modelled a head, of which, says some one, it may justly be enquired, "if this is not Shakespeare, who is it, that's all?" To be sure, this is a question which, with an alteration of the inflection, may be asked of any head whatever. Still, the face certainly bears a very striking outward resemblance to the bust and to the Chandos portrait. And this being so, we may confidently expect, even if Professor Owen and the British Museum authorities were right in their scepticism, that Mr. Page will make a picture for which lovers of the poet will applaud the artist. Mr. Page's reverence for Shakespeare and his loving study and intimate knowledge of the poems are all that Shakespearians the most ardent could desire.

In *Lippincott's,* Mr. Whymper is as excellent as ever; but it is in his own especial manner that he is excellent, and in all good faith we warn very nervous readers to avoid the perusal of his escapes from sudden death. Readable, too, and more than commonly so, is Mr. William Black's "Strange Story of a Phaeton," with its three or four cleverly drawn personages. "Love, still love," is Mr. Black's business, as heretofore; but so far as we have observed, there is in this story rather less of refined feminine misery than usually has occupied him, and a rather more undiluted expression of his habit of observation and of his faculty of inventing bright dialogue. "At Home with the Patagonians" is an unpretending and sportsmanlike account of a strange life among South American Indians by Mr. George Chaworth Musters, a young Englishman, whom the ancient British instinct for killing four-footed things possesses not quite in the degree in which Mr. Whymper is possessed by the newer British impulse to climb up to the tops of high mountains at the risk of his own spine and all his other bones, and the bones of the persons tied to him, but still in such a degree that Mr. Musters spends months slaughtering guanacos and eating them among half-naked savages. Like Mr. Whymper's papers, Mr. Musters's are to be continued. Indeed, both are English books.

Other articles in the March *Lippincott's,* which is a good number, are a third instalment of a cleverish anonymous story called "Aytoun"; a second paper on the Philadelphia Art Academy, its treasures and its long history; an argument against trial by jury; a melancholy and somewhat sentimental picture of the struggles of impoverished Virginians engaged in farming; and an account of the celebrated visit to the Crimea made by Catherine Second and Potemkin in 1787. The writer's grandfather was one of the Empress's suite on that occasion, and while all of his story is interesting and entertaining, considering that he was an official personage in an age and country in which a free pen might have brought him to the knout or sent him to Siberia, the part most interesting describes the meeting of Catherine and Joseph Second in a poor man's hut on the banks of the Dnieper, and exhibits Potemkin washing dishes for the improvised meal of their majestics of Russia and Germany while the rest of the courtiers kill the chickens, hunt out eggs, and assist in the cookery. There is also an amusing figure of an old Cossack veteran, a survivor of "dread Pultowa's day," who seems to have had in its integrity the survivor's and veteran's genius for history. He had been no more than a private soldier in Peter's army, to which, indeed, he had deserted from the Swedish only on the morning of the battle, and at the time of Catherine's interview with him the old gentleman was ninety-eight years of age and considerably the worse for liquor; but "he knew exactly and could always tell where stood the Czar at the different points of the battle; where he sat, where he galloped, and where and when he issued his orders to the Russian generals. 'Here he watched the Swedes; here he galloped up to the guns; here he drove the enemy out of the field.'" Some thoughts of his latter end, or his failure to get a sufficiently steady supply of brandy, made old Mr. Borovivoffski's contributions to history less minute than they otherwise might have been, and "he could not always point out the exact positions of the different regiments of both belligerent armies."

The *Catholic World* has for its most interesting paper a translation of Monseigneur Dupanloup's letter to M. Gambetta after the ex-dictator's delivery of a speech in which he attacked the clergy as teachers, and proposed that education should be compulsory, should be paid for by the state, and should be controlled by laymen—doctrines which the bishop pronounces tyrannical and opposed to the principles of liberty which M. Gambetta and his followers proclaim. M. Gambetta's "liberty," however, has always meant the liberty of the majority to consent that M. Gambetta and his minority shall rule the whole people for the people's good; and that this is precisely what the term meant to his mind he gave a sufficiently luminous and conspicuous demonstration in 1870. It is a theory of government not so very different, perhaps, from that which Monseigneur Dupanloup holds, though M. Gambetta baptizes it with another name than the bishop would give it. The letter is a very good specimen of sharp controversial attack—perhaps, like most such things, a better specimen of successful controversial attack than of thorough-going dealing with the subject in controversy. To find disputants boldly joining issue on the real question and disdaining petty advantages, is still one of the rare things in this world. Thus, Gambetta having said that the Romish Church is an enemy to the "education" of the people, Bishop Dupanloup thus makes reply to him: "As to the church, she is founded on two things—a book, the Gospel, and a divine command, *Ite et docete,* go and teach. This sentence, which has become commonplace, 'Ignorance is the source of all evils,' was uttered by a Pope, and he added besides, 'particularly among the working-classes.' These were the words of Benedict XIV., uttered more than a century before you were born."

Another article that the general reader may wish to see is an indignant article in which attention is called to the fact that *Harper's Weekly* was not an actively loyal Republican journal between December, 1860, and the end of May, 1861, but, on the contrary, was very civil to the late Confederacy, and spoke far more respectfully of Jefferson Davis and the rebel constitution than of Mr. Lincoln, whom it caricatured, and of the Northern prospects of success, which it thought bad. The proprietors of the paper attacked will not much like to look over the record which the magazine makes for them; they may, however, for one thing, put in a plea—which too many publishers and editors think a sound one—that a newspaper is bound to reflect, or does its whole duty when it reflects, what it deems to be the public opinion of its constituency, and that it may therefore change suddenly from one opinion to another and contradictory opinion. Further, they could point to many eminent men, of a responsibility greater than theirs, who in the winter of 1860 and 1861 gave, and gave honestly, a very uncertain sound as to the right policy to be pursued in regard to secession. We are apt to forget those winter months. The *Weekly* said in its way, be the same coarse or the reverse, what each in his way many a politician, statesman, and editor was at that time saying. The continuity of a newspaper's life is another problem which this article suggests, and how far it is fair or profitable to charge inconsistency upon a paper which ten or twelve years ago was in one set of hands and to-day is in quite another. As to the matter which has provoked the *Catholic World's* natural irritation—the caricatures which Mr. Nast and some other artists have been allowed to direct against the Pope, Archbishop Manning, and the nominal Roman Catholics who are so largely responsible for the disgrace of this city—we suppose, leaving the question of good taste apart, that the pictures respond to a popular belief and feeling which is very widespread; and the *Catholic World* may doubtless better fight against it in some other way than by even the ablest and most conclusive arraignment of anybody's motives, past or present.

Aubrey de Vere has some verses in this month's *Catholic World* which readers who like that gentleman's verses in general, but have not been able to like most of those which he has latterly put in print, will be pleased to see. Perhaps they translate an Erse original, perhaps they paraphrase a legendary story, or they may be Mr. De Vere's wholly and solely; we do not know. Oisin the Bard, whose mother was "a princess turned by magic to a milk-white doe," sits in his old age thinking of his youthful prowess, of his songs, and of the dead companions, now all gone, and will not listen when Saint Patrick preaches to him the new religion. His thoughts are all with the pagan past and the old days. The Saint calls him to the true faith, and Oisin recalls the memory of Fionn the King and the ancient battles:

> "A shield I bore so charged and stored
>   With rage and yearnings for the fight,
> When foes drew near it shook and roared
>   Like breakers in the night.
>
> "Then only when the iron feast
>   Of war its hungry heart had stilled,
> It murmured like a whispering priest
>   Or frothing pail new filled."

The verses have much of the fire and pathos and music that might be expected in Oisin the Bard; and some metaphors, too, are bold enough and unhappy enough to leave no doubt of their being Irish, and are Oisin's, we trust.

We almost always read first the critical notices in the *Atlantic,* and next look at the poetry, before going to the solider articles in the body of the magazine, and we do not know that we should recommend the reader to depart from this course in the case of the March number. The fresh and pleasant criticism engages attention as usual and starts the reader fairly, and the verses need not detain any one for any great length of time from any article that he meditates studying. The poets are Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Miss Perry, Mrs. Thaxter, and Mr. W. W. Harney, and all are pleasing, though we cannot say that Mr. Harney is as good as the others. Among the prose articles are a story by Mr. Bret Harte, a long chapter out of Jefferson's life by Mr. Parton, an essay by Mr. George M. Towle on our consular service, more "Diversions of the Echo Club," more of "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," more of Mr. De Mille's story, more of Hawthorne's romance, and an essay on spiritism or Spiritualism, by Mr. Henry James. Doctor Johnson commended somebody for hating "a *cui bono* man," but if he had had a large enough experience of the mediums and the modern Spiritualists, and had read their piles of dubious evidence leading to unvaluable conclusions, he would have been ready to allow that the *cui bono* man, also, has a place in heaven's scheme. Mr. James passes decided and radical though mildly phrased condemnation upon Mr. Robert Dale Owen's recent book and the doctrines contained in it, and then gives an exposition of what it is which alone truly merits to be called spiritual. The reader will find it well to contemplate Mr. James's ideas, and will find in them much to be cherished, but we attempt no presentation of them here. We let it suffice to say that doubtless there are not many among the "eleven millions" of Spiritualists asserted to inhabit the United States who would derive much intellectual pleasure or spiritual illumination from the essay.

"Our Consular Service" is an essay which really is an infliction that ought not to be endured without a word of protest; and we are much in doubt if the same thing is not to be said about "The Echo Club." The airy dialogue, the lifelikeness of the characters, the easy beer, the verses—all together are wonderful; they are like the Yankee skipper's dull sailing schooner, which had so much wood aboard that she was "eenamost too much for him."

The most amusing article in the *Atlantic*—Mr. Harte's story having, so to speak, more family likeness than individual personal appearance—is Dr. Palmer's sketch of the life of the average Hindoo girl of the Brahmin caste. We take it to be instructive, too, if any one likes to take the trouble to recollect it. As here, for instance, in a passage from a work called "How to Tickle the Bear," the same being a book of directions by which wives in India are understood to govern their conjugal conduct: "Her husband may be crooked, old, infirm, offensive in his manner, choleric, dissipated, a sot, a gambler, a debauchee, reckless of his domestic affairs, restless as a demon, destitute of honor, deaf and blind; his crimes and his infirmities may crush him; yet shall his wife regard him as her God, serve him in all things, detect no defect in him, nor cause him any disquiet." We are informed that, in consequence of these and similar teachings of "How to Tickle the Bear," Hindoo divorces are seldom occasioned by any lack of complaisance on the part of the husband or wife, but usually by the fury of the mother-in-law.

In *Harper's* we find the usual variety of articles, all within the usual range as regards interest which this magazine allows itself in its stories and illustrated articles, and, besides, some essay-writing more than usually interesting in the Editor's Easy Chair. Mr. Curtis's topics this month are the death of Fisk, and our habit of allowing the death of men who have been public enemies so to influence our speech concerning them as to make us in a sense their accessories; the artistic ability of Wachtel, the German singer; the poetic merit of Mr. Longfellow's "Divine Tragedy," which Mr. Curtis considers the best poem yet produced in America; and, finally, a letter containing some kind but not undeserved though unqualified praise of the magazine and of the "Easy Chair" essays. Like much of the "Easy Chair's" own criticism, this criticising letter is better than most criticism in this respect at least—that, to the pleasure which good writers cause their readers, to the sense of enjoyment to which all good writers minister, and to the gratitude which the enjoyment inspires, it gives fuller expression than it gives to that craving for the ideally good which it is the best privilege and highest duty of writers to create, or to quicken and strengthen.

Of the articles in the body of the magazine we have found the one entitled "Negro Life in Jamaica" as readable as any. It preserves a few examples of the proverbial wisdom of the negroes in Jamaica, where, says the author, all the inhabitants are a better sort of Tuppers, as indeed one may say generally of most peoples among whom the half wisdom of proverbs has for a background the darkness of illiteracy instead of the brightness of an enlightment which displays them in their true character.

"Man talk too much him pay him fadder debt," is the negro's way of saying that by too free a use of the tongue people find that they have imposed upon themselves needless burdens and obligations. "Sarbice ober, church door lock" is Jamaican for the truth that the Monday influence of religion is apt to be less than its influence on Sunday. "Greedy choke puppy," and "A pound of fretment won't pay an ounce of debtment," are sayings directed against avarice and vain regret, or avarice and unfruitful repentance.

The illustrated papers are six in number, one of them being a part of Mr. Anthony Trollope's new story, or rather old story with French scenery; and there is a couple of love stories, "Gottfried's Success" and "Star and Candle;" they might lead one to reflections on the love story which looks to the natural relation of man and woman, and the love story with which natural and healthy sentiment has nothing to do, and which is indicative of diseased conditions.

Mr. Jeremiah S. Black and the author of the article about President Tyler and his troubles do the most readable writing in the March *Galaxy*, and together with Mr. De Forest and the author of "Fifteen Years a Shakeress," make the magazine worth reading. General Custer's "Life on the Plains" also is better this month than it has been before, and will help to establish what we believe to be the fact that, bad as the frontiersmen may be in their treatment of the Indians, neither they nor the army are so much to blame for our incessant fighting on the Plains as the Indian Ring with its Congressional managers and subordinate agents. Compared with these men simple thieves like ours in this city are comparatively respectable, for the Indian Ring preys at once upon the government and the ignorant wretches of Indians, and at the same time incites the Indian to atrocities which it gives him the means of committing. There is little doubt that Congressmen and Indian agents could be named who are to-day rich in money that they got first by cheating Indians out of lands and stores, and then selling them weapons and ammunition with which to revenge upon innocent settlers the wrongs received from the ring.

Mr. Black's article is in effect an arraignment of the New York legal Code of Procedure as the worst code known to civilization; a defence of David Dudley Field & Company for their action in the Erie suits; a violent and apparently damaging assault upon Mr. Ramsey, with whom Fisk and Gould fought for the possession of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad; an excoriation of Judge Darwin Smith for evolving law from his own breast; and a charge against Mr. C. F. Adams, jr., of being so good a hater of Fisk and Gould as to have lost sight of the merits of the case in which they and Ramsey were involved. Mr. Adams is able to take care of himself in affairs of this sort, and a yardarm-and-yardarm engagement between him and Mr. Black might blow the latter out of the water; meantime, we can assure the reader that he will find Mr. Black's article a great deal more lively than most writings of fiction, and that, if we do not say that he has a pretty clear case in his favor as against Mr. Ramsey and most of the other gentlemen who are passed in review, it is only because we do not know what Mr. Adams may have to say in reply.

The Tyler article is full of anecdote, Webster, Clay, Cushing, John Quincy Adams, Mr. Schenck, and others figuring in the writer's recollections, and there being also some opportune wise saws about the re-elections of presidents which should interest all the postmasters in the country—"a purblind race of miserable men," however, whom only elections enlighten.

The Land of the Veda: Being Personal Reminiscences of India—its People, Castes, Thugs, and Fakirs; its Religions, Mythology, Principal Monuments, Palaces, and Mausoleums; together with the incidents of the great Sepoy Rebellion, and its results to Christianity and civilization. With a map of India, and 42 illustrations, also statistical tables of Christian missions, and a glossary of Indian terms used in this work and in missionary correspondence. By Rev. William Butler, D.D. (New York: Carlton & Lanahan. 1872.)—It might seem, at first, as if the whole available space in a volume of five hundred and fifty pages would be necessary for anything like a satisfactory treatment of the various topics which this title-page suggests. And it would not have been surprising if, in the attempt to make a really valuable presentation of any one of these topics, the book should have given evidence of careful and studious research and of laborious condensation. When one discovers that, on the contrary, the author's style is slovenly and diffuse, his arrangement of material disorderly, and his treatment of it superficial, there begins to rise within the critical and carnal heart a feeling of resentment. A religious earnestness which is no doubt sincere, a piety which is constant and demonstrative in its expression, can hardly compensate the average reader for the lack of method, of thoroughness, and of elegance by which the book is disfigured. Especially when the author is found going out of his way to have his little dig at the poor Pope, one feels that this is not the kind of thing that should be looked for in "The Land of the Veda." And it is only when we discover that a clergyman bearing the author's name is just now an officer of an American Anti-Popery Society that we find, in the possible identity of the two, an explanation of such intense and inappropriate Protestantism.

Dr. Butler arrived in India as a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church just before the Sepoy mutiny of 1857, and almost before he had commenced his labors (the scene of which was to be in the Kingdom of Oude and the province of Rohilcund), he was obliged to flee for his life into a little mountain village of the Himalayas. Here he remained with his family cut off from the outside world, and given up for dead by friends and kindred, until, after the capture of Lucknow and the pacification of that region, he was able to emerge with safety and recommence his missionary work. It is not surprising that he should have resumed that work with an energy and zeal to which his enforced idleness and his great perils had given increased intensity. And certainly he seems to have met with noteworthy success; so that the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India, organized and superintended in a large measure by himself, present an array of statistics which he tabulates in his first appendix with pardonable satisfaction, and which he contrasts with the statistics of Roman Catholic missions in a way calculated to give very great displeasure to the Jesuits in disguise whose machinations he exposes on page 539. Naturally, Dr. Butler dwells with special emphasis and at disproportionate length on his own personal experiences and on the progress of his own professional labors. And, consequently, the title of the book, which might lead one to expect to find in it a thesaurus of information concerning "The Land of the Veda," is misleading, unless the subordinate title, which makes it to be a volume of personal reminiscence, is taken in connection with it. But, even then, the trouble is that it is neither a book of orderly and carefully collected information, such as Williams's "Middle Kingdom," for example, gives us with regard to China, nor a book of more or less superficial and entertaining travel, such as Mr. Bayard Taylor, for example, used to write, but a confused combination of the two, lacking both the value of the one and the vivacity of the other. We have noted, however, an occasional passage in which the author is unconsciously enlivening; as when arriving at the Himalayan village before mentioned, he entered his hired house, and records as follows (page 245): "We laid our weary little ones to rest in our new and strange home, not knowing how long or how short we should be able to occupy it." Naturally, in the hurry of sudden flight the fugitives could not provide themselves with everything; and probably such a thing as a tape-measure was not to be found among their available baggage.

Another passage not destitute of the same kind of interest deserves to be quoted entire. The author had the privilege of visiting the captive Emperor of Delhi while he was waiting in his prison for his trial and condemnation. He adds (page 424):

> "A day or two previous, my friend, Rev. J. S. Woodside, missionary of the American Presbyterian Church, was here. He went to see the Emperor, and took the opportunity of conversing with him about Christianity. The old man assented to the general excellence of the Gospel, but stoutly declared that it was abrogated by the Koran—as Moses and the law were abolished by Christ and the Gospel—so, he argued, Mohammed and the Koran had superseded Christ and every previous revelation. Brother Woodside calmly but firmly told him that, so far from this being the case, Mohammed was an impostor and the Koran a lie; and that unless he repented and believed in Christ, and Christ alone, without doubt he must perish in his sins. He then proceeded to enforce upon his bigoted hearer the only Gospel sermon which he had ever heard. And Brother Woodside was the very man to utter it. Was not his church entitled to that privilege by the sacrifice of the precious lives of four of their missionaries at Futtyghur, as mentioned on page 151?"

Of course we must make large allowance for the vindictiveness which is inevitable even to men of devout and heroic Christian spirit when they have been through scenes like those of the Sepoy mutiny. And it is no disparagement to the excellence of the brother who "calmly but firmly" administered to the captive Emperor (undoubtedly a miserable sinner) the discourse which is here commended, if we call attention to the singular law of compensation under which he earned the right to preach it. Of the good work which Christian missionaries are accomplishing in India there is abundant evidence. But the volume before us suggests that an occasional admonition, both with regard to the good grammar and with regard to the good taste of the earnest and useful men who write the records of that work, is not unnecessary.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—*	*Prices.*
Baynes (H. S.), Horæ Lucanæ	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Buddington (Mrs. Z. B.), Can the Old Love?	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	
Baring-Gould (Rev. S.), Legends of the Patriarchs and Prophets	(Holt & Williams)	$2 00
" " "	(Macmillan & Co.)	2 00
Collins (W.), Poor Miss Finch	(Harper & Bros.)	1 50
Dickens (C.), Barnaby Rudge; Mystery of Edwin Drood	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Dumas (A., fils), La Princesse Georges	(F. W. Christern)	
De Vere (Prof. M. S.), Leaves from the Book of Nature	(G. P. Putnam & Sons)	1 50

Educational Year-Book, 1872	(A. S. Barnes & Co.)	
Froude (J. A.), Short Studies on Great Subjects, 2d series, pop. ed.	(C. Scribner & Co.)	
Guernsey (Lucy E.), Lady Betty's Governess	(T. Whittaker)	
"H. H.," Bits of Travel	(J. R. Osgood & Co)	$1 50
Holland (Sir H), Recollections of Past Life	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Holmes (Rev. A.), Demosthenes, with English Notes	(John Allyn)	
John Jasper's Secret	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	
Lecky (W. E. H.), Swift, Flood, Grattan, O'Connell	(D. Appleton & Co)	

Fine Arts.

FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.

SECOND NOTICE.

THERE are but few figure-subjects in the present exhibition, and of these few only one is particularly worthy of notice. This is Mr. Jas. D. Linton's "Reproof," No. 269, which, though we cannot help charging it with affectation in the general treatment, gives proof of considerable skill in the management of materials and, what is of far greater importance, of power to tell a simple story directly and to translate human expression with naturalness. A lady in the costume of the fourteenth century is reproving her little daughter for having attempted to eat a green apple. The child puts a rebellious finger in her mouth, but will soon be reconciled, and fall to play again with her big doll and her Noah's ark. This everyday incident has sufficed Mr. Linton for a very pretty picture, the only fault we have to find with it being that the hazy veil he has thrown over the whole drawing, and which makes the figure of the child in the immediate foreground almost as indistinct as the garden-wall that shuts in the background, hardly deserves to be looked upon as anything but affectation. For, surely, the artist who could paint the lady's gown, and the pearls about her neck, or her vain head-dress, with its soft-falling veil, to say nothing of her face, knows well enough, without our telling him, that the different planes of his picture are not in true relation to each other. The result of the indulgence of his whim is, that a really strong piece of work is made to look as if it were weak. This is perhaps a better state of things than the contrary, to which we are so often treated; but, on the whole, it is best that things should be what they seem.

Mrs. Elizabeth Murray's "Dalmatian Peasant," No. 210, is drawn with considerable spirit, and colored with force, but neither the spirit nor the force has much wear in it. This is tricky, theatrical work, and the lady has power to do better. We see in her drawings, and in those of her countrymen, Mr. D. Fowler, Mr. C. S. Millard, Mr. G. A. Gilbert, a mannerism, the result of a teaching which we earnestly hope will not come to be followed here in America. There is great danger that this way of working may make too much impression upon our young artists, for, at first glance, it seems to have just the dash and boldness that they lack; but the truth is that this dash and boldness are not real, and what apparent force they have is gained by the sacrifice of true, fixed, and resting qualities. The school in which these artists have studied is the one which teaches that in painting or drawing any object there is "a way to do it"; it is the school of recipes, of labor-saving methods; and as, in true art, there is no such thing as recipe or saving of labor, we do not like to contemplate the introduction among us of teaching to the contrary. The English themselves have had a tough fight to get rid of this very doctrine and practice, and have at last got well rid of it. We hope to see our water-color school built up on other foundations—the only foundation that will never fail, the independent, individual study of nature; each man and woman, as far as may be, looking at nature through the eyes that God has given him or her.

Of the artists that we have just named, Mr. D. Fowler seems to us by far the most original and the nearest to nature. His "Dead Duck," No. 301, the "Group of Birds," No. 400, and the "Blue Jay," No. 392, are clever drawings, and the various flower subjects in the East Room, Nos. 380, 386, 387, 402, are drawn with as much resemblance to nature as a man can give who insists on looking at nature by rule. We believe that Mr. Fowler's drawings in this exhibition outnumber those of any other artist, and any one who will look at them all, one after the other, will see that the artist has a clearly-defined method and sticks to it closely. The trouble is that his method is purely artificial, and the result is as unsatisfactory as might be predicted; we soon tire of work that betrays a complete surrender of the artist's individuality. The work both of Mr. Gilbert and of Mr. Millard is open to the same objection.

Two artists in the present exibition among the landscape painters (whose works, as might have been expected in any collection of American pictures, make up the great majority) deserve our tribute of warm admiration, and will repay the closest study—Mr. J. W. Hill and Mr. W. T. Richards. Mr. Hill has two landscapes—"On the Nyack Turnpike, N. Y.," No. 209, and "View from Gallows Hill, Conn.," No. 302. They are both fine drawings, but the latter is the more perfect composition, and is on the whole, we think, the best drawing in the exhibition. Indeed, compared with it there is no other drawing in the exhibition to which the term "masterly" can be applied. In this there is mastery of color, mastery of form, mastery of composition; and the result is full of the delight that such mastery brings to the eye and mind of him who can enter into sympathy with it. And the enduring charm of such work is, that the study of it first raises the mind to comprehend it, and afterward feeds the mind it has educated; for a true reflection of nature never ceases to give pleasure. Mr. Hill's work is the most perfect illustration that we can give of what we mean by individual study. It resembles no other work, and for the very simple reason that the artist, through the latter years of a long life, has devoted himself to the study of nature with a persistent energy which nothing but genuine love for her and love of his art could sustain. Whoever will study this drawing, No. 302—it is the better hung of the two, and can be perfectly seen—will find that we have not overrated it. The beauty of the lines, the glowing color—a glow secured without o'erstepping the modesty of nature, the knowledge shown in the management of the forms of the ground and in the perspective, these make this small bit of paper a window through which we have glimpses of that light that never was on sea or shore, the consecration and the poet's dream.

Mr. W. T. Richards has six drawings in the present exhibition, and there is danger that their sameness of tone may make a careless visitor think them all alike. But, in truth, beyond the fact that they are all made upon a certain sad-colored paper, and that they are all drawings of coast scenery, there is no likeness between them. Every one is a separate study, with its own effects and its own incidents, and, to tell the truth, it is the first time that an American artist has treated the sea-shore with such fidelity and such poetry. In these drawings Mr. Richards—as Mr. Hill in his—reaps the long harvest of his faithful toil. Work like this would be impossible to any man who had not served a laborious and earnest apprenticeship to nature, and those who, like ourselves, have watched Mr. Richards from the beginning of his career, know well that he has served this apprenticeship. We have never seen a picture or a drawing from this artist's hand that did not say in quiet tones, "This is my best." There has been danger, we have thought at times, that in the striving for precision and in the patient elaboration of detail, the spirit of the earth and sky might elude the artist's endeavor to fix it on his canvas; and we have often thought, in looking at some of his earlier pictures, that this danger had not been wholly avoided. But even when this was the case, there were the evidences of an earnest striving for truth, and of a willingness to be patient, that made it impossible to look at the result of his labor without respectful interest. And now we have his latest work, in which we see all the observation, so sharpened by practice, and all the skill gained by the industry of years brought to the service of a poetic insight that few of our artists have shown. The four drawings in the North Room are the best in our judgment, and of these four it is difficult to say which shows the finest insight into nature, or the most delicate skill in revealing what his companionship with her has taught him. In the three drawings numbered 206, 213, and 320, the skies are given with such beauty as we think every one who has ever been moved by the beauty of clouds will recognize; but the beauty of the water is given with no less completeness. It is not to be intolerant to say that whoever finds such work as this or that of Mr. Hill uninteresting, or weak, or monotonous, betrays that he cannot have lived with nature, but must have learned to try the artist by an artificial standard—by comparison of his methods, the pure results of an attempt to translate his individual experience, with those taught in the schools of recipe and convention.

We have left ourselves small space in which to speak of other drawings in the exhibition that deserve to be noticed. Mr. Samuel Colman is little less artificial and mannered than he has always been, and he seems more than ever confirmed in his theory that sunshine, rightly seen, is the color of brick-dust. Spain, the Rocky Mountains, France, and the Tappan Zee, all have the same atmosphere, since Mr. Colman wills it so. Mr. James D. Smillie, too, with the same sort of technical skill that an old, experienced drawing-teacher might show, has fallen into a mannerism which will be fatal to all healthy growth if not resolutely shaken off. Mr. Smillie probably knows as well as we do that the rocks he professes to give, as in Nos. 300 and 307, are not like the rocks in nature, except in their general form. These are rocks as we were taught to draw them in our salad days by Hubert and Calame, in those *études à deux crayons* that promised us such an easy conquest of nature.

There are several specimens in the exhibition of the work of certain Englishmen whose names are famous—S. Prout, P. De Wint, and David Roberts—but we will not discourse of them, only look and pass on. It is worth noting, however, how little our art has been influenced by Englishmen; it is a fact, we think, that deserves to be regretted

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1872.

The Week.

THE Senate investigation into the French arms affair has been ordered, though, by a scandalous piece of trickery, the committee was so elected as to exclude Mr. Schurz or any one sharing his views. The investigation might, we need hardly say, have been assented to without any debate whatever, as it was in the House. Nothing has been gained for the Administration by Messrs. Conkling and Morton's fierce resistance. If there is nothing to be found out, of course nobody will suffer from it but Mephistopheles Schurz and Simpleton Sumner. Whether there is anything to find out or not we do not know, but there is no denying that there is "probable cause" for enquiry, and that the Senate is the proper body to make it. To its charges against Mr. Schurz (still without a particle of proof), the Administration organ this week adds that he is "a man without a shred of conscience in his composition." We hope it will explain to us, before long, how it happens that Schurz is at large. With his character as the *Times* describes it, he must have committed many penitentiary offences in various States.

One result of the length of time the Senate has devoted to discussing whether there should be an investigation into the arms affair or not is that the coffee and tea trade are, and have been for several weeks, completely paralyzed. The House has passed a bill repealing the duty on these articles, but the Senate neglects to act on it. The consequence is that the trade in them has been brought to a complete standstill, nobody knowing what to pay or what to ask for them, and the loss caused is of course very great. We have not had of late a more striking illustration both of the power of effecting sudden changes in the value of property which the tariff puts into the hands of the legislature, and of the recklessness with which this power is used.

We may be permitted to observe that *Harper's Weekly*, which defends the President in a way which ought to be a model to the New York *Times*, confines itself too much either to a general assertion of the goodness of his intentions or to denials of his personal complicity with corruption, and too frequently, for instance, refutes such charges as that about his investment in the Seneca Stone Company. Now we sincerely believe that there are not one hundred men in the country on whom the charges of personal dishonesty, or personal connivance at dishonesty, or "gift-taking," or jobbing investments, have made much if any impression. In fighting these charges, his defenders are fighting shadows. The questions which candid men, who have no prejudices against him and no personal ends to serve either by opposing or supporting him, would like to have answered, are these—and if *Harper's Weekly* will answer them frankly and fairly, it will either do him or the public a great service: Why did he appoint such a man as Sickles minister to Spain? Why did he select new judges to the Supreme Court with special reference to their opinions on a question already *sub judice*, or, in other words, pack the court to procure a judgment on a question of property favorable to his own views of political expediency? Why has he kept and does he still keep a man like Casey in the New Orleans Custom-house, in spite of gross and notorious misconduct, and this man his brother-in-law? Why does he keep a man like Kramer minister to Denmark, in spite of his recent display of incompetency and misconduct, and this man also his brother-in-law? Why did he appoint to the New York and Philadelphia collectorship, when meditating a great measure of civil-service reform, two persons who were notoriously opposed to civil-service reform, and one of whom was, at the time of his appointment, actually engaged in denouncing it in his paper? Why did he appoint a man like George H. Butler consul-general in Egypt? Supposing him to have been deceived in Butler's character, how is it that a year after Butler's abominations have been exposed he is still retained in office? Supposing the President to have innocently given Leet the letter of introduction to Mr. Grinnell, which we believe he did, how is it that on discovery how Leet had abused it he did not insist on his removal? How is it that, one year after Leet's misconduct had been exposed by a Congressional committee, he still remained in office, and that it took a second investigation and exposure to make his removal even talked of? We might multiply these questions, if necessary, but satisfactory answers to these would break the back of the opposition. It is these things, and not the miserable stories about his investments, and his cigars and horses, which affect the public mind, and they are not met by abuse of Schurz or representations that Charles Sumner is playing the part of a wretched dupe in Schurz's cunning hands.

It is said, and said with a great deal of force, that even if the President's shortcomings in the matter of selecting his subordinates and advisers be admitted, it is more than atoned for by the success of the Administration in the higher fields of statesmanship, such as its foreign and financial policy. We have no desire to belittle what it has accomplished in these fields, but we must remind its champions that Administrative reform, the suppression of corruption and jobbing among office-holders, is the great question of the day, and the one which most nearly affects the highest interests of the nation. We can live and prosper in enmity with England and with the payment of the debt postponed for twenty years, but unless we can reduce the number of thieves and peculators in office, and restore the purity of the courts and respect for the law, something very unpleasant will happen us. People feel this, and for reasons we need not enumerate, just now more than ever before.

General Porter has been examined at Washington before the Senate Investigating Committee on the New York Custom-house abuses as to Leet's connection with the President and himself, but his testimony, as far as it goes, is, as it was last year, favorable to General Grant. He testifies, as he testified before, that the President was unwilling that Leet should go into the Custom-house, and that he, by the President's direction, informed Leet of this fact. He also produced letters of Mr. Grinnell and Mr. Embree acquitting him (General Porter) in the strongest terms of all share in Custom-house contracts or business of any kind, and he explained satisfactorily enough the nature of "the mess," about which such a dark cloud was thrown by some of the New York evidence. He also produced a letter he himself wrote to Murphy when the latter was appointed collector, warning him not to pay any attention to persons seeking offices in the Custom-house and representing themselves as favored or protected by the President or by himself. The *Tribune* says General Porter's slow way of answering and manner generally produced an unpleasant impression on the audience, while the *Times* declares that during the whole of it "the faces of the newspaper slanderers of the President wore a very blank expression."

The news from New Hampshire is of the usual conflicting kind, but we shall refrain from prophecies or calculations. Whichever side wins, the majority is sure to be small; its effect on the Presidential nomination will probably be very marked, particularly if Connecticut should follow in the same direction, though its value as an indication of the probable result of the Presidential election itself may fairly be doubted. All State victories now will tell in favor of Grant; all defeats will tell against him, though not necessarily against the party under somebody else.

Taking the quotation of Mr. Forney's remarks in the Washington *Chronicle* in 1868, about the one-term principle and General Grant, from the *Tribune*, we were led into the error into which the *Tribune* fell itself of attributing to him, through a misplacement of quotation marks, a sentence which was that of the *Tribune* correspondent, viz., that "General Grant not only desired to remain President for two terms, but it was only on the assurance of his friends that he should be re-elected that he accepted the office at all." There was no such formal assurance given, it appears, but Mr. Forney's object in reproducing the story of General Grant's objecting to give up his position in the army unless he could have two terms, is doubtless to produce the impression that, unless he is now renominated, he will not be fairly dealt with. But then, what becomes of Mr. Forney's assertion in 1868 that General Grant "was in favor of a one-term amendment to the Constitution, that the party which supported General Grant supported it, and that, above all else, public morality required it"?

There is probably nothing in the history of the South Carolina carpet-baggers more impudent and amusing than the recent hearty endorsement of the Administration, and particularly of its financial policy, in their State Convention. That the rogues should have selected this particular feature for their approval shows that they at least know what is right, though they pursue what is wrong. There is one sorry wag amongst them, too—the President of the Senate we believe he is—who has sent in his hearty adherence to the female-suffrage movement. One of the curious things about the movement is the attractions it has for politicians of doubtful virtue. Whenever you come across a gentleman of the radical school, of somewhat damaged reputation, you may be sure he has got rid of all doubts as to the rightfulness and expediency of giving woman the franchise, and is looking round for a convention or other gathering at which he may announce his conversion. All this class has the same love of the byways of politics that tramps have for lanes and for farm-houses where the men are all away from home. It is touching, too, though a little sad, to see the joyous way in which the women welcome the old tatterdemalions to their platform, put a stitch in their rags, lend them a piece of soap, and listen to their "moral" yarns. Another comical endorsement of the Administration has come from Governor Holden, late of North Carolina, his official connection with that State having been severed by impeachment, and not undeserved impeachment either. He recommends General Grant to the suffrages of a free people. We are much obliged to him. We wonder what Mr. Holden's opinion is as to his own fitness for the governorship of a Territory. But the most amusing thing of all is the delivery in the Senate of a eulogy on the New York Custom-house by Mr. Harlan. We have given already in the *Nation* a sketch of Mr. Harlan's own career, which we are afraid would, even among custom-house inspectors, be considered disreputable.

Mr. Niles G. Parker, State Treasurer for South Carolina, has been much troubled by a statement in the minority report of the Congressional Committee that the sum of $1,208,577 67 had been paid out by him for which he held no vouchers. In reply to this, he cites the reports of two committees of the South Carolina Legislature, which on two different occasions examined his books and accounts, and the manner of doing business in his office, and reported them all to be in perfect order. The origin of this report, he says, was that, when one of the committees made its investigation, the above sum had been paid out in interest on the public debt, and in remittances to Kempton, the State agent in New York, and the vouchers had not come in in time to be submitted on that occasion, and the committee was consequently obliged to mark the absence of the vouchers in their tabular statement; but on a subsequent occasion they were submitted, and were pronounced in every way satisfactory. This is all very well as far as it goes, but we must remind Mr. Parker and remind the public that a report of a committee of the South Carolina Legislature on Parker's accounts has and is entitled to about the same weight as the report of a committee of the New York Common Council of last year on the accounts of Richard B. Connolly or William M. Tweed. No other person or committee has ever been satisfied either with Parker's accounts or his way of doing business, and, indeed, there could hardly be a more striking illustration of the demoralization of the government in South Carolina than the serious production, as auditors, of a company of the thieving rascals who compose the Legislature. The majority of the Congressional Committee report that they applied to Parker for an account of the condition of the State finances, but could get no reply from him.

The last revelation of corruption comes from Kansas, and it is very savory. The story begins in 1866, when Mr. S. C. Pomeroy, one of the present senators who figured among the incorruptibles at the Impeachment trial, was endeavoring to secure his election to the Senate, and one Mr. Sydney Clarke was endeavoring to secure his election to the House. So they hired a Lawrence editor, named Reynolds, to support them, or, as they euphemistically called it, "to advance Republicanism in Kansas and to secure a Republican victory." The price they paid the good man was one thousand dollars in cash, and their joint note for two thousand more. Pomeroy paid two hundred and fifty dollars more on account, but when the note fell due the balance was not forthcoming, and the enraged editor took them into court, where they "cutely" and successfully pleaded that the transaction was against public policy. He took them up to the Court of Appeals, but here, weary of war, as the French say, they determined to "settle" with him, and did "settle" with him by getting him a position as Register of the Land Office. This was very well for 1866. In 1871, the "corruptionists" went to work upon a large scale. This time Clarke was a candidate for the Senate, and he had a rival named Caldwell. Caldwell began his canvass by hiring eighty rooms in a hotel at the State capital. He hired another suite of rooms in another building, in which he opened a free lunch and bar, and this latter establishment was popularly known as a "soup house." These little arrangements made, he proceeded to buy up the legislators as if they were mules. To many he gave sums of money; to others promises of offices; to one he promised a post-office then held by a soldier's widow; upon the Kansas Pacific Railroad he attempted to levy thirty thousand dollars as blackmail, or, euphemistically, in consideration of his giving the road his support in the Senate. Of this he got ten thousand, but the company repudiated its promise to pay the rest. He also tried to bribe Clarke to withdraw in his favor, but Clarke refused, and, to do him justice, it must be said that he was himself bribing away like clockwork. This is disgusting, is it not? But perhaps it is a newspaper story. Not at all. It is the unanimous report of a joint committee of both Houses of the Kansas Legislature; and yet Kansas is the most Republican of States.

The Messrs. Naylor, the great iron house, who made a conspicuous figure in testifying against the Custom-house before the Investigating Committee, and especially against the seizures of one of which they were the objects, had proceedings against them suspended some time ago to enable them to procure evidence from England exonerating them from charges of defrauding the Government preferred by Colonel Howe. The evidence has arrived, but the District Attorney declares he is not satisfied with it, though he declines to say why, and has commenced a suit against them for $200,000. We do not pretend to have any opinion on the merits of the case, but we know that lawyers of the highest standing regard the proceedings as purely vexatious. One thing the public will expect, and that is that the suit will be pushed on promptly, and not allowed to hang over the heads of the defendants till the Philadelphia Convention meets. This observation is, we think, justified by the extraordinary letter written the other day by the Attorney-General to the District Attorney here, and which the latter had the fatuity to publish, instructing him to prosecute the persons who testified before the committee that they had given bribes to Custom-house officers, both gentlemen forgetting several things, and particularly that witnesses before the committee cannot criminate themselves by their testimony.

The Erie men have, after hard work, achieved something in the nature of a triumph in the New York Legislature, as they have succeeded in persuading the Committee of the Assembly to report against the Attorney-General's bill, which not only repealed the Classification Act, but provided for a new and speedy election of directors. The Committee is willing to repeal the Classification Act, which would afford an immediate relief to the stockholders, but not to do more. This is looked on, and not unnaturally, by the stockholders as next to nothing, inasmuch as they maintain that the present managers are grossly corrupt and are engaged in daily plunder. One very curious feature of the fight has been the unblushing avowal of the petitions, got up by the Ring along the line, that the owners of the road ought not to have it restored to them, because they are foreigners. It gives one a curious glimpse of the condition of the moral perceptions in country districts evangelized by stock-jobbers.

The answer of our Government to Earl Granville's remonstrance has gone out by the last steamer. There are two reports current as to its contents; one is that it declines to modify the Case, but intimates that there is not so much expected as is asked for by way of damages on the American side; the other is that it is a pure and simple refusal to modify. Without having any positive information, we incline to believe that the door has been left open to reply by some species of suggestion, and the impression gains ground that a way out of the difficulty will yet be found—one report says, by means of an agreement on the part of Great Britain to submit everything, under a stipulation that the damages shall in no case exceed a certain fixed amount. Another suggestion is that England should protest against the indirect damages claim, declare beforehand that she will submit to no award upon it, and then go on. This would throw the burden of withdrawing on the United States. The strength of the English position depends somewhat on whether the cotton-bonds claims were submitted to the Commission at Washington under instructions from home, or on the responsibility of the agent. Mr. Gladstone has stated publicly that the Government did not authorize their submission; but other people allege that this is not accurate, or, as the New York *Times* would say, that "Gladstone is a liar." It must be admitted that it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands.

The Gladstone Ministry has had a narrow escape on the Collier affair, having got off from a vote of censure by only twenty-seven majority. Sir Roundell Palmer bore the brunt of the debate, and bore it with great ability, but the work was very hard, and he came near failing. The charge was that Parliament last session authorized the Government to reinforce the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which hears appeals from the Admiralty, ecclesiastical, and colonial courts, by a paid member, who, the act provided, to avoid jobbery, should be a judge of one of the lower courts. The Government wishing to secure Sir Robert Collier, who was not a judge, made him a judge for a few days, and then transferred him to the Privy Council, which the Opposition held was a culpable evasion of the act, and the opposition in the matter has been reinforced by the judges, headed by the Lord Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench. The controversy has been one of great bitterness, which has been increased by the fact that Mr. Gladstone has always made "conscientiousness" his strong point, and it was therefore delightful to his enemies to assail him on a charge of double-dealing. It has undoubtedly weakened him, and being followed by the Alabama muddle makes the position of the ministry very precarious.

In France the prospect grows daily gloomier. It is now no longer denied that what we have anticipated for some time—the attempt of each faction to enlist the army in its service—has begun. Legitimists, Orleanists, Reds, and Imperialists are all active and hopeful, all regard the actual régime as transitory and intolerable, all despair of mending it by an appeal to the country, and would all like to put an end to it by a *coup d'état*, which they wish to get the army to perform. The result is that they are all tampering with the officers, and with the most prejudicial effects on the discipline of the troops, but none of them, it is said, has as yet succeeded in securing any general. If it were not that the army is commanded by a man of singular purity of character and single-mindedness, Marshal MacMahon, the mischief done already would probably be greater than it is. The Orleans Princes are, in the meantime, conducting themselves with great discretion. The Duc d'Aumale receives men of all parties at his house, and the Prince de Joinville goes back to his old profession as an admiral in the navy, a position which he filled twenty-four years ago with the highest credit. The bill providing a government in case of a *coup d'état*, has passed the Assembly by a large majority. It makes it incumbent on the Councils-General to send two delegates each to whatever town of France the regularly constituted authorities may have fled to from the capital, and these delegates are to form the lawful legislature.

The fight between Church and State over the school question has been opened vigorously in Prussia. There the Government has hitherto, to the great disgust of the liberals, adhered steadfastly to the policy of leaving the schools under clerical control, the majority of the clergy being, of course, Protestant. But the Ultramontanists, having declared war against the Empire, and begun to teach against it in the schools, a bill has been brought into the Landtag, authorizing the Government to supersede the present clerical superintendents of schools by lay ones whenever it thinks proper. The Catholics are furious, and the bishops have signed a unanimous protest against it, while the Protestant clergy of the old orthodox school, represented by Herr Mühler, make common cause with them. How the fight will end it is as yet impossible to say.

The Italian question of the hour is the reorganization of the army, but though there is a general agreement that the Prussian system must be more or less closely copied, the Government has apparently not decided to take a firm initiative in the matter. It is, however, the last step towards the unification of the kingdom, the so-called national guard, as we lately showed, being a misnomer, and having no healthy relation to the people it is supposed to protect. However recruited, the soldier is at all events not to be left in ignorance, and there can hardly fail to be a general unanimity in providing for his instruction while in the service. The religious question remains unchanged, amid fresh rumors of the Pope's speedy abandonment of Rome. The new bishops, acting under constraint, still decline to ask for their *exequatur*, but can only be the losers in the controversy. A rather remarkable debate has taken place, under the eyes and with the seeming consent of the Pope, between six Roman priests and as many Protestants, as to whether St. Peter was ever in Rome. The Catholics admitted that the twenty-five years which tradition assigned to the first pontificate were too many, and that for no more than ten could the Apostle have been in Rome; for the rest, they simply denied that their opponents succeeded in proving him never to have been there. The disputants had their stenographers on hand, and spoke to a limited audience invited by ticket.

Some curious information has come to light about the antecedents of Shere Allee, the man who killed Lord Mayo. He is a mountaineer from the Himalayas, and was a soldier—and an excellent one—in the British cavalry; sober, faithful, obedient, and orderly; but, being engaged in a "blood feud" with members of his own tribe, he used to get a furlough about every half year for the purpose of killing one of his relatives on the other side of the frontier; having performed this duty, he always returned promptly to his regiment. As ill-luck would have it, however, he met one of his relatives on British soil, in the neighborhood of Peshawur, and killed him, too; but on British soil the act was a crime, so he was sentenced to death, and afterwards to transportation for life. The punishment was incomprehensible to him, and cut short what he considered a blameless career. So he avenged himself on the Governor-General, who represented the Government which had injured him.

THE PROPER TIME TO AGITATE FOR REFORM.

IN view of the discussion now raging, and which has been raging for some time past, over the various "investigations" which have been proposed, the question—which, though not new, is very interesting—presents itself: What is the proper time and place to agitate for the removal of abuses and the improvement of the administrative machinery of the Government? It has arisen frequently already in a slightly different form, in relation to the duty of voters with regard to what they believe to be abuses of their power on the part of caucuses and nominating conventions. Some persons have held, and an increasing number actually hold, that the time for an elector to speak out his mind on this point is after the nominations have been made, and while the candidates are already in the field, and the public attention fixed on them. But the political managers have always maintained that to do so then was to imperil the election, and, through this, to injure the party; and that it was, therefore, the duty of those who thought the success of the party essential to the best interests of the country to keep silent till the election was over, and to vote the regular ticket; but, the minute its success was assured, to make such remonstrances as the case seemed to call for, and in this way prevent the recurrence of the thing complained of. To this, on the other hand, the reformers have replied, that if they waited till the election was over, their remonstrances would fall on leaden ears; that the managers, who live from day to day, and have the deepest confidence in the forgetfulness of the public and the changefulness of the political sky, would be little troubled by threats which, at worst, could not be put into execution for a year or two; and that the people, who can ill afford the time they have to give to political affairs during the canvass, and are little disposed to listen to general preaching on the subject of political purity which has no application to pending events, and are totally opposed to crying over spilt milk, would pay but small heed to denunciations which, however admirable in the abstract, could produce no immediate practical effect. Indeed, so well recognized is the futility of post-election preaching on the propriety of "nominating none but good men for office," that there would be no difficulty in getting all the corrupt politicians in the country to engage in it heartily if it were made worth their while; and that all men who have seriously considered the various plans for keeping bad men out of office are very generally agreed that "scratching," or, in extreme cases, "bolting," is the only one of any real efficacy.

Now the question comes up—and it must be admitted that it is a very serious question—what is a Republican to do who is not satisfied with the Administration: who either has lost his confidence in the President, or who believes that, though personally pure himself, he is surrounded by and is influenced by men of whom the same thing cannot be said, and that, if he is re-elected, their influence will be strengthened rather than diminished? That there is a large body of Republicans of this kind who are firmly rooted in their dissatisfaction, and who believe that it rests on sufficient evidence, there is no denying. What are they to do?

All are agreed that they ought not to go over to the Democrats. Nobody in the Republican ranks looks for anything good in politics from Democratic hands, or doubts that a Democratic Administration would introduce fearful confusion by reopening questions which should never be reopened, and trying experiments which should never be tried. Therefore, all concur that reform, if to be sought at all, should, if possible, be sought "inside the party lines," as the phrase goes. All the discontented people in the nation are indeed cordially invited by the party papers and orators to come into the party, as the only place in which great problems can be solved or great grievances redressed. So far, therefore, the path is clear: it is the duty of a reforming Republican to seek his reform by agitation within the party.

The next question is, by what methods are reforms to be sought within the party? To this the fathers of the church give absolutely no answer. We do not know a single party chief or newspaper to whom we can refer an anxious layman for light on this most important subject. We can tell him, however, what he must not do. He must not band himself together with others of his way of thinking, and draw up platforms differing from the regular party platforms, and nominate candidates other than the regular party nominees, because this is what the Missouri Liberals have done or propose to do, and we are assured by all the party organs that this is a base and foolish thing to do, because, apart altogether from its hostility to General Grant, it threatens, by creating a split in the party ranks, to bring the Democrats into power, than which there could be no greater calamity. Nor must he write or speak in a critical or condemnatory manner of the Administration, for two reasons. One, and of course the principal one, is that his criticisms, if unfavorable, are sure not to be well founded. The things with which he is dissatisfied—say the management of the New York or New Orleans Custom-house, for instance—are not things with which a reasonable man ought to be dissatisfied. A great many other men as good as he are not dissatisfied with them; besides which, the President, if he gets time, will make the changes called for; that he has not made them already does not tell against this view, because he found the system which he administers existing as it is now when he came into office. The other is that the Administration represents the party. The party put it in power, supports it, and is responsible for it before the country. You cannot, therefore, attack the Administration without attacking and helping to divide and weaken the party, and if you divide and weaken the party you endanger the delivery of the country to the Democrats. You remember what happened in Missouri: the bolt there sent the author of the Brodhead letter to the Senate. Do you wish to see this repeated on a great scale in the national politics?

The President is the most important officer of the Government; the choice of the President is the most important political duty the people have to perform. As long as Presidents are eligible for re-election, no proper estimate of the fitness of the actual incumbent for re-election can be formed without a careful consideration of the manner in which he has already performed the duties of the office, and the proper time to form this estimate is, of course, the last year of his term. To form it any sooner would be unjust to him; to form it any later would be useless, except for historical purposes. Nevertheless, if you attempt to form it in the last year by either investigation or discussion which seems likely to lead to an unfavorable conclusion, you are accused of foul play. If you attempt to lay before the public the shortcomings of his administration, you are accused of seeking to prevent his renomination, as if this were a sufficient reason why you should not be listened to, whereas this object of yours furnishes almost your sole excuse for saying anything at all. You are told that to try to demonstrate the President's unfitness for the position is to attack the Administration; to attack the Administration is to attack the party; to attack the party is to prepare the way for its defeat; to defeat it is to throw the country into the hands of the Democrats, and so on in a vicious circle. How, then, under the circumstances, are reforms to be effected within the party lines? If we may not, in the fourth year of his term, discuss the qualifications of a President for re-election, when should they be discussed? If they may not be discussed at all, and the mere fact that a man does not believe that a President should be re-elected is sufficient to deprive him of all claim to a hearing when he attempts to give a reason for his belief, is not this virtually converting the term of four years into eight years?

It is said that the debate which has been going on in the Senate and in the press over the Custom-house investigation and the French arms investigation is really the work of the Philadelphia Convention, and that the malcontents should wait till that body meets, lay their plaints before it, and abide by its decision. But the fact is that the Philadelphia Convention, as everybody knows, will, like all conventions, be guided in its action by opinions already formed by its constituents. Delegates are already being chosen in every direction, and, by the use of the usual machinery, pledged to vote for General Grant's nomination—that is, pledged to support him no matter what may be said at the convention. To argue with them would be as useless as to argue with the master of thirty legions. In fact, the main business of the politicians who support the Administration is now, and has been for several months, so to arrange matters that the question of renominating the President shall not, at the convention, be an open question. Those, therefore, who doubt the expediency of renominating him can only reach the convention by creating, if they can before it meets, such an opinion adverse to him as shall render him in its eyes not available.

Whether they can succeed in doing this, or whether it would be well if they could succeed, are matters on which we now express no opinion. We merely wish to point out the unreasonableness of the outcry which is raised against all discussion of the claims of possible candidates, and particularly the claims of the President, in advance of the meeting of the convention. Attempts to show that he is not a good man for the place, or that some one else would be, are not the base and contemptible work that some people would have us believe. "President-making" is by no means out of place during the next three months. On the contrary, it is about the most important business in which an American politician can engage. Saying that a man who arraigns the Administration for misconduct or incompetency ought not to be listened to, because he seeks to prevent General Grant's renomination, is very like saying that you ought not to listen to a man's arguments because he aims at persuasion, or to listen to testimony because its object is proof. "Why, you're trying to corner me," said the gentleman who found his antagonist getting the better of him in a discussion; and so also some of our office-holders, when you accuse them of malfeasance, declare that, as your aim is to get them out of office, nobody ought to mind anything you say.

THE CRISIS IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE rumor that the Pope is preparing to quit Rome is probably true, but whether he will quit it or not will doubtless depend on the state of his health. All attempts to arrange a *modus vivendi* between himself and the Italian monarchy have thus far failed, and may be expected to fail, because even if he were not notoriously obstinate he could not, without a loss of dignity too great to be borne, descend from the position he has always occupied towards what he calls the "Subalpine Government," Victor Emanuel being still, in his estimation, King of Piedmont simply. The material changes which are taking place, too, in Rome are so extensive as to make the city intolerable to its late rulers. Old houses are being swept away, new streets opened, new squares made, great excavations in the old ruins commenced, and, indeed, the old capital begins to wear the air of a bustling, active, growing modern city. Every step in this process of renovation is either an insult or a reproach directed against the Papacy. If all these changes be indeed reform, the sacerdotal administration of bygone days must have been abominable; if they are not reforms, they are too painful to be countenanced, or even witnessed, without protest by the Pope, particularly as it is not the city only which is undergoing transformation, but the whole system of administration—the law, the police, the finances, the taxation, the schools. When we say that Father Hyacinthe is at this moment in Rome writing letters denunciatory of the doctrine of infallibility, we say all that is needed to show the extent of the moral and political, as well as of the material, revolution through which the city is passing.

The Pope has made it a point of honor to shut himself up in the Vatican and represent himself as restrained of his liberty; but the Italian Government has respected his whim; and, while allowing nobody to enter the precincts of that palace without his permission, of course places no obstacles whatever to his egress. But then this voluntary confinement, now that it has lasted so long that everybody has got used to it, runs the risk of becoming ridiculous if protracted; and it must be attended with more or less inconvenience in the transaction of business. It is, therefore, hardly to be wondered at that the Pope talks of packing up and retiring to Trent, a quiet old town of the Tyrolese Alps, in which the old faith still burns with the old glow, and in which he would at least be the principal personage of the place; and this resolution is doubtless strengthened by the gradual extinction of all hopes of interference in his behalf on the part of the Catholic powers. Indeed, it cannot now be said that there are any Catholic powers, in the sense in which the Pope understands that term. Austria has plainly gone over to the enemy; Spain is in the hands either of a republican faction which hates the church or of a monarchical faction led by Victor Emanuel's son; while the expectations which were doubtless excited by M. Thiers's accession to the Presidency of the French Republic have been destroyed by the spectacle of the internal difficulties of France.

The greatest difficulties of the Papacy, however, are, and promise to be, religious rather than political, and, so far from dying out, seem to increase, and bid fair at present to lead to an extensive if not formidable revolt against Papal authority. The movement which Döllinger heads in Germany, and which, after Father Hyacinthe's failure, seemed likely to die out in France, has been revived in that country by an open declaration of war against the Papacy and its adherents on the part of the Abbé Michaud, a man of considerable attainments and influence, who has been officiating at the Madeleine ever since the execution of the late curé by the Commune. He declares, but without proof, that Archbishop Darboy instructed him before his death that outward obedience to official authority was all that was required of a faithful soldier of the church, and that it was not necessary that any priest should in his heart accept the dogma of infallibility. This view the present archbishop declines to accept, and the abbé has accordingly seceded, not from the Catholic Church, but from the Papal ranks; and he proposes to preach and administer the sacraments as heretofore, and has hired a room for that purpose, and is receiving, it is said, a considerable number of adhesions, both from priests and laymen. Similar audacity is displayed by the German leaders, and with more or less success. In Belgium, too, the Papacy has experienced a serious defeat, arising out of what is known as the Langrand scandal. M. Langrand, who is a speculator on a great scale, conceived the idea of getting up a financial company to use Belgian capital, which is cheap, in buying up and working Hungarian lands, which are also cheap, but might be made to yield large profits. In order to raise the capital, he and his associates actually secured the aid of the Pope, to whom it was represented that one of the objects of the company was to "Christianize capital"—that is, concentrate it in the hands of pious families devoted to the Church. His Holiness was charmed with this idea, and, when M. Langrand combined a loan for the Papal Treasury with his Hungarian company, the Pope gave him a letter of commendation which set all the bishops and priests in Belgium working for his benefit, and the peasantry poured their savings into his coffers with extraordinary rapidity. The Pope was more delighted than ever, and made him a Count, and his head was completely turned. His operations became larger and larger, but the crash, of course, came at last. The company failed; the assets proved worthless, and a carrier-pigeon brought out of Paris, during the siege, the result of a judicial examination of Langrand's papers, which he had left there, and which showed him to be a swindler of the first order. The excitement in Belgium was so great after this that the appointment of a M. Decker, who had been concerned with Langrand, to be governor of a province, led, lately, to riotous demonstrations, and almost to a revolution. The general result has been a great increase of anti-clerical feeling among the middle-classes, and a corresponding increase of exertion on the part of the clergy to retain their hold on the peasantry, and this is only possible through either the prevention of popular education or the retention of popular education in their own hands.

In this matter of popular education the church and the state are in fact on the point of joining battle, and have joined battle all over Europe. In Ireland, in Austria, in Prussia, in France, and in Italy, both sides are preparing for and engaged in a struggle which must have a serious influence on the future of the Papacy, because, if worsted in it, it is driven out of its last stronghold. It has lost the middle-classes and the town artisans in every country; if it loses the peasantry, it will have lost everything.

The Papal authorities are so well aware of this that they are not so seriously troubled by anything else. The Old Catholic movement, interesting as it is in some aspects, has not so great dangers for the Pope, for the simple reason that it is not likely to make any headway among the main body of the Pope's followers. Such a movement must find its recruits mainly among the middle or educated classes; and it is no longer possible to build up a new church or renovate an old one with their aid, for they are profoundly sceptical both in France, Germany, and Italy. To the peasants as they now are, and to the women, Michaud and Hyacinthe and Döllinger are and will remain simply insubordinate and renegade priests. Those who expect to see the Old Catholic movement take the shape of a new Reformation forget how completely the times and the men have changed since Luther revolted. Thousands will go with it in scouting the doctrine that the poor old Pope is not liable to error, and there is little doubt that the main body will go further, but not along ecclesiastical ways. They are not prepared to get up any enthusiasm for the early councils, or to take Dr. Döllinger's account, or the Abbé Michaud's, of the exact point at which the church became Ultramontane. In fact, they will probably be found readier for the easy course of doing without a church than for anything else. One of the curious signs of the times, and one which good Catholics must have pondered deeply, occurred in Paris the other day. A bishop was consecrated in the church of St. Sulpice, and the Minister of Public Worship was present officially to represent the state in the person of M. Jules Simon, an avowed materialist, to whom the whole ceremony was, of course, a farce. The laity were there in great force too, but they occupied themselves with hooting and jeering at the solemnities, and, indeed, displayed so little reverence for them that the new bishop came near being mobbed. The departure of the Pope from Rome at such a crisis as this one can hardly help considering not less full of significance for the church than the sack of the city by Alaric was for the old empire.

"ORGANS."

THE New York *Times* asks us, with a good deal of heat, to prove the charge that it is a "hired organ" of the Administration, or else acknowledge that we uttered a slander when we made it. Our answer is perfectly simple: we have never made it. When the *Times* puts the term "hired organ" in quotation marks, it is evidently under the impression that the term is ours. This impression is, however, a delusion. We have never applied it to the *Times*, and, what is more, have never thought it applicable. If anybody concerned will have the goodness to point out any passage in which it occurs in our columns in reference to the *Times*, we shall not only declare that it got in there through inadvertence, but make an apology. We have no proof of anything of the kind. We have never heard of any. We shall not, therefore, accept the invitation to call at the office of the *Times* to satisfy ourselves of the purity of its motives, because we do not suspect it.

The origin of this unfortunate hallucination on the part of the *Times* is doubtless to be found in the fact that we last week called the attention of the President to a pretty little collection of abusive epithets which we made in its columns from articles attacking Senator Schurz, and we hinted that he would do well to put a stop to this style of defence. We made this appeal to him, however, not in the belief that the *Times* was "hired" by him, but that it was his "organ," anxious to serve him, and not inattentive to his feelings, wishes, and opinions as to the best mode of serving him. We do not understand the term "organ" to be necessarily an offensive one—certainly not morally offensive. That we think it is, or ought to be, a term of professional reproach, we do not deny. But then, a great many respectable newspapers, conducted by respectable men, are and have always been "organs"—that is, papers devoted to the defence of the opinions, policy, or reputation or interest of particular persons or bodies, and in the habit of receiving from such persons or bodies information, suggestions, or instigation towards the composition of editorial articles. We do not ourselves think this a desirable position for a newspaper to hold. We think it involves inevitably a certain amount of falsity in its relation to its readers; we think the extent to which this relation has been imposed on a great many newspapers by what is called "personal journalism" is one of the curses of the press. But then, a great many excellent men think differently, and it would ill become us to call them knaves on that account. We shall simply do our best, by fair means, towards making their view of the matter odious, and inducing the next generation of editors at least to repudiate it.

Moreover, there are good and bad ways of discharging the functions of an organ, and we hold that the *Times's* way is a very bad one. Indeed, not to mince matters, we think its mode of advocating General Grant's claims to re-election has been a disgrace to journalism, and, further, we believe this to be the general opinion of intelligent and respectable men. For although it is permissible in any paper to defend a public man with any reasonable amount of warmth against what it believes to be unjust attacks on him, it is not permissible to writers who respect themselves, and who wish to be respected, to blackguard his enemies for him. That is the work of a bravo, and a journalist ought not to do it. We may perhaps forgive a man, out of consideration of the weakness of human nature, for running after a person in the street who has injured him, and in his passion and resentment calling him foul names, and throwing out foul insinuations against him; but we have no such indulgence for a bystander, and, above all, for a professional teacher, who runs along with him and in cold blood engages in the same dirty bout of billingsgate. If it be proper or excusable, therefore, in anybody on General Grant's behalf to call Senator Schurz an "unscrupulous adventurer," "an office-jobber," "a dog," "an unprincipled man," "an arrant humbug," and to suggest "that his leg be tied to his chair when gentlemen are speaking," it ought to be General Grant himself who does it. It ought not to be possible for him to get any leading metropolitan paper to engage in such work.

The reason why we appealed to General Grant to put a stop to it was that it was not simply disreputable and ridiculous, but injurious to him in so far as it produced any effect at all on anybody. We may safely ask the most experienced political veteran on the point whether any candidate was ever seriously injured by being called names, or was ever helped by having his opponents called names. And we have no hesitation in appealing to the judgment of the whole country whether anything can be more injudicious than to meet charges of corruption or demands for investigation by abusive language towards the persons who make them. Do not Hall, Tweed, Connolly, and all that company know this to their cost? Does not everybody's common sense tell him that the best answer, if not the only answer, to charges of this kind, and the surest way of overwhelming the accuser, is to push on the investigation, and prove if you can that he is a light-headed slanderer? There is a moment when, perhaps, a little vituperation is allowable, and that is when the investigation is closed, and it has been proved that there was nothing to be found out. Has that moment come in Senator Schurz's case? Was there really no cause for the Custom-house investigation? Has it revealed nothing and led to nothing? Must the man who proposed it have been really an unscrupulous slanderer? And do we yet *know* that the investigation into the French arms scandal is the suggestion of pure malice?

And now one word as to Senator Schurz personally. The *Times* has for two months assailed him with the grossest abuse and insult. It has called him, day by day, an "unscrupulous demagogue," "a heartless demagogue," "an unscrupulous adventurer," "an office-jobber," "a political charlatan," "a dog," has declared him "wholly un-American in spirit," and "a born destructionist," "an arrant humbug," and a "dishonest, malicious, and unprincipled man." It describes him, in short, very much as one would describe a "confidence operator," or as it described Bill Tweed and Slippery Dick itself last summer. This sort of talk is, of course, taken by itself, tolerably silly; but it might be made damaging if supported by proofs. Has the *Times* produced any proof in support of it? Not a particle. Has it any proof to produce? We think we are warranted in saying that it has not, since it produced its "exposure" of Schurz a month ago. This "exposure" was made during the debate on the Custom-house investigation, and was threatened so long in advance that it looked as if it were hoped that the mere threat would shake Schurz's nerves. It came at last, however, and we read it, and reread it, after having rubbed our eyes, with great care, and we can honestly say that we do not remember to have often read anything in political literature more ludicrous. It purported to be a sketch of Mr. Schurz's career, but the *facts* it produced were those not only of an honorable but of a brilliant career, and it would have been painful, if it had not been comical, to witness the way in which the writer tried to make it appear discreditable by sticking in epithets and innuendoes and inferences of his own all over the recital. By taking a pencil and striking these out, there remained a record which any man in the country might be proud of, and which any man might be glad to see his son strive for. The performance of the *Times* was indeed so absurd that serious reply to it was unnecessary; we contented ourselves with banter. Mr. Schurz answered it in his place in the Senate, showing the absolute falsehood of some of the charges made by the *Times*, and the misrepresentation contained in some of the others. This answer *Harper's Weekly*, which is certainly as good a friend of the President's as the *Times*, pronounced a complete vindication so far as vindication was called for, but of not one of its corrections did the *Times* take any notice. Such service not only discredits those who render it, but discredits General Grant himself as long as he sits silent under it.

For ourselves, we may be permitted to say that we sincerely admire Mr. Schurz's public career. We believe him to be an honest man; we know he is an able, and eloquent, and useful one. We consider him to be an honor to the country in which he was born, and a still greater honor to the country which he has adopted. We believe that the devotion to great principles which first showed itself under less fortunate circumstances in the Old World, and has stood the test of twenty years of loyal service in the New one, will not fail him now on the more conspicuous stage to which he has been raised; and we are sure that we can say that what is best in the intelligence of the country, if it does not always approve of his judgment, and does not share his distrust of the President personally, at least goes with him heartily in his assaults on a régime in which the Leets, Murphys, and Forneys are honored and rewarded, and which the Camerons, and Mortons, and Conklings direct and control.

THE FRENCH STAGE.

PARIS, February 16, 1872.

It must be said, to the credit of French society, that it has never been so sad as it is now. Among my own acquaintance, which is very large, I have not heard of a single ball given this winter. Here and there, some few very young girls have a *sauterie*; there are a few balls given in the American colony, which has become as brilliant as it ever was; but, in French society, dinners are the only entertainment permitted in the present mood of Paris. I hear that even in colleges and in schools the tone of the boys has become much more serious. We have been spared this year the usual promenade of the *bœuf gras* on the boulevards, with his ridiculous cortége of druids, of knights, of gods and of goddesses; very few masks were seen on the *mardi-gras*, and the masked balls of the Opera have been entirely given up to the lowest rabble. With all their elasticity, the Frenchmen feel their defeat much more keenly than the Austrians did theirs after Sadowa. It must be said, also, that the uncertainty of the future is added to the sufferings of the past; all minds are preoccupied with the dangers of our so-called Republic without republicans, with the Internationale, which still is groping in the dark, with the Bonapartist conspiracies, with the financial difficulties of the situation.

The theatres have profited by the sullenness of society; for it is still permitted to spend an evening at the play, and the theatre affords a distraction which takes the mind out of its own troubles for a few hours. I am not of those who find fault with the French nation for its love of the theatre. There is, after all, something very unselfish in the interest our minds can take in a drama, in an opera, or in a vaudeville. Society gives no rest to our evil passions, though it forces us to assume virtues which often we do not have. The theatre actually changes us from actors to witnesses, and if what we see is not absolutely bad, one can always derive some profit from it. To condemn the theatre seems to me no wiser than to condemn the reading of novels. Anything that obliges a man or a woman to think of something different from themselves tends to make them better. Under the Empire, unfortunately, the theatre had become as corrupt as the rest, and I do not remember a single successful comedy or drama where adultery was not the necessary ingredient of interest. Even now, we feel this bad influence. "Christiane" is the best piece lately produced at the Théâtre Français; it is by M. Gondinet, who is the most moral of our dramatists. He made his reputation by very clever and witty vaudevilles—"Gavot," "Minard & Cie.," "Les Grandes Demoiselles," etc.; but his ambition was always to be tried at the Français. "Christiane" is a success; it is admirably played, full of good sentiments, and it has decidedly virtuous intentions; but its whole interest lies in the struggle of Christiane's legal father with her real natural father. Christiane is pure, her mother was not; and the innocent girl makes us still think of adultery. Her situation is very painful between her nominal father and the man who knows that *he* is her father. The law has the best of it; and the *illegal* father is obliged to leave France in some diplomatic capacity. But of this painful and almost immoral *donnée* M. Gondinet has made a really virtuous drama.

I am sorry to say that there is not even a longing for morality to be found in the two last pieces of M. Alexandre Dumas *fils*. This singular writer has adopted the habit of publishing all his pieces with a long and pretentious preface. He speaks like the moralist of the age, the new Solomon; what we want, he thinks, is the exact description of our vices; he believes that our immorality comes from our bad laws, especially from the law which forbids divorce. There is a strange admixture of good and evil in his disposition, in utter want of knowledge of the world. He was born a bastard, and there is a certain hatred of society perceptible in all his words, which comes evidently from the fact that in his childhood he felt a little like an outcast. First an outcast by necessity, he has now made himself an outcast by pride. He likes to represent the *grands de la terre*, as Bossuet called them—princes, noblemen, noble ladies—as utterly vile, mean, despicable as a human creature can be represented. In his last piece, "La Princesse Georges," the Princess and the Prince are equally vile in different ways; they are moral monsters, only of a different species. He is a villain, and she is a coward; he is a traitor, and she loves him, though he is a traitor. I do not speak of the "Visite de Noces," which is only a piece in one act. The subject is so painful that it is better not to analyze it. But I am obliged to confess that these two pieces are played night after night; to be sure, the audience is very cold, almost frigid; people are drawn to the Gymnase, where Alexandre Dumas' pieces are played, by curiosity more than by pleasure. And Paris is such a large city that a feeling of curiosity, mixed with interest for the talent of the author, can fill it for many a night before the success can be attributed to any real sympathy with the sentiments of the drama. It is time, however, that some critic should ridicule the moralistic pretensions of M. Dumas. He wrote, not long ago, a letter to M. Thiers in pamphlet form, in which he spoke of the regeneration of France: we must be saved by the truth, by justice, by faith in ideas, and so on. I need not enter into the analysis of this pamphlet, where fine words covered few thoughts; but it is certainly curious that, after such a sermon, Dumas should return quietly to his old habits, and he is certainly to be admired if he thinks that "Princesse Georges" is a *regenerating* work.

The political piece, "Rabagas," has however put even "Princesse Georges" in the shade. Sardou, the author of it, began life in the Rue St. Jacques, in the Quartier Latin, as a poor *maître d'études*; he lived almost in abject misery and married his washerwoman; but he emerged by degrees from his obscurity by a number of gay, bold, and clever pieces. He has a great ability for theatrical intrigue (take as an example "Les Pattes de Mouche"); he mingles the comic and the dramatic in good proportions, and can paint with a coarse brush the absurdities of the day (for example, "La Famille Benoîton"). He is now rich; he has bought a château at Marly, which he has filled with fine books and works of art. His wife died a few years ago; the Empire made Sardou a knight, then an officer of the Legion of Honor, which did not hinder him from entering among the first the palace of the Tuileries, abandoned by the Empress. He is a man without any fixed ideas; all he cares for is success; he wrote "Séraphine" against the clericals at the end of the Empire, and everybody understood that the name of Séraphine covered that of the Empress Eugénie, who was a well-known partisan of the Papacy.

The fashion now in Paris is against the men of the 4th September; consequently, Sardou has promptly made a new piece against them, under the name of "Rabagas." This personage is a type composed half of Emile Ollivier and half of Gambetta: he is the lawyer, the politician *par excellence*, who flatters the passions of the multitude, but only wants to get into power and to find himself in the gilded drawing-rooms of royalty—in what the English call the cold shade of aristocracy. The scene is in Monaco; and the present Duke of Valentinois, the Prince of Monaco, is actually brought on the stage in a truly Aristophanic manner. I hear that the Duke wrote a letter to Sardou, which is much to his credit, in which he simply objects to his being called familiarly Florestan on the stage. Otherwise he finds no fault with "Rabagas." The demagogues of Monaco are plotting in a coffee-house called the Flying Toad, and are making up the programme of a revolution. A young American lady, who is in the good graces of the Duke, and sees the court in a state of great consternation, contrives to see Rabagas and brings him over to the Duke by an invitation to a ball. Rabagas is quite ready to be converted, as he speaks to his fellow-conspirators of "those immortal principles of '89 for which you are all ready to give *my* life, and I to give *your* life." Rabagas goes to court in tights, and by the influence of the American tempter is named minister. The insurrection, however, breaks out, and Rabagas gives the order to shoot and imprison his old associates. Then comes a change in the fortunes of Rabagas: the Duke does not want him any more, the populace hiss him, and he is kicked out of power. He leaves the stage with these contemptuous words: "Adieu: I go to the only country where men of my stamp are understood—to France!" You may imagine the mixed feelings of a French audience before such an exhibition; the Bonapartists have taken the theatre of the Vaudeville for their headquarters, and they cheer for ten minutes such phrases as this: "Quand une société est pourrie, l'avocat s'y met." One of the socialist associates of Rabagas, when he is drawing up his programme, tells him: "But you forget the social question." "Bah!" says he, "don't let's be silly; there are no social questions, there are only social positions." There is a comical account of the insurrection of Monaco, where one government is formed in a red room, another in a green room, another in a yellow room; and the green, red, and yellow governments successively proscribe each other. This transparent allusion to the scenes in the Hôtel de Ville on the 4th September, the 31st October, and the 18th March, was cheered with fury. So far, those who hiss are in the minority, and the sergents-de-ville, whose comrades were killed under the Commune, and whose wives were fleeing for their lives at that period, show an energy in the repression of hisses which is not very surprising.

The piece draws a crowd every night. I saw it on the first representation, and though I could not help being much amused by its cynical wit, I left the theatre sadder than I entered it; for I perceived in the play an absolute want of moral sense, an absence of that spirit which can distinguish what is noble and what is ignoble in the spirit of reform. Every liberal in it appears as a charlatan; the representative of royalty, the Duke, is himself a poor dissolute old man, who keeps a mistress in his own palace, and makes her the companion of his daughter, who receives secretly in her apartment one of the officers of the guards. There is not one character to represent virtue and morality. At the same time, the feelings of the audience are either favorable to Rabagas, contemptible as he may be, or else they show a rabid conservatism which reminded me of the days of the 2d December. The rich middle-class of Paris is longing for a saviour—for a man of iron, who will sweep the streets with gunpowder and shot, silence all the Rabagas for years to come, and send not only the Communists but the Republicans to Cayenne. This is now the dominant feeling; the horrors of the Commune explain it partly, but Paris is also very angry at being decapitalized, outlawed, put in suspicion by France. It has no patience with the Jules Simons, the Gambettas, the Jules Ferrys, the Favres, the lawyers, who have allowed it to commit so many follies since the 4th September; it is ashamed of itself and of the men it has recognized as leaders. It is waiting, as for a Messiah, for a man of action.

Correspondence.

REPORT OF THE FORTIETH PARALLEL GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Owing to the condition of the Union Pacific Railroad, the *Nation* of February 1 has but just reached me. In that number you comment on the Congressional discussion concerning the report of the Fortieth Parallel Survey. In your remarks you underrate, in my opinion, the "popularity" of the work. You say that "the nature of such a work precludes it from being of immediate use or interest to any but a *very limited* class of persons, and its proper destination is at once the public libraries of the country and the archives of foreign governments and scientific bodies."

Like all comparative phrases, the words "very limited" cannot be rigidly defined. There appears, however, to be a popular misunderstanding at the East as to the number of people eager for such information as the book in question contains. On the Pacific coast, mining is the main industry, and the number of persons engaged in this pursuit, although perhaps "very limited" in comparison with the total population of the United States, is very large when compared with the population of this not unimportant part of the country.

Now, a very large proportion of the mining community is anxious for information of the kind referred to. Long before the publication of the report, the War Department had received applications for copies largely in excess of the number to be printed—nearly double the number, if my memory does not fail me. After its publication these increased largely in amount. I (if I may be allowed to present personal experience) being then on the editorial staff of a mining journal of some considerable circulation, received a large number of enquiries from individuals desirous of obtaining the work, so large a number, indeed, that our paper advocated a Congressional publication to meet the demand. This certainly would indicate that the report has also other "proper destination" than that given by you.

We feel out here that our national legislature has not paid due attention to an industry which has built up States, and produced upwards of a thousand million dollars, in a little more than twenty years. We feel aggrieved, for instance, that to make way for printed matter of no public interest, the reports of the Commissioner of Mining Statistics should be unreasonably delayed year after year, and that the Commissioner should receive an appropriation entirely inadequate to the demands of his department. And when we see a disposition on the part of Congress to diminish the small favors grudgingly allowed, we grumble about it, and write to the papers.

A. D. H., Jr.

RENO, NEV., Feb. 23.

[Our remarks had reference to the publication as a whole, and were more strictly appropriate, say to the volume on Botany, than to that on Mining. Of course we attribute the widest value to the work of the Expedition.—ED. NATION.]

THE MORMON PROBLEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While writing for another purpose, let me express the hope that the *Nation*, among its other good works in calling attention to injustice and sham and corruption, may have something more to say in reference to the state of things in Utah.

On my way to this coast from the East, just about the time the U. S. officials were inaugurating their present policy, I made a little visit among the Mormons at Salt Lake, and, like every other visitor not entirely blinded with prejudice, could but have many of my previous notions reversed and my sympathies in no small degree stirred up. It seemed to me then, from what I heard and saw—an impression which has been deepened by all which has since occurred—that the Federal officers were animated by a bitter spirit of persecution against them, combined, perhaps, with the vulgar desire of making a sensation, utterly inconsistent with justice and the dignity of a great nation, and that the course being taken was wholly unwarranted by anything in the existing state and tendency of Mormon affairs.

Utah within the past few years has been developing with wonderful rapidity in all the elements of a fully civilized and enlightened community, with the single exception of its system of polygamy. The women are allowed as much freedom to go and come as they are in New York; are given, too, the ballot; paid generally the same wages as men; and occupy in not a few cases as independent a position. The two sexes are schooled together in all the branches of a liberal education, with books and by teachers that are selected for merit, and, in some cases at least, independent of any considerations of Mormonism. Any sect of the religious world is perfectly free to go in and establish churches and Sunday-schools there of its own. The Mormons themselves invite public discussion, giving up to it their own tabernacle, and are far more catholic in their fellowship practically than nine-tenths of the Christian church. The arts and sciences are cultivated and encouraged among them to an extent equalled only by a very few of the older States, Orson Pratt, while I was there, delivering a course of lectures on astronomy, which went more thoroughly into the subject than speakers generally would venture to in our Eastern cities, attended night after night by crowded houses; and not a few of the problems which other communities have taken up only in theory, that of connecting religion and amusement for instance, have been solved by them practically, and with the completest success. In short, all those agencies of education, religion, and free discussion usually proclaimed to be so mighty and infallible against error, have free play among them, with an open door for more to go in; and, if Gentile Christianity and civilization cannot meet what remains of their polygamy and superstition in a fair fight, and without resort to persecution, and vanquish them, it certainly looks as if the Mormons had something on their side we need to get—not destroy.

There are influences that, a year ago, were doing the work, doing it silently, surely, nobly. Polygamy was bound, sooner or later, to be sloughed off in an easy and natural way by simply the toning up of the moral health. Federal interference is about as much in place as the knife of a surgeon would be to a patient getting well of fever. The generous, liberty-loving heart of the country needs only to know what is doing there on the part of its officials to be filled with indignation, and stop at once a persecution worthy only of the dark ages.

I write this entirely as an outsider, and from a love not of Mormonism, but of fair play. Shall I say, too, that the Christian church, with all its holy horror of polygamy, is bound to share some of the blame for it with the Mormons? It is not an abnormal and seedless growth, but a legitimate fruit, so far as doctrine is concerned, of that literalness of Scripture interpretation which all the religious world has done so much to encourage. The same principles which the rest of us have carried out in our ways they have carried out in theirs, leading perhaps to grosser results, but not connected the less with the parent stock.

Will it do, also, to hint that possibly Mormonism may have its divine mission to work out as well as all other religious bodies, not, indeed, through its polygamy and superstition, but through its inner faith? There can be no question that it does really have this faith, a belief in directness of relationship with Deity and divine things that is in marked and grateful contrast with the materialism and indifferentism that we find so much of through the Great West—a faith more like that of the old Puritans than is felt by any other Christian sect. All history shows, New England history certainly, that these old root faiths, with their visions and revelations and realness of the spirit world, though terribly gnarled and ugly themselves, are wonderful things into which to graft new truth. At any rate, it will do no harm to look on the hopeful side, and to remember that the world's good before now has come out of its Nazareths. K.

OLYMPIA, W. T., Feb. 1, 1872.

TO TAKE A DARE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I noticed in your review of Mr. Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster" a statement that in New England you had never heard the expression, "I don't take no such a dare." Some thirty-five or forty years ago, when I was a school-boy in a country district in the southern part of New Hampshire, we used to play a game in which we used the expression, "Give us a dare," and "I'll take a dare," etc. And from the game we borrowed and used an expression very similar to the one quoted by you, and with the same meaning. The subject is not of the highest importance, but it is a principle with you, I believe, "to give even the devil his due." New England should have, in this matter, all that properly belongs to her.

Truly yours, D. PUTNAM.

YPSILANTI, MICH., Feb. 19, 1872.

[This is a case of a word's being kept current longer on this side of the water than in England. Before our fathers came across, they, in common with Shakespeare, Chapman, Johnson, and their contemporaries, had the expression in use; but if it was used in New England only twenty-five years ago, it survived longer here than it did in its home. It may, to be sure, still be locally and colloquially current in England. In literature it is obsolete in both countries.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

A. DENHAM & CO. will publish, March 15, the first collected edition of the "Minor Poems of Homer," including the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, hymns, and epigrams, in the translations of Parnell, Chapman, Shelley, Congreve, etc., with an introduction and a life of Homer.——The *Bookbuyer* for Feb. 15 announces the following firm changes: Charles Scribner & Co. becomes Scribner, Armstrong & Co., and Scribner, Welford & Co. becomes Scribner, Welford & Armstrong, the late Mr. Scribner being succeeded by his son, Mr. J. Blair Scribner. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. announce an edition of George Macdonald's poems, beginning with "Within and Without," his longest effort. Arabia will form the subject of the third volume of Mr. Bayard Taylor's Library of Travel and Adventure.——An English version of the "Æneid," by C. P. Cranch, will be published in the fall by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., in a uniform style with Bryant's "Homer" and Longfellow's "Dante."——Collectors of Americana will be glad to hear that Ellis & Green, London, have just acquired copies of the letter of Columbus announcing the discovery of America (No. 4 of Harrisse), first edition, in a perfect state, and a copy of the still rarer letter of Americus Vespuccius on the same subject, supposed to be the second edition (No. 23, Harrisse), of which only one other is known; and a copy of No. 30, Harrisse, the only other known copy of which is in the Mercantile Library at Hamburg.——A translation of "Joseph Noirel's Revenge," by Victor Cherbuliez, is to be begun at once in the *Week*.

—Mr. Alexander Agassiz sends us two specimens of the first application of carbon printing to "general illustrations of natural history." One is a figure, natural size, of *Echinocidaris punctulata*, printed by Mr. Bierstadt according to the Albert process; the other, a slightly reduced section of *Laganum decagonalis*, printed by the American Photo-relief Printing Company, of Philadelphia, by the Woodbury process. The former has the decided advantage of dispensing with mounting altogether, and in a bound volume this consideration is an important one; in other respects, it would be difficult to choose. Mr. Agassiz calls attention to the good promise that these processes hold out of substituting, in scientific memoirs, the absolute accuracy of photography for lithography with no sacrifice of mechanical convenience and with great gain in point of fulness of illustration and detail. It is not only for scientific memoirs, let us remark, that this future may be expected, and we trust that the public will soon require, wherever it is reasonable that they should, the fidelity of the sun-picture in place of the fancy of the draughtsman. For this purpose it is not necessary to wait till the new processes reach their highest artistic development.

—We had been hoping that good sense and broad views would prevail in Congress, and secure the passage of the appropriation to indemnify the College of William and Mary, which, during the campaign on the Peninsula, was held and afterwards burnt without cause by Federal troops. A year and a half ago we sketched the checkered career of this venerable institution of learning, so filled with reverses, and yet so marked by a vitality that neither fire nor war could overcome. The opposition to an obvious act of justice on the part of the Government is headed (*ex officio*, we trust) by General Garfield, and, so far as we have observed, rests on two objections: first, that a costly precedent would be established; and second, that the college was a nursery of disloyalty. As regards precedents, we have only to say that if any similar case is presented, the same restitution should promptly be made. It is a fact that the college was suspended on account of the rebellion; that ninety per cent. of its students entered the Confederate service; and that the Confederates used the building as a barrack and a hospital till Williamsburg was evacuated. Its destruction, however, was not a necessary act of hostilities, and the question remains whether the college has not a moral claim for damages, and, what is the gist of the whole matter, whether the State would be better off to-day without the college—in fact, without all its colleges. If it would be, the appropriation asked for should be denied; if it would not, no better pretext could be had for fostering liberal education in Virginia without making invidious distinctions, and without incurring a general obligation to endow every other Southern college.

—It is the general principle which is chiefly commendable in the act of Congress setting aside the Yellowstone region as a national park. It will help confirm the national possession of the Yo Semite, and may in time lead us to rescue Niagara from its present degrading surroundings. That the park will not very soon be accessible to the public needs no demonstration. The expedition under Captain Barlow, sent out by General Sheridan last summer, judged it probable that a railroad could be built up the Wind River Valley to the Upper Yellowstone, and so northward to the Northern Pacific Railroad, which would then be connected with the Union Pacific. Meantime, it may be well to improve the opportunity of learning a little more of the geography of the Northwest, and to that end two maps, just published by the Department of the Interior, will be found serviceable. One embraces the whole reservation; the other, on a larger scale, takes in only the Yellowstone Lake and vicinity for a distance of about five miles from its borders--as far, on the south, as the head-waters of the Snake River. Soundings are given over the greater part of the lake, which is nowhere more than fifty fathoms deep. The chief features of this remarkable basin have already been appropriately named by Prof. F. V. Hayden and his associates, or by earlier explorers, but there is still room, we observe, for a "national" nomenclature if that is insisted on rather than a natural one. Congress, we may say here, would do well to suppress the names of "Wyoming" and "Washington,' which threaten to become fixed whenever these Territories are admitted as States. Both names are irrevocably associated with older parts of the country, and of right should be cherished for them. They are, moreover, the only instances in which our Territories have failed to receive beautiful and distinctive appellations.

—It has often been said of the New England farmers as a class that a large majority of them had long been unprosperous till luckily the war came, and enabled them to pay off debts and mortgages in a depreciated currency, and even for a time to make a fair annual interest on their invested money and labor. Before that time, it is alleged, only the garden farms which had easy access to a market, and the milk farms near to the cities, were in a condition of reasonable prosperity, while as for most of the agricultural population, in spite of the dignity of the honest farmer as insisted upon by the essayists, and the superiority of rural life to the whirl of urban existence, the farmers' boys were all emigrating to the towns and to the West, and the farmers' daughters, superfluous, were accumulating in the stagnant country villages. A recent address before a Massachusetts agricultural society, delivered by Mr. George E. Waring, Jr., seems to countenance this popular impression, and endeavors to show how the interests of the New England farmer may be so promoted as that he may be able not only "to pay his bills at the end of the year and start again at the point at which he started twelve months before, but how, as the world moves, he may move with it, how he may be in all respects as much better off at the end of each year as the merchant or professional man is." Many a farmer is to-day eager to know how this may be done, Mr. Waring thinks, and is anxious that his children at least may be got out of "the good old way" in whose ruts he himself has so long been travelling. To begin with, the Massachusetts farmer, says Mr. Waring, "must work with all his mind and all his strength, and he must work for the love of money and as only the love of money can make him work." He must no longer listen to the orators at the county fairs, who remind him that "it is upon the brawny shoulders of the sturdy yeomanry that the great fabric of our civilization rests." Mr. Waring, who "lives behind the scenes, and knows the farmer class as he knows his own brother," asserts that such oratory is "threadbare palaver, and thinks that whenever a farmer is stingy, close-fisted, narrow-minded, and pig-headed, jealous and suspicious of all improvement," he is not at all "a gentleman by right of his profession," but, on the contrary, deserves contempt, and can only secure himself from it by ceasing to do his work in a mean way and doing it respectably and thoroughly; and as this he can only do by hard work and the expenditure of money, he must, as above stated, work with all his mind and all his strength and as one who loves money and intends to have it.

—It is work done in pursuit of personal wealth, Mr. Waring asserts, to which alone we can look for that further improvement in the condition of New England farming which will make it "as attractive to the better class of young farmers as New England cotton-spinning is to young manufacturers." The hackneyed command, "Keep the boys on the farm," must somehow be obeyed. How, it is the subject of Mr. Waring's address to show. In the first place, then, the elderly agriculturist must point the younger to instances in which energetic men, by intelligently working their farms, are securing not only the means of luxurious living, but an income equal to the annual four, or five, or six thousand dollars of the professional man. Or, better still, send the boy away for a year or two to the best farmer in the region, telling him that when he comes home with his mind made up in sober earnest to be a good farmer, he shall want no help that the parental bank-stock and the parental encouragement can supply. And to this end it would be well, Mr. Waring says, if there were less of parental jealousy of the son's movements, less of parental restraint, and more of companionship and good-fellowship. And while the elderly farmers are doing thus much to keep their sons in the ranks, something must be done to make the ranks worthy of the new recruits. To talk of "plain living and hard work" is nonsense, because what the new generation wants is to live comfortably and to add to comfort as much of refinement and luxury as may be had. Each farmer, looking carefully to his own peculiar circumstances, must manage his farm with a determination to get as much out of it as the best knowledge he can command joined to his best energy will enable him to get, and he must begin by admitting that "there *is* a better way of farming than any he has yet tried," and that, if he is to have his son as his helper and successor, it behooves him to bestir himself and find this better way. Mr. Waring's counsel seems to come nearest to being practical when he remarks that in nearly every town there is one man whose eyes are open to the value of improved methods, and of the application to farming of science and liberality; that in every county there are many such men, and in every State a multitude of them, and that these should join to encourage each other and instruct their neighbors in "high farming." He is older and tougher, he says, than once he was, and now grows fat on opposition and contempt, but he cannot help feeling that "the utter and entire failure of every agricultural operation" in which he is interested "would carry joy to the hearts" of all his neighbors—who yet are not such bad neighbors either, as old-fashioned neighbors go when a man attempts "new-fangled farming" amongst them, and who, though they last year decried and hated the methods which this year they have adopted, are not less firm this year in decrying and hating the methods which they will next year adopt. The agricultural conservative, too, has all the conservative's wide notion of what constitutes a permissible weapon of controversy, and sensitive "high farmers" in some localities where they may set up their rest, are not likely to be very enviable men. However, the future bids fair to be better for them than the past has been, and such schools as that at Amherst and the new Bussey Institute at West Roxbury cannot fail to prove great allies of the men with the phosphates as against those who farm with hard cider instead, and get their milk from half-frozen and half-starved cows.

—At a time when American criticism, even of the better sort, was too apt to consist of platitudes expressed in a very academic sort of English, Mr. Jones Very, a tutor in Harvard College, published a few papers which, at any time in our history, would have been pronounced good criticism, as showing thought, knowledge, and taste. Looking recently at his essay on Shakespeare, a little while after looking at Mr. George Macdonald's "Phantastes," a work justly to be admired and justly to be condemned, we came upon an interesting example of an independent use by Mr. Very and Mr. Macdonald of the same striking image, or of two images nearly the same. This, perhaps, is hardly worth noting, especially in the case of a writer so abounding and superabounding in fanciful imagery as Mr. Macdonald, whose mind is, as it were, saturated and made flabby by its own uncrystallized poetry; but we are glad of an occasion to call attention again to Mr. Very as a man (and poet) too much forgotten. The image of which we speak is, in Mr. Macdonald's book, that the hero is attended by a black shadow, or "double," uncaused by the sun, representing an affectation of his ideal—that is to say, an attempt to appear not what he is, but at appearing to be what he aspires to become. This double once withstands the hero in visible shape, as a larger self, and must be conquered before a certain right but humble act can be done. As affectation, it is represented as disguising people's faces, and making them look ugly to each other. Thus Mr. Macdonald, following a train of thought which results in what we suppose must be regarded as sufficiently enervating and "unhealthy" reading. Mr. Very, in speaking of Wordsworth and Milton as compared or contrasted with Shakespeare, says that in the two former "we see the struggle of the child to become the perfect man. . . . They are striving for that silence in their own bosoms that shall make the voice that created all things heard. It is the self which opposes this that they see within them and feel without them; and it is this alone, under whatsoever forms it may be, that they describe. Like the fallen angel, they cannot escape the consciousness of themselves, and the brightness of poesy, instead of blazing directly down upon their heads, causes them, from the obliqueness of its rays, to be ever accompanied by their own shadow." It is, however, always well to remind ourselves that Mr. Very's "this alone," which poets such as Milton and Wordsworth could describe, is not the small matter that one might take it to be if one listened only to the mystics and the idolaters of the objective. Milton's rebellious will, Dante's intensity of spirit, Wordsworth's inaccessible egotism—these also are parts of the universe, and are at the bottom of no small amount of poetry of varieties not elsewhere to be found in right perfection.

—The Franco-Prussian war made absolutely no contribution to the science of naval warfare, and the efforts of Prussia to establish the principle of immunity for unarmed vessels engaged in legitimate traffic were also fruitless. Nevertheless, it may be said that the foundations were laid for substantial improvement of international law. One of the most important phases of this process may now be studied in a pamphlet relating to the North-German ships in Asiatic waters ("Die norddeutschen Kriegsschiffe in Ostasien"), presumably written by an officer of one of the two corvettes, the *Hertha* and *Medusa*, there stationed at the outbreak of the war—the latter at Yokohama, the former at Che-foo, in company with a French squadron. We need not speak of the uncertainty which long prevailed on the part both of the German and the French commanders as to the actual declaration of hostilities, and, when this was confirmed beyond doubt, as to the proper attitude of the belligerents' ships on that distant coast. Official tidings which now could be sent in an hour were then so long in coming that the *Hertha*, by invitation of the captain of the French ship *Dupleix*, joined in the salutes of Napoleon's day (August 15). The same commander proposed, in case the war rumors proved true, to arrange with the representatives of their respective countries for the neutralization of the Chinese and Japanese waters, subject to Government approval. This, considering the French naval preponderance, and the fact that France had in Saigon a station for equipment, repairs, and rendezvous, such as Germany did not possess in the East, was highly honorable to the source from which it emanated. The idea was favorably received by the representatives in question, and on the 22d of August an urgent request for neutralization was despatched to their Governments. By the time it reached France the men of the 4th of September were in power, and Jules Favre declared that so long as Prussia used every resource by land to crush his unhappy country, he could not consent to relinquish any advantages by sea. Meantime, too, the Governor of Saigon had manifested his intention to disregard the diplomatic understanding, and the result was that both the German vessels were shut up in Yokohama during the remainder of the war, and that German merchant vessels were compelled to lie up for the same period. Prussia's official assent reached Yokohama, via Singapore, November 22, 1870; the French refusal arrived two months later, January 22, 1871. The doctrine, however, that the security of the European colonies in Eastern Asia demanded abeyance of those differences which, at home, could only be settled by violence, was so manifestly just that it might well be taken up, now that the world is at peace, and made the subject of international treaty.

—Our readers will probably remember the pretty little poem in the first book of the "Golden Treasury," beginning:

“While that the sun with his beams hot
  Scorched the fruits in vale and mountain,
Philon the shepherd, late forgot,
  Sitting beside a crystal fountain,
    In shadow of a green oak tree,
    Upon his pipe this song played he:
Adieu love, adieu love, untrue love,
Untrue love, untrue love, adieu love;
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.”

The song is anonymous, and is referred by Mr. Palgrave to the early years of Elizabeth. In “La Fleur des chansons amoreuses,” however, which appeared at Rouen, it is supposed in the year 1600, and which was reprinted at Brussels in 1866, on page 202 we find a song which is either the original or the translation of the one mentioned above. To show their similarity, one need only compare this first stanza with what we have quoted above:

“Tandis que le soleil ardent
  Grilloit les herbes en la plaine,
Le berger Philon cependant,
  Assis auprès d'une fontaine,
A l'ombre de trois chênes vers,
Sur son flageol sonnoit ces vers:
Bergère légère, bergère légère, bergère.”

Equally close in their resemblance are the other verses, which we copy, since the reprint is rare, as well as those, the fourth and fifth, that do not apppear in the English version:

“Lorsque j'estois auprès de vous,
  J'estois vostre cœur et votre âme,
Vous souspiriez à tous les coups,
  Vous brusliez d'une chaude flame;
Trois jours durèrent nos amours,
Et se finèrent en trois jours.
Bergère légère, etc.

“Vous veistes un nouveau berger,
  Dont soudain vous fuste esprise,
Soudain vous voulustes changer,
  Soudain il eust ma place prise,
Et soudain il en vint un tiers
Que vous aimastes volontiers.
Bergère légère, etc.

“Je croy que vous faites discours
  D'avoir une âme si féconde
A faire des nouveaux amours,
  Que vous en peuplezez le monde;
Mais vous discourez bien en vain
Puisqu'ils périssent si soudain.
Bergère légère, etc.

“Tels amours faibles et rétifs
  Ne viennent jamais en croissance,
Car comme petits avortifs,
  Ils meurent en prenant naissance,
Et telle plante ne produit
Jamais ny la fleur ny le fruit.
Bergère légère, etc.

“Si m'avez vous fait grand plaisir
  De me quitter à si bonne heure,
Avant que j'eusse le loisir
  De vous aymer d'une amour seure,
Car mon amour s'est terminé
Deux jours avant que d'estre né.
Bergère légère, bergère légère, bergère.”

In the same volume one finds the originals of some of the shorter and looser poems of Suckling, of Dryden's plays, etc., which, on the whole, are the least valuable parts of our literature.

EARLE'S PHILOLOGY OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE.*

THE object of this work is to furnish a popular account of the English language, its rise and formation, its spelling and pronunciation, the kinds of words (verbs, nouns, pronouns, adverbs, etc.) which make up its substance, and the general characters of its syntax and prosody. All these subjects are treated in a loose, desultory manner. The author gives such observations as have an interest for his own mind or seem likely to interest his readers, with little thought of method or completeness. He writes with an evident affection for his theme; and his book, whatever its weaknesses and faults, cannot be reproached as a dull one. In his style we sometimes find a pomp of rhetoric which goes to the very limit of good taste; as when he says (p. 209), “In this gradation of symbolism we see what provision is made for the lighter touches of expression, the vague tints, the vanishing points. Towards a deep and distant background the full-fraught picture of copious language carries our eye, while the foreground is almost palpable in its reality.” Sometimes, however, he sinks into a bald and almost slovenly way of writing. Thus, on p. 11, “In the seventh century Anglo-Saxon was cultivated by means of Christianity, and *over five centuries were produced those writings which have partly survived.* In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the spread of Christianity northwards had the effect *of getting the Norsk Sagas to be committed to writing.*” And again (p. 29), “So *the reign of Alfred is apt to get paralleled with those rude tribes* among whom our missionaries introduce a translated literature at the same time with the arts of reading and writing.”

Oftener still, we meet with singularities or quaintnesses of expression such as *sound-shunting* (p. 3) for Grimm's *Lautverschiebung* (or progression of mutes); *Latin documentary period* (p. 46) for the period when Latin was used in public documents; *vocalic crowding* (p. 118) for the change of *i* into *y* consonant, as in *opinion;* “to *trend* on the subject of accent” (p. 137) for *to trench; w* “prefixed *assimilatively*” (p. 145), in *woak, woats,* for *oak, oats;* a word employed *nounally* (p. 182); *flat adverb* (p. 361) for one which has no added ending to distinguish it from the adjective; *flat syntax* (p. 461) for that which is determined solely by the order of the words; “great acquisitions in the compass and in *the go* of language” (p. 496); “and with this *modulatory progress* there is certainly a *collocatory progress* afoot” (p. 536), where the first progress is an increased demand for good reading, and the second an increased freedom in the arrangement of English sentences.

If these oddities of expression were the worst features of the book, we should have little to complain of. Unfortunately, the book itself, as a whole, must be called weak. It shows throughout a want of logical precision, a lack of clear, sharp thinking, and a consequent lack of sound judgment. Owing to this defect, the author—though his scholarship, at least in Anglo-Saxon, seems to be respectable—has fallen into many superficialities and even errors. Of these we give here some of the most striking which we have noted in a cursory perusal of the work.

We are told (p. 8) that “of all the Gothic family of languages, it is the Scandinavian group alone that has made any approach to a *form* for the passive.” Would our author make a Gothic family with the Gothic itself left out of it? Or is he not aware that the old Indo-European middle-passive form is preserved in the Gothic, with signs indeed of decay, but still in constant use?—thus Goth. *bairada* (is borne), corresponding to Gr. φέρεται Sansk. *bharatai.*

When he says (p. 13) that “the Sanskrit grammar is the product of a long sustained and cloistered culture; the Gothic grammar was the property of shepherds, who were little in advance of the life of nomads,” he is evidently confounding two very different things—one, the grammatical system as inherent in the language itself, and recognized unconsciously by the great body of those who speak it; the other, that system as drawn out by studious research, and embodied more or less adequately in scientific form, in a series of rules or propositions.

He speaks (p. 15) as though it were questionable whether the English is more nearly related to the Norse dialects or to the Low German; and recites an incident (probably apocryphal) which “tends to show that in A.D. 912 Englisc was very like Danish.” It is said that the Northman Rolf or Rollo, when he did homage to Karl the Simple for his new fief of Normandy, refused to kiss the emperor's foot unless he lifted it to his mouth; and that his language, heard in this refusal, was taken by Frankish bystanders for Englisc. As if such a mistake, in those who understood neither Norse nor Englisc, was proof of any near likeness between them. And as if facts (?) like these could have any weight against our own knowledge; for what Englisc was in 912 we know from its monuments, and of what the Norse must have been at that time we at least know enough to be certain that it was very different from Englisc.

Among English words of ancient British (*i.e.*, Welsh) origin, Mr. E. has no hesitation in placing the old verb *ear* (to plough). He asserts (p. 19) that “soon after the Saxon settlement, the verb ERIAN must have been adopted from the British vernacular.” His only question is whether the word belonged to the primitive language of the British Celts, or was only the Latin *aro* borrowed by them from their Roman conquerors. It does not occur to him that the common word may have come alike to Latins, Germans, Celts, from their common ancestors. But be this as it may, it is absurd to suppose that a word which belonged to all the old Teutonic idioms (Goth. *erjan,* Old High Germ. *aran, erran,* Old Frisic *era,* Old Norse *erja*) was adopted by the Saxons from the British vernacular.

He regards *be* (p. 40) as “a mere vague prefix in the modern *because, besides*”; though the sense of *by,* local in one, instrumental in the other, is perfectly evident. “The preposition BE,” he says (p. 38), “at the time when we first become acquainted with it, means *about, around.*” What this time is, we are left to conjecture: that the prep. *be* in Anglo-Saxon ever meant *around,* he does not and (we think) could not show. The English compound *besiege* does not mean to *sit around* (as explained on p. 82), but to *sit* BY, *at, over against,* with hostile purpose: compare the Latin *obsidio,* Greek ἐφέδρα, both of which signify a *besieging.*

If we compare pp. 46 and 53, we find that the writer of the “Ormulum”—who “has not the Anglian mark of *s* for *sh;* who writes *shall* and not *sall*”

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* “The Philology of the English Tongue. By John Earle, M.A., Rector of Swanswick, formerly Fellow and Tutor of Oriel College, and sometime Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford.” Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1871. Small 8vo, pp. viii., 599.

—cannot be placed in Norfolk or Lincolnshire, but may have written in Peterborough, that is, within twenty miles of Norfolk and Lincolnshire. The reader may doubt whether distinctions so sharp as this are warranted by what is known of English dialects six hundred and fifty years ago, especially when he finds (p. 59) that "Havlok the Dane," which uses *sh*, is referred to an Anglian locality, along with "Genesis and Exodus," which shows the Anglian *s*.

On page 81 we have a list of couplets, such as "*nature* and *kind*," "*mirth* and *jollity*," in which a French word is paired with a Saxon. But "*aid* and *abet*," "*chiere* and *face*," are inserted by mistake, as each consists of two French words; and these throw doubt on the explanation given for the rest by Mr. Earle and many others, that they were devised to meet the comprehension of all classes, when French was mingling with Saxon to form the new English.

It is difficult to understand why *to boot* should be taken (p. 84) from French *bouter* (to push), rather than from Anglo-Saxon *tô bôte* (for amends). For *bouter* makes in English *to butt;* and the explanation of *to boot*, as meaning to "push a bargain," is hardly a natural one. On the other hand, both form and sense are perfectly explained by the Anglo-Saxon derivation: the A. S. *ó* usually makes Eng. *oo;* and that which is given *to boot* is given "for amends," to compensate for any disadvantage to the party that receives it.

We hardly know what to say of the remark (p. 112) that "*h* is almost classed with the *vowels*, as in the familiar rule which tells us to say *an* before a word beginning with a vowel or a silent *h*." That a mere silence should be classed, or *almost* classed, with the vowels (so named as being eminently *vocal*), seems strange enough; but still stranger that any one should fail to see that the two things classed together here are a vowel with *silent h* written before it and a vowel with *nothing* written before it. The rule, in fact, classes *h* with the *consonants;* for it implies that when it *is* an *h* (a sound, not a silence), it has the same effect as a consonant on the article preceding it. The fact that the old *h*, final or before consonants, where the English writes *gh* (as in *though*, *night*), ceased to be heard in pronunciation, is ascribed (p. 88) to French influence. But this sound maintained itself long after the Norman Conquest, down to the middle of the fourteenth (according to Mr. Ellis, till late in the sixteenth) century; while in the Old Norse, beyond the reach of any French influence, it was extinct in the thirteenth century, and probably for ages earlier: thus, O. N. *thô* (though), *nâtt* (night). We may, therefore, reasonably doubt whether the French has had that influence on English pronunciation which our author supposes. Indeed, the English has shown in some respects a peculiar toughness in the preservation of ancient Teutonic sounds: in two very remarkable cases—the semivowel *w* and the spirant *th*—it has retained sounds which in all its sister-idioms have been corrupted or lost. In regard to the *w*, however, Mr. E. has a singular theory; he believes (p. 115) that the English sound of it came from the Welsh—came through the West Saxons on the Welsh border, and from them was communicated to the East Saxons and the Angles. "As an initial," he says, "it would hardly have existed had our language been educated in the Eastern counties" (which, by the way, seems inconsistent with the assertion, on p. 60, that "the Saxon literary language was not really native to Wessex, that it was not originally Saxon at all, but Anglian," *i.e.*, belonging to Eastern counties). There is an emphasis here on the word *initial;* for he holds that a *w*-sound is naturally generated between almost any two vowels when pronounced in quick succession, an example of which he finds in A. S. *ofersæwisc* (over-sea-ish, transmarine), not observing (what we see from Gothic *saiv-s*) that *sæw* in this compound is the earlier form for A. S. *sæ* (sea).

What utter misconception of the relations between Welsh and English is implied in this theory of a borrowed *w*, we have not the space to expose. Nor can we go into the reasons for believing that this sound was the common property of the old Teutonic idioms. We can only refer to the opinions of eminent investigators, who could feel no patriotic interest in the antiquity of the English sound; as the Dane Wimmer, in his "Altnordische Grammatik," who recognizes it in the Old Norse; and the German Heyne, in his "Grammatik der altgermanischen Dialecte," who recognizes it in the Gothic, in the Old High German, and (less confidently) in the Old Saxon of Northern Germany. Curiously enough, Mr. Earle, who regards it as the product of a Celtic influence, speaks of it (p. 145) as the "special birthright of English." A similar claim is put forward (p. 119) in the case of another semivowel: "We must consider this Y consonant as being in some special sense the property of the English language." He acknowledges that the same sound, in words of the same origin, appears in the German and in other tongues. But the English has rescued it from a confusion with G, which prevailed in Anglo-Saxon writing, as *geong* (young); and has given it place in many words where it had no native right, as in *ewe*, in the name of the vowel U, in the boarding-school pronunciation of *kyind*, in the *yarm, yarbs* (for *arm, herbs*), of the Dorset dialect, etc. These are the supports of the English claim. It may be said, in passing, that Anglo-Saxon orthography, so much complained of as irregular and variable, has found a champion in Mr. E.: "For a manuscript literature, that of the last hundred years of the Saxon period is singularly orthographical." In illustration we may state that the Anglo-Saxon word for *young* appears in Grein's "Sprachschatz" with five different spellings, *geong, geng, ging, giung, iung;* though we cannot say that all of them belong to the century here named.

It is well known that *could* was in Anglo-Saxon *cûdhe*, in early English *couthe, cowde;* and it is generally supposed that when *l* had become silent in *should* and *would*, it was introduced by false analogy into *could*. To those who pronounced *woud, shoud, coud*, and wrote *would, should*, it might well seem natural to write *could* also. But our author supposes (p. 145) that while the *l* was pronounced in *would, should*, it was introduced as a silent letter into *could;* as if from the analogy of *went* and *sent* we should introduce a silent *n* into *get*, and write it *gent*. But he supposes further that the silence of this *l* in *could* had such force as to bring about at length the silence of *l* in *would* and *should;* much as if the analogy of *indict* should make us say *convite* (for *convict*), or the analogy of *salve* should make us say *vaav* (for *valve*). This preference of an arbitrary and improbable hypothesis for a simple and natural one gives striking proof of the author's inaptitude for philological reasoning.

Further evidence of the same fact may be found in the strange attempt (p. 480) to show that the English verbal in *-ing* is only a corrupted form of the Anglo-Saxon infinitive in *-an*, made by a direct euphonic change of *-an* to *-ing*. For such a change the only examples he offers (aside from proper names) are the modern vulgarisms *capting, garding*, and the like, for *captain, garden*. But the history of the A. S. infinitive is perfectly traceable; we know what became of it; we see A. S. *help-an* pass into Semi-Saxon *help-en* (so always in the "Ormulum"); and this into early English *help-en* or *help-e* (so in Chaucer); and this into *help-e* as sole form; and this finally into the modern *help*. So, too, the verbal in *-ing* can be traced with perfect certainty from Anglo-Saxon times to our own. It has never ceased to be used in the same form, though it has received an extension of its syntax. It can now have an object in the accusative, which it could not do in Anglo-Saxon. It has, in fact, taken on the construction of an infinitive, and may without impropriety be called by that name; but that it comes by actual descent from the old infinitive in *-an* there is no good reason for believing.

Speaking of the auxiliary *do*, our author calls it (pp. 490, 492) "a symbol-verb of a peculiarly insular character," an auxiliary "which peculiarly belongs to English." He seems not to be aware that expressions such as *er that kommen* (he did come) are frequent in colloquial German. Yet the first impulse to this use came, he thinks, from the French: "At its start it was a French-borrowed plume." It was from the construction of *faire* with the infinitive, to express a causal sense, that the English learned to use *do* in the same way: *he does him come* (causes him to come), like the French *il le fait venir*. In time, however, the English dropped the causal sense, so that *he does come* became nearly equivalent to *he comes*. It is in this way that he explains the genesis of the auxiliary *do*. But, in fact, the causal use of *do* with an infinitive is much older than he supposes. It is found in the Gothic (*ga-taujan*), in the old High German (*tuon*), and in the Anglo-Saxon, from which it passed into the Semi-Saxon and the early English. There is no reason whatever to regard it as the imitation of a French idiom. As for the non-causal use, which he considers not as French, but as an English alteration of the French idiom, this also is met with, though rarely, in the Anglo-Saxon; see Professor March's "Anglo-Saxon Grammar," § 406. This is one instance out of a considerable number which show an exaggerated estimate of the French influence on the formation and character of our language.

But we must not fail to notice a point of grammar which is dwelt on at great length, so as to be a leading feature of the work—the division of all words into *presentive* and *symbolic*. The division is not new, being substantially the same as the well-known division into *essential* and *formal* words, or into *conceptional* and *relational* words—into words which express objects, actions, qualities, and words which mark the relations of these to the speaker and to each other. The second class in all these cases consists mainly of pronouns, pronominal adverbs, prepositions, and conjunctions. What is new here is the novel and (as we must think) unhappily chosen term, *symbolic*, to denote this class. All words are symbolic; *tree, thought, dear, shine*, are as truly *symbols* of the conceptions they express as are *this* and *that* of the relations to the speaker which they denote. But our author's idea seems to be that a word is peculiarly symbolic when it can stand for many different things; so that *this* and *that*, being applicable to all things, must be in the highest degree symbolic. If so, *greater* and *smaller* ought to be symbolic (not presentive), for any object may be called *greater* when compared with a smaller, or *smaller* when compared with a greater. Perhaps, indeed, Mr. E. would call these symbolic, though (on p. 207) he speaks of *more* as presentive, in "the *more* [*i.e.*, greater] part"; for his hazy, unlogical conception of what he means by symbolic has involved him in numerous inconsistencies. In taking up the pronouns (p. 387) he says: "We now cross the greatest chasm in language—the chasm which separates the presentives from the symbolics." But this chasm appears somewhat differently when he tells us (p. 388) of expressions which "have passed, or at least are passing, into the region of the symbolic"; and (p. 389) of pronouns "which combine with their symbolism a certain qualified sort of presentive power," *subpresentive* he proposes to call it; and (p. 210) of words whose "signification lies on the confines of presentation and symbolism"; and especially (p. 417), "the presentive adverbs pass off by such fine and imperceptible shadings into a symbolic state, that the division must needs be exposed to uncertainty." That the position of this "greatest chasm" is really quite uncertain may be seen by looking at the two little paragraphs (pp. 210, 211) in which the symbolic words are distinguished by italics. Here, *happened* appears as presentive, but *went on* (continued to take place) as symbolic; *once* (one time) is marked as symbolic, but *ten* and *times* each as presentive; *home* figures as symbolic in *sent home*, but presentive in *at home*; *become* (in "individuals become types") stands as presentive, though *γίνεσϑαι*, *fieri*, *devenir*, *werden*, are called (p. 489) "symbol-verbs of great mark each in its own language"; and it is said (p. 490) that "the word [become] has been thoroughly symbolized, and so qualified to take the place of our lost verb *weordhan*."

Mr. Earle insists strongly on the philological importance of this distinction between *presentive* and *symbolic*. The symbolic he declares (p. 211) to be the modern element—"the element which alone will give a basis for a philological distinction between ancient and modern languages." Yet on p. 214 he says: "The admiration which is accorded on all hands to the Greek language is due to the exquisite perfection of its symbolic element." The Greek, then, as it has the characteristically modern element, must be modern; even the early Greek of Homer, which abounds in particles, must be a modern language. Indeed our author (p. 218) does not shrink from this conclusion, but declares boldly that the Greek may be called truly modern. Now, we do not object to a classification in which some of the ancient languages should be associated with some or all of the modern; but it ought not to be made under wrong names. When a man professes to draw a line which shall separate ancient from modern languages, and draws it so that the language of Homer and the language of Walt Whitman are found on the same side, it may be a very good line, but it hardly corresponds to the professions of the drawer.

The reader now will not be surprised at the severity with which Mr. E. speaks (p. 215) of all attempts to penetrate the mysteries of Greek "symbolism," to find the sense of

> "Those airy nothings which scholars have been chasing all these centuries ever since the revival of letters, every now and then fancying that they had seized them, till they were roused from their sweet delusion by the laughter of their fellow-idlers. The exact distinction between *μή* and *οὐ*, the precise meaning of *ἄν* and *ἄρα* and *δή* must forsooth be defined and settled; and it is very possible that we have not yet seen the last of these futile lucubrations."

We hope for better things. The scholars, blind as they are in their vain conceit of learning, cannot shut out this new light of symbolism. They must see that what is really wanted for the Greek particles is to recognize them as "symbolic" and—"modern."

Much as we have trespassed on the patience of the reader, we must add yet one brief passage (p. 486), not to be matched for the delightful unconsciousness, the more than Arcadian simplicity, which breathes in it. The small capitals are our own:

> "Not very unlike this is the expression in the Offertory Rubric: 'While these sentences are in reading.' In modern English we should make it passive, and say: 'While these sentences ARE BEING READ.'"

Theological and Philosophical Library: A Series of Text-Books, Original and Translated, for Colleges and Theological Seminaries. Edited by Henry B. Smith, D.D., and Philip Schaff, D.D., Professors in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Vol I. of the Philosophical Division: A History of Philosophy, from Thales to the Present Time. By Friedrich Ueberweg, late Professor of Philosophy in the University of Königsberg. Translated from the fourth German edition, by George S. Morris, A.M., Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Michigan. With additions by Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College. With a preface by the Editors of the Philosophical and Theological Library. Vol. I.: History of the Ancient and Mediæval Philosophy. (New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1872.)—Hitherto, no general history of philosophy has existed in the English language which deserves to be called thoroughly good. Schwegler's little handbook, which has twice been translated, is unintelligible to beginners and of little use to advanced students. Lewes's history is only an account of the relation of different systems to the Positivist conceptions, interspersed with biographical notices of their authors. Tennemann's manual is out of date as a book of reference, and gives a learner no clear notion of the doctrines taught in the different schools.

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that even people who have paid some attention to philosophy have been ill acquainted with its history, that false conceptions have prevailed of the general causes of the advances of philosophical thought, and that the importance of understanding this branch of human history has been almost overlooked. There are several familiar books written to show the manner in which civilization in general has progressed, while Whewell's writings have beautifully illustrated the development of the natural sciences. But the very popularity of a *biographical* history of philosophy shows, to our mind, that but crude notions of the movement of speculative intelligence have been current. An event in the life of a writer may doubtless color his own mind, and so by his influence slightly deflect the current of the thought of his age and of succeeding ages. But the effect is almost infinitesimal. A great leader in philosophy must no doubt be a man of power; but he must also teach things that men are disposed to listen to. No man can turn back the general current of thought by any mental superiority or agreeable style of writing. On the other hand, if there be a doctrine to which a large part of the world is inclined, it will surely get developed, if not by this man, then by another. Descartes's life, for example, may easily have helped to make him set forth the metaphysics he did; but whether the world would accept this or that doctrine which he advanced depended principally on what that doctrine was, and comparatively little on the fact that it was Descartes who had originated it. If he had not lived at all, there is evidence to show that substantially the same doctrines would have been published. Thus biography does not much illustrate the course of philosophical speculation, but on the contrary the contemplation of the subject from that point of view draws the attention away from the main historic causes.

Moved by these reasons, perhaps, Drs. Smith and Schaff have made the first two volumes of their new Theological and Philosophical Library a translation of Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy." Nothing could have been more judicious. There was nothing so much needed in the philosophical department of their undertaking at least, and we are distinctly of opinion that no other book which exists in any language or which could have been written would supply that want half so well as the particular treatise they have selected. It is a calm and moderate production, not written in the interest of any system of philosophy or theory of history. It is carefully accurate and executed with great evenness throughout. It sketches the doctrines of the different schools and masters with admirable power of delineation and perspicuity, and under each head it refers the reader for further information to a large and select list of books and memoirs. In short, it will do immense good simply as a model of scholarship for all who write upon philosophy; and it will make all young students see what an indispensable aid to the formation of philosophical conceptions which may be really up to our age is a study of the origins and growth of existing conceptions.

Professor Moore's version is distinguished from most translations from philosophical German in being not an unintelligible jumble of strange words, but correct, perspicuous, smooth, and pleasant to read. Ueberweg, it is true, is a very plain and simple writer compared with the German philosophers of the past, but that has not prevented the recent English translation of his logic from being decidedly obscure.

The History of Ancient Art, translated from the German of John Winckelmann, by G. Henry Lodge, M.D. Vol. III. (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.)—The name of Johann Joachim Winckelmann is well known among the names of writers upon art and archæology, while yet his influence over more recent writers upon these subjects has not been very great. The "Geschichte der Kunst des Alterthums" was first published in Dresden in 1764, and this first edition is not rare; nor is that of 1776; nor are the three or four editions of the French translation; nor is the Italian version; one or the other of these is in every library of books on art. Messrs. Osgood & Co. are about to try whether an English translation of the whole work, published in four dignified volumes, will be successful. There has been no complete English version. We believe Dr. Lodge published, in 1849, in Boston, a translation of a part, under the title, "Ancient Art among the Greeks," and of this we have seen an English reprint. Afterwards, it seems, an earlier portion of the work was translated, and issued, says a circular from Messrs.

Osgood & Co., in 1856. And these two issues will form Vol. II. and Vol. I. respectively of the newly completed English translation of the work. The publishers send us Vol. III., and announce that new editions of Vols. I. and II. will be brought out, and that Vol. IV. will appear during the current year. The volume before us, the third, contains Books VI., VII., and VIII., which treat, respectively, of drapery, with dress, armor, and jewelry generally, as used by the Greeks and Romans; the materials used in art, together with some speculation about the processes of painting employed by the ancients; and the rise and decline of artistic style and taste under the Greek and the Roman dominion.

An archæological work published in 1764 has to be entirely rewritten for modern use, and this from the fact that what we now mean by archæology is of later date than 1764. Winckelmann deserves credit, indeed, as one of the first to perceive the possibility of such a science; but the science itself has far outgrown him, and the opinions and statements contained in his book have to be re-examined in the light of modern criticism. That this has been done to a certain extent at least is proved by the prodigious accumulation of notes by many different editors. One-fourth of the volume before us consists of these notes—or rather much more than a fourth, as the type is smaller than that of the text. And, as might be expected, the notes often contradict flatly the text to which they refer, and often qualify it; they are fully as important as the text, and more trustworthy, and it is a serious fault in the volume before us that it is so difficult to use them. There is no sign on the page you are reading what chapter you are in, so that if the reader finds (10) and looks for the corresponding note, he must first turn back and hunt through the pages for the heading of the chapter; then he must find what "Book" he is in, which is most quickly done by the table of contents; then, upon turning forward to the notes, there is still no helping margin or running title; the first (10) he comes to is the wrong one (the table of contents will not help in this case), and he has to search for book and chapter and to count backward and forward unceasingly. The delay and annoyance caused by this little fault, so easy to correct and so inexcusable, as it seems to us, are a very serious hindrance to using the book at all. There is a note to nearly every page of text, and, as we have said, the reader dares not overlook one of them, for fear it might contain a flat contradiction of what the text has asserted.

The Coin Book, comprising a History of Coinage; A Synopsis of the Mint Laws of the United States, etc., etc. With engravings of the principal coins. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.)—We can recommend the "Coin Book," to those among our readers interested in the study of numismatics, as a useful and carefully edited compilation. The first part of the volume gives an account of the history of the coinage of Great Britain, by Mr. Robert Mushet, of the Royal Mint of London, taken from the "Encyclopædia Britannica." This article is carefully written, and Mr. Mushet has evidently read with care authors such as Messrs. Ruding, Hawkins, and Snelling, whose works on the coinage of Great Britain are looked upon as standard authorities. It is, however, rather difficult to agree with Mr. Mushet in the very bold statement that the social and political status of a nation can be judged by the beauty or art of the existing coinage. The coinage all over Europe at the present time, though accurate in weight and fineness, cannot be held up to view as proof of "artistic design and beauty." Should a comparison be drawn between the crown piece of Great Britain, the five-franc piece of France, or the German thaler, with either a tetradrachm of Mithradates VI., King of Pontus, or one of those lovely medallions given as prizes at the Syracusan games, the award of impartial criticism would be more flattering to the ancient artist than to modern mint-masters. Nor can we agree with Mr. Mushet in the statement that the coinage appears to be gradually approaching the highest degree of excellence, as in our opinion the five-pound piece struck for George III. by Pistrucci is a finer work of art than the coin of the same value executed by the elder Wyon.

Our forefathers, the early Britons, took as a model for their coinage the stater of Philip of Macedon; and a view of the numerous changes which this beautiful coin underwent forms a curious chapter in the great book of history. The quadriga, at first attempted, disappears entirely; a vague outline, drawn with the same artistic finish that would be found on the slate of some infant school-boy, represents a horse, while the wheels of the chariot can be no longer accounted for. The Saxon and Norman coinages, though more pretentious, do not exhibit any high advancement in art, the portraiture being utterly unrecognizable. The difficulty of minting must have been hard to overcome, as will be seen by the following passage extracted from the "Coin Book": "The metal brought to the mints for coinage was, after being tried, reduced to sterling or standard by alloy when too fine, and refined if too low in quality; but by what means the latter operation was performed we remain in ignorance. The metal so melted was cast into small bars, and these were flattened by a hammer; and out of these fillets or plates square pieces were cut of nearly equal weight, and then rounded at the forge. These were stamped simply by fixing a die in a block of wood, while another was used as a punch, and repeatedly struck with a hammer till it received the required impression." From this description it will be seen that our ancestors were not to be congratulated on their mechanical contrivances, though we must own that very few among the many coins which have come down to our time bear evidences of double striking. The Romans, even at so early an age as that preceding the reign of Augustus, were more fortunate in their apparatus. The British Museum lately acquired, through M. Feuardent, an original die and punch, found in the south of France, in such perfect preservation as to enable the officers to identify at once the coin with those of the same family in the cabinets of the Coin Room. The first gold coins in the English series (which Mr. Mushet does not describe, and which are very little known even in England) were issued in the forty-first year of the reign of Henry III., A.D. 1257. The record is to be found in an old manuscript chronicle of the city of London, and reads thus: "Hoc anno creavit rex moneta aurea denarpond-duos sterlingos de auro purissimo et voluit ut illo auro curreret in pond-viginti." Snelling adds: "Here seems by some means to be a mistake of the word *pond* for denar in the value." These coins were not, however, popular. Carte informs us that they were recalled by royal mandate, November 4 of the same year. The two best specimens of these valuable relics exist in the English series of coins in the British Museum, the large sum of £41 10s. being paid for one of them to the executors of the late Mr. Tyssen. From the above date to the year 1343, no gold coins were struck. Edward III., however, caused gold to be issued as coinage, and from that reign to the present time the series presents a rich and varied aspect.

The "Coin Book" also informs us that the coining-press or mill was of French origin, the invention being generally ascribed to Antoine Brucher, who, in 1553, first tried it in the palace of Henry II. of France for the stamping of counters. It continued in use till 1585, but being considered too expensive, the old system of hammering returned into fashion. Briot, another French artist, in the year 1623, unable to induce his own country to return to the coining-press, emigrated to England, and his series of shillings and sixpences can be pointed to as some of the finest work ever sent out from the English mint. They can be recognized by the B under the truncation of the bust of Charles I. The coining-press was, however, abandoned during the revolutionary troubles; but Blondeau, also a Frenchman, induced Charles II. to allow him to set up a press with some of his own inventions. The press is now used, greatly improved, though this cannot be said of the art.

Further on we have a chapter headed "Synopsis of the Acts of Congress regulating the Mint." Here will be found much valuable information relating to the officers of the mint; assay and coinage of bullion; annual trial of coinage; and other laws and regulations referring to our own mint, carefully tabulated so as to be easy and useful for reference. A "Numismatic Dictionary," containing "names of all coins known from the earliest period up to the present day," is tolerably accurate. For merchants and business men is affixed a useful table—"The Daily Price of Gold from 1862 to 1870." The engravings of the leading gold and silver coins of the United States, France, Great Britain, Mexico, Prussia, Russia, and Spain, engraved for the "Merchants' and Bankers' Almanac for 1871," are the worst feature of the book, being badly and incorrectly drawn, and in no way adding to the value of the work.

Poor Miss Finch. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1872.)—Poor Miss Finch, the heroine of this story, is blind. Oscar, the hero, is an amiable young man, who has already been tried for murder but acquitted, and is particularly remarkable for a dark-blue complexion, the result of his taking nitrate of silver to cure his epileptic fits, which fits are the consequences of an attempted assassination. These two young persons become engaged, and everything promises a happy match until the arrival of Oscar's twin-brother, who resembles him in every particular—height, voice, shape, bearing—except that, having eschewed nitrate of silver, his face is as ruddy as that of most Englishmen. He, too, falls in love with Miss Finch, and introduces a surgeon who succeeds in restoring the blind girl's sight. Oscar, however, had concealed his misfortune from Miss Finch, who, in spite of her blindness, has rather morbid opinions on the subject of color, and, having wound himself up in various falsehoods, dreads the mortification of a disclosure, and when she mistakes Nugent—the brother—for him, a mistake which rejoices the heart of the enamored twin, flees from the country, leaving the clear-complexioned villain to play the part of the girl's betrothed. This is the ground-work of the novel. A curious and intricate mesh of intrigue follows; but the result is that the girl cries herself blind again. Oscar returns, detects his brother's dishonorable conduct, is found by her to be the one whom she had really loved, and, of course, they are married. That the story is interesting in a certain way cannot be denied. There is a judicious combination of tragedy of a certain sort and comedy of a certain sort. And then, too, the way that the villain has of entering the room just as the innocent hero has left; the way in which scraps of paper thrown aside as carelessly as we throw away old envelopes, turn up again a hundred pages later, and nearly break off a marriage and drive two lovers to despair; the mysterious influence that the most ordinary and everyday acts exercise upon the plot of the story, all combine in giving us the impression of a sort of civilized romanticism, of a fairyland under the control of the police of the present day, that at certain moments makes such stories far from unreadable. But again, when we look at the story more coolly, we find around so petty a building such a lofty scaffolding, so many derricks, cranes, and pulleys, and, when the tale is finished, so little done in comparison with the immense preparations that have been made, that one is rather curious about the quality of mind that can produce such wonderfully intricate skeletons of stories without the power of more completely hiding the dry bones with the better-known and more attractive covering that we see in the life about us. For what is the aim of this story? That the blind should marry the dark-blue? There is then an excellent opening for some novelist, distracted for a plot, to write about the love of the color-blind for the jaundiced. Is it that twin-brothers should not pretend to be one another—that two minutes after we have left a room we should put our heads in the door to see if our deadliest foe is maligning us in our absence? But how petty, how exceedingly unreal seem just those stories that are so evidently most anxious to preserve the air of realism. Whatever may be said against the vanity of existence, it is not all a combination of missing trains, listening behind doors, and mysterious meetings. That is all that Mr. Collins sees in it, and therein lies his weakness. On the whole, the story may perhaps be recommended to persons about to take a long railway journey, or who, when at sea, are just well enough to sit up and read without growing dizzy.

The Princess and the Goblin. By George Macdonald. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.)—In this child's story, Mr. Macdonald has simply followed his ingenious fancy, he has forborne all introduction of misplaced preaching, and the result is a charming little tale, pretty but not "goody-goody," and fantastical enough to please any but the most boisterous boys, although we imagine it will rather be the favorite of little girls, therein resembling the fate of his more ambitious works with grown people. It is the story of a little girl, a princess, who lives in a castle on a mountain, and is exposed to great dangers from the kobolds who dwell in the subterranean depths. The story itself we will not abridge; it is very slight, and almost the whole of the charm lies in the telling of it. The invention it shows is so innocent and poetical, the fancy is so ingenious without being artificial, that we would set it above even some of the most highly praised children's books of the day. In comparison with it, in regard to facility of fancy, even "Alice's Adventures" are cold and mechanical, though we dislike to say a word against a book which has that little girl in it. One would never laugh over "The Princess and the Goblin," but we think it might well become the favorite book of a rather serious child. Even if children should not care for it, their parents might find less entertaining books for an evening's reading. To our mind, it is in this story that Mr. Macdonald is at his best.

⁎ *Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books on the wrapper.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Browne (J. H. B.), The Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity	(S. Whitney & Co.)	
De Forest (J. W.) Kate Beaumont; a Tale	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	$1 25
De Vere (Prof. M. S.), Americanisms, 2d ed.	(C. Scribner & Co.)	
Gray (Rev. J. C.), Bible Lore	(Dodd & Mead)	
Greene (Prof. G. W.), Historical View of the American Revolution, 3d ed.	(Hurd & Houghton)	
King (C.), Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	2 50
Leland (C. G.), Scheffel's Gaudeamus	" "	1 50
Newberry (Prof. J. S.), Geological Survey of Ohio	(Nevins & Myers)	
Monroe (L. B.), Public and Parlor Readings	(Lee & Shepard)	
McLain (Mary W.), Keeping Open House	(M. H. Mallory & Co.)	
Quarterly German Magazine, Nov. 1871, swd	(E. Steiger)	
Reynolds (G. W. M.), Venetia Trelawney, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	
Stretton (Hesba), Bede's Charity	(Dodd & Mead)	
Supplement to Bicknell's Village Builder	(A. J. Bicknell & Co.)	5 00
Sypher (J. R.), The Art of Teaching School	(J. M. Stoddart & Co.)	
Streeter (Dr. H. R.), Voice Building	(White & Goulland)	
Segneri (P.), Lenten Sermons, Vol. I.	(Catholic Pub. Soc.)	1 50
Somerset (Duke of), Christian Theology and Modern Scepticism.	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
The Best Reading: Hints on the Selection of Books, swd.	(G. P. Putnam & Sons)	0 90
Tyerman (Rev. L.), Life and Times of Rev. John Wesley, Vol. I	(Harper & Bros.)	
Von Spruner (Dr. K.), Hand-Atlas for the Middle Ages and for Modern Times. Parts II., III., IV., swd.	(B. Westermann & Co.)	
Whittlesey (Elsie L.), Helen Ethinger: a Tale	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)	
Wharton (F.), Treatise on the Conflict of Laws	(Kay & Bro.)	
Wunderlich (Prof. C. A.) and Seguin (Dr. E.), Medical Thermometry and Human Temperature	(Wm. Wood & Co.)	
Yale Naught-ical Almanac for 1872, swd	(C. C. Chatfield & Co.)	

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Total amount of Marine Premiums,	$7,446,452 69
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1872.

The Week.

THE most extraordinary incident of the week has been the *coup d'état* at the Erie building, by which the government of Jay Gould has been overturned, most of the old directors turned out, and a new board installed, with General Dix as President. General Sickles, who, it has been rumored for some time past, returned from Spain in the employ of the Erie stockholders in England, planned the blow by winning over a sufficient number of the old directors weary of their position, and doubtful of Jay Gould's ability to hold his own against the various combinations now forming against him. These called a special meeting of the board under the by-laws, on the neglect or refusal of the President to do so, at which many of them resigned, and others were elected in their stead; Jay Gould was deposed, and possession taken of such portions of the building as Gould did not retain by manual violence. A large body of police was in attendance to keep the peace, and the rival parties made various unsuccessful attempts to have each other arrested, and, failing this, amused themselves by chasing and being chased around the building, and serving or being served with papers. One of the first acts of the new board was to dismiss Field and Shearman from the position of counsel to the road, and install Mr. S. L. M. Barlow in their places, but Mr. Shearman remained faithful to Gould to the last, locking doors and holding the handles of doors, and rallying the henchmen of the fallen chief, with a pertinacity that showed his heart was with the old régime. Gould held out till Tuesday, and then surrendered, on being allowed to go through the forms of resignation. He still remains a director, however, and the reform will not be complete till he is lodged in the penitentiary, and getting his first taste of honest and useful industry. What effect the news will have on the legislation at Albany, where the Ring have been working hard and with some show of success, remains to be seen.

The prosecution effected at the trial of Mayor Hall on Friday a *coup de théâtre* of extraordinary brilliancy and efficiency, by suddenly producing as a witness, from an inner room, Andrew J. Garvey, the plasterer, one of the principal "Ring thieves," who had acted as "executive officer" to Tweed, and had made up a large proportion of the fraudulent claims which Hall and his board audited. Garvey fled to Europe after the first exposure, but was brought back by his wife, and delivered penitent into the hands of the Attorney-General, who brought him up as a witness, to the astonishment of the Mayor and his counsel. At this writing, Garvey is telling the wonderful story of "how the great frauds were planned and carried out, and how the money was divided." We ought to mention, however, by way of caution to the friends of woman's suffrage, that Mrs. Garvey's action is due not to anxiety about the condition of Andrew's soul, but to a desire that he should, by turning State's evidence, save his fortune from legal pursuit. But she is, nevertheless, an able and energetic woman, much superior to her husband, and deserves a public luncheon or something of that kind.

The Collector of this port, General Arthur, has issued the new order reforming the general-order business. He designates a number of bonded warehouses in which goods are in future to be stored "under the general order." As the names of Leet & Stocking do not appear among those of the owners of these warehouses, we presume this famous firm has now vanished into history, and with them a great "plum" has disappeared, we trust, for ever from New York politics; but it is right to add that there is still widespread distrust on this point. Let us sum up, for the benefit of posterity, the history of Leet's Custom-house career. He got from the President a simple letter of introduction to Mr. Grinnell, who was, he had found out, to be the new Collector, and by announcing this fact to Mr. Grinnell before that gentleman was himself aware of it, he produced on Mr. Grinnell's mind the impression that he was in the President's confidence and enjoyed his special protection, and he asked from him a share of the general-order business, and this in spite of the fact that he had been formally warned by the President that he did not wish him, or anybody else who had been connected with him, to take any office in the Custom-house. He concealed from the President the fact that he had disregarded his wishes; retained his position in the army, and continued to do duty in the War Department in Washington, after having farmed out his share of the general-order business, and drew his share of the spoil covertly, and through a third person, meanwhile occasionally threatening Mr. Grinnell that if he did not give him more of the business—that is, a monopoly of it—he would have him removed, thus making himself guilty of a second false and fraudulent misrepresentation. After a year of this, Mr. Grinnell transferred to him and a new partner, Stocking, the whole of the general-order business, and the warehouses previously kept for this purpose were closed, and a petition against the change from the merchants of the city disregarded. Collector Grinnell was then dismissed, Thomas Murphy appointed in his place, and Leet, taking off the mask, moved on to New York and took open charge of the business, and commenced the system of exactions which has finally been brought to a close by the "Schurz-Fenton Trick."

Now here is the strange part of the story, to which we again direct the attention of *Harper's Weekly*, premising that the Seneca Stone Company story we utterly disregard. When the President became aware that Leet had abused his confidence, disregarded his wishes, made false representations as to his influence over him, and concealed his doings from him—facts which were revealed by the repeated complaints of prominent merchants, and by Leet's appearance in public as owner of "the plum," and, finally, by a Congressional investigation—he took no notice of them whatever. So far as we know, he gave no sign of displeasure, paid no attention to the complaints against him, and let him go on for nearly two years preying on the commerce of the port, till a second Congressional investigation, obtained with great difficulty, and the savage assaults of the press on the eve of an election, made the change we have just witnessed imperatively necessary. It has been the custom of the defenders of the Administration hitherto, whenever charges of this kind are brought up, instead of answering them, to tell you that they endear the President more than ever to the American people; that "his renomination is a sure thing," etc.; and that Horace Greeley is the friend of Hank Smith. Now, is this satisfactory? Let us have a candid answer, without allusions to cigars, or fast horses, or investments, or summer vacations, Hank Smith or Horace Greeley.

Three members of the Civil-Service Commission are also employees of the Government in other departments; that is, in addition to their regular, onerous, and greatly underpaid duties, they have assumed other duties, also onerous and also sure to be underpaid, which have to be performed by working overtime, and which it would be a disgrace to the nation to allow them to perform without extra pay. Nevertheless, when a resolution came up in the Senate the other day authorizing the President to give them such extra pay for such extra services, Mr. John Sherman thought it was a capital joke, and said that this was "the best commentary on civil-service reform they had had yet"; whereat, we are told, there was "laughter." Mr. Carpenter "thought it was a striking illustration of the reform as it was being carried out"; and then came Mr. Logan, who gave notice that he would move for the repeal of the law under which the Civil-Service Commission was created, and declared that "he was as much in favor of civil-service reform as anybody, but not in this way." "This particular measure" seems to be still in as great disfavor as ever; but we are also just as far as ever from knowing what particular measure would find favor with gentlemen of the Logan kind. There is nothing more curious in the present political crisis than the apparent determination of the "Administration Senators" not to let the President's plan of reform go into practice. Their notion appears to be that the civil service ought to be reformed without labor or expense, and by some process in the nature of a miracle—by "the laying on of hands" by the heads of departments, or something of that kind. The payment of money to anybody on account of it wears, in their eyes, a look of simony or blasphemy. The compensation has at last been voted.

A noticeable recent occurrence in the political world is the *Tribune's* partial change of front in the matter of the New Hampshire election. Administration Republicans in that State were not, we judge, getting much comfort from its editorial articles in the earlier days of the contest, but as soon as the Democrats began circulating free-trade documents among the voters, the *Tribune* at once gave what we may call fair notice to all men that protection must be let alone, or the *Tribune's* friendship dispensed with; so Democrats, Administration men, and Reform Republicans will have to note and ponder the fact that protection is the *Tribune's* main question, and may govern themselves accordingly.

New Hampshire has been carried by the Republicans, by a majority estimated, as we write, at from 1,500 to 2,000 votes, assuring the Governor, the Legislature, and a United States Senator to the party, and seeming to prove that its defeat last year was due to its own dissensions more than to the increased strength of its opponents, and very little, if any, to considerations of national importance. The canvass on the Republican side was extraordinarily active, much being at stake in local politics, and much being believed to be at stake in national politics. The result will diminish the influence of the Reform Republican leaders within the party, and will, perhaps, more than proportionally increase their consideration in the eyes of the Democracy.

The "exposure" made of Schurz by the *Times* has called out a reply from Mr. Jussen, Mr. Schurz's brother-in-law, who is now at Bonn, in Germany, in a letter to the *Chicago Tribune*, in which he says that Schurz distinctly refused to support his application for the office of collector of internal revenue in Chicago; that the appointment was procured for him by certain Chicago gentlemen, who then wished to share in his salary; that he had, while in office, to dismiss Dr. Lamper, "a cousin of the President, and gauger of the district, for appropriating highwines." Lamper dared him to do it, but he did it, and Mr. Delano approved his action; but Lamper was soon after appointed receiver of public moneys in the land office in Washington Territory. Shortly after this, he was approached by Mr. Orville Grant, the President's brother, who proposed to him to allow a certain distillery to double its capacity without paying any more tax, which Mr. Jussen indignantly declined to do, and reported the proposal to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, the Assistant-Assessor, and Senator Schurz, upon hearing which Grant came and apologized, and said he only did it "to test his integrity." As Mr. Jussen gives names and dates, and refers to documents, it seems as if these charges would have to be investigated.

Mr. Samuel Bowles, a practised political observer, writes home from Washington to his paper, the Springfield *Republican*, a long and interesting letter about the immediate future of politics which will displease Federal officeholders, but which is, nevertheless, worth their close attention. Mr. Bowles is an avowed opponent of the nomination of General Grant, and it may be as well to recollect that fact in examining his statements and predictions; but it must be recollected, too, that he is a shrewd man, as good a politician as the managers of conventions, as powerful in virtue of his editorship as half-a-dozen wire-pullers of the first magnitude, and possessed of excellent means of getting information. This is in substance what he says:

> "Everything and anything is possible to the political history of the next ninety days. If the Mortons, the Forneys, the Chairmen of State Committees, and the other masters of the mere machinery of the Republican party, decide on renominating General Grant, they may or may not find themselves vigorously opposed in the Philadelphia Convention; but it is a thing certain that when their nomination is made, they will be confronted by such an opposition, arising from their own ranks, and represented by names so Republican in services and history, so powerful in character, and so powerful in their representation of public opinion, as will carry away from General Grant all the flower of the Republican party."

Neither the Republican nor the Democratic party, whatever the politicians may think of the people's intentions and wishes, could rally one-half of its followers against a movement of the honest men of the country intent upon reform, and headed by such candidates as Trumbull and Greeley, or Sumner and Trumbull, or Trumbull and Sumner. Some such ticket will be framed at Cincinnati, in the convention which is to be held there in May, and which will be, it is probable, "one of the largest assemblages of the purest and most independent Republicans of all the States that ever has been known." Such a ticket would have the support of a vast number of Democrats, for "the present tendency of opinion among the wisest of the Democratic leaders North and South is, in the event of Grant's nomination, to the abandonment of the Presidential campaign to the Reform Republicans." In respect of this whole matter of the next nomination, "the country is ahead of Congress, the press is in advance of the people, and the people in advance of the politicians, as a rule." Mr. Bowles says that he finds Congressmen anxiously non-committal, but that if the Republican members were to-morrow compelled to sign one of two papers, "declaring their belief that the interests of the country and the party require the renomination of General Grant, or the reverse, such renomination would be no longer possible." As we say, Mr. Bowles is long since committed to opposing General Grant's renomination, though he worked hard to secure his election, and worked hard, too, in defending his official acts and omissions, and it may be necessary to make some abatement of the expectations which his letter is calculated to excite. A very great deal depends upon the firmness of the Cincinnati men and their friends. Meantime, Republicans of their way of thinking are, with very rare exceptions, allowing the officeholders to manipulate the primary meetings and pick the delegates for Philadelphia, while, for the moment, the Reform cause goes by default.

What has recently happened in Missouri seems to indicate that the corruptionists, far from being discouraged by the events in New York and elsewhere, are growing bolder than ever. In Cass County, in that State, about $100,000 county bonds—which had been printed some years ago for issue in aid of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, but which, for reasons unnecessary to enumerate here, were never issued, and ought to have been destroyed—lay for some time unnoticed in the county treasurer's safe. The news of their existence getting abroad, a "ring" was at once formed of two of the judges of the county court and three or four prominent lawyers and merchants. The approval of the county court was necessary to give the bonds even an appearance of validity, so the two judges waited until the court had been adjourned one day, and their honest colleague had gone home, when they "reopened court," called up the bonds for "approval," got a knavish or simple deputy clerk to affix his signature and the seal of the court to them, and then the "prominent lawyers" and merchants started for St. Louis and other places to put them on the market. They were promptly pursued by the police, and the scheme frustrated, and one of the merchants committed suicide. When the judges of a court of record combine with members of the bar and respected if not respectable merchants to engage in fraudulent issue of county bonds, it must be admitted that this particular mode of making money is growing in favor; but it must be admitted, too, that what is called "the framework of society" is in a shaky condition in any place in which such things occur.

The Chicago *Tribune* very properly calls attention to the cruel treatment Messrs. Caldwell and Pomeroy are experiencing at the hands of the Kansas Legislature. We told in our last the story of their performances when getting themselves elected. When these charges reached Washington, Senator Caldwell "hurled them back" with scorn and indignation, but declined to do anything with them except "hurl" them, until he was furnished with a certified copy of the testimony on which they were founded. This he will receive as soon as he has exhausted every means of suppressing it.

The Legislature of South Carolina is engaged in passing a bill giving validity to all issues of bonds heretofore made, which is in itself an admission that some of the bonds are illegal, which the State government is trying to deny. The bill, however, goes further than this, and exonerates the rascals who issued the bonds from all blame, which reveals the real character of the transaction. The measure will hardly do much for the State credit, inasmuch as it can only bind the State till the next Legislature meets, and as the character of the present body is too low for its sanction or confirmation to give any bond or bill or note any increase of market value. The men who "engineer" legislation in that State now ought to be, in a large number of cases, laboring in the penitentiary, and their poor colored dupes ought to be handling honest spades or pickaxes. Emigration from the State continues on a great scale, and a few years of the present state of things will probably leave nobody for the carpet-baggers to prey upon.

One of the greatest curiosities of New York jurisprudence has been for some time the rule which permitted a prisoner to challenge a juror for having formed or expressed an opinion in reference to the circumstances out of which the trial arose, or in reference to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner. The result has been that the process of impanelling a jury has long consisted in the careful sifting of the list by the prisoner, so as to select the most ignorant and stupid persons on it. Indeed, it may be said, without meaning to impugn the justice of any verdict in particular, that nearly all juries in criminal trials have, for many years back, been composed of persons who were, by their own confession, entirely unfit to form an opinion of any value on any matter whatever; for a man who in New York either does not read the newspapers, or, reading them, forms no conclusion whatever as to the character of the most startling events of the day, is, *ex vi termini*, either an ass or an idiot. This interesting farce is now to be ended, we hope, by a bill which has passed the Assembly, and awaits the action of the Senate, which declares that if the juror can swear that any opinion and impression he may have formed will not prevent his rendering an impartial verdict according to the evidence, the formation of the opinion or impression shall not be a good ground of challenge. This is a very important contribution to reform in the administration of justice.

The Tichborne case has closed in England after a trial lasting over one hundred days, and after an address from the defendants' counsel, the Attorney-General, extending over more than twenty, the longest we believe on record, but not longer than the enormous mass of testimony called for. This testimony consisted not simply of the evidence given in court by a cloud of witnesses, but of depositions taken in South America and Australia by commission. The Attorney-General lost reputation by his cross-examination of the claimant, which was somewhat feeble and ineffective, but he more than regained it by his running commentary, which was a masterpiece of that mingled recital and argument known as an address to a jury. At its close the jury, for the second time, declared themselves convinced, and the claimant withdrew his suit, and shortly after was arrested for perjury on a bench-warrant, and now lies in jail awaiting his trial, at which it will doubtless go hard with him, as he has been the means of saddling a minor's estate with an encumbrance little short of half a million of dollars, and swore he had seduced a lady now living while engaged to her as Sir Roger Tichborne, whom he was personating. His failure does not, however, prevent his being perhaps the most remarkable impostor on record. Though, according to the theory of the defence, nothing but an illiterate butcher-boy from the East End of London, who had lived several years in Australia as a blackguard and thieving adventurer, he succeeded in persuading Lady Tichborne that he was her own son, several cavalry officers that he was an old comrade, some servants that he was their old master, several country gentlemen that he was the companion of their youth. Moreover, he got numbers of people to lend him money on the strength of his claims, and the price of his bonds were quoted in the street as his chances rose or fell. He had the impudence, too, to present himself in open court for cross-examination as a person living in a circle which he had never entered, and of the habits and manners of which he could only have known by hearsay. Some of his knowledge has not been satisfactorily accounted for—such as his telling an old friend of Sir Roger's what kind of pipe he (Sir Roger) had smoked on a particular evening, after a particular event, the pipe being peculiar, and the occasion twenty years ago. He was finally broken down by his ignorance of a multitude of things he ought to have known if a true man, and by the ludicrous mistakes he necessarily made in guessing. But he, nevertheless, performed a great feat, and must for ever rank among the foremost rascals of an age prolific in cheats and impostors.

The news of Mazzini's death, which has come at last, is none the less sad for having been long expected. He was the greatest, bravest, most heroic and persistent of the long roll of Italian worthies who took up in 1815, when the rest of Europe sunk, weary of strife, into ignoble repose, what was best in the ideas of the French Revolution, and, above all, the great doctrine that every people has the right to dispose of itself, and fought and died for it, without ever flinching or ever despairing or ever repining, till 1859 brought their triumph. Indeed, it may be truly said that to them, more than to any other agency, is due that great, silent change in European politics which has made Austria a constitutional monarchy and has taken Victor Emanuel to Rome. This long and fruitful Italian struggle, too, was remarkable, not simply for the production of martyrs and confessors and conspirators, but of brilliant men of action, of soldiers and statesmen who wanted nothing but a country and an organized government at their back to make them illustrious. Any country which in fifty years of sorrow and degradation and oppression has produced Mazzini, and Manin, and Garibaldi, and Cavour, and D'Azeglio, and Rattazzi, and the gallant and gifted Govone, just dead in his prime, and who led his division off the field of Custozza unbroken, after bearing the whole brunt of a bloody and disastrous day, may well call herself the mother of a great race. Mazzini was a dreamer, as a man must be who is for ever intent on schemes beyond his power, and morbid, as men always are who are fighting against laws for which they have no respect, and bitter, as nearly all men become who have long hoped against hope and have often thought themselves struggling against fate itself. But it was a striking illustration of the radical soundness of his mental and moral constitution that, when the day of triumph came, it brought in him no frenzy or ecstasy. His last public utterances were as clear and healthy definitions of the bases of civil society, and of the true conditions of order and rational progress, as if he had all his life sat debating in the parliament of a free country, instead of plotting in back bedrooms. Italy owes him a monument as one of those great "precursors," as they have been called, who rendered her the inestimable service of worshipping her as a nation when the rest of the world despised her as a "geographical expression," and only visited her as an old curiosity-shop.

LAND AND POLITICS.

We are likely before long to have some exact information on a question which not only plays an important part in English political discussion, but in the controversy between democracy and oligarchy all over the world, namely, how many landholders there are in England. The popular belief, founded on the last census returns, is that there are only 30,000, and there is hardly a speech, denunciatory of the English political system, delivered in either hemisphere, in which this calculation is not used as an illustration of its badness, and as a support to some scheme for the more equal division of landed property. It appears, however, that nobody is returned in the census as an owner of land who does not return himself as a "landowner," which, it is alleged, a large number of persons who are really possessed of land in fee simple, but do not live off it, or who follow some calling beside that of agriculturists, do not do.

Parliament has now ordered a return of all persons in the kingdom owning an acre or more, which will be the first enumeration of the kind made since the Domesday Book of William the Conqueror, and it will be very interesting, owing to the stout denial of the accuracy of the census report put in by prominent members of the landed aristocracy. Lord Salisbury has, for instance, made an examination of the landed proprietary in Hertfordshire, which revealed the fact that there were in that county 8,333 owners of land, whereas the census only gave it 245. At this rate, the whole kingdom ought to contain nearly one million, and Lord Derby maintains that it does contain over 300,000. The matter is of more importance to the great English proprietors than to anybody else. There has of late been a great deal of ominous talk about the injustice and inexpediency of treating property in land as capable of acquisition by individuals with the same absoluteness and inviolability as the products of human industry, and the appropriation of such rise in the value of land as has been caused by the growth of the community in wealth and population, forms one of the leading suggestions in the programme of a large and increasing body of English radicals; that it will eventually become a plank in their platform we can hardly doubt. Landed proprietors, too, are gradually becoming objects of popular dislike and suspicion, because the power and influence of the English aristocracy have mainly rested on property in land, because the owners of it have for ages formed a veritable caste, and until very lately were held to constitute the real "country." Indeed, the whole of the legal and political system of Great Britain may be said to have been the creation of the landowners, and to have been maintained by them, with all its virtues and all its defects, down to our own day. The leading characteristics of the landowners' mind have been a frequent topic of discussion of late, and they are, it must be admitted, intensely aggravating to the progressive school of politicians. Their caution, their narrowness, their dislike of new customs and new ideas, their want of sympathy with persons apart from property, their satisfaction with the present and reverence for the past, are all obstacles to change, and their obstructiveness is made all the more exasperating by the reflection that they whom everybody paid for the privilege of sleeping under a roof formed only an infinitesimal portion of the population. If it can now be shown that they form with their families a respectable portion of the population—say 5,000,000—although it may not make them more acceptable to reformers, it will certainly make them seem more dangerous to meddle with.

But then there is no doubt that the whole question is being treated in England on a view of the relation of land to politics which the experience of other countries does not altogether justify. The one result which may be counted on with certainty from a wide diffusion of landed property, is that the cause of property generally, as opposed to communistic schemes hatched in cities, will be greatly strengthened. Owners of land, in fact, are always opposed to "going shares" with anybody, and have the sense of ownership very highly developed. There is no country in the world, for instance, in which there is so much hostility to property as in France, and yet there is perhaps no country in which property is exposed to less danger at the hands of the majority, owing to the division of the soil amongst the peasantry. A Paris or Lyons socialist is more of a noxious animal in a village of his own country than he would be in an English manor-house. So that it is undoubtedly true that the more you cut up the soil, the more guarantees do you create that the present social organization will undergo no serious change.

On the other hand, the wide diffusion of landed property, apart from education and the habit of self-government, apparently promises nothing whatever for political liberty. The worst governments in France rest on the peasantry, and will continue to rest on them as long as the peasantry are neither taught in schools nor in meetings to manage their own affairs. The one political good they seek is security, but they are utterly indifferent as to the means by which they attain it—so that the conservative interest is cultivated at the expense of everything else. Belgium has also a peasant proprietary and an excellent government; but the goodness of the government is largely due to the fact that the peasantry have nothing to do with it except obey it. The suffrage is restricted to the *bourgeoisie*, which really governs the country, as the same class governed France under Louis Philippe. If the suffrage were made universal, as it was in France in 1848, the Government would at first pass completely into the hands of the clergy, and the revolt of the town population against the clergy would create such a feeling of insecurity and horror of disorder that the reins of authority would at last be freely surrendered to anybody who promised to rule with the strong hand, to make going to church safe, and to make every man sure of reaping what he had sown.

It has to be borne in mind, too, that the love of the land and the honor of agriculture which has come down to us from the Middle Ages, and is, perhaps, the best of mediæval traditions, is declining so rapidly in modern times that it is highly unsafe to attempt to build a political system on the presumption of its continuance. It has been weakened in our day, and is likely to be weakened still further, by a variety of influences. The increased facility of locomotion, by enormously increasing the number of landowners and the opportunities for becoming a landowner, has done much to deprive the character of a landowner of its respectability. The Irish or German peasant, whose brother owns a quarter-section in fee out in Illinois, and cares for nobody, must have his reverence for squires and landlords diminished by the knowledge of this fact, and still more by the ease with which he has learnt that he can go and do the same thing himself. Moreover, the assimilation which has taken place in the jurisprudence of nearly every civilized country of the rules regulating the acquisition and transmission of real estate to those regulating the acquisition and transmission of personal property, has made the transfer of land easy, and therefore frequent, and under their influence farming has come everywhere to be looked on more as a business and less as a status, and the farm as an investment rather than "as a stake in the country"—or, in other words, to deprive landholding of its sentimental associations. Farmers, in other words, are losing their conservative character, and growing changeable and restless, and begin to come and go, like traders, and think more of present profits and less of steadiness of position and certainty of future. Add to all this the dislike of the solitariness of farm life caused by cheap literature, and the consequent diffusion of urban tastes through the rural population, and the facility with which easy access to the city enables them to be gratified, and we have enough reason for believing that landowning will cease in a generation or two to produce anywhere a distinct type of character possessing a special value for political purposes.

The truth is that the character of the political and social organization in every country will probably hereafter be determined, not by the extent to which landed property is diffused among the people, but by the extent to which property of all kinds is diffused, and by the extent to which people are educated. The American farmer is not a fit basis for a despotism, as the French farmer is, because, although he loves security and respects property as the French framer does, he is well-informed enough to contribute to the opinion of the country, and has the habit of politics. But he has no characteristic of special political value or importance which an American artisan, having money in the savings-bank, or shares in a factory or railroad, does not possess in as great a degree. This almost amounts to saying that it is not as profitable, from a political point of view, to agitate for the diffusion of farms among the people as to agitate for the diffusion of five-dollar bills, and the arts of reading, writing, and habits of order, forethought, self-respect, and of managing affairs in common with others. Perhaps nothing is better calculated to make a man a good politician than to be a member of a co-operative association.

MASKED REFORMERS.

THE examination of the proprietor and editor of the *Times* before the committee sent down by the Legislature to investigate the charges made by that journal against Mr. Miller, the State Superintendent of Insurance, furnishes one more striking illustration of the defective condition of the law of libel, and of the necessity, in the interest of political reform as well as of other things hardly less important, of such changes in procedure as will make possible the trial of libel suits promptly after the appearance of the alleged libel. We have spoken of this more than once already. The events of every day add to the force of all that we or others have ever said in its favor. Of the merits of the controversy between Mr. Miller and the *Times* we do not profess to know anything certain; but enough appeared in the evidence before the committee to make it plain that if he is innocent he is greatly to be pitied, and that if he is guilty the public and the insurance companies are greatly to be pitied.

The *Times* has during the last six months or more been steadily charging him, week by week, with various infamous offences, such as appropriating public money to his own use, levying blackmail on insurance companies and taking bribes from them, and has indeed imputed to him almost every variety of breach of trust. It has even gone further than this, and sought to show that his private character was, before he took the office, that of an untrustworthy and irresponsible person, and it has done all this with great vehemence and bitterness. Its attacks, in short, have been of a kind that no public official can possibly suffer to pass unnoticed, and such as no private individual possessing any self-respect or regard for the respect of others could live under, even if they had not been fortified by the formal declaration of the *Times* that it knew what it was talking about, and that "it would make good all it said against him." He was accordingly driven into asking an investigation at the hands of the Legislature, and the Legislature—these being days of reform—was driven into making it, and it sent down a committee for that purpose. The principal articles bearing on his case were produced at the investigation and read over to the conductors of the *Times*, and they were asked whether they had any personal knowledge of the truth or falsehood of the charges made in these articles. They admitted they had not. They were asked to give the names of some person or persons who had, and they refused to do so. They refused also to say who wrote the articles, although the editor expressed the opinion that these persons "ought to come forward" and make good their assertions. It appeared, in short, that the charges rested on the naked assertion of somebody in whom the editor of the *Times* had confidence, and whom he therefore permitted to say anonymously in the columns of the paper whatever he pleased reflecting on Mr. Miller's character, without exacting from him any guarantee whatever of his good faith, and without even reserving the right to reveal his name or to bring him forward as a witness. The editor, however, expressed his readiness to produce the desired proof before a court of law in a libel suit.

Now the only difference between a trial before a committee of the Legislature and one before a jury is that the committee has no power to inflict a pecuniary penalty on the *Times*, in case it fails to make good its charges. Evidence is, however, produced before it under precisely the same conditions as before a jury, and its report would produce just the same effect on the public mind in convicting or acquitting Miller as the verdict of a jury. The position of the *Times* towards Miller is therefore substantially—we do not say consciously—this: "We have brought terrible charges against your character, and we will prove them; but we will not prove them before any tribunal, however competent to establish your guilt or innocence, unless our failure to do so should be attended with pecuniary loss to ourselves. About the consequences of this refusal to you or the public, we care nothing. If you are not satisfied, bring your action. The men whom we have allowed to assail you ought to come forward now as witnesses, but they would rather not, and we shall not try to force them." Now, why does Miller not bring his libel suit? We do not know, of course, what influences operate on his mind, but we do know what influences operate on the great mass of those whose character is assailed by newspapers. When a charge of a serious nature is made against a man in a public journal, an exposure of its falsehood, to be effective, must not only be made by proper procedure before a tribunal whose findings people will treat with respect, but must be made *at once*, while the public attention is fixed on the matter. If it cannot be made at once, everything fades out of the popular recollection except a vague impression that he was once accused of this or that offence and did not meet it, and that there was probably something in it, and everybody knows that it is almost impossible to eradicate an impression of this kind. People will not read answers to charges the exact nature of which they have forgotten; they are too busy, too fond of new things, and find life too short. A libel suit amounts to nothing more than an answer of this kind. As the law stands, it cannot, in this district at least, at the earliest be tried for two years after the libel has appeared. To a public officer accused of malfeasance, a favorable verdict coming at this interval is of absolutely no use as a vindication; to a private individual, it is of next to no use, for, as we have said, in two years his wrongs have well-nigh passed out of the public mind. And then, though last not least, there is the pecuniary difficulty. No one can now safely engage in a lawsuit with a great newspaper who cannot afford to sink at least a thousand dollars in it, which to a great newspaper is nothing, but to most individuals is a good deal; and indeed to most men the pecuniary risk added to the delay makes the legal remedy for slander worse than none. Practically, therefore, newspapers enjoy complete impunity in their attacks on private character. But decent respect for private character and for common justice requires that if the person they assail can provide any speedy, conspicuous, and trustworthy mode of testing the truth of the charges against him, the editor should at once meet him there with all the necessary proofs. To wait for a libel suit, as the law now stands, is equivalent to taking refuge behind a technicality.

Moreover, it is as injurious to the influence of the press as to the character of individuals. Nobody will assert that a newspaper should never assail a man's character. To lay down any such rule would deprive the press of three-fourths of its usefulness, and give a large body of knaves all but complete impunity. Nor should an editor be required to know personally the facts of every charge he makes. If every editor had to satisfy himself of the truth of everything he published, newspapers would cease to appear. Nor is he bound to give the name of everybody who criticises the opinions or public career of public men. It makes no difference to anybody who writes the comments which appear in a newspaper on facts of general notoriety. The question in this case is not from whom do these comments come, but, are they sound? But when an editor determines, for reasons of public policy, to denounce any man as a thief, or embezzler, or forger, or peculator, we believe the generally accepted and only sound rule is that he should be ready to produce the evidence of the truth of what he says, whenever called on by the accused person, before any tribunal whatever, libel suit or no libel suit. He is bound to show the documents on which he has based his assertions, or produce the person to whose word he trusted when he made them. Anybody who asks an editor to allow him to make charges of this kind in his paper, but refuses to come forward in support of them, if called upon, is unworthy of belief, and deserves no more pity, shelter, or connivance than any lurking assassin or sneak thief. Skulking patriots, who are anxious to make "exposures" of private character, but unwilling to shoulder the responsibility of them, are a very large class. Every editor is familiar with them, but we believe it is the general practice of editors to refuse them a hearing.

We think the *Times* will see, on reflection, the dangers, and difficulties, and unfairness of its departure from this sound and wholesome rule. In the first place, it would, if generally adopted, place the reputation, peace, and credit of every man in the community at the mercy of any professional or commercial rival, or social enemy, who managed to persuade an editor, not that what he said was true, but that he himself was generally trustworthy—as if no generally trustworthy people misstated facts, or drew unwarrantable inferences, or saw others with the eyes of envy, hatred, or malice. In the second place, if it were generally understood that respectable editors assailed character without having proofs in their possession, or being willing to produce them when called upon by persons aggrieved, it would deprive all newspaper attacks of any weight, or, in other words, completely frustrate the object for which such attacks as these of the *Times* are made. Indeed, things have nearly reached that pass already. The phrase "newspaper charge" is now all but a synonym for a downright falsehood, of which no sensible man would take any notice, and on which no decent man ought to be condemned, simply because the process of bringing newspapers to book is tedious, cumbrous, and expensive. Let it but be well understood that under no circumstances can an editor be induced, in less than two years, or without the risk of a heavy fine, to reveal his reason for telling forty thousand people, six times a week, that he considers you a thief, and the term "thief" would rapidly cease to be a term of reproach, while stealing would go on as steadily as ever.

We know nothing, we repeat, of the truth or falsehood of the charges against Miller. He may be, for aught we can tell, the greatest rascal "of this or any other age," but he may also be the most innocent and injured man in this State. Thus far, little proof of any kind has been produced against him. The principal fact the investigation has revealed is that the persons who wrote the articles against him in the *Times* are, on their own showing, timid persons, on whose anonymous evidence it would be unsafe to convict a hungry dog of having robbed a larder.

ENGLAND.

London, Feb. 23, 1872.

A FEW days ago I found myself forming part of an animated mass, so densely packed that I feared for the safety of my ribs, and—to put it mildly—at an elevated temperature. Keeping my head above the human waves, I was swept, without much assistance, from my feet through a fearfully narrow channel into an overflowing meeting. The Chelsea Vestry Hall was the scene of my sufferings, and, whilst I clung to my neighbors in order to relieve a very rickety bench of part of my weight, I had time to contemplate the long list of parochial benefactors on the wall, and to remark that Sir Robert Walpole had given £50 for the good of the poor in the year 1730. The roar which went up from the crowd, and which gave me time for these historical investigations, was not ill-tempered, and was, in fact, simply due to the vehemence with which everybody was exhorting everybody else to hold his tongue. As the idea gradually dawned upon us—as it will in such cases—that the shortest way of producing silence was to be silent one's self, a young gentleman advanced to the edge of the platform, and began to address us in due parliamentary eloquence. Sir Charles Dilke, the gentleman in question, does not conform to the ordinary type of mob orators. His style is a little heavy, and it was characteristic that this extreme representative of British republicanism, far from appealing in a Continental fashion to the rights of man and the everlasting principles of justice, stuck to the British Constitution, and solemnly read us the opinions of various legal pundits to prove that the king can do no wrong, and that there is always a responsible minister to bear the blame. The crowd appeared to be a good deal impressed by these arguments, and were obviously gratified by the implied compliment to their sound constitutional knowledge. Sir Charles explained that he intended to stand by the statements which he had made in the now celebrated Newcastle speech, with one exception. He admitted that he had been mistaken in asserting that the Queen had not redeemed her pledge of paying income tax, which, it must be added, was by far the most serious accusation which he had put forward. He has given notice of a motion in the House of Commons which will doubtless lead to a vigorous encounter, and I refrain from going further into that matter. Meanwhile, Sir Charles's constituents, or that part of them which was present in the Chelsea Vestry Hall, undoubtedly received him with marked enthusiasm. They applauded to the echo any *quasi* republican sentiment, and, when the speaker strongly condemned the present Government for their mode of conducting the Washington negotiation, they yelled at Mr. Gladstone as vigorously as they would have applauded him three years ago, and muttered significantly to each other that such misfortunes were the natural result of entrusting business to people with titles. I wish I could think that the cause of the evil were as susceptible of easy removal!

In spite of these sentiments, I don't think that Sir Charles's republicanism is of a very dangerous character. It is still of the true British type, and involves very frequent reference to *Magna Charta,* and the glories of Hampden and Sidney. Most of my Chelsea friends, I have no doubt, will be turning out next Tuesday to witness the procession through the streets in honor of the Prince of Wales's recovery, and though they will be dimly sensible that there is a good deal of sham sentiment in the whole proceeding, they will be willing to give a cheer or two to the Royal Family. On that day we are all bound to be more or less hypocritical. Nobody can hint a doubt as to the direct interposition of Providence for the cure of the typhus fever or as to the greatness of the benefit so conferred upon the country. A good many people, I believe, hold in all sincerity that national acts of organized hypocrisy are exceedingly edifying, and I don't suppose that such a belief is confined to the British Islands.

Meanwhile, Parliament has lost no time in bringing forward some of the irritating topics that have accumulated during the vacation. The case of the appointment of Sir R. Collier came first, and on that case it had been supposed that a vote of censure could hardly be avoided, especially in the House of Lords. The divisions showed the substantial justice of this opinion. It is true that in the House of Lords the Government had a majority of one, and, in the House of Commons, a majority of twenty-seven; but then it was perfectly well understood that their antagonists did not wish to beat them. It is held, though I confess that I can't quite see the wisdom of the opinion, that we are bound to keep the Government in office in order that they may see us through the American scrape into which they originally brought us. Lincoln's maxim about not swapping horses in the midst of the ford is considered to determine the proper line of policy. Whether the doctrine—sound enough in many cases—is applicable to this, I shall not enquire; but it is certain that many of the Opposition abstained from voting simply upon that ground. In the House of Lords, of course, the Opposition can have a majority whenever they please; and in the House of Commons, the old government could formerly count upon a majority of a hundred. That that majority should have been reduced, in spite of the protection extended by the great authority of Sir Roundell Palmer, to little more than a quarter, was a sufficiently significant reproof. A government which is thus maintained in office because it is inconvenient to turn them out at the present crisis, has naturally no bed of roses. Last night, a spirited encounter took place which illustrates the method in which they may be put to the torture. Ever since the Hyde Park riots in 1866 which led to the Reform Bill, there has been a feeble attempt to legislate for the future management of the parks. A bill which is now before the House is considered by Mr. Vernon Harcourt—known to you as *Historicus*—to be an infringement of the liberties of the subject. It confides, or so he thinks, intolerable powers to Mr. Ayrton and his myrmidons. Mr. Harcourt has become, I need hardly say, an extreme Radical, and is very jealous of the slightest interference with the popular right of meeting; but Mr. Harcourt has also, which is just now more to the purpose, a singular talent for irritating his opponent. He has a genius for contemptuous sneering in which few men are his equals, and he poured a few drops of acid last night upon some of the most irritable of mankind. Mr. Ayrton tried hard to be as disagreeable as Mr. Harcourt, and certainly succeeded in being thoroughly offensive, though in a less artistic manner. Mr. Gladstone, however, offered a concession to Mr. Harcourt's proposal which stirred the wrath of the Conservatives, to whom the memory of the Hyde Park riots is specially bitter. Forthwith a general row took place. Mr. Hardy, Mr. Disraeli's vigorous second in command, vehemently declared that the conduct of Government was neither honest nor satisfactory. Mr. Gladstone pleasantly replied that Mr. Hardy was the man in all the House most capable of importing "the acid and venomous spirit of party" into the plainest practical matter. Mr. Disraeli retorted by calling the ministers cowards, and accusing Mr. Gladstone of utter meanness during the original dispute, and of preserving a sulky silence in Parliament, whilst addressing tumultuous mobs from his own balcony. Mr. Gladstone, trembling with passion, retorted that the one intelligible sentence in Mr. Disraeli's speech had not "a single shred, syllable, or shadow of truth in it." In short, the parliamentary synonyms for liar, coward, fool, tyrant, and knave flew about the House quite freely, and ministers appeared without their official dress. The climax was reached when Mr. Harcourt, with ironical blandness, apologized for having provoked such celestial wrath, and begged the great leaders once more to kiss and be friends. Things are growing pleasant. However, the Park Bill is being carried in spite of these little amenities, and as it won't make the smallest practical difference, it is perhaps as well that it should be got out of the way.

There is one other very melancholy subject on which a word or two must be said. Poor Lord Mayo's assassination has been deeply lamented by men of all parties. When he was sent out, three years and a half ago, by Mr. Disraeli's government, the appointment was supposed to be a party job, and was bitterly attacked. Now, as is only natural, we hear nothing but praises of his administration. I have, however, good reason for saying that these praises are not the insincere compliments which we sometimes feel compelled to pay to the recently dead. Before Lord Mayo's death, I have heard from men who had the best possible means of judging, very warm praises both of his personal character and of his skill as an administrator. Everybody who served under him felt for him both affection and confidence. The loss is therefore a heavy one in itself, but it is impossible not to feel that it may be ominous of more dangers to come. The assassination of the Chief-Justice a few months ago spread a very uncomfortable feeling through Indian society, for, after all, the small white population must always feel that it is more or less living upon a volcano, and that nobody can tell what mysterious causes, working far below the surface and beyond all our means of information, may lead to a sudden eruption. The murderer of the Chief-Justice was a Mohammedan fanatic; and though great efforts were made to prove that the crime was merely due to private vengeance, there was an uncomfortable suspicion that it might be part of a wider conspiracy. Lord Mayo's murderer was a convict, who had been sentenced to transportation for carrying out the custom of his tribe, and prosecuting a blood feud upon English territory. It is scarcely likely that his action should have been due to conspiracy, as no one could have calculated on the visit of Lord Mayo to the island; it is natural enough that the wild clansman from the hills should cherish an indiscriminating sense of vengeance against men who had sentenced him to imprisonment in a distant island, and murder would be simply his natural mode of protest. Still, it is impossible to say what may be the effect of such an action upon the imagination of the vast populations with whom we are so imperfectly acquainted, and who are so easily impressed by anything which tends to diminish our prestige. Mr. Seward, I am told, remarked, in his late visit to India, that in any new revolt assassination would be the natural weapon of the natives; and Mr. Seward should be an authority upon assassins. But, at any rate, it is no wonder that the crime seems to many people ominous of further mischief; and if any of your readers wish to know more of the grounds for such a feeling, I would strongly recommend them to read a book of singular interest recently published by Mr. Hunter—author of the "Rural Annals of Bengal"—under the title, "Our Indian Mussulmans: are they bound in conscience to rebel against the Queen?" There they will find set forth, in a short space and in a very forcible style, an account of the remarkable Mohammedan revival of late years, which is singularly interesting both in its political and its religious bearings.

ERNEST RENAN'S NEW BOOK.*

PARIS, February 27.

ANYTHING which comes from the pen of Renan deserves the attention of the public, not only on account of the grand and noble style of all his writings, but also because of the earnestness and purity of the writer. I choose the word purity on purpose, as it represents rare qualities in a country which has suffered so much from demoralization. I have known Renan for years, and I am witness that his private life is that of a true philosopher. He has married a niece of Ary Scheffer, and lives in a modest apartment on the third floor, where there is hardly room enough for his books. His time is spent at the Institute, in his *cabinet de travail*, and in a small circle of intellectual friends. Even his bitterest enemies can bring no other reproach against him than his intimacy with Prince Napoleon and his semi-reconciliation with the Empire. I speak now of political reproaches, and, if we come to religion, we should find many people who regard him as the last incarnation of Satan. "Prince Napoleon," said once Renan to me, "is a child of genius: he interests me as a child. But I know that he can never become an adult, and that he will fall suddenly from childhood into senility." His adhesion to the Empire was brought about less by ambition than by his contempt for the politicians of the French liberal school and especially for M. Thiers. He was named Professor of Hebrew by the Emperor, but suspended by M. Duruy after a lecture in which he spoke of Christ as of a man. Politically, Mr. Renan may be said to be in a state of philosophical indifference; he has never been on the staff of any organized party—he knows the important men of all parties. This gives a special value to his opinions; but it must be said, at the same time, that it leaves them in a sort of nebulous state. It is not in politics as it is in purely ideal matters; the individual and dramatic element is often stronger than the intellectual. Renan looks upon France with more affection, but with as much calmness as he would upon the ruins of any great empire. His guide is history, and he sees in all events the necessary development of historical laws. "The day on which France beheaded her king, she committed suicide." He shows us France as the work of the Capetian dynasty. To him the revolutionists of '89 are "ignorant and silly men," who thought that they could reconstruct France. As soon as the Empire fell, France was obliged to go back to the Capetians. The ordinances of 1830 were, says Renan, a crime of the monarchy; but as soon as the king had abdicated, the nation ought to have accepted the infant Comte de Chambord as the legitimate heir of the crown. Though eighteen years of a happy reign seemed to justify the choice of another sovereign, the French Revolution of 1830 had not, like that of 1688 in England, the justification of a final success. The Revolution of 1848 was, in Renan's opinion, a great national misfortune; it forced universal suffrage on a country where there was no system of universal education.

It is not strange that Renan should speak with indulgence of Napoleon III. "If," says he, "he had contented himself with stifling every political idea or liberty, with developing material interests, with taking his stand on a moderate clericalism without convictions, his reign and that of his dynasty would have been assured for a long time." The country was becoming more and more vulgar, materialist. No opposition could have shaken a government founded upon the plébiscites. Renan says distinctly that a government which aims at duration in France will have nothing to do but to imitate the programme of Napoleon III., minus war. It was the love of war which lost him. He was a dreamer of glory. France has become thoroughly pacific, too pacific, thinks Renan, since she has lost her Germanic, military, feudal aristocracy. Mammon has become the only god of her democracy. "The nobility once fallen, there is nothing but an undistinguished mediocrity, without originality or boldness, a *roture* which understands neither the privileges of the mind nor the privileges of the sword. Such a nation can reach the height of material prosperity." She has no further part to play in the world, no more action abroad. Renan, who regrets what made old France—the Capetian royalty, the military aristocracy—does not hope that France will find a new ideal in republican institutions. He does not believe that she will be able to copy America. "America," says he, "finds a substitute for her want of education, of distinction, for that vacuum which is always produced by the absence of a court, of an upper society, of old institutions, in the fire of her own growth, of her patriotism, of the perhaps exaggerated confidence which she has in her own strength, in her persuasion that she is working the great work of humanity, in the efficacy of her Protestant convictions, in her boldness and her spirit of enterprise, in the total absence of socialism, in the facility with which the distinction of rich and poor is accepted, especially in the privilege she has of developing herself in the free air, in the infinite of space, without neighbors." I have cited this judgment on America to show that Renan is instinctively an aristocrat; he has no genuine love of a republic, even of the best of republics. But he is probably right when he says that France would never be but a second-rate America, a mediocre one, more resembling Mexico or South America than the United States.

The present materialism of France is neither monarchical nor republican; it is indifferent; society wants to be defended, not to defend itself, and is not even capable of a great effort to find a defender. Renan thinks that a state of things in which those who have all the wealth will not wield the sword, is rotten. The French *bourgeoisie* is as arrogant as the old military nobility, but it has lost the virtues and the courage of that nobility. In every society, there is a process of natural selection which brings some men or some families forward and places the government in their hands. This governmental selection is, as it were, the formation of the brain in the body politic. Now, in France, there is no mode of selection left but direct and universal suffrage. This method gives to France directors "without intelligence, without knowledge, without prestige, and without authority." Renan thinks that the most mediocre man is better than the collective *résultante* of thirty-six millions of men, each counting for a unit. There is, in his opinion, but one real superiority, that of race, of birth, for moral and intellectual supremacy springs only from the supremacy of a certain germ placed under advantageous circumstances. He is therefore a believer in families, in dynasties, in chosen lines of men; and he thinks that a democracy cannot prosper any better than a monarchy, if the process of natural political selection is counteracted by the laws. In Germany, the nobleman, the tradesman, the professor, the peasant, the workingman, are types; they do not care for the rights of man. "Equality," says Renan, "is the greatest cause of political and military weakness." The Germans owe their triumph to their hierarchical spirit, to the precision and even to the narrowness of their views, to their chastity. Renan believes that it is one of the forces of Germany that women should play a small part in the social and political movement. "In France," says he, in a note, "they count for an enormous part in this movement; in Prussia, for an infinitely smaller part."

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* "La Réforme Morale et Intellectuelle."

But how is France to recover and to regain what she has lost? The answer to this question shows exactly the calibre of Renan's mind. He shows France placed, as it were, like Hercules, between virtue and vice, and discussing an alliance with one or the other. She can espouse virtue, choose the way of penitence, become more austere, more stern, more disciplined, more obedient, more military than Prussia; re-establish the old monarchy, rebuild an aristocracy; silently, sullenly prepare for revenge; be blind to the affairs of the whole world; never utter a word of complaint; reform, reform; educate every child, make a soldier of every man, renounce the follies and babbling of democracy; construct a narrow ideal, make the words king, country, the only holy words. This is the hard road, the difficult way of salvation. But there is another, and here I must cite Renan:

> "The character of a nation cannot be changed. It is enough, says one imaginary interlocutor to the other, that the plan of reform which you have just traced should have been that of Prussia for me to affirm that it will not be that of France. Reforms which suppose that France will renounce her democratic prejudices are chimerical reforms. France, believe me, will remain a country of amiable people, mild, honest, gay, superficial, full of good heart, of a feeble political intelligence; and she will preserve her mediocre administration, her obstinate committees, her *routiniers* bodies, persuaded that they are the first in the world; she will go farther and farther in this way of materialism, of vulgar republicanism, towards which all the modern world, except Prussia and Russia, seems to advance. Does this mean that she will never have her revenge? It is precisely thus that she will have it. Her vengeance will lie in the fact that she will have outstripped the world on the road which leads to the end of all nobility, of all virtue. While the German and Slavic populations preserve the illusions of young races, we shall remain inferior to them; but these races will become old in their turn; they will enter into the way of all flesh. . . . The most cruel vengeance which France could take of the proud nobility which has been the instrument of her defeat, would be to live in the democratic state, and to demonstrate the possibility of the Republic in Europe. It would not be long before we could tell our conquerors, like the dead of Isaiah: 'Et tu vulneratus es sicut et nos: nostri similis effectus es.'"

And, a little further on, he adds:

> "France, at any rate, is more sure of her revenge if she trusts her defects than if she relies on qualities which she never has had. Our enemies may rest quiet if the Frenchman, in order to regain his place, must become a Pomeranian and a Ditmarscher. What has conquered France is a remainder of moral force, of rudeness, of heaviness, of abnegation which happens to have still resisted, in a corner of the globe, the deleterious influence of egotistical assertion. Let French democracy succeed in establishing a status, in living, and this old leaven will soon disappear under the action of the most energetic solvent of all virtue which the world has known thus far."

I am unable in such a short space to give you even an *aperçu* of the various reforms which M. Renan advocates in politics, in public education, in administration. This would require another article. I have only tried to draw the general lines of M. Renan's political ideas. To do him justice, in an article which he published before the war, on Constitutional Monarchy in France, and which is reprinted in this volume, he already foresaw that there would be a struggle between the feudal, military, German ideal and the democratic, Cæsarist ideal. The last term of the socialistic and democratic ideas seemed to him to be such a state of weakness and decomposition as called, as it were, for conquest. To a feudal mind, a contract appears all the more holy that is more ancient; but contemporary positivism will not allow one generation to bind another. A contract seems only good when it is very recent. With such conceptions, the integrity of a country is always in danger. It is quite clear that M. Renan has not much hope in restoring in the French mind a faith in tradition, a love of historical right and continuity. "Fata viam invenient!" He looks upon the misfortunes of his country much as the philosopher of Lucretius, though, to do him justice, there is sadness in his criticism and sympathy in his severity.

NOTES FROM BERLIN.

BERLIN, Feb. 19, 1872.

BISMARCK has baffled the Jesuits, confounded the clerical party, and, it is hoped, has broken for ever the hold by which ecclesiastical power was seeking to fasten itself upon the state. In a former letter I quoted his pregnant declaration that the government should be constitutional and not confessional. The confessional feature has long been recognized in the schools. Inheriting from the Reformation the notion that the state must in some way provide for the religious training of its subjects, Prussia has nevertheless sought to do this in the spirit of toleration towards all beliefs—assisting different communions in the support of religious worship, and providing for the religious instruction of the children in the public schools according to the several communions or confessions in which they were born, whether Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish. To this extent the schools have been *confessional;* not that their primary object was to inculcate any faith in particular, but a subordinate place was given to religious instruction, with the toleration of different faiths. Naturally enough, the superintendence of this branch of education in the schools was left to the several religious bodies whose catechumens were among the pupils; and it came to pass that in rural districts Protestant clergymen, Catholic priests, and Jewish Rabbis were *ex-officio* the inspectors of the schools, and the supervisors of religious instruction for the children of their own confessions, if not the actual teachers in this department. This system had in the main worked with little friction; the great confessions had a parity of privileges, and nobody was disobliged except the small fraction of non-believers, and these were not disposed to make trouble.

The recent agitation was caused by the Ultramontane party in the Catholic Church. Taking advantage of an article in the new constitution which favors ecclesiastical freedom, this party would separate the church from the control of the state, but, at the same time, would seek to control the state in the interest of their church. Having always enjoyed liberty of religious worship and teaching, they now insisted upon a *right* of instruction in the schools, without revision or direction from the state, intending to use the school as a lever for bringing to bear against the new Empire of Germany the power of the infallible imperium at Rome. Schoolmasters who declined to teach the new dogma of Papal infallibility were excommunicated! Everywhere in Prussia the Roman Catholics were organizing themselves as a political party; canvassing for the elections upon ecclesiastical grounds alone; and insisting that legislation should in everything have respect to the church, as a power at least co-ordinate with the state. But Prince Bismarck was equal to the occasion: "This," said he, "shall not be made a confessional government; nor parliament the scene of confessional strifes"; and so he introduced and carried a declaratory act, which asserts the supremacy of the state and cuts off the church from interference.

The act embodies in a few words these two fundamental principles; first, that the supervision of all educational institutions, public and private, belongs to the state alone, and all local ordinances to the contrary are abolished; second, that the appointment of local and district school inspectors, and the designation of their respective fields of supervision, is vested solely and absolutely in the state, and all regulations to the contrary are repealed.

To the American reader these declarations will appear very obvious, almost commonplace, but in Prussia they mark a great step forwards, and prepare the way for the complete and final separation of church and state. By the first section the anomalous and conflicting school-laws and usages in different sections are set aside, and the school administration throughout Prussia is reduced to one uniform principle. By the second, the inspection of the schools is taken from the clergy as an official prerogative or an honorary function; and it is decreed that the supervision of religious as well as secular teaching shall pertain only to the direct appointees of the state. Then follows a third declaration, as a present peace-offering, by which the state continues to use the clergy as inspectors, but only at its discretion, and subject to its control. This concession must soon give way to the pressure of the foregoing principles; practically, the church is ousted from the control of popular education. The high orthodox are endeavoring to reconcile themselves to this result as a fatal blow to the machinations of the Jesuits, though some of this party would rather concede to the Catholics a partial control over public education than relinquish their own share of this power. On the other hand, some of the devout Evangelicals apprehend that this measure will displace the true faith from the schools, and open the way for the machinations of Romanism and the inroads of materialism. They have not yet learned to trust the principle of church independence and religious freedom. Such works, however, as Dr. J. L. Tellkampf's "Selbstverwaltung und Reform der Gemeinde- und Kreisordnungen in Preussen" will direct attention to the working of self-government in England and the United States.

Of course the Liberals are jubilant over the advanced position of the Government. The debate in parliament was protracted, violent, and intensely personal against Prince Bismarck. It was a foretaste of what men might look for should sectarian animosities be permitted to mingle with political strifes. But Bismarck's sagacity has ruled church contentions out of Parliament. You remember Schiller's poem of the Handschuh, upon the Countess who threw her glove into the arena before the lions to test the devotion of her knight. *Kladderadatsch* pictures the forum with a glove upon the floor inscribed "Katholiken"; two young lions are ready to tear each other in pieces for the glove, when from behind the barrier appears the great lion head of Bismarck, with the motto:

"Und der Leu mit Gebrüll
Richtet sich auf, da wird's still!"

The same journal thus satirizes the English and American war of words over the *Alabama* question:

"So kommen vielleicht wir noch zum Ziel
Ohn' Krieg und ohne Grolle;
Denn unser Losungswort heisst: *Viel
Geschrei und wenig Wolle.*"

Most of the journals here are disposed to treat the new *Alabama* demonstration as for mere political effect in both countries; but I defer an opinion until I shall have received that of the *Nation*. AUSWANDERER.

Correspondence.

ELISEE RECLUS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In the number for Feb. 22, page 121, you publish a notice of Elisée Reclus containing several errors injurious to the character of one for whom you seem to have sympathy. Reclus was never in "the company of assassins and *pétroleurs*" who gave Paris a second edition of the too celebrated St. Bartholomew of old, for the reason that he was a prisoner at Versailles several weeks before that period. Reclus had nothing to do with the Commune, except that, being a private soldier in a company of National Guards, he marched with his battalion when ordered. He was taken at Châtillon with nearly the whole of his battalion the very first day that the forces of the Federalists confronted the army of the Thiers government. This was the third of April, the same day that Flourens was killed and General Duval was shot by military order.

The only "fatal error" of Reclus was that during his long confinement at Versailles, Belle-Isle, and St. Germain, he maintained an attitude of self-respect, never yielding or changing his opinion as to the culpable incapacity of the different governments that have dragged France into the shameful and degraded condition which began with the *coup d'état* of December, 1851. The political opinions of Reclus were always extremely liberal and democratic, and the night before the revolution of the 18th March, 1871, which gave birth to the Commune, he told me he had no more hope whatever in any of the old political parties, and that the only chance left was to return to an organization like that of the commonwealth of Massachusetts or one of the cantons of Switzerland. It was a misfortune for Elisée Reclus that a younger brother, Elie Reclus, was appointed near the close of the Commune delegate to the Ex-Bibliothèque Nationale—which, by the way, he preserved intact, not a book, not a pamphlet or manuscript, nor even a coin or medal, was wanting when the library was taken possession of by M. Thiers's government.

Military justice declined to pardon Reclus because he was too proud; such was the excuse repeatedly given. The Central Commission or Council of the Geographical Society of Paris, of which he was a member, have just obtained a commutation of his sentence of deportation to New Caledonia to one of banishment, and he is now in Italy. The French Academy did nothing for him, but the efforts of the Commission, and especially of Messrs. Charton and Chasseloup-Laubat, also members of the National Assembly, have at last set him at liberty, an exile for life, after eight months of imprisonment, for having marched once only with his battalion of Federal National Guards against M. Thiers's army. It is not pleasant to contrast this severe punishment with the lenient treatment of Bazaine, who is still a marshal, with his staff at his orders and his pay, Lebœuf also and De Failly, and hundreds of other high military and civil dignitaries, who, with their "*cœurs légers*," have precipitated France into the abyss.

Elisée Reclus has never been "in Mexico." After the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon he left France voluntarily, and travelled in the United States from New York to New Orleans, from there crossed to Carthagena, exploring New Grenada and more especially the Sierra of Santa Marta in the Andes.—Very respectfully yours,

Jules Marcou.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 3, 1872.

FRIEDRICH KAPP AND CARL SCHURZ.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The New York *Herald* of January 13 publishes what purports to be a report of an "interview" with me at which I expressed various opinions derogatory to my friend, Carl Schurz. I have written to that journal informing it that the report is a fabrication from beginning to end. In case it does not publish or notice my letter, permit me to say through your columns that I have never been interviewed by a *Herald* correspondent on this or any other subject; that had I been visited by one, his call would have been exceedingly short; and that my estimate of Mr. Schurz is directly the opposite of that which the author of the communication has had the impudence to ascribe to me.—Faithfully yours, Friedrich Kapp.

Berlin, February 4, 1872.

[We have not seen the letter in the *Herald*, or any notice of it. —Ed. Nation.]

FLOWER PAINTING.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your excellent article on the Water-color Exhibition in your issue of February 22, a point is touched upon which I think ought to be more fully treated, and, with your permission, I will offer a word by way of amplification. The passage I refer to is the following: "We do not ourselves care much to see fruits and flowers treated as subjects for drawings or pictures to be framed and hung upon walls. The proper field for such work is the illuminating of books or the decorating of panels in furniture."

I sympathize with this feeling in the main, but there are important saving clauses. As subjects of art of any high character, flowers are hardly to be ranked at all, yet it is difficult to say with what beautiful, and in some sense even high art, a painter of fine ability may not treat them. A large proportion of the works of the great English colorist, the late William Hunt, were of nothing but flowers and fruit; and I presume no discerning man who was so fortunate as to possess one of them would wish it down from his wall. Much less would he wish to see such art employed in the mere illuminating of books or the decoration of furniture. Their more subtle qualities demand close attention and study before they can be felt, and would be lost as decoration. Indeed, they would not serve a decorative purpose at all. Work so exquisitely realistic is neither to be thumbed on the page of a book nor exposed to the injuries to which their use upon furniture would render them liable; but it should be carefully protected and hung against the wall, where it can be favorably seen, or laid away in the portfolio.

As discipline for young artists and students, nothing can be more valuable than the faithful drawing and painting of flowers. Ordinary flower-painting is too base for comment; but such as Mr. J. W. Hill has given us we cannot be too thankful for. And if our artists—landscape and other—would go through such a course of it as he has gone through, there would result a vast change for the better in the quality of all their works. The mere surface prettiness of flowers is not what should be aimed at. It is the vital energy of the growing lines which should be looked for, and which cannot be enough admired, while the effort to follow their marvels of color, however unsuccessful, cannot fail to be of the greatest service to any man who has the least color faculty.

At present, our artistic efforts, in all directions, are retarded greatly by want of humility in estimating our powers, and, consequently, we do not duly estimate what is involved in thorough artistic training. We are striving after qualities in art concerning which we but dimly apprehend the nature, and which, however well we might understand them, we could yet never reach except by very different means of approach. Mr. Ruskin's advice to the students at Oxford, namely, that they should strive after "skill in portraiture" as the groundwork of every other attainable excellence, is full of wisdom for us. Such single striving may not lead to the attainment of any very exalted art for a while, but it will secure to us, in the meantime, something vastly better than the results of our present misdirected efforts. And, among other things, what can we more usefully or more healthfully portray than the wild flowers of our fields, with all the histories of their growth and the circumstances of their fortune? Consider the benefit to science as well as to art that would accrue to each city by the possession of a gallery or museum filled with such skilful and reliable drawings of all our native plants.

No arts have ever flourished which were not in sympathy with the leading thoughts and feelings of the age in which they existed; and we cannot expect it to be different with us. Our better leading mental activity is doubtless in the direction of scientific investigation, and our arts must get into sympathy with this and help it. And the help which art can give to science is precisely that which she most needs, while through such help, faithfully rendered, the arts themselves will be raised, in ways which we cannot now fully discern or estimate, to such strength and nobleness as has not been seen hitherto.—Truly yours,

C. H. Moore.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., March 6.

"THE MORMON FAITH."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent "K." closes his truly charitable and interesting communication on "The Mormon Problem" in this week's *Nation* (March 7) with the remark that "it will do no harm to look on the hopeful side" of the subject, and that there is a "hopeful side" seems certain by the Mormon "Faith," which, as set forth in the *Frontier Guardian* (edited by Orson Hyde), I copy from Lieut. Gunnison's "History of the Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints," published in 1852.—Truly yours,

Geo. B. Reed.

Boston, March 9, 1872.

"We believe in God the Eternal Father, and his Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

"We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's trangressions.

"We believe that through the atonement of Christ all mankind may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

"We believe that these ordinances are: 1st, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; 2d, Repentance; 3d, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; 4th, Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Spirit; 5th, the Lord's Supper.

"We believe that men must be called of God by inspiration and by laying on of hands from those who are duly commissioned to preach the Gospel, and administer in the ordinances thereof.

"We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, viz.: apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.

"We believe in the powers and gifts of the everlasting Gospel, viz.: the gift of faith, discerning of spirits, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, tongues, and the interpretation of tongues, wisdom, charity, brotherly love, etc.

"We believe the Word of God recorded in the Bible; we also believe the Word of God recorded in the Book of Mormon, and in all other good books.

"We believe all that God has revealed, all that he does now reveal, and we believe that he will reveal many more great and important things pertaining to the kingdom of God and Messiah's second coming.

"We believe in the literal gathering of Israel, and in the restoration of the ten tribes, that Zion will be established upon the Western continent, that Christ will reign personally upon the earth a thousand years, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiacal glory.

"We believe in the literal resurrection of the body, and that the rest of the dead live not again until the thousand years are expired.

"We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, unmolested, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how or where they may.

"We believe in being subject to kings, queens, presidents, rulers, and magistrates; in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law.

"We believe in being honest, true, chaste, temperate, benevolent, virtuous, and upright, and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul. We 'believe all things,' we 'hope all things,' we have endured very many things, and hope to be able to 'endure all things.'

"Everything lovely, virtuous, praiseworthy, and of good report we seek after, looking forward 'to the recompense of reward.' But an idle or lazy person cannot be a Christian, neither have salvation. He is a drone, and destined to be stung to death, and tumbled out of the hive."

Notes.

The following are the principal announcements of new publications for March. D. Appleton & Co.: Prof. C. D. Yonge's "Three Centuries of English Literature"; Sir John Lubbock's "Pre-historic Times"; Dr. H. Schellen's "Spectrum Analysis"; Huxley's "Manual of the Anatomy of Vertebrated Animals"—all reprints. Harper & Bros.: the third volume of Brougham's Autobiography; "Music and Morals," by Rev. H. R. Haweis, with illustrations and diagrams; "Ancient America," by John D. Baldwin; and the "Annual Record of Science and Industry for 1871," by Spencer F. Baird and others. G. P. Putnam & Sons: "Beauty and the Beast," by Bayard Taylor. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.: "Princeton College during the Eighteenth Century." Macmillan & Co.: Martin's "Statesman's and Merchant's Year Book for 1872." Scribner, Armstrong & Co.: "The Memoirs of Robert Chambers, with Autobiographical Reminiscences of William Chambers"; and the third volume of Curtius's "History of Greece." Porter & Coates, Phila.: "The Underground Railroad," an authentic history, by William Still. Lee & Shepard, Boston: "An American Girl in Europe," by Adeline Trufton, illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphrey. Roberts Bros.: Miss Rossetti's "Shadow of Dante"; Helps's "Thoughts on Government"; "The Thief in the Night," by Harriett Prescott Spofford; "Saunterings," by Charles Dudley Warner; "Crossing the Atlantic," by Augustus Hoppin; "Fables and Legends of Many Countries rendered into Rhyme," by John G. Saxe. J. R. Osgood & Co. publish soon: Eastlake's "Hints on Household Taste"; a new volume of sketches by Bret Harte; "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America," by Henry Wilson; "Life of Abraham Lincoln," by Ward H. Lamon; "Wood and Wayside Scenery of New England," by Wilson Flagg, with illustrations; "The Masque of the Gods," by Bayard Taylor; "Out-of-door Rhymes," by Eliza Sproat Turner; the second volume of Bryant's "Homer's Odyssey."

—Mr. B. J. Lossing's *American Historical Record*, begun this year, has reached its third number (Philadelphia: Chase & Town). It is rather more scrappy than it can afford to be if it aims to be first-rate in quality, and the only feature of it which distinguishes it from other historical periodicals is the woodcuts which Mr. Lossing so freely employs in the illustration of his works. The first page, for example, bears a view of the "New Theatre" in New York, being the Park Theatre of 1797, from the original engraving by E. Tisdale, who is stated, in a foot-note on the next page, to have been the artist of the Gerrymander broadside of 1812, which has been ascribed, apparently with more reason, to Gilbert Stuart.

—The discussion of the right of the word *to jew* to a place in our dictionaries has been continued, the Messrs. Merriam, on the part of Webster, defending themselves against some strictures of the Springfield *Republican*. The reasons advanced, however, seem to us better for the disuse of the word in conversation and in literature than for its exclusion from the dictionary. Or, if it is to be excluded because it is almost wholly colloquial, then the dictionary should be remodelled on that principle; or, again, along with *to jew* many other false and injurious metaphors, and many other historical locutions, should be omitted. A highly respectable class of the community might object to the opprobrious sense of the verb *to deacon*, as applied, for example, to packing a box of berries so that they shall

"Grow *smaller* downwards through the box."

A more limited class would have a personal interest in abolishing *to tylerize* and *to gerrymander* and *to lynch*, which, whether historically justifiable or not, are firmly fixed in our American vocabulary, though they every day tend to become more and more impersonal. In fact, there would be no end of tinkering the dictionary if everybody was permitted to make words mean what he thought they ought to mean, or insert words that ought to be recognized, or, as a purist, to cut out words that usage ought not to have sanctioned. We get a glimpse of the confusion that would prevail, from the *World's* attack on the editors of the later Webster for omitting Webster's definitions which gave color to the States-rights, confederation, compact doctrine of the nature of the United States Government. There is another significant omission which we will point out for the benefit of our woman's-rights advocates, in the definition of the word *preposterous*, for which we refer the curious to the earlier editions of Webster.

—Time enough has not yet elapsed since the manumission of the slaves and the close of the war to determine the law of movement for the negro population of the United States. Still it is interesting to consult the statistics, and to use them so far as we may to check our theories. The first table shows (in whole numbers for the most part) the percentage of gain in the entire negro population of the slave States for the decade from 1850 to 1860:

	1860.	1850.	Gain per cent.		1860.	1850.	Gain per cent.
Texas......	182.921	58.558	213	Tennessee..	283.019	245,881	15
Arkansas...	111,259	47,708	133	N.Carolina.	361,522	316 012	15
Florida.....	62,677	40.242	56	Kentucky..	236.167	220,992	7
Mississippi.	437,404	310,808	41	Delaware...	21,627	20.363	6
Louisiana..	350,373	262,271	34	S. Carolina.	412.320	393.944	5
Missouri....	118.503	90,040	31	Virginia....	548,907	526.862	4
Alabama....	437,770	345,109	27	Maryland..	171,131	165,091	4
Georgia....	465,698	384,613	21	D.Columbia	14,316	13,746	4

The following table shows the change in the entire negro population of the former slave States for the decade from 1860 to 1870:

	1870.	1860.	Gain per cent.		1870.	1860.	Gain per cent.
D.Columbia	43,404	14,316	207	Delaware...	22.794	21,627	5
Florida.....	91,689	62,677	46	Louisiana..	364,210	350,373	4
Texas......	253,475	182.921	38	Maryland...	175,391	171,131	2½
Georgia.....	545,142	465.698	17	Mississippi.	444,201	437,404	1½
Tennessee.	322,331	283,019	14	S Carolina.	415,814	412,320	¾
Alabama....	475,510	437,770	9	Missouri...	118,071	118,503	⅓ loss.
Arkansas...	122,169	111,259	9	Kentucky..	222,210	236,167	2 "
N.Carolina.	391,650	361,522	8	Virginia...	530,821	548,907	3⅓ "

Our third and last table shows the percentage of gain in the negro population of some of the Northern States for the last decade:

	1870.	1860.	Gain per cent.		1870.	1860.	Gain per cent.
Iowa........	5,762	1,069	436	Mass.	13,947	9,602	45
Illinois.....	28,702	7,628	270	New Jersey.	30.658	25.318	21
Indiana....	24,560	11,428	115	Penn........	65,294	56,949	15
Michigan...	11.849	6,799	74	New York..	52,081	49,005	6
Ohio.... ..	63,213	36,673	73				

—It is a current speculation that the negroes will flock to districts of the South where negroes are already in the majority, and where the climate is hardest on the field laborer, and that those districts will pass under negro control. South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi, and Louisiana are named as States which will probably become distinctively negro States. Does the census of 1870 show such a tendency of the population? The gain in Florida was 46 per cent.—greater than that of any other slave State; but in the previous decade it was 56 per cent. The movement of the negro population to Florida and Texas during the first of the two decades we are considering was continued during the second. Both these States were outside the seat of active war, with a sparse population, and afforded a refuge for the negro both as a slave and freeman. It is unfortunate for the speculation referred to that the percentage of gain in Louisiana for the last decade was only 4 per cent., for Mississippi 1½ per cent., and for South Carolina ¾ per cent. To realize the significance or the insignificance of these figures we must recollect that the gain of the entire negro population of the United States for the same period was 12 per cent. It is true that in South Carolina, Mississippi, and Louisiana the negro population suffered greater losses and encountered greater obstacles to natural increase from the violence which prevailed during and which has prevailed since the war, than in most other States. But if there had been any tendency of the negro population toward those States since the war, we should have had different figures from the above. Another current theory in keeping with the preceding is that the negro population of the Northern States, and of the northernmost of the old slave States, will drift rapidly southward. So far from this being the case as yet, the percentage of gain in the negro population of some of the more accessible of the Northern States is very much greater than the average for the entire population of the United States for the same period. Of course the violence of the war, and of the times since the war, accounts for this movement toward the States which afford a refuge.

—It is impossible to say just what the percentage of natural increase in the negro population should be for such a period as that of the last ten years we are considering. It would probably be something less than that of Pennsylvania—15 per cent. During the peaceful decade from 1850 to 1860, it was 19 per cent. New York has not sustained the percentage of natural increase, the negro population there having suffered a relative loss. Why? Negro emigrants are drawn mostly to the cities and villages in search of menial occupation for immediate pay. The same is true of the lower class of Irish. Hence they are competitors, and the Irish laborer is the sworn enemy of the negro, as we all know. In view of this competitive relation, it is not surprising that, where the territory is already preoccupied to its full capacity by an Irish population, as New York is, the negro, so far from being able to press himself in, should gradually be pressed out. The next census may show that what is taking place in New York will have commenced in such States as Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, in which the Irish element is greatly in excess of the negro. The reader will perceive that the percentage of gain in the negro population of the District of Columbia is far above that of any other portion of the old slave territory. Why? Because of the accessibility of the District to the colored population of the surrounding slave States when the war set it floating, and the large opening there for domestic and personal service in which the negro can give satisfaction.

—In the last three States of our second table there has been an absolute loss in the negro population. In the next eight above these there has been a relative loss, as the ratio of increase is below that of the entire colored population of the United States for the same period. In the remaining four Southern States and in the District of Columbia, the percentage of gain is above the average, as it is also in the first six of the Northern States in our third table. In a general way, we may regard the movement of the negro population as having taken a Northern as well as a Southern direction. From what has occurred within the brief period since the war commenced, what are we to infer for the future? This period has been an anomalous one, and it affords no safe basis for prevision. The negro, like any one else, is influenced in his migrations by a variety of conditions, and as these conditions change we shall see him varying or reversing his course. The sympathy with which the negro is received has much to do with determining where he shall go and where he shall remain. Climate is a consideration of theoretical value, and in a long period may count for much, but for short periods it may well be left out of the account. Negroes would no doubt rather live in Kentucky than in Ohio or Indiana, but the antagonism of their neighbors in the former State has driven them by thousands into the midst of a more sympathizing people where the climate is less genial. Mere political considerations are secondary with the negro; he will go by the easiest route, and stay precisely where he thinks he can have the "best time," where he is protected, where he can find employment, where he can live with the least hardship. The future may change the conditions, and whenever the negroes can do as well in the South industrially, and find there a genial social atmosphere, there will no doubt be a tendency of the negro population in that direction under social, political, and climatic influences, but not till then.

—It would be curious to enquire why the negro population of Tennessee has had about its natural increase, neither gaining nor losing during the last decade, while this is not the case with any other Southern State? Also, why Georgia should have gained and Alabama lost? Again, whether the loss of Louisiana and Mississippi is due to outright destruction of the negro; or, if not, what direction the exodus of colored people from these States has taken, whether westward to Texas or northward up the Mississippi, or both? And what proportion of the negro emigrants to the North has settled in cities and villages, and what in the country? Also, what contrast in the industrial habits of negro emigrants to the extreme North and those to the extreme South? We leave all that. The subject of the movement of any population is a very complicated one, and unless we are familiar with all the details of fact which influence it, we may very easily err in our interpretation of it. We have intended our statement to be suggestive rather than dogmatic.

—At the recent auction sales at Christie, Manson, and Woods's, London, a Turner drawing, "Grenoble," sold for 1,400 guineas. It was a large water-color of his best period, and peculiarly fortunate in subject and treatment. Earlier and smaller drawings sold for 800 and 600 guineas. The principal work was one for which Turner probably received not more than 200 guineas, the others respectively not more than 50 and 80. In March, an important collection of Turner drawings will be sold, with several oil pictures. In April, an important collection of old masters will be sold in Vienna, some of the pictures being of the highest class.

—The late Henry Fothergill Chorley, for thirty-five years the musical critic of the *Athenæum*, was a member of the Society of Friends when first he attracted the attention of the editor of that paper. He was born in 1808, near Liverpool, and his love of music asserted itself without external aid till such time as he could profit by instruction. He learned to play the pianoforte by going to the house of an acquaintance among the "world's people." His first efforts to support himself were literary rather than musical, his first published book being "Memorials of Mrs. Hemans," though he had previously, in 1827, edited with his brother one of the annuals then in vogue, called the "Winter's Wreath." As the critic of *Athenæum*, which he at once became on going up to London, and remained so till his health broke down in 1868, he was distinguished for his independence and for the certainty of his judgments in regard to new music and new artists. He furnished the words for a great number of compositions of a high order, and wrote works on "Music and Manners in France and Germany," "Modern German Music," "Thirty Years of Musical Recollections," "Handel Studies," etc.; and at the time of his sudden death had nearly finished a life of Rossini, and was preparing his own memoirs, which, from his friendships with literary men alone, should have been of more than average interest. He died of heart disease, Feb. 16.

—Captain Burton, in a rambling letter to the *Athenæum* of Feb. 24, suggests the need of a General Translation Fund, and promises to draw out a scheme of it on another occasion. This need he had recently felt himself when, having undertaken as a labor of love to translate the diaries of a brother African traveller (Dr. Francisco Almeida de Lacerda, the first European ever known to have penetrated the country of King Cazembe, "where Dr. Livingstone lately lived, it is said, under detention"), he sought to get his version published by the Hakluyt Society, "with the assurance, under personal guarantee, that the Society should not lose by the transaction." He was met, however, by the simple objection that the Portuguese explorer wrote in 1792, and that the Society had bound itself not to publish any work dating after 1700. The "publishing public," as Captain Burton calls them, of course would reject his manuscript if offered them, on the ground that "translations don't pay." Further on in his letter it appears that he has made a number of translations from Brazilian literature—the "Uruguay" of José Basilio, the "Iracema" of J. de Alencar, and the "Manoel de Moraes" of J. M. Pereira da Silva; and he adds from his notebooks a long list of Brazilian works that deserve translation. This is but a portion of the field which a General Translation Fund would cover, but it is a corner hitherto untouched by English scholarship, while the French and Germans have explored it to advantage.

—There is one passage in Captain Burton's letter that leads to curious reflections. He tells of a dinner, many years ago, of the Royal Literary Fund, at which the Duc d'Aumale made a speech, and also, later in the evening, Mr. Thackeray, who, in replying to the toast of "Belles-Lettres," remarked of French literature—"I had almost said, the wisest literature in Europe."

> "The question at once suggested itself, 'Why "the wisest"?' and the answer came as readily, 'Because the most cosmopolitan—cosmopolitan because the most given to translating!' During the early part of the present century, French, I need hardly assert, was still, *par excellence*, the social and political language of Europe, which is now threatened with a new diplomatic Tower of Babel. Frenchmen thus dispensed themselves with the trouble of learning strange tongues, whilst their literary wants were ministered to by a body of able translators—how able, let the versions of Burns and Dickens prove. Thus their literature had the enormous advantage of being capable of comparing native with foreign ideas and views of the world. It was a traveller who sees many men and their cities, instead of studying the circle, large or small, of his immediate neighborhood. It was the novelist who seeks fresh impressions from life beyond his study, instead of 'eliminating his camel from the depths of his self-consciousness.'"

The result of Frenchmen having "thus dispensed themselves with the trouble of learning strange tongues" is hardly such as to encourage the founding of a General Translation Fund. Fifty years of this sort of thing have made France the China of Western Europe—neither more nor less; and their "being capable of comparing native with foreign ideas and views of the world" has ended in complete ignorance of the character, progress, and prowess of their nearest and most formidable neighbor, and in the penalty for such ignorance—wanton and contemptuous aggression and ignominious overthrow. The one thing to which France is impervious is "foreign ideas and views of the world," especially views of French conduct and ideas of French nature. The inference would seem to be of the strongest kind that a habit of translating is opposed to the highest intelligence, and that the best policy is to promote in their stead linguistic culture, both for mental discipline and the acquirement of positive knowledge. The end and influence of translations should be twofold—to make foreign science accessible in the vernacular, and to stimulate resort to the original sources, which, in any live literature, can be only very partially and inadequately reproduced in another tongue. Their utility may well be doubted for a people who, as we saw in the case of a French author lately reviewed in these columns, are not above the childishness of accusing foreigners of concealing their designs behind their difficult language.

HAWTHORNE'S FRENCH AND ITALIAN JOURNALS.*

MR. HAWTHORNE is having a posthumous productivity almost as active as that of his lifetime. Six volumes have been compounded from his private journals, an unfinished romance is doing duty as a "serial," and a number of his letters, with other personal memorials, have been given to the world. These liberal excisions from the privacy of so reserved and shade-seeking a genius suggest forcibly the general question of the proper limits of curiosity as to that passive personality of an artist of which the elements are scattered in portfolios and table-drawers. It is becoming very plain, however, that whatever the proper limits may be, the actual limits will be fixed only by a total exhaustion of matter. There is much that is very worthy and signally serviceable to art itself in this curiosity, as well as much that is idle and grossly defiant of the artist's presumptive desire to limit and define the ground of his appeal to fame. The question is really brought to an open dispute between this instinct of self-conservatism and the general fondness for squeezing an orange dry. Artists, of course, as time goes on, will be likely to take the alarm, empty their table-drawers, and level the approaches to their privacy. The critics, psychologists, and gossip-mongers may then glean amid the stubble.

Our remarks are not provoked by any visible detriment conferred on Mr. Hawthorne's fame by these recent publications. He has very fairly withstood the ordeal; which, indeed, is as little as possible an ordeal in his case, owing to the superficial character of the documents. His journals throw but little light on his personal feelings, and even less on his genius *per se*. Their general effect is difficult to express. They deepen our sense of that genius, while they singularly diminish our impression of his general intellectual power. There can be no better proof of his genius than that these common daily scribblings should unite so irresistible a charm with so little distinctive force. They represent him, judged with any real critical rigor, as superficial, uninformed, incurious, inappreciative; but from beginning to end they cast no faintest shadow upon the purity of his peculiar gift. Our own sole complaint has been not that they should have been published, but that there are not a dozen volumes more. The truth is that Mr. Hawthorne belonged to the race of magicians, and that his genius took its nutriment as insensibly—to our vision—as the flowers take the dew. He was the last man to have attempted to explain himself, and these pages offer no adequate explanation of him. They show us one of the gentlest, lightest, and most leisurely of observers, strolling at his ease among foreign sights in blessed intellectual irresponsibility, and weaving his chance impressions into a tissue as smooth as fireside gossip. Mr. Hawthorne had what belongs to genius—a style individual and delightful; he seems to have written as well for himself as he did for others—to have written from the impulse to keep up a sort of literary tradition in a career singularly devoid of the air of professional authorship; but, as regards substance, his narrative flows along in a current as fitfully diffuse and shallow as a regular correspondence with a distant friend—a friend familiar but not intimate—sensitive but not exacting. With all allowance for suppressions, his entries are never confidential; the author seems to have been reserved even with himself. They are a record of things slight and usual. Some of the facts noted are incredibly minute; they imply a peculiar *leisure* of attention. How little his journal was the receptacle of Mr. Hawthorne's deeper feelings is indicated by the fact that during a long and dangerous illness of his daughter in Rome, which he speaks of later as "a trouble that pierced into his very vitals," he never touched his pen.

These volumes of Italian notes, charming as they are, are on the whole less rich and substantial than those on England. The theme, in this case, is evidently less congenial. "As I walked by the hedges yesterday," he writes at Siena, "I could have fancied that the olive trunks were those of apple-trees, and that I were in one or other of the two lands that I love better than Italy." There are in these volumes few sentences so deeply sympathetic as that in which he declares that "of all the lovely closes that I ever beheld, that of Peterborough Cathedral is to me the most delightful; so quiet is it, so solemnly and nobly cheerful, so verdant, so sweetly shadowed, and so presided over by the stately minster and surrounded by the ancient and comely habitations of Christian men." The book is full, nevertheless, of the same spirit of serene, detached contemplation; equally full of refined and gently suggestive description. Excessively detached Mr. Hawthorne remains, from the first, from Continental life, touching it throughout mistrustfully, shrinkingly, and at the rare points at which he had, for the time, unlearnt his nationality. The few pages describing his arrival in France betray the irreconcilable foreignness of his instincts with a frank simplicity which provokes a smile. "Nothing really thrives here," he says of Paris; "man and vegetables have but an artificial life, like flowers stuck in a little mould, but never taking root." The great city had said but little to him; he was deaf to the Parisian harmonies. Just so it is under protest, as it were, that he looks at things in Italy. The strangeness, the remoteness, the Italianism of manners and objects, seem to oppress and confound him. He walks about bending a puzzled, ineffective gaze at things, full of a mild, genial desire to apprehend and penetrate, but with the light wings of his fancy just touching the surface of the massive consistency of fact about him, and with an air of good-humored confession that he is too simply an idle Yankee *flâneur* to conclude on such matters. The main impression produced by his observations is that of his simplicity. They spring not only from an unsophisticated, but from an excessively natural mind. Never, surely, was a man of literary genius less a man of letters. He looks at things as little as possible in that composite historic light which forms the atmosphere of many imaginations. There is something extremely pleasing in this simplicity, within which the character of the man rounds itself so completely and so firmly. His judgments abound in common sense; touched as they often are by fancy, they are never distorted by it. His errors and illusions never impugn his fundamental wisdom; even when (as is almost the case in his appreciation of works of art) they provoke a respectful smile, they contain some saving particle of sagacity. Fantastic romancer as he was, he here refutes conclusively the common charge that he was either a melancholy or a morbid genius. He had a native relish for the picturesque greys and browns of life; but these pages betray a childlike evenness and clearness of intellectual temper. Melancholy lies deeper than the line on which his fancy moved. Toward the end of his life, we believe, his cheerfulness gave way; but was not this in some degree owing to a final sense of the inability of his fancy to grope with fact?—fact having then grown rather portentous and overshadowing.

It was in midwinter of 1858 that Mr. Hawthorne journeyed from England to Italy. He went by sea from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia, and arrived at Rome weary, homeless, dejected, and benumbed. "Ah! that was a dismal time!" he says with a shudder, alluding to it among the happier circumstances of his second visit. His imagination, dampened and stiffened by that Roman cold of which he declares himself unable to express the malignity, seems to have been slow to perceive its opportunities. He spent his first fortnight shivering over his fire, venturing out by snatches, and longing for an abode in the tepid, stagnant, constant climate—as one may call it—of St. Peter's. There seems from the first to have been nothing inflammable in his perception of things; there was a comfortable want of *eagerness* in his mind. Little by little, however, we see him thaw and relent, and in his desultory strolls project a ray of his gentle fancy, like a gleam of autumnal American sunshine, over the churches, statues, and ruins. From the first he is admirably honest. He never pretends to be interested unless he has been really touched; and he never attempts to work himself into a worshipful glow because it is expected of a man of fancy. He has the tone of expecting very little of himself in this line, and when by chance he is pleased and excited, he records it with modest surprise. He confesses to indifference, to ignorance and weariness, with a sturdy candor which has far more dignity, to our sense, than the merely mechanical heat of less sincere spirits. Mr. Hawthorne would assent to nothing that he could not understand; his understanding on the general æsthetic line was not comprehensive; and the attitude in which he figures to the mind's eye throughout the book is that of turning away from some dusky altar-piece with a good-humored shrug, which is not in the least a condemnation of the work, but simply an admission of personal incompetency. The pictures and statues of Italy were a heavy burden upon his conscience; though indeed, in a manner, his conscience bore them lightly—it being only at the end of three months of his Roman residence that he paid his respects to the "Transfiguration," and a month later that he repaired to the Sistine Chapel. He was not, we take it, without taste; but his taste was not robust. He is "willing to accept Raphael's violin-player as a good picture"; but he prefers "Mr. Brown," the American landscapist, to Claude. He comes to the singular conclusion that "the most delicate, if not the highest, charm of a picture is evanescent, and that we continue to admire pictures prescriptively and by tradition, after the qualities that first won them their fame have vanished." The "most delicate charm" to Mr. Hawthorne was apparently simply the primal freshness and brightness of paint and varnish, and—not to put too fine a point upon it—the new gilding of the frame. "Mr. Thompson," too, shares his admiration with Mr. Brown: "I do not think there is a better painter . . . living—among Americans at least; not one so earnest, faithful, and religious in his worship of art. I had rather look at his pictures than at any, except the very old masters; and taking into consideration only the comparative pleasure to be derived, I would not except more than one or two of those." From the statues, as a general thing, he derives little profit. Every now and then he utters a word which seems to explain his indifference by the Cis-Atlantic remoteness of his point of view. He remains unreconciled to the nudity of the marbles. "I do not altogether see the necessity of our sculpturing another nakedness. Man is no longer a naked animal; his clothes are as natural to him as his skin, and we have no more right to undress him than to flay him." This is the sentiment of a man to whom sculpture was a sealed book; though, indeed, in a momentary "burst of confidence," as Mr. Dickens says, he pronounces the Pompey of the Spada Palace "worth the whole sculpture gallery of the Vatican"; and when he gets to Florence, gallantly loses his heart to the Venus de' Medici and pays generous tribute to Michael Angelo's Medicean sepulchres. He has indeed, throughout, that mark of the man of genius that he may at any moment surprise you by some extremely happy "hit," as when he detects at a glance, apparently, the want of force in Andrea del Sarto, or declares in the Florentine cathedral that "any little Norman church in England would impress me as much and more. There is something, I do not know what, but it is in the region of the heart, rather than in the intellect, that Italian architecture, of whatever age or style, never seems to reach." It is in his occasional sketches of the persons—often notabilities—whom he meets that his perception seems finest and firmest. We lack space to quote, in especial, a notice of Miss Bremer and of a little tea-party of her giving, in a modest Roman chamber overhanging the Tarpeian Rock, in which in a few kindly touches the Swedish romancer is herself suffused with the atmosphere of romance, and relegated to quaint and shadowy sisterhood with the inmates of the "House of the Seven Gables."

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* "Passages from the French and Italian Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Mr. Hawthorne left Rome late in the spring, and travelled slowly up to Florence in the blessed fashion of the days when, seen through the open front of a crawling *vettura*, with her clamorous beggars, her black-walled mountain-towns, the unfolding romance of her landscape, Italy was seen as she really needs and deserves to be seen. Mr. Hawthorne's minute and vivid record of this journey is the most delightful portion of these volumes, and, indeed, makes well-nigh as charming a story as that of the enchanted progress of the two friends in the Marble Faun from Monte Beni to Perugia. He spent the summer in Florence—first in town, where he records many talks with Mr. Powers, the sculptor, whom he invests, as he is apt to do the persons who impress him, with a sort of mellow vividness of portraiture which deepens what is gracious in his observations, and gains absolution for what is shrewd; and afterwards at a castellated suburban villa—the original of the dwelling of his Donatello. This last fact, by the way, is a little of a disenchantment, as we had fancied that gentle hero living signorial-wise in some deeper Tuscan rurality. Mr. Hawthorne took Florence quietly and soberly—as became the summer weather; and bids it farewell in the gravity of this sweet-sounding passage, which we quote as one of many:

> "This evening I have been on the tower-top star-gazing and looking at the comet which waves along the sky like an immense feather of flame. Over Florence there was an illuminated atmosphere, caused by the lights of the city gleaming upward into the mists which sleep and dream above that portion of the valley as well of the rest of it. I saw dimly, or fancied I saw, the Hill of Fiesole, on the other side of Florence, and remembered how ghostly lights were seen passing thence to the Duomo on the night when Lorenzo the Magnificent died. From time to time the sweet bells of Florence rang out, and I was loath to come down into the lower world, knowing that I shall never again look heavenward from an old tower-top, in such a soft calm evening as this."

Mr. Hawthorne returned to Rome in the autumn, spending some time in Siena on his way. His pictures of the strange, dark little mountain-cities of Radicofani and Bolsena, on his downward journey, are masterpieces of literary etching. It is impossible to render better that impression as of a mild nightmare which such places make upon the American traveller. "Rome certainly draws itself into my heart," he writes on his return, "as I think even London, or even Concord itself, or even old sleepy Salem never did and never will." The result of this increased familiarity was the mature conception of the romance of his "Marble Faun." He journalizes again, but at rarer intervals, though his entries retain to the last a certain appealing charm which we find it hard to define. It lies partly perhaps in what we hinted at above—in the fascination of seeing so potent a sovereign in his own fair kingdom of fantasy so busily writing himself simple, during such a succession of months, as to the dense realities of the world. Mr. Hawthorne's, however, was a rich simplicity. These pages give a strong impression of moral integrity and elevation. And, more than in other ways, they are interesting from their strong national flavor. Exposed late in life to European influences, Mr. Hawthorne was but superficially affected by them—far less so than would be the case with a mind of the same temper growing up among us to-day. We seem to see him strolling through churches and galleries as the last pure American—attesting by his shy responses to dark canvas and cold marble his loyalty to a simpler and less encumbered civilization. This image deepens that tender personal regard which it is the constant effect of these volumes to produce.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prrice.*	
American Booksellers' Guide for 1871	(Am. News Co.)	
Barnes (Rev. A.), Notes: Corinthians	(Harper & Bros.)	
Braddon (Miss M. E.), The Lovels of Arden, swd.	" "	$0 75
Beach (A. E.), Science Record for 1872	(Munn & Co.)	1 50
Bigelow (M. M.), Life and Accident Insurance Cases	(Hurd & Houghton)	7 50
De Marmon (Dr. P.), Medico-Legal Considerations upon Alcoholism, swd.	(Wm. Baldwin & Co.)	
Drake (F. S.), Dictionary of American Biography	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	6 00
Deems (Rev. C. F.), Jesus	(U. S. Pub. Co.)	
Elze (K.), Lord Byron	(Scribner, Welford & Amstrong)	6 50

Fine Arts.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

I.

THE two Belgian collections bought for the Museum have arrived, and are now stored in a neat gallery and some cabinet rooms at No. 681 Fifth Avenue. It is so important that the average public mind should not find such collections repellant, that we consider fate to have been notably kind in directing to us a group of old masters having the three advantages of being in prime condition, indisputable in pedigree, and wonderfully attractive and accessible in subject-motive. There is no need to approach these specimens of Hals and Van der Helst with misgivings, as a kind of meritorious sacrifice and study; they will be found altogether colloquial, and able to explain themselves, when the slight repulsion of too much fresh varnish and gold leaf is got over.

The cynosure is the great Rubens; there are two of his works, giving a powerful sense of his vigor and effervescence. The "Return from Egypt" surprises us, in the figure of the Infant Saviour, with its not unsuccessful attempt at a hardly Rubens-like tenderness—the patience and fatigue of the holy child being treated in a quite languishing sentiment; with him is the abounding Ceres-like Madonna, perfectly able to repeat the journey if necessary; also the St. Joseph and the Eternal in the clouds above—the divine and the morganatic father being about equal in point of dignity and elevation. The group is of life-size, with the finest possible flesh-tints, in perfect preservation, and altogether a treasure of a Rubens, painted without assistants, just before the famous "Descent from the Cross." It was the fortunate work of the master, the only one saved from the conflagration of the church of the Jesuits at Antwerp, and a prize for that or any other city. The alteration in the panel on which it is painted from an arch to a rectangle, and the joints of the wood, do not interfere with the enjoyment of this generous painting, which contains enough of the live blood of art to nourish a whole school. The other example is still earlier, a study made long before Rubens was vulgarized by patronage and discipleship, though it was afterwards often repeated by his scholars; it represents lions and a deer, and shows animal study unprecedented for the time, though of composition it has none; examination of its details, as of the young lion's head viewed in front, will be well rewarded, as it is all over magnificently brushed.

Of his successors, Vandyck and Jordaens are spiritedly answered for, the three treasures by Jordaens especially covering nearly all his ground. One is a small sketch for a sacred subject, a bouquet of colors, in whose case we catch the master thinking with his pencil; another, a "Triumph of Bacchus," is clear as wine in its color, loose and webby in drawing; the third, a "Holy Family," is Jordaens at his very best, supremely sure of his touch, his tint, and his light—it is a group of sufficiently vulgar models, to whom the artist does not make the slightest attempt at giving ideality or ecclesiastical feeling. The little Jesus stares at the little Baptist with a child's pleased awkwardness in making acquaintance. The other heads, including those of the truly admirable old people, are the first Antwerp citizens come to hand, set in a steep, concentrated studio light, which accents the divine Infant's torso like a silver statue, and throughout painted with prodigious legerdemain. From these three *morceaux* we can adequately appreciate the strong, mundane, practical, modern talent of Jordaens, beside whom Rubens seems a god Pan and Vandyck a fastidious chevalier. Two Vandycks are present, a portrait and a church-subject. The "Miss De Christyn," painted in 1630, when that heiress was in her early teens, shows her looking out of the picture with the brightest oracular eyes, while she holds a fan suspended in one of her taper hands, with the air of Portia watching the decision of the caskets. The other Vandyck is an exceptionally small easel-picture, to be taken at first sight for an Assumption of the Virgin, but proving to be "St. Martha interceding during the Plague at Tarascon"; the gracious and ample form of Martha is surrounded by a wreath of little cherubs, one of whom explains the import of the subject by displaying a skull, at which revelation another of them very frankly holds his celestial nose.

Another contemporary was Gaspard de Crayer, of whom we have the finest imaginable example, given to the Empress Josephine by the city of Ghent, and long her companion in her retirement at Malmaison. It is an Alexander rebuked by Diogenes, with a number of attendants, and Bucephalus, all natural size. Nothing can be more captivating than this courtly Renaissance treatment of the cynical legend. The Diogenes is venerable, keen, earnest, and a gentleman—his fine bearded head would decorate a palace pulpit; the Alexander exhibiting race and nobility without a particle of affectation, falls to staring with much sincerity as he receives the rebuff—like nothing so much as a young lord at Oxford, exclaiming, "Here's a go!" when his trainer gets in one on the bread-basket. The picture altogether is so rich that there is not a head in it of which a painter might not make a profitable study, from the men-at-arms, full of curiosity, herculean but not at all loutish, to the bright youth who holds the horse, the page who anticipates all the *gaminerie* of Dickens's "Bailey Junior," and the faces that lose themselves in the shadows. Among these excellences, as a retrograde trait, is to be noticed the horse of pure convention, with rocking-chair action and human eyes, distinctive of the time and school.

Again do we see the tradition of Rubens in its lustihood in the "Jason" of his pupil, Abraham Van Diepenbeeck. The hero, of full life-size, is evidently a portrait of some wealthy Flemish knight—not impossibly a Jew in armor, for the features are of a refined Hebrew type, and the hair auburn. The painter's Jason is entirely of his own period, clothed down to the feet in modern mail, and combating with aristocratic contempt a sort of china-ware dragon. Upon a large tree overhead glows the fleece of gold. The fine landscape background is by another hand, Jan Wildeu's. We have here a composition of a type completely lost (if we except some very disagreeable battle-pieces)—landscape and large figures meeting to build up the motive, as in Titian's "Peter Martyr," Poussin's works, etc. When our modern art shall yield us landscapist and figure painters perfectly matched in merit, and mutually appreciating instead of distrusting each other, we may perhaps get further developments of this excellent notion—scenery borrowing definition from groups of figures, and groups continued by the accompaniment of successive distances in scenery.

The collection boasts of nothing by the hand of Rembrandt, but it has his signet; a couple of very choice portraits are stamped with his influence to the point of deception. The Dutch Admiral's portrait, by Aart de Gelder, which was once sold as a Rembrandt for nearly six thousand dollars, would never have come into existence without that master's tuition. It represents a crusty old face, in an unctuous saturation of light, and perhaps reveals to the student the pronunciation and all the necessary characteristics of a veritable Rembrandt. Again, there is, from the almost lost painter, Adriaan de Vries, a portrait of a young Holland gentleman in which the artist may be admitted to have surpassed his great contemporary in the sense of intellectual refinement, while, technically and *primâ facie*, the picture asserts itself a Rembrandt. Only three other works of this artist, signed and dated, are known to exist—in Gotha, Weimar, and Rotterdam, the explanation being that his admirable portraits were almost all caught up by dealers, and sold as specimens of Rembrandt's imaginary "first style," with counterfeited signatures—the best possible criticism of the pictures: the present specimen, with signature and "Hagæ Comitis," proves that the artist was from the Hague. In either of these two quite dissimilar portraits we have the deep-sought sensitiveness of shadow which indicated for Van Rhyn and his rivals the refinement, the aristocracy, the tone, the culture, the poetry that they had; it is at least as evident in them as it is in Leonardo, who wears the special fame of chiaroscuro, and it constituted in them as unmistakable a signature of mental elegance as does the fine line of Raphael or the modelling of Phidias.

Another portrait-painter is present who shows himself more practical and in fuller daylight, while he lays his grasp on our sense of admiration with an all-powerful hand. Intelligent, penetrating, unvarnished reproduction can no farther go than with this inexorable Van der Helst, from whom a sitter need hope to have no reserves. He photographs for us a person of importance from Haarlem or Amsterdam. On the man's body—a black velvet barrel—rests a barrel-head of flat white collar, and on that again rolls the round burgomagistral face, with all the life and sparkle to-day before our eyes it ever had in its own seventeenth century. The moist mouth is thatched with a level black moustache, the chops wear a two days' growth of beard, the jet-black hair is a perfectly unimaginative fringe, while a singular dart of fineness and intelligence shoots from out the small dark eyes, giving point to their look of almost swinish epicureanism. Here is a painter who had the power to shine into his sitter's mind like a conscience. From this single specimen we can understand the immense contemporary value set upon the portraits of Van der Helst, whose education and history are obscure, and whose works never escape into public sales. Of his brush we know of but one other example in the country, the "Violinist" at the Philadelphia Academy, an example indicating capacity for still higher things in the way of fancy and improvisation.

But the highest praise for skill in delineation will be reserved by many a spectator for the bold sketch of the "Hille Bobbe," of Haarlem, by Franz Hals, a *chef-d'œuvre* which perhaps marks the utmost height to which expertness in portraiture can go. The picture is a *Gavarni* of the pre-journalistic period, evidently thrown off at a sitting, and retains for us a Dutch witch's beery laugh over some joke cracked two centuries ago. Art-history tells us that Hals illustrated two verses of a ballad on "Hille Bobbe" which circulated in Flanders, one in a sketch now at Aix-la-Chapelle, representing the convivial lady with her hands on a flagon, the other in our present acquisition. This shows her as she bursts out laughing, smacking the back of one hand with the palm of the other, and almost breaking her hard, round cheeks with the stress of the laugh which puckers them. It is a work, artistically, of giant muscle, a gymnastic of long-trained character-painting. We are particularly glad that the enjoyment of this masterpiece need not be altogether confined to those to whom the original is accessible, but that its true flavor may be got from the etching by Jacquemart, who has been most felicitous in copying it for the illustrated Catalogue of the Museum. That Franz Hals was something more than a painter of heads his color-sketch for the "Meeting of the Gardes-Bourgeoises to celebrate the Peace of Munster" will convince any artist; it is a composition of great force, with the purest and richest colors.

These are works that nail the mind to the earth, with their intense sense of real life, their shrewdness, and their reading of character; there is besides another group of paintings, not less bright to look at, such is their fortunate state of preservation, but a century older, and able to carry us past the vivid presentments of these trading and prospering Hollanders away into the noble ascetic heart of the Low Countries. Here, for instance, we are in the chaste studio-atmosphere of Van Eyck; it is an "Adoration of the

Magi" by his pupil Van der Meire. All is purity, peace, renunciation. The babe is very human and pitiful—the just-born progeny of this world's poor; the Madonna has no thought to be sentimental or particularly spiritual, but rather to be neat, and keep the little kicking feet of the baby in place with her hands—hands, feet, and all painted like the miniature work of missals. The central Magian is a pale mediæval monk in contemplation, and very noble; but another is a travelled man, with a commercial look among the rich gifts; and the third a painfully imagined negro, almost without the limits of the painter's consciousness, and drawn with timidity like a menagerie animal. Again, altogether in the sentiment of Hans Memling, there is a head of Christ, meagre, intellectual, and charged with devotional tenderness from the painter's heart; it is by Dierick Bouts, who was born in 1391. The three pictures by Van der Weyden show a similar directness and sincerity. The largest, the "Descent from the Cross," is the canvas wanting to the series of the Passion in the Brussels Museum. What a measureless distance from the Magdalen in this group to a Magdalen by Rubens! It is as far back of him as the transcendental Magdalen of Tennyson, whose eyes are homes of silent prayer, and whose intellect is fixed on the problem of cerebral suspension in the tomb, is ahead of him. Here the poor saint is noway seductive, she is lean and brittle-looking like the other women, only her hair is done up with *recherche*, and she wears fine black velvet, with cuffs and borders of jewel-studded gold. The other two, an Ecce Homo and a Madonna, are monastic, careworn, and of low vitality, the faces bathed in tears, and revealing on the painter's part that personal comprehension of habitual sorrow which is so striking in all mediæval religious works. A little later, in the specimens from Martin van Heemskerck, we have art still religious, in a filial and devotional sense, but beginning to glance at the gaiety and picturesqueness of nature. The likeness of his father, a serious, much-tried laboring man, with circumflex mouth, is pious and careful, and, in fact of portraiture, has the palpable accuracy of a die. For his larger example, "Christ and the Pharisee," our first greeting, on approaching it as a fifteenth-century work, is a start of surprise at its vivid, throbbing color, as of a jewel freshly disinterred; then, further, while archaically didactic, it has not the introversion of the monastery; the world has crept in, the painter feels less strongly the rebuke to the Pharisee than the painted sunlight and dashing variegation found in a city crowd, and we feel a twitch or two of the influence that will lead to Rubens and the Revival.

Several of the specimens we have picked out for notice are subjects of the etchings for the catalogue of the Museum. M. Jacquemart, who executes these illustrations in Paris, is certainly one of the most expert copyists of the time, and in ten *eaux-fortes* now ready has contrived to give the strongest conceivable suggestion of the touch of the master, from the painful plodding of the portrait by Heemskerck to the rollicking way in which Hals has painted his laughing beldam.

THE VALLEY ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC.

THE SNOW PROBLEM.

The four principal routes that have been surveyed to the Pacific have the following mean elevation above the sea level: 1. The extreme Southern or Texas Pacific route, skirting the border of Mexico, has an average altitude of 2,300 feet. 2. The 35th parallel route, 3,600 feet. 3. The Middle route, extending 1,771 miles, from Omaha to Sacramento, 5,000 feet. 4. The Northern route, from Lake Superior and St. Paul to Puget Sound, 1,900 feet.

The middle route (now occupied by the Union and Central Pacific Road) scales four principal summits, having the following elevations: 6,169 feet, 7,042 feet, 7,463 feet, and 8,235 feet. The Northern route has on its main line but two summits, the highest of which has an altitude not much exceeding 5,000 feet. Nine hundred continuous miles on the Middle route have a greater average elevation than the highest summit on the Northern, and 450 continuous miles on the former line are 1,000 feet above the highest point on the latter.

The remarkably low altitude of the Northern line fully entitles it to the designation it has received of the Valley Route to the Pacific. From Lake Superior, for a distance of eight hundred miles, on this line, the country is a vast plain, partly timbered, but mainly prairie, gradually rising from one thousand one hundred feet elevation above the sea near Lake Superior to two thousand seven hundred feet near the Rocky Mountains. This plain has a varied surface, and in its depressions flow the navigable waters of the Mississippi, the Red, the Upper Missouri, and the Yellowstone, and their many tributaries.

Crossing at right angles the valleys of the Mississippi and the Red River of the North, the Northern route traverses the rolling prairies of Dakota to the broad and fertile valleys of the Missouri and Yellowstone. The latter it follows nearly the entire length of Montana to the foot of the mountains. Ascending the eastern slope by an almost imperceptible grade, and surmounting the divide by a pass so remarkable that it almost constitutes a gateway through the mountains, the Northern line enters the valley of a branch of the Columbia, and follows that noble river to tide-water on the Pacific. The leading advantages resulting to the Northern Pacific Railroad from the low altitude of the valley route along which it is building are: 1. A mild climate and a sheltered position. 2. Exemption from deep and drifting snows, and hence, with ordinary precautions, entire freedom from winter obstructions. 3. A productive and verdure-covered country flanking the road, resulting in rapid settlement, a large tributary population, and a profitable local traffic. 4. An abundance of good water. 5. A saving of many millions in cost of construction, with a proportionate reduction of interest burden. 6. A succession of natural and easy grades, which will greatly reduce the cost of operating the road, and enable the same motive power to accomplish far greater results, both in speed and traffic, than are possible on an elevated or mountain route.

The experience of the past winter, the severest since our Territories were settled, and not likely to be repeated for many years, has thoroughly justified the claim that the Northern Pacific Road, when completed, will not be at any time obstructed by snow. Authentic reports—official, unofficial, and incidental, from surveyors, engineers, United States military and signal officers, and settlers, representing all important sections of the route—agree that during the past hard winter there has not been a time when, with the precautions usually taken on roads in Northern States, Northern Pacific trains could not have made regular trips.

Chief-Engineer Roberts, of the Northern Pacific Road, who has no superior in his profession in this country, and has carefully studied the Western snow-problem during the past three years, in a recent report, based on very full data, sums up his conclusions in this sentence:

"With ordinary means of protection at exposed points, the Northern Pacific Railroad, when completed by the Yellowstone route, can unquestionably be kept open for regular traffic its entire length across the continent, even during winters as severe as the present, should they occur."

He further says, alluding to a mass of testimony from Montana:

"These very favorable reports, during a winter of unprecedented severity, cover the most elevated and mountainous portion of our line, where obstructions from snow would occur if anywhere on the route; and, when it is remembered that the obstructions on the Union Pacific have been virtually confined to a section of 180 miles, every part of which is at least 1,000 feet higher than the highest summit on the Northern route, and most of which is 2,500 to 3,000 feet higher than the mountain section of equal length on the Northern Pacific line, it becomes perfectly safe to predict for the latter as complete exemption from winter blockade as is enjoyed by railroads in New York and New England."

Intelligent judges believe that the Union Pacific Company, taught by experience, will be able hereafter to prevent any serious blockade on their line. Whether this shall prove true or not, it can be considered settled that the Northern Pacific Road, following as it will the channel-way of the great rivers of the continent, traversing the mild-winter belt, and running at an elevation 2,500 to 3,500 feet lower than its neighbor, will, from the day of its completion, furnish a reliable means of transit between the Atlantic and the Pacific. It is particularly and vastly important that this fact be known and emphasized now that we have among us an important embassy from Japan, whose report on the efficiency of our trans-continental thoroughfares will do much to hasten or retard the increase of our direct trade with the Orient.

The past year's business on the Union and Central line, with its promise of rapid increase, establishes beyond doubt the success of the first trans-continental road, but it renders equally certain the profitableness of the Northern Pacific, which has radical advantages, with an ample field and future of its own. The two lines are so far apart as not to interfere with each other. As is the case with the present Pacific Road, the bulk of the earnings of each will doubtless come from local traffic; while the Asiatic and through carrying trade of both will be increased to an enormous volume by their joint efforts to turn the current of the world's commerce across the American continent, and by their joint demonstration that the trans-continental route is equal to all commercial needs.—*Independent.*

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1872.

The Week.

WE are sorry to have to record another appointment by the President which is not exactly in the direction of civil-service reform. We believe it is now the fashion to accuse everybody who makes a remark of this kind of being a "partisan." Well, we are partisans, but we hope partisans of good government and official honesty, and we therefore confess, without shame, that we think the appointment of a Lowell carpet-bagger named Parker, a brother-in-law of Mr. Benjamin F. Butler, who is also the uncle of George H. Butler, the well-known Consul-General in Egypt, to the surveyorship of the port of New Orleans in the place of General Longstreet, a great scandal and a sad commentary on the value of the new rules. General Longstreet, who is an honest man whom his worst enemies respect, has resigned through disgust at the performances of Casey the collector and his faction, and now the President puts in his place a low adventurer in order to oblige B. F. Butler, and he does this while retaining his own brother-in-law as collector—he who, besides many other exploits, lately employed the Federal revenue cutter for twelve days in carrying a batch of State senators up and down the river to protect them from arrest by the sergeant-at-arms. Now, why is this done? What excuse is there for it, in view of the reform in the civil-service which, we are told, is going on? Will not some champion of the Government answer these questions, avoiding all allusions to the Seneca Stone business or Horace Greeley's relations with Hank Smith?

Mr. Conkling's resolution calling for a return of the recommendations for appointments to and removals from office offered by the senators from New York, Wisconsin, Illinois, Nebraska, and Indiana, and all representations made in the premises by these persons, and also an account of the number of appointments "credited" to them respectively, has passed the Senate. This request, which, as the *Evening Post* very properly observes, is insulting to the President, and will probably receive no answer, is simply a mode of carrying on a quarrel of a purely personal character between half-a-dozen senators, and which Mr. Conkling himself began by treating the demand for the Custom-house investigation as an outrage. That such a resolution should have been gravely offered, debated, and acted on, is a curious illustration of the loss of tone the Senate has within a few years undergone.

It was asserted a few days ago that Mr. Sumner would preside at the Cincinnati Convention, but as nobody had asked him, or had any authority to ask him to do so, he has really neither consented nor refused. He is said still to be in some uncertainty as to what his course will be with regard to the Cincinnati movement, but in all contingencies will oppose the renomination and re-election of General Grant. Mr. Dawes has written a letter denying sympathy with the Cincinnati movement, but at the same time strongly condemning the course of the friends of the Administration in the Senate and elsewhere in resisting investigation. It is probable that we are on the eve of a more general expression of opinion on the part of politicians than has yet taken place or than a few weeks ago seemed probable. Mr. Sumner suggests the propriety of General Grant's withdrawal, which would really put an end to the Cincinnati movement. When one considers that it is the determination of his friends that he and nobody else shall be the next President and that his claims to renomination shall not even be discussed, which is breaking up the party, one can hardly consider such a step as altogether impossible.

Later returns from New Hampshire than we had at our last writing make clear several points that were then doubtful. In the first place, it would seem to be certain that Judge David Davis's nomination for the Presidency may be entirely disregarded by everybody, and that Democrats, Liberal Republicans, and Administration men may each proceed to make their game as if the so-called Labor Reform party had never tried to get itself into existence. New Hampshire has workingmen if any State in the Union has, and yet out of a total vote of seventy-five thousand, more or less—one of the heaviest ever cast in the State—the Labor Reformers cast some four or five hundred. Prohibitionists made a still smaller show. But, indeed, the people are but few just at present who give themselves sufficient concern about the Prohibition party to do so much as draw a moral from the result of its operations. It simply can do nothing when the people are really agitated by political questions. The Protectionists have made some endeavor to show that the activity of the Free-traders in New Hampshire inured to the benefit of the Republicans. The *Tribune* appeals to the returns from Nashua, Manchester, Dover, Summersworth, and Claremont in support of this position. The figures show an increase of 1,279 over the vote of last year in these five manufacturing towns, the Republican share of the increase being 1,246, and the Democratic share but 33. So far as the returns now in admit of a judgment's being formed, the increase in the aggregate vote of the State will be something more than 6,000, and a proportionate increase in the towns above-named would have been not far from 800.

The *Tribune*, we think, says more than it can at all make clear when it attributes this disproportionate increase to the exceptionally manufacturing character of the population of these towns. When there is to be an increase in the aggregate vote of a State, it is fair to look for a somewhat disproportionate rate of increase in the large towns, which are always most vigorously canvassed by speakers, brass bands, processions, and other like persuaders, and in which it is always easiest for the voter to get to the polls. The *Tribune* is plainly wrong in talking about a Democratic loss of 1,000. There was an absolute Democratic gain, though a small one, and no one can say that, of the 1,279 votes not thrown last year, 1,000 were Democratic. We take the fact to be that on account of the comparative slothfulness of the Administration wheel-horses last year, and of the general half disgust with which a certain number of people were looking at a good many of the Administration's acts of omission and commission, and on account, too, of local railroad troubles since healed, a portion of the Republican Israel betook itself to its tents, and this year came out of them. How many Republicans came out to fight for protection as against a lower tariff we suppose the *Tribune* no more knows than we. But we believe not enough to have affected the result one way or another.

Of the other results of the New Hampshire contest, there appears to be less doubt in any quarter than there was when news of it first came, and there was not much then. We judge that we speak without danger of misleading when we say that the Democratic press throughout the country has, within the week, become very much readier to go the length of admitting that the Democracy must take platform and candidate from the Cincinnati Convention, and that it will have to take them without in return taking from that body other guarantees than those furnished by the platform itself, and the high character of the candidates. The independent, or partially independent, press is very free in telling the Democrats that now they must at last see that the party wants nothing so much as an undertaker, it being full time for it to confess itself dead and consent to have its remains decently interred. The portion of the Democratic press more advanced in liberalism takes this talk in good part, so far as to indicate their willingness to adopt the Cincinnati platform at least; and some of them, as well as some Republicans, avow the belief that if Cincinnati nominates Mr. Charles Francis Adams and Mr. Trumbull, nothing that could be done at Philadelphia would prevent their election. The Administration press, and such of the Republican press as is not so feverishly Administration in tone, is disposed to be a good deal less satisfied at the New Hampshire victory than it was at first, though it is still maintaining that the result in that State makes the renomination of the President and his re-election also a certainty. Still it is seen that Connecticut and especially that Cincinnati are yet to be heard from. We doubt, though, if there has been a worse time for prophets of a political and Administration turn since the days of Ahab and Jezebel; and even the renomination of President Grant, certain as it has been looking for some time past, may nevertheless be made merely impossible within the next forty days. Such Republicans as Mr. Dawes and Mr. Garfield give but an uncertain sound, considering how plainly they both can speak, and the House of Representatives generally is a long way from being up to the Morton-Conkling mark in point of loyalty and devotion.

The canvass in Connecticut seems likely to be made very lively by the appearance on the scene of the Woodhull wing of the Woman's Suffrage movement in the interest of the Democrats. The chiefs having definitively abandoned the Republican party, Woodhull herself and Mrs. Hooker are appearing on the stump. The *Woman's Journal* says the Republican success in New Hampshire was partly due to the Republicans having secured the services of Mrs. Livermore as an orator, and this, apparently, not so much because the cause was good, as because Mrs. Livermore is a woman. It now remains to be seen what sex can do for the other side in Connecticut. If one woman can carry New Hampshire for the Republicans, two women ought to be able to make mince-meat of them in Connecticut. We would warn Woodhull, however, against appearing too often. The community is getting a little tired of her, and, if we are not greatly mistaken, she, like several other prominent public characters, is on the eve of an “investigation” which may diminish her usefulness. We would advise the Republican managers in Connecticut, if they wish to make “politics” in that State thoroughly interesting, and reduce it to a real science for the benefit of the young, to bring on Woodhull's married sister and her aged parents, and give them a hall in which to tell the electors what they know and think about “pantarchy” and “pantarchists.” We observe that a “Hartford Lady” is, as the pugilists say, “getting home on” Woodhull with some terrible blows in the *Courant*. On the whole, what do you think, brethren, of this illustration of “the feminine element” in politics? Improving spectacle, is it not?

We had no idea, when writing of “masked reformers” last week, apropos of the *Times's* attack on Miller, the Insurance Superintendent, that the appropriateness of our remarks would so soon receive a striking illustration. It now appears that the person whom the *Times* allowed to make these assaults in its editorial columns, and whom it refused to produce, was a worthy gentleman known to the *Times* as “F. W. Browning,” but known to the *Spectator*—an insurance paper—as “F. W. Ballard.” In the columns of the *Spectator* he upheld Miller, but in the columns of the *Times* he blackguarded him handsomely. Indeed, he was the author of nearly all the *Times's* “exposures,” including the articles entitled “Miller's Progress,” “Miller's Pet Lambs,” “Those who did not endorse Miller,” “The Insurance Investigation,” “The Insurance Report,” “How not to do it,” and “Superintendent Miller's Extortions.” This valuable “expert” has now come forward, and in evidence before the Committee of Investigation, and in letters to Mr. Miller himself and to the editor of the *Times*, confesses he is satisfied there was no truth in his charges, and that he is sorry he ever wrote the articles containing them. In short, it looks very much as if he was “an arrant humbug,” had “not a particle of conscience in his composition,” was a “born destructionist,” and “ought to have his leg tied to a chair” when left alone in a room with valuable property. He has shamefully abused the confidence of the *Times*, and also shamefully abused the confidence of the *Spectator*, and ought clearly not to have been trusted by either.

The moral of the affair for editors is: when anybody asks leave to call somebody a thief through your columns, do not let him do so because you think he is honest, unless he agrees to prove his charges if called upon; because, even if honest, he may be misled by ignorance or passion; and, if dishonest, he may sell you out and bring you to open shame. It is right to add that the result of the investigation thus far goes to show that Browning was nearer the truth when writing to the *Times* than Ballard was when writing in the *Spectator*, but this makes little difference after all, for when the devil gets Ballard, what will become of Browning? There is another bit of instruction which respectable newspapers may draw from the affair, and that is, not to mix themselves up lightly and hastily in insurance quarrels. There is no business in the United States more embittered by competition and more ravaged by blackmailers. Crowds of adventurers like Ballard *alias* Browning live by preying on the fears of the companies and their officers in virtue of a real or pretended connection with the press. Several weekly papers and one “quarterly review” are actually supported by this species of extortion, and no respectable editor, unless he takes extraordinary precautions, can venture into the region infested by these rogues without imminent risk of being waylaid, stripped, and robbed as the *Times* has been.

Thomas Murphy has this week been examined by the Custom-house Investigating Committee at Washington, but his evidence contained nothing of much importance or interest, except his denial of the story told by Messrs. Palmer and Townley about the President's interest in “Corrigan,” and desire to have that person retained in the Custom-house. This, he says, was “made out of the whole cloth,” which raises what is called “a conflict of veracity” between him and General Palmer and Mr. Townley, both of whom swear to the conversation. He also testified that the President had, in May, 1871, told him that he thought the young man Leet ought to be discharged, the newspapers were making such an uproar about him; but Murphy refused to discharge him, in the belief that the uproar was got up by the steamboat companies, from whom the general-order business had been taken away. The remonstrance against Leet, signed by one hundred of the leading commercial houses of the city, he also disregarded, thinking it mere “paper”—that is, believing it to have been signed by the merchants in order to oblige the steamboat companies.

“The young man Leet” certainly seems as lucky and as mysterious a young man as ever got into the public service. He got one of the most valuable places in the gift of the Government, though nobody wanted him to get it, and the President wanted him not to get it. With incessant change going on about him, too, he has proved immovable as a rock. Other officers come and go, but he stays where he is—the storm of public indignation beating on him in vain; and yet everybody, from the President down, denies all interest in him and all desire to keep him in office. The steamboat companies, powerful and wealthy corporations, have tried to uproot him; A. T. Stewart & Co. have tried; one hundred leading commercial houses have tried; and, last of all, a powerful section of the press, headed by the *Tribune*, which bowled over Murphy himself, has assaulted him, and yet this obscure and friendless youth defies them all. Mr. Murphy's explanation of his real-estate partnership with Hugh Smith, Sweeny, and Tweed was very interesting. He took them in, he said, to show them that his opposition to them in the State Senate had nothing personal in it.

Jay Gould has at last resigned his position as director of the Erie Railroad, so that the road is now, at last, completely in the hands of honest men, and, owing to the repeal of the Classification Bill, it will be shortly in the hands of men elected by the *bonâ-fide* stockholders. The stock has been rising rapidly under the influence of the change, the orders for it from Europe being very heavy. There has been much speculation during the week as to the exact nature of the process by which the Gould dynasty was overthrown, many people being inclined to regard the *coup d'état* in the Opera House, and the subsequent racings and chasings, forcing open of doors, tying of door-handles, and entrances through windows, as simply a prearranged little comedy, intended to amuse the general public, the issue having been all along agreed on between Jay Gould and his assailants.

The truth, or as near an approach to the truth as it is permitted to outsiders to make, appears to be that the plan of operations was settled by a London firm named Bischoffsheim, acting in conjunction with Mr. McHenry of the Atlantic and Great Western road, and representing one section of the English stockholders, the others making what is called the Heath-Raphael interest, and represented by an English lawyer here, Mr. Swan. The Bischoffsheim people had the sagacity to employ General Sickles, who at once opened negotiations with members of the Erie Ring individually, whom he found demoralized by Fisk's death, by the Reform movement at Albany, and by distrust of Jay Gould. He soon made sufficient progress to make them distrustful of each other—a feeling probably aggravated by the peaching of Garvey in the Hall case—and they speedily came to terms, fearing that if they waited longer they might fare worse, and it is presumable that it was made easy for them to come down. Gould still held out, but hardly with the prospect of final success, and he stood a siege, as commanders of indefensible fortresses fire a few rounds to save their honor. The story that he finally surrendered at a three hours' private interview with Sickles, under threat of criminal proceedings, and in sight of terrible "proofs" in Sickles's hands, is certainly bosh. That interview was most probably passed in ordinary negotiations over the questions, "How much will you give?" and "What will you take?" Gould goes out, at worst, with a very considerable fortune, and will yet be heard of as an "operator" of no mean force. Field and Shearman remain for the present to wind up or dispose of the various complicated suits they are carrying on for the company.

Something ought now to be done to make the recurrence of such gigantic robberies impossible. The first thing is, of course, to keep the bench pure, but the second is to prohibit the conversion of bonds into stock. The basis of the Fisk-Gould operations was the power enjoyed by the directors of issuing bonds, the intent of the law being, of course, that this power should only be used for the purpose of effecting *bonâ-fide* loans of money to be used for the benefit of the road, and to make the bonds more attractive to lenders they were made convertible into stock. The Ring, however, issued bonds to themselves and their confederates, not for the purpose of raising money, but for the simple purpose of converting them into stock, and with the stock thus created, as often as suited their convenience, they overwhelmed the real stockholders.

The Utah Constitutional Convention has met and framed a Constitution which is a somewhat noticeable instrument, and perhaps some of its most remarkable features point to its probable fate, for we suspect a good number of years will pass away before our Mormon friends see it in operation, despite the Hon. Mr. Fitch and other disinterested persons. The meeting of the Convention was in obedience to a popular Mormon conviction, which a prominent Mormon recently expressed in the remark that there is "no safety for us without a State government, and no State government for us without concessions." The "concessions" are, permitting the Utah mines to be worked and giving up the practice of polygamy—a practice of which the Mormons, two years ago, publicly declared that it was enjoined upon them by heaven under pain of eternal damnation, The State Government so much desired gives them freedom from the crusade directed against them by Judge McKean, and puts them in complete possession of Utah—in possession so complete, indeed, that the next attack upon Mormon polygamy would have to be made by means of a constitutional amendment. How likely the future State would be to revoke the action of the present Territory we have little means of knowing, but the popular disposition to trust the Mormon leaders in regard to anything is of the feeblest. We at the East really know very little about the Mormon community, which constitutes a little *imperium in imperio* that is but very slightly Americanized, and which we suppose may be described as gathered from the stupidest and most ignorant classes of half-a-dozen European nations. These people are, for the most part, geographical Americans merely, and Americans in no other sense in which it is desirable that men should be American, if they are to be made into a State of the Union.

Young, Hyde, Pratt, and the other astute heads of this collection of people, now offer in the new constitution which they have made to allow the mines to be opened and agree that the new State shall levy no tax on mining; to give the right of voting to women; to allow cumulative voting; to establish freedom of religion; and to tax equally all men, whether Gentiles or Mormons. As the Eastern Gentile world does not seem to care much about the right of women to vote—and especially of Mormon women to vote in droves with cumulative ballots; as the mines have already been opened; and as freedom of religion has been pretty well established by the Pacific Railroad, the Mormon concessions will not have great effect in placating Eastern public opinion. We have no sympathy with the performances of Judge McKean, and we are very much inclined to believe that Mormon Utah is just now undergoing a small infliction of carpet-baggism of the good old Southern Reconstruction stamp, but we do not forget either that, all things considered, there is no need of haste in loosening in any way the grasp of the United States upon the Mormons. They no doubt represent, after a fashion, the principle of freedom of opinion, but they are neither so wise, nor so good, nor so numerous, nor have they been so patriotic nor so civil to the United States Government, nor are they in any way or shape so creditable to anybody who has had anything to do with them, that we need be in great haste to take their "concessions" and give them two senators and a representative in return.

Mr. Fish's answer to Lord Granville's despatch has been received in London, and we learn that it, too, is couched in courteous and friendly terms, but does not accept the English view of the matter. A reply is to be given to Minister Schenck in the course of the present week, but it is tolerably plain, from the tone of Mr. Gladstone's remarks in announcing this to the House of Commons, that we are not to look for a mutual understanding. There is not, as far as we can see, any desire in England to escape the submission of *any and all* indirect claims. The claim for increased premium of insurance, for instance, and enhanced freight, being provable and computable, we have little doubt, would be accepted as a legitimate subject for the arbitrators to pass on, and ought, undoubtedly, to be pressed by our Government. What arrests the negotiations is the claim for the expenses of the war after Gettysburg, which is neither provable nor computable, which we have reason to fear Mr. Davis stuck in on his own responsibility, and which, we repeat, no lawyer or layman of intelligence in the United States has ever ventured to defend, and which hardly anybody ever mentions privately without a smile. The only strong objection we know of to the insurance claim is the difficulty, if not impossibility, of dealing with it under the clause which directs the assessors to apportion the loss among the different cruisers for whose operations Great Britain shall have been declared responsible. How could they decide to what extent any *one* had been instrumental in raising the premium?

THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.

A MASS Convention is to meet at Cincinnati on the first Wednesday in May, for the purpose of considering, adopting, and, if thought advisable, of nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, on the platform recently put forth by the Missouri Liberal Republicans. Whatever doubts may have been at one time entertained as to the numbers and character of the Convention may be said to be nearly set at rest. It will probably be very large, and will probably be, in the best sense of the term, very respectable. One of the curious results of the personal turn given to the pending Republican canvass has been that every Republican success swells the ranks of the bolters. In other words, the regular Republican cause having been proclaimed by the managers to be the cause of General Grant, the more triumphs it meets with, the more General Grant's enemies multiply and declare themselves. The object of the Philadelphia Convention being now all but set down in black and white as his renomination, and not deliberation on the choice of his successor, the natural consequence is that not only those who are opposed to him, but those who are opposed to the practice of adopting in convention, without debate, nominations prepared beforehand, and in fact to all forms of dictation through the use of party machinery, are going to Cincinnati, and will not go to Philadelphia. His unskilful mode of using his patronage has, of course, made him a host of enemies in the ranks of the politicians proper, who will now probably proffer their aid to those who desire his defeat on higher grounds.

Within the last few days, too, it must be admitted the secession has received a powerful stimulus from the New Hampshire election, which is proving for the Administration one of those terrible victories which are far worse than any defeat. It poured speakers into the State without stint during the canvass, but it is no exaggeration to say that they proved its worst enemies, for the more they persuaded, the more they injured it. Had the Republicans carried the State with great difficulty and by a bare majority, or had the election gone into the Legislature; or had the Democrats held their own or made appreciable gains; above all, had they achieved a triumph, they would doubtless have been sufficiently encouraged to make a separate nomination for the Presidency, and repudiate utterly the passive policy; and any such attitude on their part would have exercised a correspondingly depressing influence on the Liberal Republican movement, for a Liberal Republican candidate and a Democratic one are hardly likely to be able to keep the field together. But their defeat in New Hampshire has so instructed the Democrats that—particularly if it should be followed by a defeat in Connecticut—we shall probably now witness a general adhesion to the passive policy, or, in other words, the complete break-up of the old organization. This cannot but give to the Cincinnati Convention an importance it did not previously possess. From a convention of bolters, who, within their own party, would certainly be a minority, and perhaps a small one, it becomes a convention whose nominee will not improbably be elected without difficulty. This prospect has naturally already made a profound impression on the great host of timid and uncertain people, and people who like, in all games, to be on the winning side; and the preparations for the meeting have, within a week, exhibited an earnestness and activity which were previously wanting. Should the Administration now succeed in "redeeming" Connecticut as they have "redeemed" New Hampshire, it will be most probably at the cost of their own damnation.

There is, perhaps, nothing which now does, and will continue to do, so much for General Grant as the fear entertained, even by those who doubt his capacity and profoundly distrust the men who surround him, that a movement against him would result in a return of the Democrats to power. It may be, they say, that the Administration is surrounded by corrupt men—that the Camerons, Forneys, Mortons, Conklings, Murphys, and Leets are not exactly the kind of men whom we should wish to see acting as the President's agents or counsellors, or it may be that there is a vast amount of robbery and corruption, even if the President be not responsible for it. But after all, nothing that he or anybody else within the ranks of the Republican party is at all likely to do, supposing him and his friends to be as bad as his worst enemies paint them, can equal what we might fairly and reasonably look for from a Democratic Administration, or from any Administration which the Democratic party helped to elect, and on which the Democratic leaders might therefore be expected to exercise more or less influence. Consider what the history of the party, within the last fifteen years, has been. Consider, above all, two points in its history—its hostility to the negro, and its hostility to the public credit. Might we not reasonably fear that these, though for the present covered up, would, if power were placed in the hands of the party or its chiefs, break out once more with fresh vigor? Consider, too, that, even supposing the aims of the chiefs to be good, and their disposition to accept the results of the war undeniable, their constituents include all that is most ignorant, debased, and corrupt in our population, and that, whatever their own desires might be, to this ignorant and debased element they would be allowed to pander. Are you, therefore, prepared to accept their aid at this risk?

We only know of one good answer that can be made to these objections, but it is, we think, a very good one. They are based on a theory which, though it finds constant expression in the political slang of the day, has really no place among the ideas or practices of American politics—we mean the theory that the two great parties which are always contending for power are two hostile armies or camps irreconcilably divided, and that each is to the other not an opponent to be persuaded or won over, but an enemy to be remorselessly pursued and destroyed. In reality, however, this theory is French and not American, and it constitutes the curse of French political life. In our system, political opponents are fellow-citizens of a different way of thinking from our own about the best means of promoting the common weal; and the object of our writing, and speechifying, and, indeed, of the whole machinery of our agitation, is not to secure their permanent exclusion from all influence on the government, but to change their opinions and induce them to act with us instead of against us. If we succeeded in introducing into our politics the element of irreconcilable hatred, of fixed and irremovable distrust of all men who have ever been arrayed against us on any great question, which some of our Radical friends are now preaching as a duty, we should have reduced our political contests to the level of the barren and unfruitful faction fights which have plunged France into the abyss. To us, political opponents, even Democrats, are, and long may they remain so, a body of our countrymen of whom the great mass are honest and well-meaning, but mistaken. We must so regard them or else sit down in despair, for do they not constitute well-nigh one-half of the American people? And we must regard them as open to conviction—that is, as practical politicians capable of changing their minds, either under the influence of new views of principle or new views of expediency, and of adhering to these new views in their political action. We have to remember that all new parties which have yet arisen in any country have been formed out of old ones. The Whig, Federalist, Republican, Democratic, New Whig, and Anti-Slavery Republican parties were all composed of men who had previously been divided in sentiment and belonged to opposing political organizations. The party now in possession of power is composed of old Whigs and old Democrats, in almost equal proportions. It is, therefore, in this country of all countries, absurd to assert that we must never act in politics with men who have once been opposed to us and have held doctrines which we believed to be dangerous and detestable. It is by the break-up of old parties, and the construction of new ones out of the old elements, that all the forward steps in politics are made, and, we may add, all reforms effected, and the sign that a man has abandoned his old party and joined a new one is that he adheres to the platform and votes for the candidates of the new one. The enquiry into the state of "his heart," which some of the friends of the Administration would have us institute, would be futile as well as ridiculous. If the Democrats adhere to the platform of the Cincinnati Convention, and vote for the candidates nominated on it, they will have given the only sign of conversion known in American politics, and the great object of all the Republican speeches and articles of the last twenty years will have been attained. What have we been writing and preaching for so long, if not to get a majority of the American people to agree with us about equal rights, civil-service reform, tariff reform, the public credit, and so on; and if they signify their agreement in the only possible way, what more do we want? Suppose, too, that such a man as Charles Francis Adams, or Lyman Trumbull, or Charles Sumner, or Judge Davis, or any one of half-a-dozen others of similar antecedents whom we might name, should be elected on such a platform as that of the Missouri Liberals by the votes of a combination of Republicans and Democrats, this combination would, if there were only two candidates in the field, have to contain a majority of the American people, would it not? After his election, the government of the country would be lodged where it always is, and always ought to be, would it not? The honest and patriotic men of the nation, who now save it, would still be in existence, would they not? If it be true that this result would, however, bring ruin and desolation upon us, what becomes of the theory of democratic government? Why hold conventions or organize parties at all? If the great aim of the Republican party is to keep the majority from governing, why not say so frankly?

We had intended to say something, but must defer it till next week, about the notion so much preached, and which, indeed, constitutes one of the strongest points in the position of the Administration and its friends, that needed reform must be sought in the ranks of the Republican party as now organized. We think it can be readily shown that this is a chimera; that no party ever yet carried out more than one leading idea; that, this idea embodied in legislation, you cannot take the party, like a machine, and turn it to a new job; that each new aim, even though of the same general character, requires a new combination for its attainment. There are thousands of men in the country who have been totally opposed to us on slavery and reconstruction, but who agree with us heartily on administrative reform. Reconstruction and slavery we have done with; for administrative and revenue reform we are eager; but these men will not labor with us under the lead of our Murphys, and Forneys, and Conklings, and Camerons. Shall we hug the Murphys, and Forneys, and Conklings, and Camerons to our bosom, and drive away all our old honest opponents, who ask us to let bygones be bygones, and go with them in quest of fresh woods and pastures new?

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT OUR "CASE."

WE have heretofore discussed the difficulty which has arisen between this country and Great Britain in the firm belief that the great body of the American people wish to approach the subject above all things as honest men, seeking nothing to which they do not really and sincerely believe themselves to be entitled, and withholding nothing to which their opponents are entitled. But the American public has from the outset labored under a serious disadvantage in forming a rational judgment on the matter in controversy, owing to two facts: one is, that there is no recognized means of getting at the real opinions or intentions of the Administration; and the other is, that the discussions which the subject has undergone in the Senate have been secret, so that we do not know what the leading senators have said or thought about the matter. In every other constitutional country there exists, in spite of the covertness of diplomatic processes, some mode of putting the government on the defensive, and compelling it to explain and defend, if need be, its course in the conduct of any important negotiation. Any member of the British, German, French, Italian, or Belgian parliaments can get up and compel the Foreign Minister to state then and there why he did this or left that undone in his management of foreign affairs; and this right is so assiduously used that the people of all these countries are enabled to exercise a supervision over their foreign relations which, if faulty, is not faulty for want of information. But our President and the State Department are almost as secure from all enquiries as the Venetian Council of Ten in its palmiest days. If they explain at all, they practically explain only to the Senate; and whatever the Senate learns from them, and what it thinks of their doings, is kept carefully concealed until the knowledge of it will be of no use to anybody. Indeed, what the country hears about this most important branch of the public business while important transactions are taking place in it, is mainly composed of vague rumors picked up by newspaper correspondents. This state of things is all the more unfortunate because our foreign relations form the only department of our politics in which mistakes are practically irretrievable. When the Government makes a false step in any other field of its duties, it either finds no difficulty itself in retracing it, or public opinion has no hesitation about making it do so. But in all dealings with foreigners, every people in the world has still enough of the old feudal notion of "honor" to make the confession of an error seem disgraceful and, because disgraceful, impossible—a notion which has been at the bottom of the bloodiest wars, not only of mediæval times but of our times. This notion is gradually losing all influence on the relations of individual men; but it has little less influence than ever upon international relations. The mildest-mannered man among us, who in social intercourse would feel the frank withdrawal of an unjust claim, or the frank atonement for an injury wittingly or unwittingly done to his neighbor, one of the first of his duties, feels aggrieved if his government, in its dealings with foreign powers, does not put on the manners and morals of a swashbuckler, and offer "satisfaction" to anybody who complains of its behavior. So that, after having allowed two or three or four men at Washington to place us, without our knowledge or consent, in a position of great moral and political perplexity towards foreign powers, we are in constant danger of seeing the public encouragng them, either by silence or open approval, to persist in a policy which every individual, in his own house, disapproves and deplores.

There is one other reason, and perhaps the most powerful of all, for regretting this state of things, and that is, that in all probability the part taken hereafter by the United States in moulding the confused medley of usages and opinions known as international law into a well-defined, compact, and consistent code, will be more important than that taken by any other power. It is reasonable to believe that in the year 1900 no other government, or combination of governments, will be able to set up or impose any duty or doctrine which we have not sanctioned; and in any such work as this it is certainly to be desired that the intelligence and morality of the whole country should bear a part, and that this intelligence and morality should be enlightened by the open discussion of international affairs by our ablest men. The English know at this moment what Mr. Gladstone, Sir Roundell Palmer, Lord Cairns, Earl Granville, and half a dozen others think of the construction of the Treaty of Washington; but who among us knows anything for certain of what Mr. Fish, or Mr. Sumner, or Mr. Trumbull, or Mr. Cushing, or Mr. Dana, or Mr. Evarts, or Judge Curtis, not to speak of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, thinks about it? Some private individuals may know something, but the general public nothing. In all that relates to this unfortunate business, the country is literally "going it blind." We might find ourselves in war with England to-morrow without more than a dozen men among us being able to say exactly what caused it, or whether it might not have been avoided. The press is so conscious of this, that most of the newspapers avoid all discussion of the present complication, and content themselves, as does the main body of the public, with "standing by the Government"—that is, taking up an attitude of passive and rather ignorant acquiescence upon one of the most important questions with which any civilized people has ever been called upon to deal. Indeed, the New York *World* may be said to be the only paper which has made any serious attempt to inform public opinion upon it, and if its able discussions of questions of law and hermeneutics were not marred sometimes by a blatant

"Chauvinism," at other times by ferocious party spirit, it would be entitled to the thanks of the community.

We do not profess to know how the pending negotiations are going to end; our own belief still is that the Treaty will prove a failure, because we do not see how the Administration can, on the eve of a Presidential election, admit that it has committed what, if a mistake at all, is a mistake of the first magnitude; and we do not see how England can submit, even *pro formâ*, to the decision of any six men the question whether she shall pay a penalty which, if levied, would cause national bankruptcy, and her degradation to the rank of a second or third-rate power. We confess that, owing to our sincere desire to see the principle of international arbitration established on a sure and lasting foundation, we should be sorry to see any such question submitted to the tribunal either with or without England's consent; because we know that such a precedent would break arbitration down at once. No nation will ever leave the question whether it ought to exist to the decision of any "board," and no nation ought to do so. For small nations the liability to such penalties as we claim from England would put their existence in peril every time two great powers went to war, and one of them accused a small one of violating neutral obligations. Fancy Denmark or Holland exposed to the payment of German expenses in fighting the French after the battle of Sedan, or fancy even us, with our long line of coast and our feeble navy, being called on to foot the bills of any belligerent who could show that we let out a cruiser to prey on its commerce, or filibusters to serve in the armies of its enemy. Even if the claim, which we are trying to get before the Geneva Board, and for the sake of which the Treaty will probably be upset, were not absurd on its face, and were not considered absurd and indefensible by every lawyer of standing in the United States, the argument *ab inconvenienti* would make short work of it.

Taking it for granted that our first object in the prosecution of this controversy is to be right, we shall now suggest two or three questions which, unless satisfactorily answered, might furnish the public or Congress with sufficient reasons for helping the Administration to effect a dignified and orderly retreat from a position which is clearly not tenable, whether lawfully won or not. We are told in the protocol that the American Commissioners claimed indirect damages in the negotiation, but waived them in the hope that "an amicable settlement" might be made, without prejudice to their reproduction of them, in case no such settlement should be made. Now, the preamble of the Treaty, which is not to be found in our "Case," runs as follows:

> "The United States of America and her Britannic Majesty, being desirous to provide for an *amicable settlement* of all causes of difference between the two countries, have for that purpose appointed their respective plenipotentiaries. [List of the respective plenipotentiaries.] And the said plenipotentiaries, after having exchanged their full powers, which were found to be in due and proper form, have agreed to and concluded the following articles."

Now, what we would ask of the Administration, and what the public ought to know before this unfortunate negotiation goes any further, is this:

1. Wherein did the "amicable settlement" you contemplated in making the Treaty, and which you speak of *ipsissimis verbis* in the preamble, differ from the "amicable settlement" you had in your mind when you offered to waive the consequential damages? What is there in *this* "amicable settlement" to make it improper to surrender for its sake what you were perfectly ready to surrender for the sake of the other?

2. It is true that the preamble speaks of an "amicable settlement of *all*" claims, and that you maintain, it is said, that this must be held to include claims for remote and indirect injuries; but, if so, why not also the claims submitted to the Commission at Washington, and the claims submitted to the Emperor of Germany, and the "belligerent-rights" claims?

3. If you really intended to claim consequential damages for the prolongation of the war and so on, how is it that in your "confidential memorandum" of instructions to our counsel you make no mention of them?

Here is the description of the claims to be urged before the Board, as given in that document:

> 1. "*Claims belonging to the United States.*—The United States should be reimbursed for actual outlay expended in the pursuit and capture of the rebel cruisers.
>
> "They may also fairly claim, as representing the community, to be reimbursed for the outlay caused by the increased premium and enhanced freights resulting from the special risk growing out of the operations of the rebel cruisers fitted out in English ports.
>
> "2. *Claims of Individuals.*—The following is believed to be a proximately complete statement of the amount of claims thus far presented to the Department of State for injuries committed by the rebel cruisers."

Here follows a list of the depredations by fourteen cruisers, amounting in all to over $13,000,000.

4. If the country is to be bound even to the extent of war by the letter of the "Case," the "Case" ought to have been the work of our ablest lawyers and diplomatists—not of one lawyer or diplomatist, however able, but of as many as could put their heads together. Was it the work of any such body? Was it not, on the contrary, left entirely to Mr. Bancroft Davis, and did he not take advice or not, as he pleased, while engaged in its composition? Did he indeed submit it to any one till he had it in print, when it was practically too late for any jurist of standing to give it careful consideration; or was the attention of any jurist called to the closing part, in which remote national injuries are made distinct items on which to assess pecuniary damages, until too late for any revision?

5. If the matter was left wholly or all but wholly to Mr. Davis, we would then ask, without meaning to cast any imputation on him, whether his standing at the bar and his diplomatic experience have been such that the people of the United States would, even if consulted beforehand, have consented to back up, even at the sword's point, everything he said in a controversy with a foreign power, and to abide absolutely by any statement he pleased to make, before the most august tribunal ever set up, of the cause of the most serious difference, except that which led to the Revolutionary War, in which this country has ever been engaged?

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE PRESS.

PARIS, March 1, 1872.

THERE is a strange sameness in the history of French politics, and liberalism seems to be under what the great naturalist Geoffroy St. Hilaire called an "arrêt de développement." It is unable to grow, to increase in size, or vary in form. Our Liberals are still the slaves of the Jacobin formulas of the French Revolution. Read Michelet's, Louis Blanc's, Thiers's, Lamartine's histories, you always find the same monotonous defence of force, the same prevailing idea that success justifies the means. Let me give you a striking example of the curious sterility of French legislation. In the month of May, 1819, a royalist chamber, under Louis XVIII., made an act against the press. "Whoever," says the first article, "by speeches, or words, pronounced in a public place, by writings, books, drawings, engravings, pictures, emblems, sold or distributed in public places, or by placards exposed before the public, shall have excited any citizens to commit any act designated by law as a crime or a misdemeanor, will be reputed an accomplice, and punished as such." Let us now jump over many years; the Bourbons are gone; Louis Philippe is gone; the Republic has been proclaimed. Here is the text of a decree of the 12th of August, 1848, made six months after the Revolution: "Any attack by one of the means enunciated in article one of the law of the 17th of May, 1819, against the rights and the authority of the National Assembly, against the power and the rights which the members of the executive have received by the decrees of the Assembly, against the republican institutions and the constitution, against the principle of the sovereignty of the people and of universal suffrage, shall be punishable by imprisonment for from three months to five years, and by a fine of from 300 francs to 6,000 francs." Here you see the Republic of 1848 choosing the same means of defence as the Bourbon monarchy of 1819, and putting its trust in gendarmes and tribunals rather than in its own principles. Can anything be more odious, and more ridiculous at the same time, than a republican power forbidding, under the heaviest penalties, not any armed attack, but any attack in words or in writing against "the principle of the sovereignty of the people," against "universal suffrage"—any drawing or engraving directed against the same principles? There is an almost childish ferocity in the construction of this republican law. The similitude between the divine right of the Republic and the divine right of the Monarchy is complete: their intolerance is equal; they will not be put in question or be discussed; they cannot allow any contradiction.

After the constituent Republican Assembly of 1848 had instituted a President, there was a new law passed, in order to defend his power. In this law of the 27th of July, 1849, it is said that the articles of the decree of August, 1848, are applicable also to the rights and to the authority of the President of the Republic. It is remarkable how intricate all the acts are; each of them alludes, without citing it explicitly, to an article of some preceding act; so that, in order to understand clearly a law of 1872, you have to read successively three or four preceding ones, each one referring to its predecessor. The Empire did not take the trouble to change an iota of the three preceding laws. The man who had upset the Republic turned to his own account the protection which was afforded to the President of the Republic. The tribunals continued to defend "the rights and authority which the President derived from the constitution" after the President had thrown the constitution to the wind and assumed the Imperial title. The Emperor did not alter an article in the laws of 1819 and of 1849; he simply added to the arsenal of the Monarchy and of the Republic a new decree: he assumed the right to give "avertissements" to the papers and to suppress them after two such warnings. The sentence of death was constantly hanging over every writer. Now we come to the third Republic. It is only justice to say that in Paris during the siege there was an absolute liberty of the press; and it may even be said that this liberty was unnecessarily allowed to run into license, as the state of siege gave to the Government extraordinary powers, which it might have used with advantage. When the Prussians were occupying all the heights around Paris, the military commander could have assumed almost dictatorial powers; he could have shut the clubs of Belleville, hindered the formation of the Central Committee of the National Guard, the rebellion of the 31st of October; arrested Flourens, Blanqui, and the Communists. But no rigor was shown as long as rigor was excusable and was even a duty; as soon as the capitulation had taken place, several newspapers were suppressed, under the rules of a state of siege which had become merely nominal.

Gambetta, to give everybody his due, had boldly suppressed newspapers and imprisoned journalists as soon as he had descended from his balloon. He is a born Jacobin, and as he felt that he was Danton, Carnot, and Napoleon in one person, he was obliged to treat the provincial press with the greatest contempt. When peace was signed, when the compact of Bordeaux was made between M. Thiers and the Chamber, the press began to discuss very freely all the questions connected with the future of the country. The race was open, as it were, for all comers; every party was called upon, was free to give a solution; the Republic of Thiers was only a temporary bridge over a stream of anarchy—such was the construction which was put on all sides on the *pacte* of Bordeaux. M. Thiers had solemnly taken an oath before the Chamber: "I swear it before God and men, I will deceive no party; I will favor none; you have given me the Republic in trust; I will give it to you as you gave it to me. You are divided. France is not yet in a position to choose between the various parties; she is still undecided; she does not know whether it is best that she should go back to the tradition of a thousand years, or whether she can confide herself to the troubled current which carries democracy to an unknown future." He was to be essentially an arbiter of parties, the keeper of the public peace, the negotiator with the Germans. But all those who knew him well anticipated that he would not long be contented with this *rôle*. He is President of a Republic *de facto*, and he intends to remain President of a Republic *de jure*. The two monarchical parties of the Chamber, Orleanists and Legitimists, have at times attempted to consolidate in one party, but these attempts have each time been defeated by the acts of the Count de Chambord. This prince seems to have in him the spirit of a Stuart rather than that of Henri IV. M. Thiers, taking advantage of the Antwerp manifestations, which have cast some discredit on the cause of the Legitimists, has thrown down the gauntlet to the House. To give himself an air of impartiality, he has brutally suppressed a Bonapartist paper called the *Gaulois*, which had a very wide circulation, and the day afterwards he sends to the Chamber a law on the press. The first article provides that "every attack by one of the means enunciated in article one of the law of the 17th of May, 1819, either against the rights and authority of the National Assembly, or against the government instituted by it; every publication having for its object to provoke a *renversement* [an upsetting] of this government, shall be punishable according to article one of the decree of the 12th of August, 1848." The second article says that "any paper suspended or suppressed in a district subjected to the *état de siége* shall not be printed or published in any other part of the French territory." As all the leading papers are published in Paris, and as Paris is now subjected to the *état de siége*, the Government has practically claimed the right to dispose of the existence of every important newspaper.

But even if it had not presented this second demand, which is truly draconian, the first proposition is enough to show that M. Thiers intends to spread terror among all his opponents. His government was founded on the distinct understanding that it was *no* permanent government; and the law which he now proposes treats as criminal every attempt to change it. The press is already showing its alarms. Yesterday, three writers in the *Figaro* declared that they would lay down their pens, or, at least, that they would cease to speak on politics. Fancy the editor of the *Tribune* or of the *Herald* making such an announcement some morning! There is something comical in the solemnity with which our popular *Figaro* said yesterday, "I lay down my sword till better times come, when it will be less dangerous to use it." Several papers, more serious, have been confidentially warned that they might be suppressed if they did not moderate their opposition to the provisional Republic. One of the Government papers wrote this yesterday: "The Chamber was very much mistaken at Bordeaux when it believed that it was as easy to leave a government as it is to go from one chamber to another. It thought that the Republic was but a name: it showed a great simplicity of heart in so doing. The Republic is in possession, and it will not be dispossessed without a bloody revolution." That is clear enough: if the Chamber insists upon its constituent rights, it can only use these rights in one way; it is free to move, but it must move in a given direction. The Republican party, and Thiers at its head, distinctly warn us that the word Republic will not be wiped out except with blood. If the Chamber, alarmed at the prospect of civil war, gives in, if it now allows the Government to carry on its nefarious designs against the press, we must expect to see Thiers follow up his advantage with great energy. We shall have successive propositions for the prolongation of his Presidency, for the establishment of a Republican Vice-Presidency, for the renewal of the Chamber by thirds, for the establishment of a second Chamber, etc. I should myself be easily reconciled with all these measures if the spirit of the country was moving in a republican direction at the same time with the ambition of a certain number of politicians. But I believe that this is not the case; Bonapartism, which, only a few months ago, was almost extinct, which seemed to have given up every hope, is reviving; the nation, which wanted a monarchy, and would have preferred to have it constitutional, liberal, and parliamentary, is getting disgusted with the present Assembly and the present government, and is slowly returning to imperialism. Cæsarism represents a certain combination, a chemical mixture of democracy and of authority, which suits the taste of the army, and of a people jealous not only of the old aristocracy, but of the rich middle-classes. It is not so far from the Commune to Bonapartism as it would appear to many eyes. Kindle the fire, and then extinguish it, is the method of many Bonapartists. Constitutionalism is not well understood even by the middle-classes. The workingmen of Belleville would probably be rejoiced if they saw the deputies of Versailles transported in vans to the prison of Mazas, and would not move any more than they did on the 2d of December. A revolution against parliamentarism is ripe, because parliamentarism has no more fulfilled its true function in 1871 than it did in 1851. Let us, hope, however, that it will not happen—that something or somebody will be interposed between a distracted country and a new despotism; but it is sad to think that we have to rely only on Providence. The Poles used to say, "God is too high and France is too far." We can say now, "God is too high and France is too low."

NOTES FROM ITALY—GENERAL GOVONE.

FLORENCE, Feb. 12.

ITALY has again lost one of her best men, and, though the event did not and could not take any one here by surprise, the impression caused by this death, coming as it did so rapidly after the somewhat analogous end of the deeply lamented Civinini, the learned and courageous editor of the *Nazione*, has been very deep. Although ten years older than Civinini, General Govone died while yet in the prime of life, being only forty-five. The army and the liberal party, nay, the whole country, lose in him a man whom it will be difficult to replace. His name cannot be unknown in America, as it acquired so great a distinction even abroad by his successful negotiation of the Prusso-Italian alliance in 1866, as well as by the glorious part he took as a brave young officer in the terrible day of Balaklava, when the flower of the English aristocracy was mowed down, and when the gallant Italian was seriously wounded.

Giuseppe Govone had entered military life at the early age of eleven, as a pupil of the Cadet School at Turin, an establishment which bears considerable resemblance to the military training institution at Berlin, being another of those striking points of analogy between Piedmont and Prussia which have contributed greatly, no doubt, towards the similarity existing in the part which these two countries play in the history of our times. He had the good fortune to serve as lieutenant at the age of nineteen under General—at that time Colonel—Alfonso La Marmora, by whom the young officer's high qualifications were immediately recognized, and who well knew how to turn them to the best account. A few years later on we find young Govone employed in a mission in Turkey, shut up within the walls of Silistria, and contributing, by his excellent advice, to the long and successful resistance of that fortress. The reports which he sent from the East not only struck his own superiors, but excited the interest of foreigners also. The Emperor Napoleon himself, having perused one of them, expressed a desire that King Victor Emanuel should do him the favor to communicate the rest to him as they might arrive. Govone served under La Marmora in the Crimean War, and took part in the brilliant victory of the Tchernaya, which did such great credit to the Sardinian troops. His subsequent promotion was very rapid, more so, indeed, than would have been compatible with equalitarian or democratic states. However, favoritism may have its good as well as bad sides, just as everything else in this world. Pitt would in all probability have died as a candidate for a seat in parliament had he lived in modern France; Lord Clive would very likely not have passed his competitive examination for East Indian service successfully; and Govone would hardly have risen higher than a major-brevet by seniority had he not served old-fashioned Piedmont, and been just in time to escape the new democratic principles of military advancement in modern Italy. Successively major in the campaign of 1859, colonel and commander of Gaeta in 1860, general-in-chief of the army corps sent to suppress the then formidable *brigantaggio* near Aquila, and, finally, lieutenant-general at the age of thirty-seven, he was sent to Berlin as negotiator in 1866 by General La Marmora. It can hardly have been forgotten how ably and satisfactorily he acquitted himself of this difficult task—for Italy may in fact be said to owe Venice to the adroitness displayed by him on this memorable occasion.

At the time when the Menabrea Cabinet fell, in 1869, when press, parliament, and public opinion were vieing with each other to obtain a reduction of the standing army—a most unwise demand, considering that economy had reduced it already so far as to render it literally almost unable to take the field—the general unwillingness to incur the responsibility of the portfolio was so great that General Govone alone, having recently been chosen member of parliament, could be induced to do so under conditions so unfavorable. This was, if not the sole, at any rate the chief mistake of his life, and bitterly he rued it. Scarcely had the great Franco-German war broken out, in July, 1870, when he became at once aware of the heavy responsibility which lay upon him. A dread lest Austria should take part in the struggle, and once more cross the Italian frontier, grew in his mind till it acquired the proportion of a fixed idea; it pursued him, it haunted him to such a degree that, knowing how unfit the Italian army would be to cope with an invasion, reduced as it had been by mistaken economy, he set to work to accumulate all possible means for preventing the disaster he so much feared. Not only was regiment after regiment despatched to Venetia, but the officials under his orders soon saw that the reason of the Minister must be impaired, unable as it was to resist so terrible a shock, for his orders became confused and contradictory, the same regiment being ordered several times to the same place, etc. At one sitting of the Cabinet Council, he actually threw himself at his Majesty's feet, weeping and imploring pardon. After his resignation of office, the public was at times sadly impressed by reports which got about that he made various attempts to put an end to his existence. A few days ago, the melancholy news reached us that he was no more.

As I have recorded the demise of poor Civinini in the beginning of this letter, I may as well state that, although accused of having been bribed by enormous sums, the young "renegade" had, in fact, died as poor as Fanti, Farina, and many more illustrious Italian politicians of our time. In his case, the poverty was indeed so abject that it was found necessary to redeem the orator's silver medal as parliamentary deputy from the Mont de Piété that it might be placed in his coffin! A subscription was immediately raised in behalf of the much-abused politician's widow and son, to which the king and most of the members of the House have contributed. Some days ago, the Italian journals contained a very significant letter from Count Brassier de Saint-Simon, the envoy of the German Empire at Rome, and one which evidently has a political aim in view. Civinini had, in fact, been the only man of eminence belonging to the moderate liberals in Italy who had leaned openly towards the German side during the war. He had even written some very remarkable articles in the *Nuova Antologia*, in order to show that the principles on which the modern German Empire rests are in direct contradiction with those of the mediæval "Holy Roman Empire of the German nation." According to American ideas, two hundred dollars as a contribution from the mighty German Chancellor will appear but a paltry contribution to the subscription of Civinini's widow and son, although higher than any other on the list; still the fact in itself is not unimportant or uninteresting. For who can the "on" be, mentioned in the Count's letter, if not Prince Bismarck himself? "In our country," it says, "we lament (*on regrette*) a departed friend who saw the advantages of a nearing (*rapprochement*) of the two nations which know too little of each other, and one who did what he could to promote it with as much zeal as intelligence. . . . I have been commissioned (*on m'a chargé*) to contribute to the subscription opened for the education of the son of the deceased, trusting that this small offering, coming from a friendly country, will not be refused by the committee."

The last number of the *Nuova Antologia* (10th February) brings a posthumous letter of poor Civinini which justifies Count Brassier's and his master's feelings towards the honest young statesman (he was only thirty-five) who has been so prematurely taken away from his country. It was written to his electors at the beginning of his long and fearful illness, and in it he begs to resign his seat and to explain his reasons for doing so. This letter—one of the noblest and most touching I ever perused—accounts for this resolution, first, by an utter weariness of politics and the desire of withdrawing from an activity he thinks vain and useless compared with intercourse with great thinkers and poets of former days; secondly, because he sees himself obliged, in order to remain true to himself, to separate entirely, for a second time, from the political party to which he belongs. This party, indeed, thought, and still thinks, it possible to bring about a reconciliation with Papacy. Civinini considered that the destruction of Papacy (spiritual as well as temporal) could alone give Italy perfect vitality. His party, the moderate one, persisted in leaning for support on France; Civinini thought that an alliance with new Germany was the true interest for the kingdom, its liberty and its progress. Time, I think, will prove that Civinini was right in both respects. Many distinguished Italians of the moderate party already begin to open their eyes in these matters, and the force of circumstances and interests, stronger even than passion and sympathy, daily widens the gulf between the liberators and the liberated of 1859.

Whilst I am writing these lines, new tidings reach me of a most melancholy character. General Cugia, one of the best officers of the Italian army, one of the conquerors of San Martino, twice minister of war, succumbed yesterday, at the age of fifty-three, to an attack of apoplexy, in the king's own room in the Quirinal, where his duty as an *aide-de-camp* to the Crown Prince had called him.

Correspondence.

A PREPOSTEROUS DEFINITION.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I am an "advocate of woman's rights," and also one of "the curious," and I should be pleased to know why in the last number of the *Nation* you refer me, and people like me, to Webster's definition of the word "preposterous." In my copy of his dictionary, "preposterous" is defined to mean, "Having that first which ought to be last; inverted in order; contrary to nature or reason; not adapted to the end; utterly and glaringly foolish; unreasonably absurd; perverted; wrong." How, may I ask, does this concern me? Is it as an advocate of woman's rights that it applies? I know the usual fate of people who venture to ask of the *Nation*, Why do you so?' but, as I have confessed, I am one of "the curious," and to gratify my curiosity will run the risk of a tap from the steam-hammer with which you welcome "enquiring minds" into your office. C. B

Brooklyn, March 15, 1872.

[Our correspondent must look in some earlier edition of "Webster" for the definition which we conjectured might have interest for the advocates of Woman's Rights. Apparently, with the determination that neither shall be behind the other in propitiating the Jew, the Greek, the Woman, or anybody else, the proprietors of our two great dictionaries have, from time to time, made various alterations in those works. We noticed the case of the Jews last week. Ten years ago we read in our "Webster" the following definition of "preposterous," which calls for at least one editorial article in the next *Woman's Journal*, and a resolution all to itself at the next convention (Had the lexicographer a mother or a sister?):

"Perverted; wrong; absurd; contrary to nature; not adapted to the end; as, a republican government in the hands of females is *preposterous*."—ED. NATION.]

TARIFF LEGISLATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the last number of the *Nation* brief reference was made to the fact that the protracted debate of the Senate on the arms investigation has delayed action on the House Bill in relation to the tariff on teas and coffees, and that, as a result, the trade in these two important items of commerce is paralyzed.

While we have a tariff on imports, whether for protection (so called) or for revenue, changes more or less injurious to certain interests are to be looked for. These changes are, moreover, rendered additionally damaging by their suddenness and an utter absence of consistency in legislation on this subject. The merchant whose transactions may require months for their development is, at the outset, met by the fact that his best-laid plans may end unprofitably, through no fault of judgment on his part, but simply because a special interest has found itself powerful enough to induce Congressional interference with existing relations between buyer and seller.

Would it not, in view of this element of instability, which is, after all, the chief fault of our tariff system, be well to determine that, when changes are introduced, the new rate is to be maintained for a definite period? Although Congress could, at any time, unmake its own laws, there might, it seems, be a restraining influence in such action. To make such a restriction binding, it would, of course, be necessary to incorporate it with the organic law of the land; and to this it would be objected that there should be no obstacle to the immediate repeal of any law which has been found oppressive. It may, on the other hand, however, be doubted whether the present sense of insecurity be not a greater grievance. N. N.

Notes.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM & SONS announce the manual of "Pottery and Porcelain," by John H. Treadwell, to which we lately called attention. Also, to appear this month: "Five Hundred Majority," a political romance by a new writer; "Lectures on Instinct," by Dr. P. A. Chadbourne; and "The Bandit," a novel from the Swedish.——The first volume of Rev. Justus Doolittle's "Vocabulary and Hand-book of the Chinese Language" is announced by Messrs. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will publish a "Handbook of Painters, Sculptors, Engravers, and their Works," by Mrs. C. E. Clement, author of the "Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art," with illustrations.——Messrs. Lee & Shepard have undertaken "Half-Hour Recreations in Popular Science," a monthly series of selections from the writings of the best modern scientists. No. 1 is "Strange Discoveries respecting the Aurora," by Richard A. Proctor; No. 2, Virchow's "Cranial Affinities of Man and the Ape." Each part is sold for 25 cents, and the series for $2 50 per annum.

—Dr. Lieber, writing to the Census Bureau, says some things worth remembering about a very common error:

> "Let me hope that this barbarism will not pass over into the census. One of my earliest and best-remembered teachers used to call the tautologies into which we boys occasionally stumbled *bacon fried in lard*; but, frankly, I remember none so repulsive as the *native-born citizen*. It is now, I am sorry to say, universally used by the law, or rather by the lawyers; but the expression is new and must be eradicated. Native citizen or population is all that need be said. Voluminous, heavy language, obscuring by its own verbosity, is anything but a sign of culture, and ought to be eschewed in law even more than in any other branch. *Fracture-broken legs*, or *tribulation-grieved souls* is every bit as elegant as *native-born citizens*. Simplicity is clearness and a sign of culture, and in a language in which so many parallel words exist derived from Latin and Saxon as in English, such graceless reduplications might be extended without end. Savigny has somewhere a very impressive passage on the beautiful, because terse and clear, Latin of the foremost jurists of the civil law. Let us strive to imitate them, and discard the idea that repetition of this sort lends emphasis, as those must have thought who called George I. in the proclamation of 1714, sent abroad by Bolingbroke, 'The royal King George.' We find in the Roman jurists no accumulation of words, like stifling pillows, once so common in the English law, and far too frequent yet.
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> "The Constitution has the term natural-born citizens, not much better than *native-born*, if it be better at all. For, what is natural-born? We think instantly of natural, unimpeded parturition, or of the fact that in many languages illegitimate children are called natural children, in which case *nature* and *natural* are contradistinguished to *law* and *lawful*; or we think involuntarily of the transposition, *a born natural*. "*Natural-born*, meaning what the Germans call *Eingeboren* (in-born, indigenous), is an old English law expression, but uncouth enough for all that. The famous Act, 13 George II., c. vii., cited as an important authority in the report of the Committee on the subject of Colonial Rights in the Congress held at New York in October, 1765, makes use of the expression natural-born, and the report itself uses the simple word *natives*. I know that some persons will object that *native* would remind us of Indians; but this is not valid. Why does it not do so in French or Spanish? If it did not remind our forefathers of the Indians in the early year 1765, why should it suggest the fading race to us in 1872?
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> "The Act of 1740, just mentioned, invites foreigners to settle in the king's American Colonies, by declaring, after a most anti-Know-Nothing preamble, in sufficiently odd language, that foreigners, having resided seven years in the Colonies, on taking the oaths of allegiance, etc., etc., are to be his majesty's natural-born subjects of the kingdom of Great Britain, etc., etc. The preamble pronounces immigration a most desirable thing, and the report of 1765, of which I speak, contains this sentence: 'The colonists are by this act considered as natural-born subjects, and entitled to all the essential rights of such, unless it could be supposed that foreigners, naturalized by this act, are entitled to more than the natives.' Let us retain the last word and be done with the subject. In no other language that I know of, ancient or modern, has such a term as native-born or natural-born crept in.
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> "The words just quoted in the great immigration act, that certain foreigners are 'to be his majesty's natural-born subjects of the kingdom of Great Britain, to all intent, construction, and purpose,' are allowed to be grotesque, and yet the word naturalization expresses the same, but does it less glaringly. Naturalizing means imparting the *nature, natura, character by birth*, to a man. I do not know when the word naturalization first came into use in law, but who will forget Bacon's early words: '*All states that are liberal of naturalization toward foreigners are fit for empire*' (Bacon's 'Essays.' Essay 29: On the Greatness of Kingdoms and of Estates)? Certainly no one who calls himself *civis Americanus*, as Paul collectedly said, *Civis Romanus sum*."

—Sir Thomas Phillips, Bart., of Middle Hill, Co. Worcester, and Thirlestane House, Cheltenham, who died on February 6, says the *Athenæum*, was one of the most learned men of the age, and as a collector of manuscripts he was without a rival, even in that land of bibliomaniacs, England. He bought library after library, collection after collection. When Thorpe issued a catalogue of 1,400 manuscripts, Sir Thomas ordered the whole. He bought the Meerman library of Greek manuscripts, and accumulated the best private collection of monastic chartularies. He had especially a great number of manuscripts relating to genealogy, and printed several Herald's Visitations at his private press. He left only daughters to succeed him. His oldest daughter, who inherits the estates, married J. O. Halliwell, the Shakesperian annotator. This marriage was so distasteful to her father that by his will he left his library to his youngest child, Mrs. Fenwick, with restrictions to further mark his displeasure. Rumor, indeed, at one time hinted that a desire to prevent accumulations of property beyond his control was one cause for Sir Thomas's incessant and costly purchases.

—A notable enterprise for the communication of German learning to French and English readers is the *Quarterly German Magazine*—a series of popular essays in science, history, and art, mainly selected from the "Sammlung gemeinverständlicher wissenschaftlicher Vorträge," edited by Prof. Dr. R. Virchow and Prof. Dr. Franz von Holtzendorff (New York: E. Steiger). The "Sammlung" begins this year its seventh series of cheap fortnightly issues (24 parts), from which only purely religious or purely political topics are excluded. It will include biographical essays on Schopenhauer, Kepler, the painter Wiertz (by Hermann Grimm), and papers on the circulation of the blood, the social question, petroleum, the coinage question (by L. Bamberger), graphite and its most important applications, the battle of Sedan, coral insects and their part in the economy of nature, the idea of love in ancient and modern languages (by Dr. Abel), the realm of Tantalus and Crœsus (a narrative of travel), the theory of superstition, etc., etc. Dr. von Holtzendorff closed the sixth series with a paper (No. 144) on "Conquests and the Right of Conquest," with special reference to the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, of which he says: "Modern history tells of no conquest that appears so just in its origin, so promising in its completion, so moderate in its limitations, as that lately achieved by the German Empire." The first number of the *Quarterly German Magazine*, and the only one that we have seen, was published in November, and contains: "The Cranial Affinities of Man and the Ape," by R. Virchow; "Sight and the Visual Organ," by A. von Graefe; "The Circulation of the Waters on the Surface of the Earth," by H. W. Dove. The last of these will be thought the most popular reading, but the first merits especial attention as an unbiassed contribution to the Darwinian controversy, and will comfort those who object to including the ape in the human pedigree, seeing that comparative anatomy of the skull seems to justify the deduction that "by progressive development an ape can never become a man," whether or not "research may ever succeed in fitting into each other, through actual demonstration, all the intervening links." The English of these translations betrays a foreign hand, and is sometimes so obscure as to destroy the point of a remark or an argument; but generally it is clear enough. Parallel with the "Sammlung," a new series has been begun, which deals expressly with the topics excluded from the former. It is called *Deutsche Zeit- und Streit-Fragen,* and purposes discussing the questions of the day about church, school, labor, and the domestic and foreign politics of the new empire. A principal feature will be the reproduction, in permanent form, of the current articles in newspapers and other party organs which are worth rescuing; but we judge that there will also be special contributions from a large number of learned professors, who have promised the series their support. There will be sixteen issues yearly, in the duodecimo shape of the "Sammlung." The initial number contains a paper by Heinrich Lang, a Zürich pastor, on "The Life of Jesus and the Church of the Future." The editors of *Zeit- und Streit-Fragen* are Drs. von Holtzendorff and W. Oncken.

—We find in a recent number of *La Chronique des Arts*—a weekly flyer to the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*—the following summary of the Eighteenth Report of the English Government Department of Sciences and Fine Arts. The National Normal School of Design at South Kensington was attended in 1870 by 994 pupils—99 more than in the previous year. New Schools of Design have been established at Belfast, Derby, Dover, Keighley, Kendal, Leamington, and other places, so that the present number of such schools is 117, and the whole number of scholars is 20,290. In 1869, there were 107 schools, and 19,864 scholars. The night-schools show a still more satisfactory increase. At the close of the year 1869, there were 249 of these schools, with 9,322 scholars; in 1870, there were 352 schools, with 12,119 scholars. Finally, the Schools of Design for the Poor have reached the surprising number of 1,359, with 147,243 scholars (23,315 more than in 1869). The increase of scholars in all the schools has been 19.5 per cent., and 187,916 persons of both sexes have been employed in these schools as teachers during the single year 1870. The receipts from the fees paid by the scholars in these various Schools of Design amounted (during the last year, we presume) to £21,468. The greater number of the Schools of Design are self-supporting, but, in proportion to the progress of the pupils in any one school, or to the increase in the number of its pupils, the Government comes forward with help to enable it to get more or better models, and to engage additional teachers. The receipts of four schools, and the amount of help given by the Government to each, are quoted by the *Chronique:*

	Fees and other Receipts.	Government Aid.
Taunton	£268	£48
Worcester	299	70
Sheffield	932	290
Liverpool	486	73

—Nor has the Kensington Museum reason to complain of the year 1870. Its galleries have been enriched with several important collections. Among these we find a series of twenty pieces of goldsmith's work and jewellery of the period from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, purchased from the Treasury of La Virgen del Pilar of Saragossa for the sum of 20,000 fr. = £800; fifty-one pieces of terra-cotta, vases, and statuettes from Canosa; one hundred and twenty-three superb specimens of the old pottery of Rouen and Nevers, part of which were exhibited at the Union Centrale in 1865, and which were purchased for the Kensington Museum by M. Aigoin for the sum of 50,000 fr. The library also has steadily increased. It contains now 33,000 books and pamphlets, and it will be to its eternal honor that it has rendered possible the compilation of the "Universal Catalogue of Books on the Fine Arts," one of the greatest works in the field of bibliography that has up to this time been undertaken. Two thousand new photographs have been added to the portfolios. Finally, the number of visitors during the past year has been 1,014,849.

—A special class of students will derive valuable aid from Abel Hovelacque's "Instructions pour l'Etude élémentaire de la Grammaire comparée de la Linguistique indo-européenne." It is something more than a mere list of works needful to consult, such as M. Bréal gave in the first volume of his translation of Max Müller's "Science of Language," inasmuch as every title is accompanied by a critical appreciation: in other words, it is a *catalogue raisonné.* In an introduction, the author gives his view of the origin of language, as well as of the origin of man, from the Darwinian standpoint. M. Henri de l'Epinois, in his "Critiques et Réfutations," overhauls M. Henri Martin and his "History of France," and has good material for criticism in that much overrated work. His exposures are more immediately designed as an antidote to M. Martin's pronounced anti-catholicism. Two volumes, forming the first part of a "History of the Reign of Louis XIV.," have been issued by C. Gaillardin, author also of a "History of the Middle Ages" and of a "History of La Trappe." They present the political, religious, and literary aspects of France under Mazarin, with whose death they close, and also, more summarily, during the preceding reign. A grave defect in French usage is probed in "Les Résultats du Partage forcé des Successions en Provence," by Claudio Jannet, a lawyer of Aix. His investigations were undertaken at the request of the Society of Social Economy, with regard to the agricultural organization and moral and economic condition of rural families in Provence, as specially affected by the law of inheritance. M. Jannet's conclusions that small farming is disorganized and the family spirit deeply and injuriously affected, is doubtless applicable to the country at large, whose stationary population is even more to be attributed to this statute of Napoleon's than to the loss of able-bodied men from the wars to which he committed his country down to this day. M. Jannet proposes that division of property in kind shall not be obligatory, and that the disposable portion be raised to one-half. "Examen de Conscience des Femmes honnêtes de France," by a woman, charges upon her sex some part of their country's disaster and degeneracy. "Les Crimes de l'Education française," a plea for the abolition of the state's monopoly of instruction, by M. Laurentie; and "Quelques Notes sur l'Instruction primaire en Prusse," by Archbishop Dupanloup, which finds most praiseworthy the prominence given (under Von Mühler) to religious instruction, and condemns non-confessional instruction (*l'instruction laïque*), are contributions to the most important discussion now going on in France. M. Viollet-le-Duc's "Mémoire sur la Défense de Paris," which is accompanied by an atlas of twelve maps, has an interest apart from the purely professional account of the works offensive and defensive involved in the siege of Paris. A long introduction consists of a dialogue on the causes of the French reverses, in which the author's countrymen, the Empire, and the Government of September are passed in review, and all condemned in a patriotic and intelligent spirit.

—According to a recent article in the *Militärische Blätter*, the Germans took no steps to employ the balloon in their operations against the French till the end of August, 1870, when the war was already so far advanced that the ultimate issue of it was not doubtful. Two corps of balloonists, numbering twenty men each, were then formed at Cologne, and provided with all the apparatus and transportation deemed necessary, and from August 31 to September 5 were practised in the neighborhood of that city, acquiring considerable proficiency in mere manipulation. They made no ascensions, however, higher than four hundred feet, and were wholly unskilled in observations, when, on September 8, one detachment, under an English aeronaut, Coxwell, who had acted as instructor of the corps, was despatched to Strassburg with a couple of balloons. The next day, at Bischweiler, three and a half miles from the beleaguered city, headquarters were established, and subsequently reinforced by the second detachment. Here more time was given for practising, in favorable weather, and ascents of nearly twelve hundred feet were made, with good prospects of future usefulness. On removing, however, to a nearer suburb, where no illuminating gas was procurable, resort was had to hydrogen, obtained from the decomposition of water. The single balloon which had been transported could not be filled by this means till September 24, and even then very imperfectly, owing to the tubing having been, in a fit of economy, made out of old balloon material instead of rubber, so that most of the gas escaped on the way. Barely one man could be raised by it less than four hundred feet, and, after one trial, it speedily collapsed. The capitulation of Strassburg followed shortly, and the mortified balloonists repaired to the army about Paris, where they accomplished nothing, and fell into utter neglect. Meantime, inside the city, with such materials as he could procure, the famous engineer, M. Dupuy de Lôme, was constructing, with Government assistance, an immense balloon on a new principle, which only last month was completed and satisfactorily tested. It has an egg-shaped body, and is built with a decided axis, designed to be kept parallel with the line of progression. The wheel which turns the driving screw is also parallel with this axis, and is worked by four or eight men, as may be convenient—the basket holding fourteen. A rudder is attached to the balloon proper, capable of altering its course eleven degrees either way from the set of wind. In his ascent of February 2, the inventor landed near Noyon, seventy miles northeast of Paris, travelling, with the aid of the screw, some five miles faster than the wind. The gas used was hydrogen.

—The material progress of Italy is working such rapid transformations in the face of the peninsula, and in the moral and political condition of the people, that it is well to take account of it whenever we may. The recent reports of the Ministers of Finance and Public Works furnish such an opportunity. First, regarding the postal service, it appears that while, in 1861, there were provinces in Central and Southern Italy containing but one post-office to every 29,299 inhabitants, in 1870 this proportion nowhere fell below one to every 11,507. The postal routes, meantime, had increased from 16,192,291 kilometres to 27,318,152—the railroad lines alone from 3,955,024 kilometres to 6,751,347. In 1862, the postal deficit amounted to about $2,000,000, but since 1869, in spite of the increase in the number of post-offices, there has been a slight revenue from this branch of the service. This is partly due to the raising of the rates of postage, which are exceptionally high in Italy, and the effect of which is seen in the comparatively slight augmentation of the number of letters transmitted during the past decade—67 millions in 1861 against 87 millions in 1870. The money-order system—telegraphic, international, and consular—has been eminently successful. The telegraph lines now extend over 15,900 kilometres, instead of 9,860 as in 1861, and the number of wires has nearly trebled. A deficit of $400,000 in 1861 was changed in 1870 into a net gain of about $200,000, the expenses remaining nearly the same, though the stations have been quadrupled. Reduced tariffs are credited with this improvement.

LEGENDS OF BIBLICAL PERSONAGES.*

MR. BARING-GOULD has been a voluminous writer, and has had very good success in making books of entertaining reading, but we believe he has never succeeded better than in these "Legends of Old Testament Characters." As is usual with our author's books, this one is on a subject that seems to threaten an effort of mere book-making; but as also is usual with him, it pretty successfully evades this charge, and while it is not a work of the profoundest sort, nor thoroughly exhaustive, it collects and agreeably conveys a great deal of rare information, and with it gives us some work of Mr. Baring-Gould's own. Of this latter there is not very much, nor can we deny that we could readily be brought to dispense with what there is, none of it striking us as valuable. For example, in giving the rabbinical account of the offering of Isaac by his father, Mr. Gould makes a contribution to the science, or art, of mystically interpreting Scripture, and in so doing seems to us to lay nobody under any great obligations to him. The legend represents Abraham as saying to Isaac, "My son, is there any blemish in thee within? For the offering must be without blemish of any sort." Isaac replies that there is not any blemish; that in his heart there is not the least resistance to the Divine will; and that he can say with gladness, "The Lord be praised who has chosen me for a whole sacrifice." Abraham answers in these words, not the least affecting of the affecting narrative into which the rabbins have expanded the Scriptural story: "O my son, with many a wish wast thou brought into this world. Since thou hast been in it, every care has been lavished upon thee. I hoped to have had thee to follow me and to make a great nation. But now I must myself offer thee. Wondrous was thy coming into this world, and wondrous will be thy going out of it. Not by sickness, not by war, but as a sacrifice. I had designed thee to be my comfort and my stay in old age; now God himself must take thy place."

It will not occur to readers who have been little accustomed to mystical interpretations and to the rather astonishing light which they frequently throw upon the literal meaning of the Scriptures that in these passages Mr. Baring-Gould finds proof of the genuine character of this version of the story. They must, he is inclined to think, have been handed down by direct tradition from Abrahamic times, because the offering of Isaac on the mountain by his father was typical of the offering of Jesus upon Calvary by his Father, and these rabbinical passages bring out the typical character of Abraham's offering so much more clearly than even the Biblical narrative itself, that the argument in favor of their being genuine Abrahamic traditions and not inventions of a later day may be said to be manifest and strong. It is all the stronger, too, says our author, because Jewish inventors, knowing as they did that Christians always "pointed triumphantly to this type," would have been very unlikely persons to invent passages bringing the typical character of the offering into still greater distinctness. They would not, for instance, have put into Abraham's mouth the words above quoted, "Wondrous was thy coming into the world, and wondrous will be thy going out of it"; nor these other words, "I had designed thee to be my comfort and stay in old age; now God himself must take thy place," for of these utterances, the latter, mystically taken, is a prophecy that God was one day to be made a sacrifice in Isaac's place, while the former is "spoken mystically of Christ." No more would Jewish interpolators have represented Isaac as saying, "The Lord be praised who has chosen me for a whole sacrifice," because in these words "the type of Christ comes out more distinctly than in Genesis, for here we see Isaac not merely offered by his father, but also giving himself as a free-will offering." Mystical interpretation is responsible for a good many odd things, as, of course, any method of interpretation must be which, so far as uninspired persons are concerned, is based upon the metaphor-making, simile-hunting capacity of the human mind, and allows that capacity free range. Anything and everything can be made to symbolize and typify anything and everything else, from the kingdom of heaven down to a grain of mustard-seed; and, of course, the exercise of the symbolizing faculty gives legitimate pleasure, and often works beautiful results. But we should think that those fondest of the mystical method might hesitate at such applications of it as confer upon an unscriptural legend a dignity and significance not possessed by the canonical narrative itself; and those who object to more of mystical interpretation than has been forced upon the reader by the Scriptural authors themselves, will, of course, think as we do, that Mr. Baring-Gould would have been more satisfactory if at this point he had held his hand, and kept himself to his unadulterated fables. As we have said, however, there is not much of our author's original work, and his book is to all intents and purposes a handy volume, full of tales of wonder, some terrible, some grotesque, nearly all in one way or another interesting, collected by Mr. Baring-Gould from various sources, and tolerably well representing the curious storehouse of rabbinical and Mohammedan legendary lore from which they are drawn, and of which the ordinary reader had no other means of knowledge than that afforded by the notes in the Koran, for instance, or by an occasional poet. A bookful of wilder wonders it would be easy for any compiler to put together, and to the size of the bookful there need hardly be a limit, but we do not know that such a compilation would answer any useful purpose better than this one. The curious investigator of rabbinical inventions, absurdities, *grossièretés*, and all, may well enough be referred to the original sources, while the general reader, who is the person whom our author has in view, will find what for him will be a sufficient sample of the work that has been done in this particular field of human activity.

We may best give an idea of the character of the "Legends" by giving the substance of a few of them, and for this purpose perhaps as interesting as any are those relating to Azrael, the Angel of Death. He first appears in this volume at the time when God is about to create man. The Creator having determined on making Adam out of earth, first sends Gabriel to procure the necessary clay, but the earth addresses the archangel in remonstrance, and makes oath in the name of God that he shall take of her neither clay nor dust nor stone, lest the creature made therefrom should do evil on the earth and shed innocent blood. Gabriel withdraws, having respect for the oath, and says to God, "Thou knowest what the earth said to me." The archangel Michael is next sent, but to him also the earth swears the same oath, and he also withdraws. Then Azrael is directed to secure from the earth clay of every sort; and when the earth swears to him as to the archangels, he answers, "I must obey the command of God," and from the ground, forty ells below the surface, he takes clay as commanded. So it was the Angel of Death from whose hands God received the material of which should be formed the first of all living. Of Adam and Azrael it is related that when Adam had attained his nine hundred and thirtieth year Azrael appeared to him in the form of a goat. Adam recoiled with horror, knowing Azrael through his disguise, and said to him, "God has given me a thousand years. Wherefore comest thou now?" "What!" said the angel, "hast thou not given seventy years of thy life to the Prophet David?" This question referred to a covenant into which Adam had long previously entered. It had happened when the Lord was showing Adam his descendants, and revealing to him the span of life allotted to each, that David had appeared as appointed to die while still an infant; whereupon Adam had begged that seventy of his own years might be allotted to the prophet. To this God agreed, but, distrusting Adam's firmness or good faith, he had caused to be made a written agreement and the patriarch's signature to be appended to it. Azrael, therefore, after his question above quoted, and after Adam had stoutly denied that he ever entered into such contract, drew the document from out his beard, and Adam could no longer refuse to go. Of our first mother, also, *apropos* of her first sight of Azrael, there is a story told which reflects but little credit on her or any of the rest of us: After Sammael, the Evil One, in the form of the serpent, had persuaded her to eat of the fruit of the forbidden tree, he went towards it, and, touching it, cried out to Eve, "See, I have touched the tree and am not dead." Upon this Eve went towards the tree, but as she approached she saw standing beneath its branches the Angel of Death waiting, with his sword in his hand, and she said in her heart, "It may be that I am indeed to die, and that then God will create for Adam another wife; he must die, too"; she therefore took of the fruit and gave it to her husband, who ate it. The great evil which our common mother thus accomplished was accompanied by a small one, for the apple blunted those of Adam's teeth with which he chewed it, whence it comes that men's back teeth are no longer sharp. Mr. Baring-Gould gives no explanation of the fact that the portion of forbidden fruit which Adam ate stuck in his throat and is visible to this day in the throats of his male descendants, while the portion eaten by the woman was swallowed with ease. Of Enoch and Azrael it is told that there was between them a great friendship, which began at the angel's request, for he admired Enoch's piety. When first Azrael came before Enoch, he said, "Thou mayest make me a request which I shall grant."

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* "Legends of Old Testament Characters, from the Talmud and Other Sources. By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A." New York: Macmillan & Co., and Holt & Williams. 1872.

The patriarch said, "Thou mayest take my soul"; but this Azrael could not do, the appointed time not having yet come. He, however, begged the consent of God to the modified request that Enoch's soul should be, for a little space, removed from his body, and God hearing, yielded, so the angel removed from him his soul, which, at the same moment of time, the Eternal One restored to him. Years past, and Azrael and his friend lived together in amity and intimacy, and then the angel procured from God that Enoch, who had tasted death, should now be suffered to experience for a little time the torments of the damned. After still other years, Enoch made another request, which was that, having tasted death, and having known hell, he might now see paradise. This also was granted, God knowing the prophet's heart, but not till after a long dispute with Ridhwan, keeper of the gate. The prophet proves to Ridhwan, or rather tries to prove to him, when the keeper declares him a man, that though this be granted it is nevertheless no valid objection to his entering, inasmuch as he has experienced death and suffered in hell. Ridhwan refuses to be moved, but God interferes, and Enoch, still a living man, dwells with God and the departed in Paradise.

The story of Abraham and the Angel of Death, as it is told by the Mussulmans, is as follows:

> "The Angel of Death, when bidden to take the soul of the prophet, hesitated about doing so without his consent. So he took upon him the form of a very old man, and came to Abraham's door. The patriarch invited him in and gave him to eat, but he noted with surprise the great infirmity of the old man, how his limbs tottered, how dull was his sight, and how incapable he was of feeding himself, for his hands shook, and how little he could eat, for his teeth were gone. And he asked him how old he was. Then the angel answered, 'I am aged 202.' Now Abraham was then 200 years old. So he said, 'What! in two years shall I be as feeble and helpless as this? O Lord, suffer me to depart; now send the Angel of Death to me, to remove my soul.' Then the angel took him, having first watched till he was on his knees in prayer."

A rabbinical account of the death of Moses is very striking, but too long for us to quote as it stands. The closing passage of it is as follows. We must premise that the prophet had been extremely reluctant to die, but that God had shown him that in death, as in life, he might confidently commit himself to the care of his Maker. The story thus proceeds:

> "Moses returned with shame to his home, comforted his wife and children, and went alone to the mountain where he was to die. And when he had gone up the mountain, he met three men who were digging a grave; and he asked them, 'For whom do you dig this grave?' They answered, 'For a man whom God will call to be with him in Paradise.' Moses asked permission to lend a hand to dig the grave of such a holy man. When it was completed, Moses asked, 'Have you taken the measure of the deceased?' 'No; we have quite forgotten to do so. But he was of thy size; lie down in it, and God will reward thee, when we see if it be likely to suit.' Moses did so. The three men were the three angels Michael, Gabriel, and Sagsagel. The angel Michael had begun the grave, the angel Gabriel had spread the white napkin for the head, the angel Sagsagel that for the feet. Then the angel Michael stood on one side of Moses, the angel Gabriel on the other side, the angel Sagsagel at the feet, and the Majesty of God appeared above his head. And the Lord said to Moses, 'Close thine eyelids.' He obeyed. Then the Lord said, 'Press thy hand upon thy heart.' And he did so. Then God said, 'Place thy feet in order.' He did so. Then the Lord God addressed the spirit of Moses, and said, 'Holy soul, my daughter! For a hundred and twenty years hast thou inhabited this undefiled body of dust. But now thine hour is come; come forth and mount to Paradise!' But the soul answered, trembling and with pain, 'In this pure and undefiled body have I spent so many years, that I have learned to love it, and I have not the courage to desert it.' 'My daughter, come forth! I will place thee in the highest heaven beneath the Cherubim and Seraphim who bear up my eternal throne.' Yet the soul doubted and quaked. Then God bent over the face of Moses, and kissed him. And the soul leaped up in joy, and went with the kiss of God to Paradise."

A Mohammedan account contains the fine legend that when Moses, reluctant, resisted the angel who had come for his spirit, God commanded the messenger of death to take from Paradise an apple of the tree of life, smelling the perfume of which the soul should leave the body, dying, as it were, into its true life.

Solomon of course figures largely in the legends, though not so largely as one would have expected, considering his popularity as a legendary figure among Mohammedans as well as with the Hebrew writers; and of Azrael and him Mr. Baring-Gould tells no story, we believe. We make no excuse for reminding or informing the reader of the tremendous rabbinical tale which Leigh Hunt has versified, and which certainly ought not to be omitted from any collection in which both the angel and the monarch appear. It is simple and brief, though we have applied to it the term tremendous. Solomon is walking in his garden with a friend, when suddenly they see approaching them, "his eyes like lamps of doom," the dreadful Angel of Death. The king's friend is smitten with affright, and begs the king to use his magic power and transport him at once to the furthest mountains of Cathay. Solomon turns the signet-ring on his finger, and the wish is accomplished before Azrael has reached the king. Having come, the angel says, "O Solomon! what did that man here in the garden with thee? But this moment I was sent to bring him from the furthest mountains of Cathay."

Mr. Baring-Gould's style is better fitted for narrating the absurd and trivial legends with which he deals than for narrating the terrible and beautiful legends, which, if much less numerous than the others, are much more important. These he belittles and disfigures by a manner often colloquial and slovenly in tone, and sometimes vulgarized by downright colloquialisms of speech.

FERGUSSON'S RUDE STONE MONUMENTS.[*]

MR. FERGUSSON is a well-known and prolific writer on architecture generally, but more especially on Oriental architecture. He has also written on Eastern antiquities: Nineveh, Ellora, Halicarnassus, the Holy Sepulchre, the Temple at Jerusalem, etc., etc. His last work, previous to the present, entitled "Tree and Serpent Worship," in which he ventured beyond his favorite field of enquiry, did not add to his established and well-earned reputation; and it is doubtful how far the book under notice will impress itself on archæologists and antiquaries. It is ambitious and diffuse, but for all that a most remarkable collection of data on the subjects to which it relates, and (being profusely illustrated) it will prove indispensable to students of the monumental history of mankind. It treats mainly of what it is now the fashion to call "Megalithic monuments," those rude stone structures which, in the form of circles, *dolmens*, and single upright stones, are scattered so widely over Europe and parts of Africa and Asia, and whose origin and purposes have long been matters of dispute and irreconcilable speculation. Mr. Fergusson traces these remains through England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Scandinavia, the Iberian Peninsula, Italy, Northern Africa, Asia Minor, and all intervening territory into the heart of India, assigning to nearly all of them the characters of either tombs, sepulchral monuments, or mementoes of battle. Stonehenge—the inclination of the stones of which ingenious writers have declared to indicate the direction of the current of the deluge—and Avebury—in which other ingenious writers have found the profoundest symbolism of antiquity—both these Mr. Fergusson believes to be (and supports his view at length) the monuments of battles fought in their vicinity, corresponding with the great mound on the field of Waterloo, and raised after the Romans left the British Isles. As for the Druids, he scouts them and their works, and is satisfied that they never existed in regions where what are called Druidical remains most abound.

Not to do Mr. Fergusson injustice, we quote the propositions he has sought to establish in his own words:

> "*First.* That the Rude Stone Monuments with which we are concerned are generally sepulchral, or connected directly or indirectly with the rites of the dead.
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> "*Second.* That they are not temples in any usual or appropriate sense of the term; and
>
> "*Third.* That they were generally erected by partially civilized races after they had come in contact with the Romans, and most of them may be considered as belonging to the first ten centuries of the Christian Era."

It is utterly impossible for us to follow our author through the 558 pages royal octavo in which these positions are supported. But while we agree with him that *dolmens*, great stones supported on smaller ones, and which it was once the habit to call "Druid's altars," are sepulchral in character, we do not doubt that those great enclosures, circles, etc., bounded by erect stones or walls of earth, were often used as cemeteries, precisely as our churches have been, the solemnity of the grave adding to the sanctity of religion. Mr. Fergusson objects, and we think for ample reasons, to the chopping up of prehistoric antiquity into three ages, the "stone, bronze, and iron." Chronometrically, they mean nothing, for one race or people, or part of a people, may have got rid of its stone axe and taken to copper, bronze, or iron, thousands of years before another. And what are we to say of peoples such as we find in some parts of the Andes of Peru, who use to-day alike stone, bronze, and iron implements? The designations are poor attempts to simulate scientific accuracy by the use of vague words and phrases.

America receives but little attention in Mr. Fergusson's book. It is accorded only ten pages, in which, however, he pays a high compliment to some of our archæologists. Of the first volume of the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," entitled "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley," by Messrs. Squier and Davis, he says: "In this work, the Americans possess a detailed description of their antiquities of this class such as no nation in Europe can boast of. Their survey was carefully and scientifically carried out. The text is tersely and clearly written; mere theories or speculations are avoided, and the plates are clearly and carefully engraved. If we had such a work on our own antiquities, we should long ago have known all about them." Our author objects to the classification of the great square and circular earthworks of the West as made by Messrs. Squier and Davis. He does not think them sepulchral, and cannot conceive how vast spaces of from 50 to 100 acres, designated by these gentlemen as "sacred enclosures," could be utilized for any religious purpose. He suggests that where squares occur in connection with circles, and connected with them, the former might be the places of assembly of the tribe, the exercise grounds or gymnasia, and the latter the places of residence of the chief, his wigwam being in the centre, surrounded by the huts of his subordinates and retainers. We believe him to be nearly right, except that the temple, or whatever religious structure or structures the builders of these works intended, occupied the circles, while the squares were reserved for some of the purposes he suggests. Mr. Squier has produced some very conclusive evidences of this in his memoir on the "Aboriginal Monuments of New York." Mr. Fergusson, by the way, was once disposed to doubt the existence of the great mound, in the unmistakable form of a serpent, in Adams County, Ohio, and even now, after its resurvey during the last summer by Mr. Blackmore, the founder of the Salisbury Museum, only considers that its existence is not "improbable."

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[*] "Rude Stone Monuments in all Countries: their Age and Uses. By James Fergusson, D.C.L." London: John Murray. New York; Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.

Circles and squares defined by rough upright stones do not, as far as we know, exist in the United States; but they do exist in Peru, and there are long lines of upright stones in Central America. Some of those of Peru, on the shores of Lake Titicaca, are absolutely indistinguishable from many of those figured by our author. These circles are called *Intihuatani*—which signifies "where the sun is tied up," indicating a relationship with solar worship—and are not sepulchral, for the modes of burial among the present and earlier occupants of that region are well known. When the dead were not buried in caverns, they were deposited in structures of the *dolmen* type, sometimes rude and often elaborate. As regards the ruins of Tiahuanuco in Bolivia, Mr. Fergusson has been misled by imperfect photographs or erroneous descriptions. Most of the stones connected with that enigmatical series of remains are elaborately cut, but the principal enclosure, a rectangle of 388 by 445 feet, is defined by rude stones, irregular in size, placed about 15 feet apart. Some of these seem to have been partly shaped by art, but to an extent hardly appreciable, while most appear to be in their natural rough state. Interior to this enclosure are lines of perfectly rough stones defining rectangular spaces. This enclosure is regarded by Mr. Squier as the oldest of the Tiahuanuco remains—the ancient structure around which, at a period long subsequent to its erection, the more elaborate buildings, mounds, monoliths, etc., were raised.

Our author is of opinion that the mounds and monuments of America "do not seem to have any direct connection with those of the Old World." This expression is striking and important from a man so thoroughly acquainted with the Buddhist and other monuments of India, in which so many speculative minds and active imaginations profess to find, not merely resemblances, but absolute identities, with the monuments of Central America.

A History of Massachusetts in the Civil War. By William Schouler, late Adjutant-General of the Commonwealth. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 670, 711. (Boston: Vol. I., 1868. Vol. II., 1871.)—The State-house view and the town-meeting view of Massachusetts in the war have each a volume given to them by Mr. Schouler, who also contemplates a third volume containing what we may call the view from the front—a history of each Massachusetts regiment in the field. If this design be carried out, as we hope it will be, it will leave all other State war records behind, full and meritorious as some of them have been. We are disposed to regard it as particularly creditable in our author that he refrained from bringing out his field history first, while the public was still easily moved by narratives of this sort, and had a painfully distinct recollection of the sequence and varying fortunes of the struggle. The logical order promised at no time so many or so interested readers, and that it prevailed with Mr. Schouler is evidence of a singleness of purpose which deserves a passing word of acknowledgment. The official memoirs, doubtless, which lie before us, could not well—or at least so well—have been written by any other person even using the same materials. Nevertheless, the magnitude of the task might have served as a valid excuse for declining the office of historian had Mr. Schouler, no longer a young man, been so disposed. That he did not decline it, but accepted it, and has given five years of hard labor to it with these handsome results, should be recognized by the State as an honorable continuation of the services which he rendered as adjutant-general during the rebellion.

As Vol. I. treats of the successive steps taken by the commonwealth of Massachusetts to furnish its contingent to the Federal army and to sustain the National Government by its credit, advice, and patriotic example, it has most interest for the general reader. Inevitably it is, for the period which it covers, to a large extent a biography of Governor Andrew, told by a devoted admirer indeed, but mostly in the Governor's own words, as recorded in the wonderfully voluminous letter-books preserved in the State archives. He is the central figure, foreseeing, inciting, and directing all, whose very first official utterance gave the key-note of Northern resistance to Southern secession and aggression. Banks had closed his term of office by advising, in face of a rapidly dissolving Union, the repeal of the Massachusetts Personal Liberty Law. Andrew succeeded him with an argument in defence of the statute, and put Massachusetts in her proper place over against South Carolina. The story of these first days before and just after Sumter is well related by Mr. Schouler, as for example the circumstantial account of the efforts to prevent Lincoln from being inaugurated, and the part which a Massachusetts man played in thwarting them. Butler's volunteering to put down an imaginary slave insurrection in Maryland, and his subsequent difference with Governor Andrew in regard to recruiting, are clearly set forth from a point of view not exactly that of Mr. Parton. Mr. Phillips' contradictory predictions, a week apart, are given side by side without comment, needing none. The doings of the party conventions from year to year are carefully, though summarily, reported; and Judge Parker, of Cambridge, denouncing to the Democracy the Altoona meeting of loyal Governors, at which Governor Andrew was prominent, is sent down to posterity as making the curious declaration (Oct., 1862) that if these treasonable plotters were seeking the removal of General McClellan, "they met too late to dare to do this, as he was the commander of a victorious army, and it was dangerous."

A highly instructive feature of this volume is the intercourse between the Massachusetts Executive and the War Department, more specifically between Gov. Andrew and Secretaries Cameron and Stanton. The start which the State, thanks to its prudent Executive, was able to take in responding to the call for troops, required it from the beginning to make constant appeals to the War Department for rulings on questions of recruiting, equipment, pay, bounty, quota, allowance, coast defence, colored troops, naval credits, etc., etc., all of which Gov. Andrew urged with his accustomed fervor and pertinacity. Oftener than not his wishes were consulted, and views adopted; not unfrequently they were disappointed, for reasons good and bad. Occasionally the cordial relations between Stanton and Andrew were endangered by the former's arbitrary and rude decisions, or refusal to consider cases. Mr. Schouler's readers, however, will hardly fail to find excuses for Mr. Stanton when they see Gov. Andrew, like the rest, bringing him to his scheme for the conduct of the war—a descent on the coast of Texas.

The war legislation of Massachusetts will be found especially worthy of study, having been proved in the main to have been wisely considered, as it was purely administered. Much of it, perhaps the best, says Mr. Schouler, was the result of suggestions coming in more or less official shape from town-meetings. To these the second volume is wholly devoted. "We have read," he says in the preface, "with care, and for a purpose, every vote and every resolve acted upon or passed at every town-meeting held during the war in Massachusetts." The result of this industry, given town by town in alphabetical order, hardly any one would undertake to read through, and yet it embodies probably the most valuable lessons this history has to give; and they must consult it who would know how the most intelligent and homogeneous community in the United States met the gravest emergency ever visited upon a free society, and in what lies the strength of an enlightened republic under this and all similar tests. While waiting for Mr. Schouler's third volume, the picture will be made tolerably complete by reading over again the "Harvard Memorial Biographies."

Kate Beaumont. By J. W. De Forest. (Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.)—It cannot be denied that Mr. De Forest has many of the necessary qualifications of a good novelist. His plots are always interesting, and the reader is carried on to the end of the book in a pleasing uncertainty between a profound conviction of a happy issue and alarm at the dangers that encompass the tortured hero and heroine. His characters are sharply and humorously drawn, and if they often lack those higher qualities that make people interesting in stories as well as in life, they have certainly the merit of distinctness. They make an impression as of people whom we have seen. They stand out well. The scenes, too, that he represents are put before us with considerable dramatic vigor. His style is never dull, and the little side-remarks—the sort of indication of the writer's reflection—are often quite amusing. But there are certain faults, of a kind in which Mr. De Forest is not a solitary offender. For instance, on page 11, we find: "Same with some women; can't believe they have passed the age of fascinating; make eyes at young dandies who don't understand it at all; would beggar themselves for a husband of twenty-two." If this is worth saying at all, is it not worth saying better? Not only does one detect here a careless style, but also the presence of a trait that is more marked in the description of Judge McAlister, on page 34, and which, to some extent, savors of coarseness, not to put too fine a point on it. For who cares for the measurement of the Judge's hips or for the touching of his knees? Nor is the account of his resemblance, in stooping, to an elephant a pleasing picture.

If this novel is absolutely reeking with bad whiskey and noisy with pistol-shots, that is because Mr. De Forest has given us the "Southrons" as so many of them were, and not as the English travellers used to represent them—a set of mild-eyed patriarchs, presiding with firm but gentle sway over hereditary acres and devoted bondsmen. We see their sensitiveness arising from their almost total lack of humor, which is so marked a Southern want, their lofty belief in themselves, and their fanatical devotion to their duelling code, all of which are the natural products in sinful man of ignorance, idleness, and slight responsibility. Even those who have had the opportunity to profit by a European education return as bigoted as those who have always lived upon the plantation. McAlister, the hero, is an exception; but he, too, though against his will, has to obey their fantastic code of honor. In all of this part of the story Mr. De Forest shows fully his merits as well as his faults. The various peculiarities of the Southerner are drawn amusingly and with only that amount of caricature which pales into insignificance before certain well-known facts in the history of that part of the country before the war; and the author deserves credit for bringing into literature that period of our history which ran so great a risk of being forgotten, for most tales about the slave States were simply veiled arguments in favor of Abolitionism, or the unearthly visions of the genuine Southern novelist. But, while we gladly acknowledge the truth and vigor of Mr. De Forest's account of Southern life, something more is required before a story can receive the highest praise. Mere accuracy of description will never make a good novel. That is but the framework in which the story is set. We take up this book to read of the loves of Kate Beaumont and young McAlister. The family feud is a perfectly legitimate means of tormenting these two young people; but the real interest of the story should lie in the agonies of their distracted hearts, and not in the curious antics of their eccentric relations. The sentimental reader demands that the account of the Southerner's whiskey-bibbing should be subordinated to the story of these loves; that the study of the human heart, the same from Maine to Texas, should not be sacrificed to the "local color." This requirement is not met in "Kate Beaumont." We are told that the hero and the heroine suffered, hoped, were disappointed, again were nearly certain of bliss—but all this is merely stated; what is actually put before us is the conduct of the other people of the story. It is not unlike a play in which the scenery is admirably painted, and all the subordinate characters are excellently represented; they know their parts perfectly, they fight with a bloodthirstiness that cannot be too highly commended; the blue and red fires blaze at the proper moment, but the hero and heroine do not come upon the stage.

While Mr. De Forest lacks this all-important qualification, the comprehension of what really makes a story, he deserves all praise for his various merits, which are of a sort by no means common. He has written a novel that is very readable, and he has given proof of being able to do more and better work. His painstaking, his careful observation and sprightliness, are qualities which will certainly achieve a more than partial success.

Fine Arts.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

II.

IT seems curious to go to Velasquez for a painting of a butterfly, but his fruit-piece, No. 171, contains one, and a gossamer-like little flirt it is too. For those who think that still-life cannot be painted in the grand style, these fruits are a sufficient refutation. Everything is done with originality and largeness, as if to prove that the mallet-hand was voluntarily carving cherry-stones, and it is amusing to see that this poor pyramid of sweets has a mountain background. In the front lies an apple, which was a flat disc until, with a little instantaneous coruscation of golden dabs, the painter adjusted his high-light and sphered the fruit. The grapes behind it express unmistakably the hardness and coldness of not yet ripened bunches. The picture is an interesting specimen of the class of studies on which Velasquez spent his early ingenuity and research, commanding every sort of art-expression by original methods of his own, until at last, with this same economy of means, he arrived at all that was great in human portraiture. There is in the Museum another picture of the Spanish school, by the eccentric painter Goya, which deserves attention for its own as well as its author's sake. It is a little study of considerable finish, representing a Jewess of Tangier in the rigid embarrassment of her fine clothes. With her right hand she holds a rich veil to her breast, while her left bears a fan that unfurls into a circle. Circular discs and amulets depend from her body until she resembles a parchment deed or charter with its seals. The painting is sombrely luscious, and gives one a decided respect for Goya, the unmanageable pet of Charles IV.—a man who, after Cellini and Salvator, is the most remarkable personality among artists. The favorite of the king and the comrade of bull-fighters, Goya was a rule unto himself, amenable to no standard of social criticism. His etchings, the "Caprichos," satirize the follies of the court with a terrific bitterness. Another set, the "Tauromachia," in thirty-three plates, delineate the history of the bull-fight, an institution he dearly loved, from the Moors to the commencement of the nineteenth century (Goya died in 1828). In painting he was a savage Ishmaelite. He painted with sponges, with brooms, with rags. One of his scenes, a "Dos de Maio," a combat of French and Spaniards, was done with a spoon, and it is a picture of tremendous vigor. Always a hasty and incorrect designer, the vitality of his conception carries off the rudeness of the science, while the verity of his color and his instinct of composition give quality to everything he has left. His perpetual intrigues and life of license did not prevent him from being one of the most prolific of painters. He was equally happy in portraits, sacred subjects, caricatures, and genre. He painted the king and queen in large equestrian pictures; he copied after Velasquez; he sometimes covered thirty feet of wall in a day or two; he was an industrious engraver and etcher; and at last, in order to die in character, when old and almost blind he took to making lithographic drawings, in which his favorite bull-fights were poured forth with a profusion and spirit not at all impaired by the fact that they were done in the dark. It is well to possess even so slight a bit of handiwork on which to hang a souvenir of this strange creature.

Of Italian painting there is, in the figure line, an insufficient yet fascinating represention. The finest thing is the portrait by Paris Bordone of a Milanese count, a Sforza. Here is a palette that has been near enough to Titian to float off some of the potable gold of his atmosphere. Separated as we are in this country from the art of Venice, the coloration of Bordone's picture, among the Dutch exactitudes which hang around it, seems to have the sacredness of a sermon against impurity, muddiness, asphaltum, and mummy. Beautiful as an angel, and apparently painted at sunset, the boy-warrior lifts in the clearest light his oval face, surrounded with blowing silken hair that parts in the middle, and set upon a strong young body in complete armor, like a St. George. The heavenly freshness of the complexion and the large, felicitous manner make one recur to this picture as a constant delight, although it by no means leaves upon the mind that conviction of earnest fidelity in the portraiture which is impressed by some of the Flanders work. By Albani there are four decorations, of a broad, low shape, representing little naked genii engaged in various children's games, their color being as riant as their occupation, but the painting too careless to challenge any criticism. By Sassoferrato there is a Virgin, a small bust picture. It represents, of course, a late eclectic school, and is quite powerless over the sympathies of a modern spectator; yet it is a bit of perfect achievement, in perfect order; and the draperies, which introduce every kind of torsion that there is room for in the frame, are as careful in drawing and texture as is the elegantly-afflicted face. Three little easel-pictures by Tiepolo represent art still further conducted on the path of beautiful dilettantism. These softly-glowing and obdurately graceful compositions, arranged according to a rule and blushing on principle, with gauzy angels, graceful pages, curtains, and antique statues, are much the same, whether the "Crowning with Thorns" or the "Triumph of Ferdinand III." be the subject, and are the most charming of interpreters of religion and politics for the boudoirs of duchesses.

The French pictures include a Greuze and a Poussin, the latter an important one, but detained for the time being in Paris until M. Jacquemart shall have copied it in aquafortis. The specimen of Greuze, whose works have lately been attaining such wild valuation among his countrymen, is truly very fine. It is a life-size study, from the model whose face he so often repeats, of the head for the pleading girl in the "Paternal Malediction," one of his capital works at the Louvre. These full-size *Académies* are the specimens to seek for in getting up a high idea of the talent of Greuze, as they are filled with life and vigor, whereas in reducing them for his elaborate groups the artist always fell into the white-wax manner and finish which distress the critic. It is, perhaps, useless for us to try to attain the pious ecstasy with which the French gather to the feet of Greuze, as the one poet of chaste family joys and sorrows in humble life. For us, his uncropped village maids seem to show a good deal of neck, the white-haired fathers are self-conscious, and everybody has a cloying balance of feature more or less referable to the Apollo Belvedere. This profile of a young, distressed girl, however, is a fine bit, laid upon the canvas with decision and delicacy, and, in expression, suggestive of a mitigable grief which it would be a very pleasant task to soothe away. Of seventeenth-century French—a class yielding but few treasures—there is a group of beggars by one of the brothers Le Nain; a squalid family in the costume, so far as they wear any, of 1700, waylaying the rich passenger with the sullen pertinacity in which we can perceive the muttering of the Revolution.

English art is hardly recognized in the collection, but there is a fair though not remarkable Reynolds, a portrait of Sir Edward Hughes, wearing a red face and a white wig; it is painted with great sincerity and lifelikeness. Of Sir Peter Lely, in his English manner, there is the head of a court brunette, painted, like most of the later Lelys, with a supreme heartlessness and coldness of debauched talent that leaves the work almost incoherent, except in so far as it is stiffened with a kind of varnish of Vandyck. Far better, if court beauty must be painted in its full caparison, is the happily shallow and idealess Duchess of Mazarin, by Nicholas Maas, which happens to hang beside the Lely. This style of painting, imitated from the effects of pastel, has a fragile elegance very dainty and modish, quite applicable to the subject in hand. The little lady, who is nearly featureless, her nose being a pustule and her eyes somewhat like soap-bubbles, displays a general glitter of bust and arms, due to the painter's tone, which is rather pearl-powdery than pearly. Like an honest courtier, he cannot draw a line, and his sitter's wrist is badly wrenched, and her torso impossible; but he is at home with her cosmetics and with her hair, the latter, in its flossy abundance, giving him something to work on that he could really appreciate and develop with sympathy. This doll Duchess at least enjoys dress and chandeliers, while the white-bosomed Lely, as is usual with his "beauties," is a sphynx too dull to understand her own enigma.

In the anteroom where the portraits last spoken of abide is Vela's statue, a work of quite another sentiment, but which, if noticed at all, should be mentioned among the figure subjects. As one of the most striking works of plastic art yet brought to the country, it merits a better and more disengaged review than we can now give, but we will attach a few remarks to it. The marble is not the property of the Museum, being a loan from its owner, Mr. John Taylor Johnston, and it is not placed in a light which at all brings out its drawing. The side view, which happens to relieve the profile against a dark canvas, is the only view which can now be advantageously taken. The subject is "The Last Days of Napoleon." The captive is represented propped on pillows in a large chair, his head sunk upon his bare chest, from which the dressing-gown has been thrown back, his clenched fist bearing with vast expression upon a map of Europe which is on his lap. This is a replica of that "Napoléon Mourant" which was so covered with votive violets and poems when displayed in the last Paris Exposition. It is said to be a carving rather more satisfactory to the artist, or more true to his clay ideal, than the Paris impression. Either one is probably inferior to the statue of "Spring" which Vela sent at the same time to the Champ de Mars; but the romance of the subject, of course, threw any quieter work into eclipse. The "Napoleon" is a most striking image of will still conquering in spite of circumstance. The head has the immense brain development, the sculptural features, of the first Bonaparte, appropriately modified by age and illness. The film over the profound eye, the thinking swell of the nostril, the fixity of the pressed lips and of the muscle upon the chin, are immensely impressive, and form altogether a type of imperious resolve. The statue is of far too elevated an order to admit of any discoverable faults of *métier*, and the only question is whether it has not too many perfections. The Greeks, as their relics tell us, had an art, by massing details and omitting petty traits, of making a heroic marble seem far away, completely rapt into ideal air. By this they could counteract the tendency, always too strong in a spectator, to examine pieces of sculpture with the end of the nose. But Vela, in his Napoleon, insists on the closest scrutiny, and we think it incontestable that he thereby loses the highest impression for his work. The hands, finished to the pores of the skin, and creating an effect of painting rather than of sculpture, become curiosities; the blanket covering the lap is stippled over with a tool made express, so as to imitate illusively the web of the material; the chair-frame is chiselled in all its trimmings of ormolu; and the stamped leather of its back, and the embroidery of the robe, are so beautifully invented and displayed that they seduce the most sincere attention. The conception of the "Napoléon Mourant" is a grand one, grandly printed, but it is a question whether it be not dissipated among the wealth of accessories.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1872.

The Week.

THE principal event of the week in Congress has been the Senate's passage of the “free breakfast-table” bill, admitting tea and coffee free of duty. It will be recollected that Mr. Sherman's device had been previously practised in the House by the Protectionists there, so that now both houses have swept the duties off tea and coffee, though the duty on salt, cutlery, and so on leaves the breakfast-table about as much encumbered as before. The bills are different in some respects, and will lead to a conference. But it is certain that the duty will be removed by the 1st of July, so that dealers can go on with their dealing, but many of them have lost enormously. The probabilities seem to be that no general revision of the tariff will take place this session, the minds of the members being too much occupied with coming events. Most agree in declaring that the mind of the average Congressman is, however, a great deal easier than it has been for some weeks past, there being more certainty than there was that the Philadelphia Convention will be the real seat of power, and at all events the safest thing to adhere to. In the meantime, rumors about the Cincinnati Convention continue to be as numerous and conflicting as ever. There are some rather extravagant ones about the persons who are expected to be present. Mr. George Alfred Townsend, of the Chicago *Tribune*, has interviewed Mr. Sumner, who is, he says, “concerned about the Cincinnati Convention, and wants it to be a Republican Convention in the larger, broader sense of a common country, legible legislation, and an exemplary executive,” which sounds attractive, but is, we confess, not very clear. He declares “General Grant's administration has exceeded that of Andrew Jackson in violence of personal purpose, and attacks on other departments of the Government.”

The French arms investigation is drawing to a close, and certainly very little, if anything, has come of it, or is apparently likely to come, which makes the frantic opposition offered to it in the Senate all the more incomprehensible. The discrepancy between the amount of the receipts of the War Department and the receipts of the Treasury from the sales of arms was explained long ago. It now appears that the difference between the amount accounted for by the Treasury and the amount paid by the French Government represents the addition to the arms bought of the Government of other arms obtained by the French agents from private dealers. Some of the other charges, such as the private sale of arms which ought to have been sold by advertisement publicly, are met by what is really a confession that disregard of the letter of the law has grown into a usage in some departments of the Government. Thus it is said in this case that General Schofield, when Secretary of War, had decided verbally that it was not necessary that every lot of stores should be advertised; that when one lot of a particular kind of stores had been sold under advertisement, the requirements of the law had been satisfied. So also it is alleged to have become “an understood thing” that when you sell breech-loaders you must supply cartridges, therefore the manufacture of cartridges to accompany the rifles in the present case was a necessary consequence of the sale. The terms “damaged” or “unsuitable,” as applied to arms, has also been construed by the officers of the War Department as meaning any arms which have been outstripped by an improved pattern. Whether this interpretation, which leaves an enormous discretion to the War Department, will hold good remains to be seen. Another great point of debate, which is, after all, a purely legal point, is whether, a sale of arms having been made to a man, and it having been discovered after the closing of the contract that he is the agent of a belligerent, it is a breach of the neutrality laws to deliver the goods. The Administration men say it is not, the anti-Administration men say it is. The point is a nice one; but it is one in which, whichever way it is decided, it will be hard to make anybody out a rascal.

“You never can tell till after election,” is a warning to prophets which we fancy does not apply this year in the case of Connecticut, for it seems clear that the Democrats are not going to carry the State next Monday, either by their own exertions or by any help of Liberal Republicans. Republicans who intend joining the Reform movement, if that movement shall seem to them to take the right course, are not going to “Liberalize” by ones and twos; and as for the Liberal leaders, they would appear to have determined to do nothing by way of preventing the President's renomination at Philadelphia, apparently thinking it better to make a fight for reform from the semi-detached position of Cincinnati, than to attempt reform from the very inside of “inside politics” at Philadelphia. We suppose that beyond peradventure such an attempt would be futile. Even if for any reason the officeholders should think of dropping General Grant, it certainly would not be in the interest of any true reform that he would be dropped by the men who constitute his *entourage*—by Cameron, Forney, Murphy, Morton, Harlan, Conkling, Pomeroy, Casey, Carpenter, Scott, and the like—that portion of the party, in short, which will have to be sloughed off before reform is possible. They might learn to look on General Grant's nomination as a make-bate that would divide the party; but, even so, their new candidates would be make shifts, sops to soothe for a moment rather than permanently to satisfy, and by no means promising the real amendment in our politics which is sought by Trumbull, Sumner, Schurz, Cox, Adams, Matthews, Brown, and their friends. Whatever the reason, the Liberal Republican leaders seem to have decided on making their first sign in May next, and meantime the rank and file, of course, take no action either organized or individual. This being so, and the Administration being extremely active, while the Democratic State Committee is extremely quiet, the Democracy cannot have any great expectation of carrying the State. The Administration men count on a majority for Mr. Jewell of five hundred, which would be five times that of last year, and we do not see why they should not get it and more.

For the last few years, the good-sized Tammany colony at Greenwich, Connecticut, with its mushroom village of fine houses and palatial stables, has greatly helped the Democratic cause in Connecticut, and to its votes and its money it is probable that Republican defeat has several times been due. This year none of Tweed's money will go into the State, and, on the other hand, the postmasters and tidewaiters have probably had to bleed heavily in behalf of the Administration cause. Speakers have been more numerous and active than is usual, except in the years of Presidential elections, and as for the pecuniary contributions to success, we judge from the case of New Hampshire that they have been large. “Probably,” says an intelligent correspondent, “so much money was never lavished on a New Hampshire contest before, at least by the Republicans.” Another says “there is a widespread feeling of anxiety among good citizens at the venality of the election.” To do the Administration men justice, it is not said that all the money laid out came from Custom-house contributions and other such sources. Mr. E. H. Rollins is a strong Administration man, but he is also said to be treasurer of the Pacific Railroad Company, which is said to want to see its secretary in the Senate, where it has use for him; and this corporation is said to have supplied money for the canvass in the hope that Mr.

Rollins may be made Senator in place of Mr. Patterson, whose term expires. Mr. Rollins has long and often been a Republican canvasser of New Hampshire, knows the poll of each party in every hamlet and ward of the State, and is a politician of a well-known kind—a kind better known than respected. He probably has not the first requisite for the place he seeks, and of eminent disqualifications he has several. Other money, however, than his and his railroad company's appears to have been plenty in the canvass, and in "redeeming" Connecticut also, levies upon Federal officials have, according to all accounts, been found quite necessary. All things considered, then, another "endorsement of the Administration" may, we think, be confidently expected next Monday. That, at all events, one might reasonably take to be the issue as made up, for the Democrats are on a platform which differs from that of their regular Republican brethren only in its lacking the plank in which the latter assert of the present Administration that it seems to them wise, great, and good—which of course, *ex vi termini*, it must seem to the Federal office-holding mind.

To what an extent in our politics the will of the allied Postmaster, United States Marshal, Collector, Assessor, and Inspector, may be and is substituted for the will of the people, a majority of the voting public hardly knows, much as has been said about it. Take, for instance, the recent history of the Republican party of Kentucky, a section of which has broken into open revolt at Covington. Several things appear to have united to dissatisfy the Covington Republicans, but as we have not any very clear version of both sides of the stories which are told, we merely say that they do not look particularly criminal, but are of that malodorous kind which Mr. Jesse Grant has for some years succeeded in getting told about him, and which all indicate a certain lowness of tone, to say the least of it, with which even insensitive American citizens are not much pleased. Whatever the remote and immediate causes, the Covington delegation to the State Convention were not in favor of the President's renomination, and they found themselves compelled to withdraw from that body, which, it seems, had no sooner come together than it showed itself determined to "endorse the Administration." The discontented delegates have just been holding at Covington a public meeting of protest, in which there was much racy talk, and, among other speakers, General Burbridge described the composition of the Louisville Convention and made an exhibit that will perhaps excite as much surprise in the reader as does the unanimity with which we read that State delegations to Philadelphia are "instructed to vote for Grant." The Louisville Convention was called to order by a gentleman who had been a Federal officeholder for sixteen years. The Committee on Organization contained a revenue officer; another revenue officer; third, a revenue officer; fourth, a revenue officer. The Secretaries were postmasters, custom-house officials, and gentlemen who owned newspapers.

The Committee on Resolutions had on it a gentleman on the staff of a Louisville newspaper, who held office under Mr. Johnson, and probably hopes he may never be so tempted again; second, a collector of internal revenue; third, a late consul to Foochow, whom also it would probably be dangerous to tempt with the offer of a new office; fourth, a gentleman who is not reported as being in office; fifth, a revenue officer; sixth, an assistant assessor of internal revenue. The Committee on Permanent Organization contained a gentleman not described as having any office, but as not being a good Republican; second, a postmaster; third, a postmaster; fourth, an assistant assessor; the chairman was a pronounced Administration man. Altogether, there were present in the Convention, General Burbridge says, 75 office-holders known to him, of whom the most prominent were collectors, assessors, and pension agents, and with these were their subordinates and assistants. There were also present forty Johnson men, and General Burbridge and his constituents think that the Louisville delegation to Philadelphia is no fair representation of the wish and will of the Kentucky Republicans.

One Administration paper, the *Indianapolis Journal*, has undertaken to reply to the questions we asked the other day about certain points in General Grant's course, and the reply is that the question is one of taste, and that the *Nation's* standard is not that of General Grant, and that his "Administration is not to be tried or condemned by the people on a question of propriety and good taste." What interests the people, it says, is seeing the tariff reduced, the taxes decreasing, the debt paid off, the premium on gold declining, and it laments that such papers as the *Nation* should be driven to such pitiful straits for arguments.

We fell into a slight error last week in the article on "Our Case," in speaking of the memorandum of "confidential instructions" as having been given to the counsel. It was given to the Commissioners, but we are informed they acted independently of it when proposing "the amicable settlement." We do not know that any progress has been made in the negotiations since our last issue. Earl Granville's reply to Mr. Fish's answer is said to be on its way to this country, but we know of no reason for believing that anything will come of it, except a rumor that he proposes that both parties should go before the Board, under a declaration from England that even if consequential damages are awarded she will not pay them. This would be arbitration with a vengeance. In the meantime, interest in the whole subject is, in this country, we think, daily declining, and until the Presidential election is over is not likely to be revived. Among the latest contributions to the literature of the controversy has been a letter from Mr. Cyrus W. Field and one from Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, the lawyer of this city who was so shamefully struck down two years ago, and whose recovery everybody will be delighted to hear of.

There has been a lively debate in the French Assembly over the International, it being proposed to legislate against it, during which M. Tolain, who is one of the International chiefs, made a really able speech in its defence. Louis Blanc made the strongest point against all hostile legislation, viz., that it would help to spread the organization. Efforts still continue to be made to bring about something like a co-operative effort on the part of European governments to put it down, and the Spanish Minister of State has issued a circular, calling attention to the fact that the Cortes has declared it outside the constitution and liable to the penal code, and the Government has determined to introduce a bill dissolving the Association; and he proposes that all governments should enter into a common agreement for universal and simultaneous action, and he urges that nations which have no extradition treaty with Spain should enter into a special agreement as to whatever relates to the International. There could hardly be a more unfortunate move, if it be desired to put the International down. The best chance of its extinction lies in the indifference of workingmen, and the very best way to rouse their enthusiasm for it is to begin to persecute the members. A Holy Alliance of the governments would be apt to arouse this enthusiasm in an extraordinary degree.

The most exciting of recent events in French politics, however, has been the trial and acquittal of M. Janvier de la Motte, the ex-Prefect of Seine-Inférieure, on a charge of malversation of funds and malfeasance in office. He was one of the jolly, pleasure-loving prefects of the Empire, careless about his accounts, as were all the officials of the Empire, for there was no one to overhaul them; on excellent terms with the Council-General, who were his official auditors, but let him do what he pleased; given to fêtes both public and private, and various other prodigalities, moral and immoral; and very fond of resorting to what the French financiers call *virements*, or transfers of money, in the discretion of the officials handling it, from the object for which it was appropriated by the legislative body, to such other object, new or old, as the officer might see fit. Under this system the appropriations of the legislature were simply farcical, as nobody knew whether they would be allowed to stand or not. It was, in fact, the *virements* which left the army in the wretched condition in which the German invasion found it, as the money voted for military purposes was regularly diverted in part to objects which would not bear public discussion. The *virements*, too, went down through all grades of the official hierarchy. The Emperor resorted to these on a great scale, the prefects and sous-prefects on a smaller one, and so on. M. Janvier de la Motte was one of the greatest *vireurs* of them all. It was curious to see, too, how closely the tricks of these Imperial financiers resembled those of our own Ring, for one of M. Janvier de la Motte's favorite modes of raising money was to employ persons to do things for the department, make them send in exorbitant bills, and give receipts for far more than they received. M. Pouyer-Quertier, the Minister of Finance, was summoned in the trial as a witness for the defence, and he testified strongly in the prisoner's favor, maintained that his irregularities were justified by law and usage, and finally went so far as to denounce his colleague, the Minister of Justice, M. Dufaure, for instituting the prosecution. This was a little too much, and M. Pouyer-Quertier has had to resign.

There is perhaps nothing more curious in the administration of Republican government in France than its policy towards the press, which is simply the Imperial policy, but the Imperial policy aggravated and made somewhat more arbitrary; but then the accused enjoy trial by jury, which they did not under the Empire. The *Radical* was lately sentenced to pay a fine for some breach of the press law, and by way of raising the money issued a special number at ten sous, the ordinary price being two sous, thus affording its friends an opportunity of coming to its aid. For this it has been fined again one thousand francs, and what is most comical is that two other papers which called attention to this extra number have been fined five hundred francs each. Of course, anything like the healthy formation or free interchange of opinion is impossible under a régime of this sort. Our Paris correspondent gave last week some account of the law as it stands. Modifications are proposed in it by a bill now before the Assembly, one clause of which reserves the right of free discussion of constitutional questions, but this the Government opposes—in this, too, following the example of the Empire, who was always laboring to get people to accept free speech with this restriction—that is, take the constitution as an accomplished and unalterable fact. Perhaps nothing in French life impresses one more painfully than the enormous amount of labor the Government takes on itself. Besides seeing that the newspapers publish the right kind of articles and do not spread false news, it looks after the theatres as a schoolmaster looks after his school. An actor at Marseilles, who had been connected with the Commune, was recently loudly applauded, so loudly that the police concluded that it must be the Commune that caused it and not his acting, so they threatened to close the theatre.

The Prussian Upper House has, by a marked majority, agreed to the bill placing the superintendence of the public schools hereafter in the hands of the Government, instead of the priesthood, whether Protestant or Catholic. This event, of incalculable importance not only for education, but for religion itself, was preceded on the 29th of February by a decree of Minister Falk's, affecting one of his predecessor Von Mühler's, and which, while it tends to relegate religious instruction to the church and the family, shows the purpose of the Government to respect freedom of conscience. As it happens, the Ultramontane infallibilists are those in vindication of whose rights of conscience the decree was specially issued. Dr. Wollmann, religious instructor in the Gymnasium at Braunsberg, having taken sides with the Old Catholics against the syllabus and the dogma, was excommunicated, but, being retained by the Government in his position, petitions were addressed to it asking that the children of Roman Catholic parents, strictly so-called, might be excused from the teachings of such a heretic. Von Mühler, however, in a letter of 29th June of last year to the Bishop of Ermeland, refused to allow this privilege, although he could not legally have denied it to Jews or dissenters. Now comes his successor, and applies a general rule that religious instruction in the higher schools shall not be enforced if parents, on asking dispensation from it, can convince the proper authorities that their children are receiving instruction equivalent to that laid down in the school programme. In most cases, the certificate of the priest, pastor, or other qualified instructor will be deemed satisfactory on this point. Thus, all sects and even individuals not avowedly irreligious may have their preferences gratified and their scruples respected; but the Ultramontanists, doubtless, consider their local success to have been dearly purchased.

A great meeting was held in Rome on the evening of March 4, at the Teatro Argentina, to which people flocked, say the reports, as if to one of the regular entertainments of the place, about half the audience, however, consisting of foreigners—Germans, English, and Americans. The object was to assist in the formation of an Italian Bible Society, of which our Admiral Fishborne had consented to assume the presidency, only because, as he frankly informed the meeting, no Italian had been found who would accept the office. Father Gavazzi and Father Hyacinth, coming from the editorial sanctum of the *Espérance de Rome*, also made speeches, each after its kind, the Frenchman's being the best, it need not be said. With consummate tact, he made himself at home in a strictly Protestant movement, beginning with an allusion to the friendly debate which had just taken place, with the Pope's permission and almost blessing, as to the sojourn of St. Peter in Rome, and auguring from that the possible reconciliation of Christians of opposing sects. To this end, he regarded the diffusion of the Bible among all classes as of no slight value. His remarks seemed to the audience the natural termination of the meeting, and they accordingly dispersed without hearing the rest of the programme, and without paying much attention to the contribution-box which then began to be passed around. The impression made by this affair on the Italian public appears to have been extremely feeble, the newspapers making light of it, and the cultivated classes regarding it with that indifference with which they treat all serious efforts, direct or indirect, to combat the Papacy.

The Pope, who never forgets that he is an Italian, and who, left to himself, is always better than his advisers, has been doing an act of charity which has led the sanguine to believe a *modus vivendi* yet practicable. A Venetian deputy, Fambri, a part of whose constituents inhabit the island of Burano, and live by fishing, having paid them a visit and learned their wretched condition, owing to the unusual severity of the winter, bestirred himself in their behalf, first making known the facts in the columns of the *Rinnovamento*. This quickly brought in subscriptions amounting to $700, when one day there came $2,000, which Pius IX. had ordered Cardinal Antonelli to transmit in care of the Patriarch of Venice, for distribution among the most needy. Meantime, however, with the breaking up of the ice, the suffering had been greatly diminished, and municipal succor had intervened, so that it seemed best to use the Pope's contribution in providing permanent relief, in the form of a hospital, against a like calamity. The terms of the letter which accompanied it, however, were such as to make it proper to obtain permission so to dispose of it, and this gave occasion to Fambri to call upon Cardinal Antonelli, who received him with perfect courtesy and gave him to apprehend no difficulty in getting the Pope's consent to his request.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY NOT A CHURCH.

THERE is no denying that the Republican party contains the greater part of the intelligence and morality of the nation. At all events, the Democratic party contains the greater part of its ignorance and depravity, for old Dr. Dwight's saying was almost literally true, "that though all Democrats are not horse-thieves, all horse-thieves are Democrats." From this state of things a great many people have deduced the conclusion that the Republican party is an engine which may be used at pleasure for the promotion of all forms of righteousness, that, in short, the organization is to all intents and purposes a church, and that the aim of its members is simply right living. Another conclusion of a somewhat similar character from these same premises is, that the Democratic party is an instrument of evil, and of evil only, and that its members are not opponents to be won over, but enemies to be fought. This feeling is, indeed, now carried to the point of wishing to prevent Democrats voting for a good ticket on an unexceptionable platform, very much as a church would refuse to rent a pew to Satan or admit him to membership, no matter what professions of penitence and piety he might make.

A party is, however, not a church, nor anything like a church. It may be composed of excellent men, but its object is never good in general, but the embodiment in legislation of some particular good embraced in two or three ideas. The reason of this is obvious enough. It is not possible to secure the general agreement of a large body of men of widely differing pursuits, habits, creeds, and training, upon a large number of subjects, much less to secure such strong and cordial agreement as is necessary to produce vigorous and united political action. A party always grows up on one great idea, and rallies to the support of a particular line of policy on one or two subjects. As long as this policy can be pursued, and has not been fully carried out, the party holds together. When the object of the policy has been obtained, however, and the members of the party begin to look about for new aims, they at once find themselves divided in sentiment. The Federal party flourished as long as the moulding of the States into a solid union, and the construction of a strong government for its preservation, was the work to be done. As soon as this was accomplished, and it sought to conduct the government on conservative principles, it died out. The Democratic party grew up on the idea that legislation ought to be made as far as possible to promote social equality and the destruction of privilege, and that all officials ought to be brought into close dependence on the people by elections at frequent intervals. It flourished and grew as long as there was any work of this kind to be done, until, in short, it had embodied its doctrines in the constitution of nearly every State in the Union. Relying on the perfection of its discipline and the powerful influence of its traditions, an attempt was then made by its leaders to use it for an entirely different purpose—the preservation of the Union against the disintegrating effect of the anti-slavery agitation, and, finally, the defence of the institution of slavery itself. No sooner had it entered on this path than it began to go to pieces, and finally lost all hold on power, and all hope of regaining it, the desertions from its ranks proving more than sufficient to counterbalance the enormous reinforcements it receives from foreign immigration. The same thing may be said, *mutatis mutandis*, of the Whigs.

The Republican party was created for the single object of resisting the spread of slavery over the national domain. In laboring for this object, it was saddled with the responsibility of conducting a bloody war for the preservation of the Government, and this led also to the responsibility of making peace, or, in other words, of destroying slavery and reconstructing slave society. A contest so simple, so direct, and so exciting naturally enlisted a great variety of persons under one banner, but the hearts of all were intent on one object—the preservation of the Union by any and all means. Everything else was in their eyes of secondary importance, and any means which plainly and directly contributed to this end became respectable. The character of public men, the expenditure of the public money, the amount of the public liabilities and the mode of contracting them, the independence of the courts, the liberty of the citizen, the proper interpretation of the Constitution, became all matters of little or no moment—matters on which no agreement among Republicans was expected. The one thing necessary to constitute a man a good Republican was, for seven years at least, loyalty to the Government as represented by the majority in Congress, and hatred of rebels. The Government is now out of danger, the rebels have disappeared, and slavery has perished. What we are now asked to believe is that the motley host which the crusade against slavery and rebellion brought together, and indoctrinated necessarily with loose notions on nearly all great questions of constitutional government, this crusade over, can be led against every other evil of the day, and can be used even to weed its own ranks of bad characters, some of them its most trusted leaders; to restore that reverence for the judiciary which it has been for years zealously destroying, that respect for the letter of the Constitution which it has found its own greatest hindrance; and to bring about the purification of the civil service by the use of a standard which, in the period of its greatest peril and glory, would have deprived it of its most valuable servants. This is asking too much of us. Peter the Hermit might as well have tried to get his hosts to go into the silk manufacture after the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre.

We do not say the Republican party cannot hold together long enough to re-elect General Grant, but it cannot be turned into a reform party, in the proper acceptation of the term, because a very large proportion of its members are not reformers, and do not believe in reform, and did not enter it or labor in it for the purpose of reform. Reforms will be effected by a party formed expressly for the purpose of making them, and even such a party will only effect such reforms as it deliberately sets its heart upon when it is organized. General Grant, we think, honestly intended to make reforms when he went into office, and a considerable portion of the party looked for them at his hands; but he found very soon that this was not what the party organization as a whole looked for at his hands, and he abandoned the attempt. The civil-service rules adopted in the last year of his term are simply a feeble effort to satisfy or quiet a section of the party which is in sympathy with the main body, but which does not control it. The real party leaders care nothing about the reform, and even oppose it, and they represent the Republican type, that is, are men devoted to keeping down the rebels and "securing the fruits of the war"—such as payment of the public debt, the protection of the negroes, and the rewarding of the soldiers and sailors.

The denunciation which is going on now of that portion of the party which does not believe you can put new wine into old bottles, or, to vary the simile, teach an old dog new tricks, and which wishes to construct a real reform organization, is the process which always precedes party transformation. One of the commonest fallacies in reasoning about matters of government is found in the assertion that the party in power would do very well if enemies and malcontents would keep quiet; but the problem before all governments and all parties is so to manage its affairs that enemies and malcontents shall be of no consequence. The test of success in government is ability to resist discontent and opposition. When the monarchists overthrow a republic, it is always amusing to be told, as we constantly are, that the republic would have done well if the monarchists had behaved themselves. The fact that the monarchists were able to overthrow it is the proof that the republic was a sham. The problem before all governments is to deprive opposition of its danger. So also it is amusing to be told that the Republican party would go on swimmingly if the opposition would cease from troubling. The fact that there *is* an opposition, and that it contains such men as Trumbull and Sumner and Schurz and Greeley and Cox, and a host of others of similar standing, is in itself a condemnation of the party organization, and a proof that the bond which kept it together is dissolving in the presence of new wants and dangers and aims and aspirations.

THE STATE OF THE SOUTH.

THE indolent excuse for our failure to understand the condition of the South is that nobody can very accurately comprehend it who has not been there to see for himself. With regard to troubles of a social character, this excuse is valid; but there are some plain statistical facts recently brought to light and published which it is our duty to recognize and confront. We must acknowledge that the condition of the South from almost every point of view is extremely wretched. The property of the eleven States in 1860, exclusive of slaves, was valued at $2,728,825,006. At the end of the war their increased liabilities and loss, exclusive of slaves, was $1,272,900,390, nearly one-half the assessed value of their property at the beginning of the war. This, however, was only the State loss. Secretary Belknap fixes the rebel debt, on the 1st of April, 1865, at $2,345,297,823. This estimate would make the total loss of the rebellious States by the war $5,262,303,554. This sum, it will be seen, is about twice the assessed value of all Southern property in 1860, exclusive of slaves. Five-eighths of Southern property is gone, and the taxes upon the remainder are four times that upon the original property before the war. How much of the money wrung from this impoverished country is expended upon public improvements, it is difficult to tell; but it is likely that most of it, and certain that much of it, goes to feed the vulgar and rapacious rogues who rob and rule a people helpless and utterly exhausted.

With the exception of Virginia and Tennessee, the debts of all the States have been increased since the end of the war. The near neighborhood of those communities to the Ohio may have had some influence in driving rogues further south. The real reason, however, is the comparative fewness of the negroes. The debt of Alabama in 1866 was $5,000,000; under the rule of the enlightened and disinterested economists who have undertaken to repair her finances, that debt has been increased to $24,000,000. In North Carolina the new government was established in 1868. In 1860, the State debt was $14,000,000; in 1865, $20,000,000; in 1868, $24,000,000; and in 1871, $34,000,000. Thus the increase of debt since the war has been more than twice the increase during the war—which looks as if war were a cheaper and more prosperous condition than peace. At any rate, reconstruction seems to be morally a more disastrous process than rebellion. Guile is the strength of the weak, and the carpet-baggers have taught the Southern people to meet rogues with trickery. The Ku-klux Committee, commenting upon their dreadful poverty at the close of the war, says that manifestly they must have at once succumbed under their loss of $5,000,000,000 had it not been for the benefactions of the North. It states that the Freedmen's Bureau has spent $13,000,000 upon Southern sufferers of both colors. This does not seem a considerable sum when we think that the increased debt since the war in North Carolina has been $14,000,000. Certainly, our charities have done less good than our carpet-baggers have done damage. The theory, of course, is that something remains from the enormous sums raised by taxation, that they have been expended upon needed public improvements. In North Carolina, it was alleged, the large subsidies given to railroads would encourage immigration. There has been no immigration, however; the bonds have been sold at a disadvantage; some of the money has been stolen, and a few of the rogues have been indicted. It is impossible to say how much of the sums raised remain to the States. The carpet-baggers have had it pretty much their own way. If they chose to rob, there was nothing to prevent them. Give men a chance to be tyrants or scamps, and there is no fear that some will not be found who will avail themselves of it. Here in New York, where we have all the rascals and all the plunderers within a radius of five miles, we know how long we have been in bringing the Ring to bay. The carpet-baggers have an immense extent of country to rifle; they do not buy the legislatures, they constitute them; they enact their own registration acts and vote their own supplies. The persons they rob are not of that apathetic and well-to-do class too indifferent to go to the polls, but people who could not go if they would.

All accounts agree as to the widespread misery and penury. In Mississippi, a large planter testified that it took all his cotton for the year 1871 to pay his taxes. It is South Carolina, however, that enjoys the unenviable eminence of being the worst-robbed State of the whole eleven. In the single county of Kershaw, possessing a population of only 11,000, there were 3,600 tax-executions issued. The taxation during 1870, $2,365,047, was more than the whole taxation on double the property for five years before the war. In order to change the fiscal year, they proposed to double this, and, in 1871, to levy a tax of $4,730,094; whether this law was executed we do not know, but the fact remains that it was enacted. Peculation and corruption are as universal as poverty and distress. In 1860, South Carolina paid for offices and salaries, $123,800; in 1871, the State expended on these $581,640. In two years, $1,208,577 67 have been paid out, for which no vouchers are to be found in the Treasury. According to the minority report of the Ku-klux Committee, the disbursements exceed the appropriations by $170,683. This report, though spoiled by some rather low allusions to "ebony legislators," "men and brothers," etc., brings to light some amusing facts. Money voted with which to fit up committee-rooms has been expended on the private apartments of the colored members of the legislatures. Their rooms were furnished with Brussels carpets, sofas, mirrors, etc. About seventy-five imported porcelain spittoons, bought for the South Carolina State-House, likewise adorned their private apartments. This fact seemed to affect the democratic minority of the committee even more profoundly than the vast robberies and excessive taxations. They remark, with rugged, Spartan simplicity, that they themselves, in "the splendid capital of the nation," had never had anything but "an article of common, plain, brown earthenware, of domestic manufacture." This striking disparity between fortune and desert does not excite in us any feeling of indignation against the negroes. Emerging from a long night of slavery and cruel bondage, who can grudge them their fantastic lease of liberty and luxury? Did not graver considerations check us, our humor would be to vote them State barbers and the most delightful of oriental baths. We suspect the truth to be that in the distribution of spoils the poor African gets the gilt and plush, the porcelain spittoons, the barbaric upholstery, while the astuter Caucasian clings to the solider and more durable advantages. The negroes by themselves would be but little to be feared; yet, in the hands of the carpet-baggers, they have been the unwitting instruments of most of the harm that has been done. The swindlers could not have so got the control of things without the help of the negroes. They have made numerically the largest part of the conventions and legislatures in South Carolina. The Convention of 1868, which drew up a State constitution, was composed of 72 negroes and 49 white men. This convention made provision for a levy of $2,230,950 upon the State, which would necessitate taxation at the rate of 6 per cent.; yet but 13 of the 72 negroes paid taxes. In the Legislature of 1869, there were twelve black and twenty white senators; eight of the twelve black senators paid no taxes. In the House, there were 86 black and 37 white members; 68 of the 86 black members paid no taxes. As things are at present, there seems to be no limit to the power of the carpet-baggers to plunder the South as they choose. The only ray of hope is in the passage of an act of universal amnesty. We have given the negro the ballot to protect him against his old master; we need now to give the white citizen the vote to protect him against the carpet-bagger.

Seven years have gone over us since the close of the war, and, instead of occupying this precious season with endeavors to re-establish prosperity and to sow the seeds of a peace which, in another generation, would ripen into good-will and forgetfulness, we have averted our eyes from the whole problem, refused to listen to the complaints of men whose hands we have tied, and have fallen back upon the lazy belief that in some way this great country is bound to go through. The unconscious syllogism working in the indolent

Northern mind seems to be: “Things are no doubt very bad—how bad, we haven't the time or the inclination to ascertain. Examination of such unpleasant matters, if a duty at all, is a disagreeable one. After all, the rebels have made their own bed, and they must lie in it.” Perhaps their sufferings are only the just punishment of their crimes; but at any rate, there can be no reason for giving over the criminals into the hands of the carpet-baggers. What services have these persons rendered the country that we should grant them the monopoly of robbing rebels? It would be better to levy tribute-money, and get some national advantage from the merciless exactions inflicted upon the Southern people. Let us make up our minds one way or the other—do we or do we not propose further to punish the rebel States for their rebellion? If we do, let us at once proceed to devise some intelligent means for that purpose. If we do not, let us make haste to protect society from the ravages of ignorance and rapacity, or give society the means to protect itself. We thought it worth four years of war to retain the Southern States in the Union, now we hardly deem it worth an act of Congress to preserve them.

WEALTH, DEBT, AND TAXATION IN THE SEVERAL UNITED STATES.

HITHERTO the official statements in respect to the wealth, industry, taxation, and debt of the several States of the Union, determined and published under the former authorities of the United States Census, have been received with great distrust by those most competent to judge of their value. When glaring errors are detected by a citizen of any State in respect to the points with which he is conversant, it destroys his confidence in the general summary. Such errors have often been noticed heretofore, but still the figures have been quoted by writers on finance and political economy, in official messages and in legislative assemblies, as if they “could not lie.” General Walker, the superintendent of the census of 1870, whose previous studies had led him to appreciate both the importance and the difficulty of getting at the truth, has bestowed an extraordinary amount of effort to secure, as the result of the ninth census, approximate accuracy on all these points.

As an illustration of the difficulty, let us take the estimate of property in the several States. Nothing is easier than to add up and publish the total of the grand lists or valuations upon which taxation is based in the several States. At first sight, this would seem to give us a true statement of the taxable property of the country. But a very little scrutiny indicates that in the different States these summaries are made up on totally different principles. In one State, the exempt property is different from that in another; again, it is usage in some States to put all property upon the taxable list at a very low rate, and then raise income by a comparatively high tax; while in others, property is estimated at nearly its real value, and so the apparent rate of taxation is lower; or, third, in some States moneyed corporations, like railroads, savings-banks, insurance companies, etc., are taxed by the State directly, and their property does not appear in the usual “grand list” of the State, while elsewhere it is thus included. Now, it will not do for the chief statistician at Washington “to doctor” the returns. It is his business to give us the facts as he finds them, and we are confident that no one could be more scrupulous than the present superintendent of the census to adhere with fidelity to this principle. But by an examination of the returns, the laws, and the usages, he can detect errors and inequalities of statement; he can refer these figures back to the States from which they come; he can gather reports more complete and accurate, from a national point of view, than those which are prepared to be read by the light of local tradition; and he can thus, if he will take the trouble, eliminate much which is deceptive, and approximate quite closely to the truth.

This effort, as we have said, has been made in the census of 1870, and the result is a table of the wealth, taxation, and public indebtedness of the United States, and of the several States and Territories, which is far more satisfactory than any which the country has ever received before. From an early impression of this table we propose to present some striking facts, with occasional comments, which may be of service to all who are studying the financial prosperity of the nation.

I.—THE PROPERTY.

It appears that the value of property in the several States and Territories (exclusive of that belonging to the United States) is almost exactly thirty thousand millions ($30,068,518,507), and that it is assessed at a little less than half that sum ($14,178,986,732). The real estate is somewhat more than double the personal property—the ratio being nearly that of 10 : 4·30. New York is the richest State, in the aggregate, having 6,500 millions of property; Pennsylvania comes next, with 3,808 millions; then Ohio, Massachusetts, and Illinois, which are nearly equal (each having over 2,000 millions). Only two other States come into the rank of “thousand-millionaires”—Indiana and Missouri; but New Jersey is close upon that figure. Nevada is returned as the State of least property; Oregon and Florida are not much richer.

But such aggregate figures are not all that we can desire. The relation of property to population is so interesting a question that we have taken the pains to compute from the tables of the census the following figures, which show the amount of property in each State (at its *true* and not its assessed valuation) in proportion to the number of inhabitants in each State. New York leads the list, but Massachusetts and Connecticut are in close company.

WEALTH, DISTRIBUTED AMONG THE WHOLE NUMBER OF INHABITANTS.

1. New York,	$1,483 27	20. Oregon,	$567 06
2. Massachusetts,	1,463 03	21. Nebraska,	563 26
3. Connecticut,	1,441 30	22. Maine,	555 35
4. Rhode Island,	1,366 28	23. Minnesota,	520 60
5. California,	1,140 15	24. Kansas,	518 36
6. Pennsylvania,	1,081 31	25. Kentucky,	457 46
7. New Jersey,	1,038 49	26. Louisiana,	444 51
8. Ohio,	838 73	27. West Virginia,	431 32
9. Illinois,	835 34	28. Tennessee,	395 89
10. Maryland,	824 37	29. Virginia,	334 31
11. New Hampshire,	793 66	30. Arkansas,	322 81
12. Delaware,	777 35	31. South Carolina,	294 99
13. Indiana,	754 58	32. Mississippi,	252 67
14. Missouri,	746 48	33. North Carolina,	243 39
15. Nevada,	732 72	34. Florida,	235 23
16. Vermont,	711 99	35. Georgia,	226 47
17. Wisconsin,	665 90	36. Alabama,	202 46
18. Michigan,	607 41	37. Texas,	194 30
19. Iowa,	601 03		

The reduction of the foregoing table to a map form is quite curious. The six wealthiest States (California excluded) are New York and its immediate neighbors—the three States of Southern New England, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. In these six States and in California, the property per head amounts to over $1,000. This might be called “the metropolitan district.” Take the next twelve States, in all of which the property amounts to $600 and more to every inhabitant, and we have the contiguous States, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Michigan, which we may call the “old prairie district”; Maryland, Delaware, New Hampshire, and Vermont rank here, and so does Nevada, which stood so low in the rank of aggregate wealth. Take the thirteen States which stand at the lower end of the list, having less than $500 per inhabitant, and we find included the “old slave States,” Missouri, Maryland, and Delaware excepted. The five States which have not been mentioned (Oregon, Nebraska, Maine, Minnesota, and Kansas) rank between the old “slave States” and the old “prairie States,” having between $500 and $600 property for each inhabitant. Texas, which stands thirty-third in aggregate wealth, stands thirty-seventh, or last in wealth per head; and Florida, which stands last in aggregate wealth, stands three grades higher in wealth per head.

II.—RATE OF TAXATION.

The tables of the census give us also the aggregate amount raised in every State and Territory by State, town, city, and county taxation during the year previous to June, 1870. These amounts we have distributed through the number of inhabitants in every State, and also have ascertained its amount for every thousand dollars of property. It appears that Nevada is the State in which the taxation is highest per thousand dollars of property, and Illinois the one in which it is lowest. In the old “slave States” above referred to, where property is small in proportion to people, taxes are high in proportion to property, with the noteworthy exception of Texas and Tennessee. Texas has but a small debt, Tennessee has a very large one, and is doing but little, it would appear, to pay it off. The high rate of taxation in Massachusetts per thousand dollars of property and also per head seems to us noteworthy. It must be remembered by those who comment upon the figures, that by “every thousand dollars” we mean the real and not the assessed valuation.

RATE OF TAXATION (PER THOUSAND DOLLARS).

1. Nevada,	$26 34	20. Maryland,	$10 30
2. Louisiana,	21 85	21. Illinois,	10 28
3. Arkansas,	18 33	22. Georgia,	9 79
4. Mississippi,	17 86	23. Kentucky,	9 48
5. Maine,	15 36	24. Vermont,	9 07
6. Nebraska,	14 83	25. West Virginia,	9 03
7. Alabama,	14 77	26. North Carolina,	9 02
8. Kansas,	14 15	27. Indiana,	8 51
9. South Carolina,	13 30	28. New Jersey,	7 88
10. New Hampshire,	12 88	29. Connecticut,	7 83
11. Iowa,	12 62	30. Wisconsin,	7 67
12. California,	12 25	31. Michigan,	7 52
13. Massachusetts,	11 68	32. New York,	7 47
14. Minnesota,	11 57	33. Rhode Island,	7 31
15. Oregon,	11 26	34. Texas,	7 10
16. Virginia,	11 26	35. Tennessee,	6 79
17. Florida,	11 23	36. Pennsylvania,	6 44
18. Missouri,	10 82	37. Delaware,	4 30
19. Ohio,	10 52		

RATE OF TAXATION (PER HEAD).

1.	Nevada,	$19 30
2.	Massachusetts,	17 10
3.	California,	13 95
4.	Connecticut,	11 28
5.	New York,	11 07
6.	New Hampshire,	10 22
7.	Rhode Island,	9 98
8.	Louisiana,	9 71
9.	Ohio,	8 83
10.	Illinois,	8 59
11.	Maine,	8 53
12.	Maryland,	8 49
13.	Nebraska,	8 35
14.	New Jersey,	8 18
15.	Missouri,	8 08
16.	Iowa,	7 58
17.	Kansas,	7 33
18.	Pennsylvania,	6 96
19.	Vermont,	6 46
20.	Indiana,	$6 42
21.	Oregon,	6 39
22.	Minnesota,	6 02
23.	Arkansas,	5 91
24.	Wisconsin,	5 10
25.	Michigan,	4 57
26.	Mississippi,	4 51
27.	Kentucky,	4 34
28.	South Carolina,	3 92
29.	West Virginia,	3 89
30.	Virginia,	3 76
31.	Delaware,	3 34
32.	Alabama,	2 99
33.	Tennessee,	2 69
34.	Florida,	2 64
35.	Georgia,	2 21
36.	North Carolina,	2 20
37.	Texas,	1 38

III.—THE PUBLIC DEBT.

The census gives us the aggregate of State, county, town, and city debt in each member of the Union. This amount we have distributed over the population with the following results. In general, the difference between the older Northern States and the new Western and reconstructed Southern States is very remarkable. In Louisiana, at one extreme, the indebtedness is reported at $73 per inhabitant; in Texas, at the other extreme, the indebtedness is but $1 97 per head, but the Texan figures include only the indebtedness actually determined. The State is understood to be liable in a large undetermined amount. The indebtedness of Virginia includes the old debt of the State, no part of which is apportioned to the new State of West Virginia.

RATIO OF PUBLIC DEBT TO POPULATION.

1.	Louisiana,	$73 03
2.	Massachusetts,	47 49
3.	Nevada,	46 74
4.	Virginia,	45 64
5.	Tennessee,	38 80
6.	Maryland,	37 18
7.	New York,	36 46
8.	New Hampshire,	35 04
9.	California,	32 29
10.	Connecticut,	31 79
11.	North Carolina,	30 31
12.	Rhode Island,	27 32
13.	Missouri,	27 25
14.	Maine,	26 52
15.	Pennsylvania,	25 27
16.	New Jersey,	25 22
17.	South Carolina,	18 53
18.	Georgia,	18 37
19.	Kansas,	17 68
20.	Nebraska,	$16 98
21.	Illinois,	16 61
22.	Kentucky,	14 34
23.	Alabama,	13 81
24.	Florida,	11 64
25.	Vermont,	10 87
26.	Arkansas,	8 57
27.	Ohio,	8 34
28.	Iowa,	6 73
29.	Minnesota,	6 34
30.	Michigan,	5 68
31.	Wisconsin,	5 60
32.	Indiana,	4 65
33.	Delaware,	4 21
34.	Mississippi,	3 13
35.	Oregon,	2 40
36.	Texas,	1 97
37.	West Virginia,	1 27

ENGLAND.

LONDON, March 8, 1872.

THE excitement produced by the misunderstanding as to the *Alabama* claims has to a great extent subsided. For some reason, or perhaps more probably for no reason, we seem to have made up our minds that there is no cause for anxiety. It may be that we are partly reassured by the apparent absence of any great excitement on your side of the water; or perhaps our calmness is due to the natural relapse from excessive tension and our absorption in matters of more immediate interest. When the American reply has been received, there may be a return of our earlier warmth. In any case, I fear that a more sanguine view of the probabilities of carrying out the treaty has had no share in calming our minds. Few people now expect that the arbitrators will be called upon to discharge their duties; though we should be exceedingly obliged to any one who would point out a satisfactory way of extricating both countries from the difficulty. The whole affair is melancholy and disheartening; but if both nations are as anxious as I believe them to be for a peaceful arrangement of the difficulty, it seems that only incredible stupidity on the part of their governments can avoid a satisfactory solution. But, then, governments are apt to be incredibly stupid.

Since I wrote to you last, the chief sensation has been produced by the Royal procession. British loyalty did its best to exhibit itself in the most brilliant colors. Britannia appears in all the comic newspapers in classical slimness of apparel, embracing the Royal family with immense effusion, and poor republicanism is symbolized by a clumsy low-browed ruffian, sitting in the sulks, and adorned with Bully Bottom's headpiece. The *Telegraph* surpassed itself in unctuous rhetoric, and declared (I quote from memory) that every Englishman would preserve as a sacred relic the gracious letter in which her Majesty thanked her people for their manifestations of loyalty, that in his last illness he would clasp it to his bosom, and, dying, would hand it on to his children as a priceless heirloom. I, too, was there! will be amongst his last words; and the London citizen will cherish the memory of the 27th of February as Henry V.'s followers observed the feast of St. Crispin Crispian. My own copy of the newspaper containing this burst of rhetoric has, I regret to say, mysteriously disappeared; so has the thrice-sacred document which occasioned it; and my posterity will therefore be compelled to get on as well as they can without their ancestor's copy. I hope they will be as happy as the circumstances will permit. Meanwhile, it is certainly true that the ceremony was as imposing as it could be made by all London turning out of doors on a fine day, and by a lavish display of cloth and red flags, and by very hearty acclamations. The effect of cramming all the movable part of a population of three millions into a couple of narrow streets is startling, and not altogether agreeable The correspondent of a French paper, for example, was able to telegraph that the success of the demonstration was undeniable—seventy people killed and wounded. Enthusiasm seems to be developed like heat by physical pressure, and round Temple Bar they were both at a very high pitch. A venerable ecclesiastic was heard to murmur that only one thing was there required to make the effect perfect: if, in the good old fashion, that historic monument had been ornamented by the heads of Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Odger, nothing could have been added to the decorations. One of the most grotesque illustrations of the popular spirit at this point was a letter which appeared in the *Times* with the rather startling signature, "The Eye Above that sees all things." The writer, it seems, had remarked that at a momentary halt which took place on the Queen's reception by the city officials, Her Majesty had taken the hand of the Prince of Wales. He observed that this gesture might give rise to many reflections; and for his part, he considered it not impossible that the Queen was at the moment putting up a silent prayer to heaven—which he seemed to think was a touching instance of royal condescension. One really pities the poor mother exposed to this kind of million-eyed inquisition. However, the crowd cheered, and waved hats and handkerchiefs, and crushed ribs with abundant enthusiasm; and it is even stated by one observer—those who know the British officer may believe him if they please—that the "bronzed warriors" at a certain military club were affected to tears. One rather mean advantage was taken of the enthusiasm by an enterprising circus, with a real live lion and a couple of elephants, which drove solemnly through the streets in the wake of the royal procession, and received immense applause. What amount of sincerity underlies these demonstrations of rather noisy enthusiasm need not now be discussed. Conservatives say that Mr. Gladstone's blunders and the excessive use of petroleum at Paris have brought about a reaction in their favor, which has seized this opportunity for manifesting itself. We shall see in due time; but, meanwhile, it may certainly be said that for some reason or other recent elections have been going terribly against the Government. If the current of feeling does not change, and a dissolution takes place in a few months, it seems not impossible that we may witness what has not been seen for many years, a Conservative majority in the House of Commons, and perhaps, on the other hand, an increase of the thoroughgoing Radicals at the expense of the Whigs.

But I must not allow myself to lapse into politics. The American difficulty and the Royal procession have ceased to be in the order of the day. Once more we are entirely absorbed in the amusement provided for us by the lawyers. The great Tichborne case has come to an end, after lasting 103 days; and the conclusion has caused the flagging excitement to blaze up again for a moment. The catastrophe has indeed been expected for some time. The attorney-general has redeemed his reputation by his reply to the claimant's case. It was generally supposed, though the public are perhaps not qualified judges, that he had failed in his cross-examination, and the effect at the time was certainly to make people believe in the person who now appears to be demonstrably a perjured cheat. The story, however, when put together by the attorney-general with due attention to dates, explained so satisfactorily how Orton—which now appears to be the true name of the pretender—managed gradually to acquire scraps of knowledge from one set of people, and by using them judiciously to impose upon others, that very little doubt was left as to the real nature of the case. The finishing blow was put by the discovery that the true Sir Roger had been tattooed when at college, and that the claimant could produce no corresponding marks. The case is not absolutely finished yet, for, as Orton is committed to take his trial for perjury, we shall probably have a resurrection of it to some extent. It is said to have cost the defendants £100,000 or thereabouts. The estate can bear it, as there has been a long minority, and the present baronet, when he comes to years of discretion, will have some £25,000 a year or so (I speak a good deal at random), which will be enough to keep him out of the workhouse. This being so, I think that but for one circumstance the general feeling towards the claimant would almost amount to gratitude. He has provided us with small-talk for the last year, and owing to him the newspapers have been more interesting than most sensation novels. If Mr. Browning would make the story a foundation for one of his dramatic sketches, we should have a poem more interesting than "The Ring and the Book." Not only the principal but the subsidiary actors in the drama have been well deserving of careful study, and I am half inclined to expect that the trial will produce a visible influence upon the future of English fiction. It should increase our scanty stock of conventional characters by two or three admirable types. The archæologist, the governess, and the black servant, who appear to have crammed him with the necessary information—whether actually in the secret or not—were all of them studies in their way. And if the military witnesses who swore to his identity with extraordinary confidence were not intellectually brilliant, it is nevertheless curious to observe some of the laws of human gullibility. The one fact which prevents one from subscribing to an Orton testimonial in gratitude for the amusement we have received, is his atrocious attempt to take away the character of an innocent lady by swearing that he had seduced her. After all, when you have begun by elaborate fraud and forgery to secure the possession of an estate which does not belong to you, you are apt to be led into some decidedly dirty actions. I ought, I believe, to end by drawing some moral as to the defects of our system of jurisprudence, but I am not enough of a lawyer to enter into the matter fully, and I have a suspicion that if I did I should be a trifle dull.

I find that I have almost forgotten to mention an incident which has been thrilling to loyal bosoms. We were all shocked the other day by the news of the attempted assassination of the Queen. That at least was the name given to a burlesque proceeding by a youth who is too idiotic to be called mad. When a lad presents a petition to the Queen, holding in his hand at the same time a pistol which is not loaded, and which is so constructed that if it were loaded it could not by any possibility go off, it is perhaps rather a misuse of language to describe his performance as an attempt at assassination. In fact, it would have been very difficult to bring his action under any criminal designation were it not that, unluckily for him, an act was passed during the excitement produced by some of the earlier and rather more serious attempts on the Queen's life, making it punishable to put the Queen in terror by threatening her with a weapon. I forget the precise terms, but they are such as to include this preposterous youth. That he should be punished is, of course, very desirable ; but one is inclined to hope that the punishment will not be more severe than necessary. The incident is already nearly forgotten by every one but the person immediately concerned, and does not in fact deserve serious notice.

Correspondence.

THE REMEDY FOR LIBEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your article in the issue of March 14, 1872, you show pretty conclusively that a man has practically no legal redress whatever for an assault made upon him by a newspaper, infamous and groundless though the charges may be. I am curious to know whether you do not overlook one method of redress which might, in some cases at least, be the means of punishing offences past, and deterring from similar ones in the future. I refer to what I confess is the most brutal, most uncivilized mode of redress—a sound personal castigation. When all legitimate means of resistance against an unjust and oppressive government fail, when regularly-constituted courts of justice are not to be had, men have always had recourse to revolution and lynch law, and the general voice of mankind has pronounced their course justifiable.

If, then, an editor "six times a week calls you a thief," and it is utterly impossible, as the law stands, to obtain redress in a legal way, would you consider it very unjustifiable to give him a severe practical illustration of the fact that "forbearance has ceased to be a virtue"?

The man who is mean enough to stab you in the dark by an anonymous newspaper charge, and then refuse either to prove it or produce his authority for making it, can only be reached through his coupons or his cuticle. If the former cannot be attacked, is it not fairly allowable to try the latter course? E. R. G.

FLUSHING, March 19, 1872.

[This is a very old and knotty question, but we think it has pretty generally been decided in the negative, for reasons somewhat analogous to those which make the lawfulness of attempts at revolution depend on their success. In other words, the great objection to the punishment of libels by personal violence is the great uncertainty which must in most cases prevail as to the issue of the struggle. If the person libelled is small, or weak, or unskilful, he will probably be pummelled instead of pummelling, and thus have the damage done to his reputation aggravated by the damage done to his body—a result which would be in the highest degree offensive to every one's sense of justice. If, on the other hand, he gets the better of the editor, and really castigates him, it seldom does any good as regards the libel, because it is nearly always the editor who acts as the historian of the encounter, and his version is pretty sure to represent the affair as at worst a drawn battle, which, to an assailant, is equivalent to a defeat. The libellee may perhaps get out one "card" containing his own view, but the editor's story, by much repetition, is pretty sure to triumph, and be generally accepted not only by the contemporaneous public but by posterity. Moreover, it is a very nice question in casuistry, whether a big man, of a pugilistic turn, is justified under any circumstances in attacking a little one with his fists or with a stick. It seems as if it was cowardly to do so, unless he could decide by it some point of public interest, which, of course, is not to be looked for. It may be also said, with tolerable certainty, that pummelling editors would not diminish libel; it would simply brutalize the libellers, or make muscle a necessary editorial qualification. In France, it is the custom to challenge editors for offensive language, and the result is that their language is nearly always offensive, and they are constantly ready to fight. We confess, however, that the subject is surrounded with difficulties; all we can say with any positiveness is, that nobody ought to attempt the corporal punishment of an editor without having previously seen him.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

THE second part of the Third Annual Report of the Massachusetts Board of Railroad Commissioners deals with the Revere accident and its effect on the future management of railroads within the State. Reviewing the circumstances of that shocking disaster, the Commissioners clearly expose the culpability of the Eastern Railroad in a number of essential particulars of management, but they also connect the accident with the long-standing rivalry between that corporation and the Boston and Maine—a parallel road whose consolidation with the Eastern is forcibly urged in the Report. The Commissioners were led to examine the comparative safety of life and limb on Massachusetts railroads and those of England and the Continent, and the result of their enquiries is as satisfactory as the difficulty was great in procuring in this country any reliable statistics pertaining to casualties of the kind in question. One instance of this difficulty is worth remarking: no data could be obtained from the companies organized to ensure travellers against injury from accidents. "Either," says the Report, "these associations conducted their business on a very vague calculation of chances, or they were unwilling to impart their information." In Massachusetts, very imperfect statistics existed from 1847, and they were so suspicious as to be abandoned in favor of special returns from the railroad companies, showing "the whole number of cases in the ten years, 1861–70, in which any sum of money had been paid to passengers, as the result either of proceedings at law or of voluntary compromise on account of personal injuries received." These statistics, after some sifting for notoriously trivial cases, still afforded an adequate and rather severe test, applicable in fact with justice, as the Commissioners point out, only in comparison with the statistics of Great Britain; and it appeared that the number of persons killed and injured from causes beyond their own control was, on the railroads of

Great Britain, one in		430,000
Massachusetts,	"	1,475,000
Belgium,	"	1,600,000
Prussia,	"	3,000,000
France,	"	4,000,000

—the strictness with which the Continental roads are managed being such as would not be tolerated here or in England. Examination also showed that employees fare no worse in Massachusetts than abroad, and that the causes of accidents have been very similar on both sides of the Atlantic. From the practice of unlawfully walking on the track "more deaths and cases of personal injury have arisen than from all the train accidents which have ever occurred" in Massachusetts. Perhaps, now that the Commissioners and the railroad companies have agreed on certain improvements—some, to be sure, that can only very gradually be adopted—the Massachusetts roads are not far behind those of other States, as they unquestionably were at the time of the Revere disaster. The Report contains a classified tabular statement of accidents for the year ending September 30, 1871, which we suppose will be regularly continued.

—In considering the mischiefs and disgraces heaped upon this community by Hall, Tweed, Sweeny, and their allies and underlings, too little attention has been given to one of the most disgraceful and one of the most permanently injurious effects of our suffering ourselves to be bound, hand and foot, by our stupid masters. Stupid they were, for we must not forget that they were to all intents and purposes ordinary robbers, not half so clever as half the counterfeiters now in Sing Sing or still at large, and that they got their thirteen millions of New Court-House money, for example, because they and their confederates owned some judges whose official places, like Tweed's and Hall's, were the gifts of a horde of the most illiterate and degraded voters in the Northern States. A superstructure of simple robbery, with the corner "gin-mill" for its corner-stone, was the fabric which Tweed and Connolly reared, and that is not a fabric which demands extraordinary intelligence for its construction, but only cunning in the architect, dense ignorance in the artisan, and purchased impunity. But if we take a case in which real ability was demanded of them and their friends, and look at what Mr. Peter Sweeny and ex-Judge Henry Hilton have succeeded in doing with Central Park, we shall be able to estimate more accurately the mental calibre of our late rulers. We can all remember how long and hard was the struggle before the corner-grocery aldermen could be induced to permit the city to have the park at all. Years of the labor of our most public-spirited citizens were required to overcome their ignorant demurring, and when at last the plan succeeded, it seemed really no less than providential that not only had it succeeded, but that the work had been entrusted to men of ability and of educated taste as well as of probity. What the commissioners accomplished everybody knows who has visited the parks of the great cities of the world; we had in our park something to which the New Yorker might point with unalloyed pride as a worthy monument of the public spirit, the taste, and the beneficent charity of the chief among American cities. It afforded to many thousands their principal opportunity for the enjoyment of the beautiful; it brought the country into the city, and afforded a means of the most innocent enjoyment to countless families; it was a constant educator in taste; it was an admirably finished work of art; and its artistic plan had been carefully studied with a view to fitting the park for these ends which we have indicated. All this the Sweeny-Hilton management has marred; and some of the injury that has been inflicted upon the community by these men is for years irreparable. The money which the Ring has pillaged from the city we can make shift somehow, well or ill, to afford; but we shall have forgotten that we lost it, or we may even have got some of it back again, before we shall have repaired the consequences of entrusting a principal treasure of the city to the gentlemen who made over Washington Park, and dismissed Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins.

—The dismissal of Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins by the Park Commissioners fairly illustrates the competency of Mr. Sweeny and his friends for the office which they captured. Mr. Hawkins's skill in what may be called fossil zoölogy is very great, and has been thoroughly tested in England and in this country. Some remains of extinct species of animals having come into the possession of the old Board of Park Commissioners, whom the Sweeny-Hilton board superseded, Mr. Hawkins was employed to "restore" them—that is to say, to supply missing parts, and construct a complete skeleton of each animal. It need not be said how valuable these specimens would have been, and how appropriately they would have been placed in the Park museum, where daily, in pleasant weather, hundreds and thousands of bright-minded children indulge their inquisitive curiosity. But Mr. Sweeny, who, as an untutored Irish boy, had not learnt much about fossil zoölogy, and who, as we all know to our cost, has been employed during most of his maturer years on "live issues," "didn't believe there ever were any such animals," and, after ordering Mr. Hawkins's dismissal, he actually had the specimens destroyed! However, a very good park may be had without fossil remains, and the public may more easily forgive the Sweeny-Hilton board for this particular piece of ignorant barbarism than for the brute vulgarity and atrocious ignorance with which they have attacked other features of our beautiful "picture on the ground." Mr. Olmsted, in one of his reports on the condition of the Prospect Park in Brooklyn, or in some lecture in which he refers to that splendid public work, speaks of the numerous little picnic parties, composed of mothers and their children, who, in the summer-time, may be seen enjoying themselves on the grass; and he tells us, if we recollect right, that he has often known mothers to express, with tears in their eyes, their gratitude for the opportunity the Park gives them to escape with their children from the stifling heat and the unwholesome air of the city houses. It was with thoughts of these people, and indeed of all denizens of the dusty city, the rich as well as the poor, that Central Park was planned and carried to completion. It was designed to make a park in the English landscape-gardening fashion, as we may call it, to distinguish it from the French fashion of laying out grounds, which is what would seem to have been had in mind mainly by the Sweeny-Hilton board, so far as that board had any intelligent purpose at all. That is to say, instead of making paved places, and places with trees in formal rows, where people could sit on benches and look at equipages, the original architects of our Park meant to make it a spot of country in the heart of the city—for the heart of the city the region of the Park will one day be. Of necessity there were to be some strictly architectural effects, as distinguished from the effects of landscape-architecture proper. The reservoirs, for instance, which already were on the ground, had to be accepted, and perhaps the best way of blending their formality with the graceful beauties surrounding them was the constructing of buildings. So, too, at the lower entrances, it was designed that the spectator, as he left the city pavements behind him, should be somewhat gradually led into the rural scenery of the middle portion of the Park and on to the wildness of the upper portion. But, in general, the Park was to be in distinct contrast to the busy and noisy world outside, and our New York readers will all bear cheerful and grateful testimony to the skill with which this original design was carried out. But now this Sweeny-Hilton board have destroyed a great part of the work of years, and have done much to defeat and ruin the labor of the designers. Last summer, for example, one might almost any day see loads of boughs hauled out of the Park—the spoils which Judge Hilton's workmen had lopped from screening groves, from trees which had been studiously selected because of their being well feathered with lower boughs and adapted to the requirements of the site. The great defect of the Park grounds is that they are too narrow, extending only from the Fifth Avenue to the Eighth, and careful planting and fostering of the trees and shrubbery, in a soil not too well adapted for the growth of large trees, were necessary if the requisite seclusion was to be had. These trees, despoiled by the late Commissioners, are hurt beyond remedy, and it will be long before their place can be supplied. Vines, too, which had been set out to clothe bare rocks with green, have been stripped off and carted away; and the careful inspector of Judge Hilton's operations, after seeing the tasteless method of his plantings, the degradation of graceful wildness into gaudy flower-bed gardening suitable for Tweed's or Woodward's gardens at Greenwich, the Frenchifying of the main features of the landscape, might almost wonder that each boulder was not blasted and removed, all the paths straightened, and the tree-trunks whitewashed up to a certain height. Indeed, we recently noticed within the Park limits something like this, and it struck us as being not unfairly typical of the whole Sweeny-Hilton management on a rock in the Upper Park we noticed a painted invitation to the seeker of rural pleasures to buy Dr. So-and-So's "Golden Remedies." If this seems to any one unwarranted severity, we can only say that it does not seem so to us, and that the quack-medicine rock—which was indeed nearly outside the Park, but still within its limits—symbolizes very well, to our mind at least, the spirit in which the Park has latterly been managed. It is for its symbolical rather than its literal weight that we mention this fact. The difficulty in speaking about our late masters is to be severe enough. A literal description of them—let alone a satisfactory expression of the feelings which their sordid and vulgar tyranny inspires as one thinks of it—would have to be couched in language the violence of which would offend everybody and partly defeat its own object. What decent person can think with any composure of Hall's *Leader*, his mountebank impertinence, and his "perhaps exorbitant charges"; of Tweed's millions; or of Sweeny's "statesmanship" and "personal" honesty? However, so far as concerns the Park, we are now done with all these. There is no harm, though, in thinking of it now and again, and letting its injuries and defacements help to keep alive in us the contempt and indignation which are owed the late Park Commissioners by all who are fond of the Park.

—Senator Hannibal Hamlin will for some time to come bear a little watching from Mr. Sumner or any other of his fellow-senators who may have any knowledge of the fine arts, for he gives notice of an attack on the Treasury contemplated by him in the interest of Mr. Fisk Mills. In the interest, too, as we suspect, of Mr. Clark Mills, the father of Mr. Fisk Mills, and the author of some pieces of statuary for which Congress has paid out ten times or a hundred times more money than any private person, for example, would pay for them, unless it were some public-spirited private person who wished to remove them to the bed of the Potomac River, and there hide them away from the gaze of men. Mr. Fisk Mills is a young man who may, for anything we know, have made a portrait bust or two; but we are certain of his having as yet made nothing that justifies him in asking Congress for fifty or a hundred thousand dollars of public money as compensation for loading us with a group of statuary "to commemorate the late epoch in American history." And the senator from Maine has at no time given proof that he knows anything more about sculpture and sculptors than we know about log-rolling or tallow-rendering—industries as to which if we should speak with any show of authority we conceive that we should lay ourselves open to the charge of impudence. Suspicion is justified in being even extremely uneasy in this case, and we shall make bold to suggest that careful enquiry would probably inform us whether or not Mr. Clark Mills, whose work we all know, does not just at present feel a natural delicacy about asking for any more money from the United States Treasury, out of which he has already had a good deal; and whether or not, in the event of Mr. Fisk Mills getting the fifty thousand or hundred thousand, or whatever it is, Mr. Clark Mills is to have anything to do with designing the group which is to be; and whether or not Mr. Clark Mills is to get from Mr. Fisk Mills any of the money which we are to pay him for the same? In case these questions are all answered to the satisfaction of people who think Mr. Clark Mills one of the worst sculptors that this earth now contains—which is saying a good deal, because, for one thing, the world is wide, and, for another, sculpture is in rather a bad way and everywhere languishes—it will then be time to enquire if there is not too much reason to suspect that Mr. Fisk Mills is the true son of his father, and to demand of him some rebutting proof that he has any comprehension of the "late epoch in American history," and that he can embody his conception in any commemorative group which will not be another laughing-stock for the connoisseurs.

—The discussion of the principle and methods of proportional representation has advanced so far that it is seen that the adoption of it will not be opposed by the majority in power for the time being; and, secondly, that more attention should be bestowed on the method than on the principle by reformers who really seek the introduction of the system in any given place or country. The unscientific and uncertain method known as cumulative voting has made most headway thus far, owing principally to the simplicity of the voter's part in it, but also to ignorance of far better methods of equal or almost equal simplicity. For political purposes, in spite of the example of Denmark, the Hare system appears to be too complex for the popular understanding, and calculated to arouse suspicion, if not actually to increase the chances, of hocus-pocus in counting the votes. The Geneva Free List, in its latest modifications, has hitherto had most to recommend it as a practical and tolerably elastic measure. Mr. Walter Baily, however, author in 1869 of "A Scheme of Proportional Representation," not unlike the Swiss, has just published another pamphlet on "Proportional Representation in Large Constituencies" (London: William Ridgway), which perfects his scheme in the direction of Mr. Hare's, and leaves little to be desired. The fundamental difference between them is in the "quota"—the number of votes indispensable to elect a candidate. In Mr. Hare's system this number is obtained by dividing the total polling by the number of candidates to be chosen; in Mr. Baily's, by making the divisor one more than the number of candidates. Mr. Baily's quota is consequently the lesser of the two. That this will make a considerable difference in the result, any one may discover who will re-count, according to Mr. Hare, the polling tabulated on page 13. The other essential feature of Mr. Baily's plan is that only those tickets can be voted for at any election which have been publicly registered beforehand—by party managers or individuals. He also proposes that some expense (or at least a conditional deposit) shall attend the registration, in order to check frivolous nominations. The counting has this great advantage that, once the number of votes cast for tickets is ascertained, anybody can perform the rest of the process for himself, thus putting cheating at this stage out of the question. In like manner, in case of withdrawal of a candidate after election, the re-counting for his successor can be done by any one.

—One of the consequences of the Franco-German war most to be deplored, in a literary and scientific point of view, was the suspension of M. Vivien de Saint-Martin's admirable annual review, called "L'Année Géographique," in which the travels by land and sea, the explorations, and the geographical publications of the year were epitomized and recorded in the most lucid manner. Its publication was begun in 1863, and the eighth volume appeared in 1870. In his preface to the series, the editor recalls the conversation between Goethe and Napoleon at Erfurth in 1807, in which the former is reported to have said, apropos of the scientific genius of France: "What characterizes your nation, sire, is not only urbanity, *esprit*, and a sympathetic disposition, but an ignorance of geography." "In fact," remarks M. de Saint-Martin, we must admit that geography is not precisely the brilliant side of our national education"; but he adds a consideration, to the justice of which all must agree: "Ce qui nous manque, ce n'est pas la science, c'est la diffusion." This it is which all Captain Burton's translators, unaided by the primary school-teacher, have been unable to effect—"diffusion" in every branch of knowledge. We incline to think, too, that in the past decade, in spite of M. de Saint-Martin's efforts, even the "science" of his countrymen has retrograded. In the report which MM. Himly and Levasseur, as a special committee, have just submitted to M. Jules Simon, the Minister of Public Instruction, it is stated that professors of history in the faculties of letters seldom enter the domain of geography; and that at baccalaureate examinations the answers of the candidates in history are insufficient and in geography almost nil; while in secondary instruction there is a lack, sometimes total, of globes, maps, and text-books, and the professors are unprepared to teach geography, which therefore scarcely forms a part of the programme. The committee recommend reforms under fifty-five heads, prominent among which is the normal-school training of instructors of all grades in geography. The full text of the report will be found in the official bulletin of the Department of Instruction. M. Levasseur has also issued an independent brochure, setting forth the importance of the study of geography and the attractiveness which it might have if properly directed ("De l'Etude et de l'Enseignement de la Géographie." New York: F. W. Christern).

—Professor von Sybel has delivered at Bonn a lecture on "What we may learn from the French," which ought to be grateful reading to that people. He began by saying that this might seem a strange subject to his countrymen, whose armies had so effectually vanquished the French, but all the more was it necessary to enquire what causes had brought about the downfall of a great empire, and whether any of the same elements of weakness exist in Germany. The enquiry he proposed was still further necessary, in order that Germany might not acquire that contempt of her neighbors which had cost France so dear. To avoid future collisions, also, a mutual comprehension of each other's race-characteristics was indispensable, since "it is with man as with his language: one must learn French in order to understand the French"—an axiom, *mutatis mutandis*, which has not been accepted in France. The lecturer first pointed out the common error of opinion that people of the Latin race are less industrious and economic cultivators of the soil than the English and Germans, for example, and asserted that almost nowhere had such improvements in agriculture been made during the past century as in France in recent times. The same superiority was visible also in all kinds of handicraft; and the value of names in politics was curiously shown at the first World's Fair in London, in 1851, where it was remarked that aristocratic England was distinguished for its vast quantity of cheap goods designed for popular consumption, but democratic France for its splendid articles of luxury and adornment. The grand difference between French and Germans is in the stress they respectively lay on the outward form and on the substance of things. In social intercourse this is clear enough, and not wholly to the advantage of the Germans; in literature, it is equally visible, with this singular result: that in Germany every author of note writes in a style peculiar to himself, so that he can hardly fail to be detected by a person of any discernment, while in France this would be possible in the case of only a very few writers. On the whole, learning and science have reached about the same pitch of development in both countries, but in Germany popular education has been carried much further, and is far better grounded than in France. From a political point of view, the national trait of the Germans is the striving for personal independence and individuality; of the French, the demand for fixed and equal regulations: above all things, the former seek freedom, the latter equality. On this point alone do all Frenchmen agree; but the equality they insist upon is easily perverted into that bastard equality which demands that every man, without distinction, shall have an equal share in this world's goods—in riches, power, and happiness.

—A highly valuable contribution to the history of art in Italy is Demetrio Salazaro's "Studii sui Monumenti dell' Italia Meridionale dal iv. al xii. secolo." The author is the inspector of the Pinacoteca in the National Museum at Naples, and has made most diligent investigation of the remains, in painting, sculpture, and architecture, of the art of the period above-mentioned. The chief importance of his discoveries, as testified by the Chevalier De Rossi, is in establishing the unbroken continuity of Italian painting, and the falsity of the vulgar belief, which Vasari was the first to formulate, that from the fifth or sixth century to Cimabue and Giotto the art was dead. Two parts of Salazaro's work have thus far appeared, containing the introduction and the illustrations of Naples and Badia—chromolithographs, four in number, and admirably executed in all respects. Two of these are from fourth and sixth century frescoes in the Naples catacombs, a third from a fourth-century fresco in the church of St. Severo, and the last from a mural painting of the seventh century, in the cemetery of Badia, near Majori. The Government has given its support to this meritorious undertaking. Another work, having regard to Italian unity, we may briefly mention here as a sign of the times rather than as being, like the foregoing, of direct interest to artists and architects: a lecture delivered last year at the Venice Institute by Pietro Selvatico, and subsequently printed, on some necessary reforms in architectural instruction ("Di un migliore Avviamento necessario agl' Insegnamenti pubblici dell' Architettura in Italia").

STORY OF THE PLEBISCITE.*

IT is early to take the subject of the Franco-Prussian war out of the region of *études* and contributions to history, and try to fix it in the plane of permanent literature. It is but early for this, yet Messrs. Erckmann and Chatrian have succeeded, before the subsidence of the turmoil, in getting a quiet point of view, and their work has tone as a picture and charm as a story. It is, however, a pamphlet, and seeks influence as an enemy of submission to Prussian rule in the two ceded provinces. In addition to the ancient and effectual hate of its authors for the Bonaparte family, this little book plants a seed of bitter distrust of everything German, which may thrive beside the anti-Napoleonic feeling in the classes where its predecessors have been welcomed. The narrative moves through events still dripping with the most recent horror, and in several places only by a miracle escapes tragedy and fine writing; but our authors know the ground on which they are strong, and always by a dexterous turn evade issues that threaten to be catastrophic. The garrulous story is reeled off with a motion almost homely enough for Defoe, though it is more conscious than Defoe of its own simplicity. For my part, says the narrator simply, I was the maire of Rothalp, a fine large village near Phalsbourg in Alsace; my name, Christian Weber. "I had received the order from his honor the sub-prefect to give notice of the plébiscite, and to engage all well-disposed persons to vote *yes*, if they wished for the preservation of peace; for that all the riff-raff were going to vote *no*, in order to have a war." The 7,500,000 *oui* confirmed the dynasty. Prussia selected a Hohenzollern for the Spanish throne, and in a turn of the hand our provincials, who had meant to roar with the sucking-dove, found that they were victims, and that their voices formed the clamor of the brazen bull of war. On this, the rustic allegiance to the "honest man," which was nothing but the selfishness unalloyed and unfathomable of the French peasantry, was disturbed, and it yielded at the first levy for troops.

Our good mayor (as we may for the moment translate his style of office) spares his son to the army, while he loses his assistant in the mill which gives a basis of worldly prosperity to his civic honors. Jacob dons uniform and is off. "Come, father, I am going. Don't forget to let up the sluice in half-an-hour from this, for the water will be rising." The apprentice, a likely young German from across the border, who has served with punctuality and reticence, appears with his knapsack strapped on, announcing for the first time that he is in the landwehr. Our worthy Christian begins to perceive the cloven feet under these expressionless German faces, so silent and so deep. "The young clerks go about our country. You may say anything to them; they never answer an employer back. They are good hands, and not dear. But at the first sign, they go home yonder to be kicked, and it is nothing for them to shoot their old shopfellows with whom they have been breaking bread for years." Before his tale is ended, indeed, good Christian Weber becomes entirely hallucinated on the subject of these German domiciliaries, giving them the dignity of organized spies, who shadowlike plant themselves in French confidence, learn French arts, overrun the land like myrmidons, and report to the warrior-policeman, Von Moltke. The father mourns the absence of his son and the recusancy of his servant with feelings kept lively by his own added labors in the mill. The French conscripts are delayed long at their reporting stations, waiting for muskets, without pay, plunging their hands in their pockets, and eating their heads off at the expense of their relatives. It is just the state of things to sow in the rustic mind grave misgivings of the military efficiency of government. "I thought that an emperor who sends for the young lads in harvest-time ought at least to support them, and not leave them at the charge of their parents." Money, however, is doled out to Jacob, to keep him in idleness, while "I, at my age, was forced to carry the sacks, and nobody to help me but the old journeyman miller Donadieu, with his two ruptures."

The war follows, told with the same circumstantial garrulity. The view is that of the distracted little magistrate of a Bœotian village, blamed by his neighbors, who turn on him for misdirecting their votes; hectored by the invaders, who force him to publish the most exhausting requisitions; and getting his news through the Belgian journals, the narrative of a fugitive Turco, or the boasts of the Prussians. There is a good scene of the burial of his savings under the mill-sluice, at dead of night, his old wife assisting. Other scenes are entirely too morbid in tone, too palpably painted with an animus, to carry weight with impartial minds. There are incidents in the long journey of the wretched mayor—forced to drive his own team with the enemy's forage as far as Montmédy; starved, insulted, cuffed, and shaken by his gray beard; and afterwards, in his escape at Jametz, and spectral reappearance among his friends, incidents quite overstepping that modesty of nature which the authors, when not in a passion, know so well how to preserve. Details of the behavior of the Prussians while in occupation are also given, which, even if they may have occurred in a single case here or there, should undoubtedly have been rejected from a representative picture, according to the most indulgent rule for selecting specimen instances. The work finally etches out such an image of the German soldier as hardly a sickly Roman parasite of the basest ages could have drawn after a sound whipping by the Goths. We are made to see a creature of hideous blank face, and flat, silent foot, servile in discipline, intolerable in oppression, educated into finished stupidity, scattering suffering without knowing it and insult without enjoying it, befouling churches, overriding dignities, and wantonly ruining all it cannot steal. It is a strong figure, but it is bitten in with an acid that overdoes its work. Charges are made which, put as they are into the mouth of a personage elaborately dull, are seen to be the very foolishness of venom.

The figures of the novel which are not meant to take on such phantom significance are far better, as they are more human. The poor old hero himself, the shuttle of such an intricate adversity, whose woes include even his deposition by a time-serving, Prussian-wheedling rival, makes a stronger picture. There is a cousin Georges, who has been to Paris, and represents a man of the world, whose portrayal is less to be admired, as he makes no use of his wisdom except to utter, in the form of prophecies, the bits that Messrs. Erckmann and Chatrian have been taking from the newspapers. But the daughter, Gredel, is a type of which we could have borne a fuller display. She is a distracting union of the French and German characters, and, doubtless, a real live Alsatian girl. From the moment when Gredel finds the old wardrobe thrown open, and the jealously-watched receptacle of savings gone, she begins to pester her parents for the locality where her dowry is hidden. She "nags" them about this without a moment's weariness to the end of the story. She tyrannizes like a shrew over the soldiers billeted in the house, making their lives an anguish, and, on one piquant occasion, discharges a hatchet across the room at a Prussian who has been rude to her father. When anything frightens her, she takes to the woods, with a cow or two, on whose bounty she lives comfortably for any length of time. She never ceases to slave for her father, to tend his house like a genius of order, to tease and outrage him, to embrace her distasteful lover before his eyes, and generally to override him so dreadfully that he is always running at her, or running away, or looking for his *nerf-de-bœuf* with a theory of correction. But there is all too little of Gredel, and there is a plethora of proclamations by the idolized Gambetta, newspaper slips, anti-Prussian tirades, and such impedimenta. It is unfortunately the case, however, that these interruptions to the work of art will be the active power in the work of propagandism. Here is a battle-story, not at all dissimilar in verisimilitude and homely strength to the "Battle of Dorking," which, instead of being, like that work, an incentive to action and reform, is but one long strain of baffled hate. This fluent tale will be read in every bourgeois family of Alsace and of Lorraine, and will fall like virus into thousands of festering wounds. The vindictiveness of it, its bad blood, the uselessness of it, are inconceivable. It has no constructing or suggestive power, it can develop no social change, except a refinement of subtle and intellectual hate against the great country with which the fortunes of its world of readers are politically linked. It will sink into the hearts of ladies, it will color the dreams of children, and it may have at last the barren boast of having delayed for a generation the cordial adoption by two brave peoples of German culture and German progress.

"A BOOK OF NO ORDINARY CHARACTER."*

SOME three or four years ago the *Iron Age*, a high-tariff journal of this city, published a long series of two or three-column articles in defence of its specialty which struck us at the time as something remarkable for their ponderosity (a good English word, by the way), disregard of historical truth, and contempt for any opinions in reference to political or social economy other than those emanating from what may be termed the Pennsylvania school of thinkers and writers. The authorship at that time of these productions was not revealed; but we now find them collected—entire or in substance—into book-form, and sent forth afresh into the world, with the title given below. With the work thus originating comes also a circular from the publisher, Mr. Henry Carey Baird, of Philadelphia, from which we make the following extract: "This is a book of no ordinary character; a fact of which, I believe, you will be more than satisfied when you shall have carefully examined it." Mr. Baird excels in circulars—in fact, he may be said to have a genius for circulars; and always when we receive one from him, especially if the subject treated of pertains to economic or social science, we anticipate something startling. He has recently published another remarkable work, "Speeches and Letters of Hon. William D. Kelley, M.C." See how he heralds it: "Judge Kelley has shown himself to be more thoroughly master of the problems which underlie the advancement of states in power and their people in comfort, happiness, and civilization, than any statesman who has occupied a prominent position in public life in this country since the days of Alexander Hamilton. Indeed, his knowledge of such questions surpasses that of Hamilton, hence the commanding position which he this day occupies before the country. Price, in advance of publication, two dollars and twenty-five cents per copy." When, therefore, Mr. Baird's circular informed us that the work of Dr. Elder was of no ordinary character, we were prepared to believe it; and having, in accordance with his request, carefully examined it, we are now further prepared to unite heartily with him in affirming that it is most extraordinary—more so, perhaps, than any work of similar character, emanating from any man of reputed intelligence, that we have ever had occasion to notice.

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* "Histoire du Plébiscite, racontée par un des 7,000,000 Oui. Par Erckmann-Chatrian." Paris: J. Hetzel; New York: F. W. Christern. 1872.

* "Questions of the Day, Economic and Social. By Dr. William Elder." Philadelphia: H. C. Baird. 1871.

In support of Mr. Baird's averment, and our own agreement with it, we think we shall need but a single illustration or example, and this we are, as it were, challenged by the author to take; for, in what may be regarded as the principal chapter of the book in question, "Protection in National History," after summing up his previous reasoning, he says: "Our whole case" —*i. e.*, the defence of the protective policy—"might be safely rested upon the facts of the industrial and commercial history of the little kingdom of Belgium alone." Then, after noticing the limited territory, dense population, and flourishing industry of Belgium, he continues:

> "Her customs system shows how wisely she has guarded all these interests. She secures a home-market by defending her manufactures adequately; she fosters her skilled industries by barring out all competition with these products; her foreign commerce grew, after it was liberated from the dominion of Holland *and Spain by the French in* 1830, at double the proportion of the United States; and Belgium is now about ready for free trade.
>
> "I must not detain the reader with a statement of the tariff rates which have secured all these results. A specimen or two will give the spirit of the whole. Raw tobacco is admitted at nine-tenths of one cent per pound—the manufactured is charged three cents; raw sugar at two cents *per ton;* the manufactured, or refined, must carry $185 68 per ton; raw wool, free; woollen manufactures charged ten, twelve, twenty-one, twenty-six, and thirty-two cents per pound. There is not an item in all the schedules of the Belgian tariff that gives any more countenance to free trade or any of its maxims than those which are here quoted.
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> "The differential duties charged upon imports in *foreign* vessels in favor of her own are, on the average, quite one hundred per cent., which have had the effect of preserving for her own mercantile navy her whole trade in domestic exports and foreign imports for consumption.
>
> "It is worth noting here that Belgium increased her population sixteen per cent. between the years 1840 and 1850, while Great Britain grew but a scant eight per cent. in the same time—protection against free-trade in the matter of population, with all the odds of density against Belgium under the trial."

Now, extraordinary as it may seem, it is yet nevertheless strictly true, that not only are each and all of these statements of Dr. Elder which we have quoted, with the single exception of those relative to raw wool and tobacco, false, but they have not even the semblance of truth. Passing by, as errors of proof-reading, the absurd statements that Belgium was liberated from the dominion of Holland and Spain by the French in 1830, and that the present duty on raw sugar is *two cents per ton,* we assert that so far from the tariff of Belgium being an example of the protective system, the whole policy of protection was practically abandoned as far back as 1855; that with the exception of Great Britain, the tariff of Belgium is now, and for years has been, the most liberal in Europe; and that, if Dr. Elder had taken the trouble to consult any standard authority, it would not have been possible for him to have stated anything to the contrary. Thus, while in the case of tobacco and spirits duties are levied in Belgium with a view to revenue, the duties in question are extremely low: those, for example, on tobacco being about eight-tenths of a cent per pound on the unmanufactured leaf, and less than four cents per pound on-manufactured, other than cigars, as compared with an import duty of thirty-five cents per pound on the leaf in the United States and one dollar in Great Britain. Sugar is practically free under the Belgian tariff, only candy and highly-refined and loaf sugars, above No. 18 Dutch standard, paying a duty, which is $112 per ton of 2,240 pounds, in place of $185, according to Dr. Elder. There are no duties of "ten, twelve, twenty-one, twenty-six, and thirty-two cents per pound" on woollen manufactures, or anything approximative thereto; but wool—carded, combed, dyed, and waste—is admitted free; yarns not twisted or dyed, $3 90 per 220 pounds; twisted or dyed, $5 86 per 220 pounds; while all other manufactures of wool pay only five per cent. *ad valorem.* Most of the articles imported into Belgium are entirely free, and on only a very few is there any duty levied in excess of ten per cent.; and in all cases where this limit is attained or exceeded, the articles taxed are pure luxuries, and the object of taxation is purely revenue. There are, furthermore, no differential duties whatever charged upon imports in foreign vessels into Belgium, as Dr. Elder asserts; and, instead of "her whole trade in domestic exports and foreign imports" being preserved for her own mercantile navy, Belgium has comparatively no marine; only 87,358 tons out of the 794,596 tons which entered her ports in the year 1864 being under the Belgian flag, while the return of the merchant marine for all the ports of Belgium, made December, 1867, shows only 90 vessels, with an aggregate of 37,555 tons.

Again, so far from Belgium showing an increase of population under protection, from 1840 to 1850, of sixteen per cent., while Great Britain, under free trade, grew but a "scant eight per cent.," the official returns show the population of Belgium to have been 4,073,162 in 1840, and 4,380,239 at the close of 1849—an increase of not quite seven per cent. for the period; while the population of the Kingdom of Great Britain, exclusive of Ireland, which was devastated in 1847 by famine, increased during the same decade from 18,331,505 to 20,413,265, or an excess of 11 per cent. Did our available space and the patience of our readers warrant, we might go further and serve up other choice extracts from this book; but we think we have said enough to substantiate fully our preliminary allegation, that the whole work is most extraordinary, and almost without a parallel among modern publications purporting to be serious for its exhibition of gross ignorance in respect to facts and absurdity in respect to conclusions. Dr. Elder may consider it a good joke to mislead his readers and serve the objects of his party by giving, as the present state of commercial law in a leading country of Europe, the record of a legislation that has been for years effaced from the statute-book, and pretending to ignore the real facts; but we consider it a very grave outrage.

THE MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

AFTER all, "knowledge is good to direct," as the Scriptures say; and though probably it may be true that M. Henri Taine's recent work on the literature of England is the fruit of "an extremely powerful, vivacious, and observant mind," it certainly is true that the *Catholic World* does no harm in pointing out to our clever French critic, who, at his comparatively early age, has given us so much teaching about architecture, about the art of the ancients, about modern art in nearly all its branches, about religions, ancient and modern, and about various other matters, that he is a writer who may with profit to himself and his readers look much more sharply to the foundations of his numerous theories. That M. Taine is possessed, in its fulness, by "the light Gaul's" alleged eagerness to generalize, and his national repugnance to face all the facts, the writer in the *Catholic World* is entirely persuaded; and he makes the reader much of his own mind. For example, M. Taine sets himself the task of proving that the Anglo-Saxon, as a pagan, was of a certain moral character, which M. Taine describes, and that, after he became christianized, he was in character pretty much the same person as before. This is probably more or less true; but, clearly, the Roman Catholic critic has the advantage of M. Taine when the latter, in proof of his position, cites the case of Aldhelm, and asserts of him that, though tonsured and shorn, he was nevertheless at bottom still "a servant of Odin." For did he not turn himself into a gleeman and chant to his fellow-townsmen warlike and profane odes alternately with religious poetry? M. Taine's critic points out to him that *carmen triviale* is not correctly rendered by the term "warlike and profane odes," and informs him that Aldhelm, though a learned and pious priest, who wrote much in Latin, also composed canticles and ballads in his native tongue, and that, observing the haste with which too many of the peasants left the church directly after mass was over, so as to avoid the sermon, he was accustomed to station himself at the bridge-head, and by his singing beguile them to listen in the fascination of bardic song to the religious truths which they would not wait to hear from the pulpit. Furthermore, M. Taine is informed that he makes a mistake when he assigns to the pagan period a poem which celebrates a battle fought after England had been for three centuries Christian. So the reviewer goes on.

It is M. Taine's evident distaste for Roman Catholicism which apparently has assisted in causing the reviewer to bring him to book; and while we certainly think the motive a sufficiently good one, we are rather surprised that so clever a writer should not guard a trifle better against its excessive operation. Does he think, we wonder, that he promotes his cause by such remarks as those he lets drop about the English Reformation and the German? Of these movements he says that as "the leverage of the Reformation" in Germany was politics, so its leverage in England was plunder; and he reminds us once more of Luther's "beery, boozy Table-Talk," and scoffs at M. Taine for seeking the causes of the English Reformation in Germany. We do not know precisely how to take the metaphor of "the leverage." The property of the English religious societies was certainly confiscated at the time of the Reformation, under Henry VIII., who as certainly was not a very nice "Defender of the Faith"—either when the infallible Supreme Pontiff gave him that title or when he assumed the right to give it to himself. And no doubt at that time a good many rascally Catholics became more or less rascally Protestants in consideration of receiving certain lands plundered from some of their Roman Catholic brethren. But when this account of the English Reformation has been given, does our reviewer consider the subject exhausted? Rather—for he is not professing to be exhaustive—does he consider it it so much as touched at any very important point? We should say that it is touched at a point of decidedly minor importance if the business in hand is to tell how it happened that the Roman Catholic Church split into numerous fragments in the course of the sixteenth century. And, moreover, we hold with M. Taine that when this question is to be handled, it is quite in order to refer to Martin Luther—whose beeriness and booziness, again, and whose bellowing in bad Latin, and several others of whose ways, are not to the taste of any person now living—outside of certain polemical circles, at least. If we were compelled to describe the condition of mind in which various sorts of persons find themselves when they have in contemplation Martin Luther and his companions, we should describe it as rather childish. Luther brought about the Reformation because he was a monk in love with a nun, we have recently been informed—a cause which might have become operative before his time, one would think. But neither his marrying his wife, we need hardly assure the *Catholic World*, nor his beer-drinking, nor his bad Latin, nor his permitting landgraves and the like to have two wives at a time, nor Henry's allowing himself a still larger number consecutively, nor all of these causes combined, are adequate, without certain others, to account for the facts. One would be glad to know when a rule, based on the perception of this truth, is to be introduced into religious controversy. We do not know that we are justified in expecting its speedy establishment at the hands of the *Catholic World's* opponents, but neither are we ever assured by the tone of its polemics that the *Catholic World* will give it to us much sooner.

Other good articles in this magazine are Mr. De Vere's "Last Days of Oisin the Bard," and a paper on the "Duties of the Rich in Christian Society." The latter is written by a priest who has been long a missionary among the Catholic population of New England factory towns, and we suppose him to be right when he says that while conscientious and benevolent employers are numerous among the New England manufacturers, there is, nevertheless, need of a great and general change. The system is bad, and there are many cases of special oppression in which the operative feels the weight of a real and cruel tyranny. For example, at Manchester, New Hampshire, the writer found in one factory that the hands were kept at work, "voluntarily," of course, till half-past nine o'clock at night. The voluntary nature of the labor outside hours may be judged from the fact that none of the people durst refuse volunteering, because those refusing would incur first the ill-will of the overseers, and afterwards speedy dismissal. At Rutland, Vermont, the laborers in the marble quarries were obliged to accept "store-pay," which is the same as saying that they bought all their goods at the employer's prices, and that the employer probably used but little actual cash in settling his wages account. The strict discipline of life in the cotton-mill and its attached boarding-house is "like that of a treadmill in its dismal and frightful regularity," and the mills are places "that would suit much better for a variety of apes with sufficient intelligence to work machines than for human beings." This, no doubt, is not the sort of oppression and misery of which is born the Commune; but no doubt, too, it will by-and-by work harm to us unless we contrive a way of working good to it. The final conclusion of the article before us is that the Catholic Church, and only the Catholic Church, can deal with the threatening evils which spring from the capitalist's desire to make exorbitant profits, and the consequent wretchedness and discontent among his bondsmen. We wish the Catholic Church showed much sign of being able to deal with them. She would, our benevolent missionary would rejoin to this: we have only to become obedient Catholics, all of us, employers and employed, and we shall soon see how quickly the church will rid us of all our troubles. Meantime, till "the church," thus enlarged, is ready, we shall trust that the workingmen will watch the co-operators, and we trust that the capitalist may never have to watch the Communist with any anxiety, and that in future the sermons which the converted capitalist hears in any and every church may lead him to reflect that, if he is sincere in his belief, he is the professed servant of a Master who probably does not much love his proceedings between Sunday and Sunday, nor indeed on Sunday either. In the "Last Days of Oisin the Bard" the Bard is at his best; we break off the last two of the ten stanzas, which all have freshness and sweetness of perfume:

"O Patrick of the crosier staff,
  The wondrous Book, the anthems slow!
If thou the riddle know'st but half,
  Help those who nothing know!

Who made the worlds? the Soul? Man's race?
  The man that knoweth, he is Man!
I, once a prince, will serve in place,
  Clansman of that man's clan!"

In the *Atlantic*, as in the *Catholic World*, there is some good criticism of M. Taine's book—perhaps as good criticism of him as our press has had, but dealing with him rather in the manner in which he himself deals with the English authors, than as he is dealt with by the *Catholic World's* reviewer. One of the more important of the *Atlantic's* articles is that by an anonymous writer, who begins to tell the story of John Brown's transactions with the Massachusetts Radical Republicans. We think it would be better if an article which offers itself as authoritative in regard to certain historical facts were accompanied by the name of its author, and why the name has not been given we cannot quite see. However, the writer appears to be well-informed as to the facts, and we suppose that his statements may be received as accurate. The article seems to be written with good judgment, too; for, so far at any rate, there is little of that inflamed laudation of John Brown which has been fashionable in certain circles, and which, perhaps, culminated in Mr. Emerson's curious remark that John Brown had made the gallows glorious, as Christ had made the cross glorious. Numerous things many of us say that no doubt would hardly get themselves said if the art of speaking in the Trement Temple had never been invented. This kind of unconsidered eulogy of a man who commands respect, indeed, for his force of character, and compels admiration for his stern courage, but who was as narrow-minded as Stonewall Jackson, and whose mind was far better stored with the politics of Joshua and Adoni-Bezek than with those of the country under whose constitution he lived—this extravagance of praise bestowed upon a man who, whatever his high aim, surely wanted many of the elements which should be present before a wise man's unqualified praise is secured, has greatly interfered with accuracy of estimate as regards him; and it has interfered alike by repelling those who held that he was a dangerous enemy to his country, whom it was impossible not to execute, and by helping to keep at an exaggerated heat of admiration those who knew that Brown, after a life of self-devotion, not to say self-sacrifice, had died a martyr to a sense of duty as controlling as if he had known himself to be sent of God. We are gratified, then, that in this respect these papers are of so good a tone, and that we thus have an additional guaranty of the trustworthiness of their statements. It is, by the bye, always pretty to observe, as Mr. Pepys would say, yet one more manifestation of that obtuseness as to some portions of the moral law which, apparently, never fails to be produced by an extreme susceptibility to the claims of any other portion of it. This writer tells us a story about a pair of gentlemen who were unsurpassed in the war made against the slaveholders; who spent time, labor, and large sums of money in fighting the moral wickedness of holding fellow-creatures in bondage; but whose views as to the righteousness of "economizing the truth" were not such as a moralist would like to see obtain universally, or widely, or indeed at all. It seems that in 1858 some of the Republican leaders became alarmed at the report that Captain Brown meditated an attempt to excite a servile insurrection, and thereupon wrote to the Boston Committee for the relief of Kansas, deprecating the use of arms bought for Kansas in any such expedition as that of which rumor spoke. Reassuring replies were at once written to the Republicans, and especially to Senator Wilson, by the late Mr. George L. Stearns, of Boston, and Dr. S. G. Howe, of the same city. The last-named gentleman replied "in the same spirit" as that which dictated Mr. Stearns's letter, and assured Mr. Wilson that "prompt measures have been taken and will be resolutely followed up to prevent any such monstrous perversion of a trust as would be the application of means raised for the defence of Kansas to a purpose which the subscribers of the fund would disapprove and vehemently condemn." Mr. Stearns, on his side, wrote to Brown directing him to hold the arms subject to "my orders as chairman of said committee"; but this letter, says our author, "while intended to prevent any immediate use of the arms in Virginia, was mainly a blind to satisfy Senator Wilson." Now, what does the reader suppose was the state of this case? As "chairman of the committee," Stearns had officially no control whatever over the arms, nor had the committee, whose opinion Howe pretended to express in his letter, any arms whatever in its possession. The committee having got into debt to Stearns, who at various times advanced them money, had, in the beginning of 1858, turned over all their assets, including the rifles, to Stearns personally. He, in March, 1858, had given Brown verbal permission to make use of this personal property in the Virginian expedition, of which he was fully informed. Brown was, therefore, in full and legitimate possession of it, and it follows that when, in May, 1858, Dr. Howe and Mr. Stearns were writing to Senator Wilson about the disgraceful breach of trust which it would be if the Kansas Committee's property were used in Virginia, they both knew that the committee had no property; that what it once had, and Mr. Wilson supposed it still had, was in Brown's possession; that he had permission to use it; and that Mr. Stearns's promised prohibition as "chairman of this committee" could not annul his previous consent as personal owner of the property in question. This little transaction may or may not throw light, as we have indicated our belief that it does, on the character of extreme reformers in general; but we submit that on the character of these two in particular it does throw some light.

Another article in the *Atlantic* that will attract attention is one on "Immigration," by Mr. Edward Jarvis. Is it true, as Mr. Clibborne told the British Association, that this country is so fatal to the European constitution that, "on an average of three or four generations, extinction of the European races in North America would be almost certain if the communication with Europe were entirely cut off"? Do the foreigners who come to these shores produce children in extraordinary numbers in the first generation, and after that become sterile? What are we to say to M. Carlier, "a French traveller," and Mr. Louis Schade, who both declare that among people of any stock that has been in this country so long as eighty-two years the power of natural increase has been reduced to next to nothing—one and four-tenths per cent. or thereabouts? Did the Bishop of Cashel tell the truth when he got up in the House of Lords and said that "there are seven million natives of Ireland in the United States"? And is Cardinal Berwick, in "Lothair," conspicuously exact or inexact when he announces that there are in the United States twelve millions of Catholics? These questions Mr. Jarvis sets himself to answering, and his answer is that the correct figures appear to show that the whole number of foreigners, of all nationalities, who were living in this country January 1, 1870, including in the count not only parents, but the children born of them since their arrival here as well as before, was about 9,735,000. If to these be added the grandchildren of the immigrants who came here so long ago—1790–1830—that their children born here have married and in their turn had children—we have as Mr. Jarvis's estimate of the total foreign population of the United States, two years ago, about ten and a half millions. "There is not only no ground," says Mr. Jarvis, "for the theory of the limited growth of the American and the unlimited growth of the foreign element in the population of the United States, but, on the contrary, the natural increase is at a lower rate in the foreign than in the American families"; and this, be it remembered, excludes the negroes.

Mr. Parton, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Whittier, Mr. T. B. Aldrich, Mr. De Mille, Mr. Bret Harte, Miss Kate Hillard, and Mr. Bayard Taylor are the other writers in the April *Atlantic*. Mr. Parton and Doctor Holmes seem to us the best, and Mr. Aldrich's story, which is sentimental enough for the poetess of a seminary for young ladies, has some reasonably well-imagined and pleasing camp studies in it. The critical departments are each well varied and good.

The *Overland Monthly* has an account of a strange colony, somewhat resembling that formed by the mutineers of the *Bounty*, whiah, if the author of the *Overland's* article is to be believed, was discovered in the year 1825, in Sullivan County, in this State, by a surveying party who were laying out a State road along the line of route now closely followed by the famous Erie Railway. The founders of the colony were a pair of youthful Indians, a young man and young girl, lovers; a German youth called Karl Beuhler, and an American girl called Susan Stearns. The two latter, while yet little children, had been captured by an Indian tribe, shortly after Braddock's defeat. Some ten years afterwards they escaped, and reached the neighborhood of their old home, then a wilderness, and soon after were joined by the young Indians, their friends. At the time of their exhumation the colonists numbered some forty or fifty persons, all closely related both by blood and marriage, and they were in complete ignorance of the world without. Whatever became of them this writer is unable to tell; but he seems to think that they shortly afterwards separated. He asserts that Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, was one of the party that discovered this oasis in Sullivan County, and otherwise comports himself like a truth-teller or a very bold inventor.

The *Overland* contains a fine story. "'Alice de Bracy,' he tremblingly stammered again. 'Touch me not with your foul hands, Sir Hugh Martelle,' she cried." So we may rely upon it that, on the whole, the world is as young as ever. Besides Alice de Bracy and Sir Hugh, there are also Louise and Sir Gaspard de Bracy. "'Touch me not, Sir Hugh Martelle,' she cried. 'Louise,' he murmured, with a conscience-stricken face. Once more he advanced towards her. 'Touch me not,'" she exclaims again, growing very fierce, and her voice rings through the arches with great power." "'I have gold, Louise,'" Martelle says further on. But Louise says: "'I would not touch your gold, Sir Hugh Martelle. There is the mark of blood upon every piece.' . . . . 'Go, then,' he uttered with an oath." The fact is that Sir Hugh, who is in sanctuary in the cathedral church of Saint Pancras at the time when these conversations are described as taking place, has stabbed Sir Gaspard de Bracy, his rival, in the back, the assault being committed in a dark by-street. The set of public opinion seems to be equally against him in London and in Calaveras County, and, as we have seen, to be very strong. His end is wretched. But the *Overland* has two Pacific Coast stories which we can commend as being good in this way, at all events—that they are stories with something of the Pacific Coast in them; an article about Oregon; another about California Indians; another about the wants and advantages of California; and another called "The Yosemite Valley in Flood," which we think will be of interest to Eastern readers as well as to far Western. We speak of this magazine less often than of the others, but not for the reason that it is not as well worth magazine readers' attention. It has at least the merit of being somewhat different from the others.

"The City of the Little Monk," Mr. Moncure D. Conway's second paper concerning Munich, will be found the most valuable and taking article in *Harper's Monthly* for April. Other articles, however, will very well repay examination, as, for instance, that which treats of the Tammany Society in this city. From his earliest days, when Burr killed Hamilton, to his latest, when W. M. Tweed ruled the sachems and warriors, Saint Tammany was never a saint in much danger of martyrdom on the ground of sanctity; and if the writer in *Harper's* is as able as he seems willing to make a full record of the chicane and corruption of this famous association, he will make a record which any country in Christendom will find it hard to beat.

In the *Galaxy* for April, Ex-Secretary Welles begins a series of articles which profess as their object to furnish proof that Mr. Johnson's plan of reconstruction was much the same as that devised by Mr. Lincoln, approved by Mr. Welles, and finally thwarted by the Republicans whom Mr. Sumner led—a political school which Mr. Lincoln would gladly have had away from Washington while he quietly brought the Confederate States back into the Union. The line of Mr. Welles's narrative and argument is not yet made entirely plain, but it looks as if Mr. Stanton was to gain no credit by his colleague's revelations, and as if we were to learn what, at one time at least, Mr. Lincoln, intended, whether or not we learn much concerning what would have happened had the good sense of Lincoln instead of the obstinate impetuosity of Johnson swayed the Executive influence in 1865 and 1866. For the rest, the *Galaxy* has Mr. Justin McCarthy's gossip about Charles Reade; Mr. De Forest's graphic picture from life of the South Caroline Cracker turned Ku-klux robber and murderer; the last chapter of "Fifteen Years a Shakeress," which one is more pleased than displeased to see ended, so repulsive is the Shaker life here vividly set before us; and with these, a story by Mrs. Harding Davis, which is to the full as disagreeable in its display of writhing, distorted humanity as any other production of this writer's imagination.

In *Lippincott's* Mr. Horatio King gives us some not very indispensable reminiscences of the last winter of Mr. Buchanan's Administration, which may, however, nevertheless be read; and in reading which one renews one's sense of the dangers and difficulties of those months, of the good intentions and the feebleness of Mr. Buchanan, and of the insolence and confidence of the Slidells and Davises and Toombses. To do this is, perhaps, little worth while now, their day being so well over; but assuredly they pulled their destruction on their own heads with an arrogance which makes it still not easy to pity them in the thorough ruin that has overtaken them.

We believe there is hardly an unreadable article in this number of *Lippincott*. Mr. Whymper's Alpine climbing is as good as before; Mrs. Louisa Parr has a love story, very agreeably told; Mr. William Black's "Story of a Phaeton" will be much and deservedly liked and applauded by everybody who reads new novels; "Private Art Collections in Philadelphia" is by a critic who, at any rate, takes the reader along with him and talks to him intelligibly, and who appears to us to talk excellently; and Mr. Musters continues and concludes his account of the Patagonians. They are not giants, he says, though he speaks of some who were six feet four inches in height, but they are very well made, with muscular limbs and shoulders, and with the small foot and high instep which belongs to the horse-riding nations. They spend a great part of their time in the saddle.

A writer in *Scribner's* has a very good subject in "Awakened Japan," but like all the other writers from whom we have heard anything about the very remarkable changes going on there, he fails to explain the causes which have brought about the revolution, and leaves us in the dark as to the real motives of the Japanese rulers in suddenly seeking to displace their civilization of three thousand years and adopt ours. This is what it is said they are voluntarily and out of hand doing; and yet such a substitution is without example in history. Mr. Fitz Edward Hall, who last summer contributed to the "Proceedings of the American Philological Convention" a paper on the participle "Is being done," now prints his essay in *Scribner's*, and lays once for all, or we are mistaken, that spectre which has disturbed the repose of so many philosophers. Mr. C. D. Warner, also, the reader may find in *Scribner's*, together with Mr. Eugene Schuyler, who has a description of the Russian Easter; Mrs. Oliphant; Mr. Julian Hawthorne, in a not very expensive story; and Professor Tayler Lewis, in a discussion of the question whether all men are descended from Adam. Professor Lewis decides this question in the affirmative; or rather, he calls upon those who affirm the negative to come forward if they dare and prove that all men are not descended from Adam. Mention should be made of the excellent engraving of the woodcuts in this April *Scribner's*.

Historical View of the American Revolution. By George Washington Greene. Third edition. (New York: Hurd & Houghton.)—We are glad that this modest work has not seen the end of its usefulness, and trust that many editions are yet in store for it. The twelve popular lectures of which it is composed make a surprisingly good text-book, when one considers the temptation to be oratorical in composing them for delivery, and the necessity of entertaining an audience of listeners by methods which readers, more critical and less easily fatigued, might find faulty and disappointing. We do not pretend that these defects are not visible here, but they are slight indeed; and as each lecture (on the "Causes of the Revolution," "Phases of the Revolution," "Congress of the Revolution," etc.) was comprehensive in its survey, it involved a summary and condensed statement which almost perfectly adapted it for the use to which it is now put, or may well be put, as a chapter of a school history. The author's view of the Revolution is a Northern and a New England view, it need not be said; it is also not unnaturally a Rhode Island and, to some extent, a family view, General Greene figuring largely in it, and so often in conjunction with Washington, as to seem like the second personage in the drama of independence, at least as a military hero. We do not object to this, but, on the contrary, apprehend that the author's intimate study of his grandfather's career has enabled him to draw unusually vivid and lifelike pictures of the men and measures of '76. They are, doubtless, not the only pictures that could be drawn, but they furnish trustworthy materials for the imagination. The philosophy of these chapters seems to us in the main sound and wholesome. If we chose to take any exception to it, it would lie against the argument (in the "Martyrs of the Revolution") to prove an inherent difference in the morality of the actions for which Nathan Hale and Major André, respectively, were hung as spies. Professor Greene goes so far as to make account of the difference in magnitude of the military results which would have attended the success of either emissary. But André sought nothing as a spy which he did not as an officer at the head of his troops, and with as good conscience in the one case as in the other. His immorality, therefore, if he must be charged with any, lay in his being in the King's service at all, rather than in that branch of it which promised the most speedy accomplishment of the end for which hostilities had been undertaken.

Better than any work of similar size with which we are acquainted, this one seems to us calculated to give a distinct and rounded conception of the struggle for independence. For details, the reader must go elsewhere—to the larger histories of Hildreth and Bancroft, and to the Revolutionary biographies with which our literature is yearly enriching itself. Any judicious teacher, using the book in his classes, will find it an agreeable task to develop these pregnant chapters by such excursions, or by a parallel course of reading in Laboulaye or Botta. The appendix contains a chronological outline of the Revolution, with tabular statistics of colonial trade, continental and militia forces, cost of the war, emission and depreciation of continental money, etc., etc.

Aus den Tagen der Occupation. Eine Osterreise durch Nordfrankreich und Elsass-Lothringen, 1871, von Theodor Fontane. Zwei Bände. (Berlin: R. v. Decker. New York: L. W. Schmidt.)—The war with France has given character to the whole body of German literature for 1871–2—history, geography, practical science, anthropology, biography, sermons, memoirs, political economy and ethics, poems, novels, and illustrated books of every description. Hereafter this will vie with the Reformation and the Seven Years' War as an epoch from which statesmen, scholars, and authors will date "a new departure." Much of the present literature of the war will of course be evanescent, and much will furnish only the dry details for future historians; but among the multifarious books of 1871 these two volumes of Fontane possess enough of fact to give them authority, and enough of fancy to give them the color of life. His keen faculty of observation, his appreciation of the beautiful, his acquaintance with literature and art, his sympathy with humanity and with intelligent and healthful progress, his poetic power of description, his delicate humor and playful satire, all come into play in these sketches of Epernay, Rheims, St. Denis, Amiens, Dieppe, Rouen, St. Quentin, Sedan, Metz, Saarbrück, Strassburg, Wilhelmshöhe. These are not the sensational pictures of a war-correspondent, nor the journalistic views of an editor or littérateur, but they unroll the panorama of the war, in battle-scenes, marches, encampments, incidents of soldier-life, with the background of historical and monumental associations, and with such groupings, studies, and effects as only a poet-artist could bring out. Under favor of military convoy, Fontane made the tour of the places most celebrated in history and art in Northern France; and he gives us now the adventures of the journey, now the gravities and the drolleries of the camp, and now a wonderful word-picture of a cathedral, a castle, or a bit of natural scenery. To those who know this pleasant author, it will be enough to give this outline of the book. Two brief extracts, however, will whet the appetite. With graphic humor he describes an accidental rencontre in a railway carriage with Thiers (before his Presidency), whose petulant words are worth treasuring: "Paris, c'est une énormité. Nous sommes énervés. Voyez notre existence: de l'Absinthe au Billard, et du Billard à l'Absinthe. C'est la nation française! Quelle est la conséquence? Nous n'avons pas de grands hommes: nous n'avons pas des idées. Des idées, voilà la cause de votre supériorité. Nous avons—Jules Favre, nous avons—Trochu; l'un intéressé, l'autre imbécile. Voilà tout. Nous sommes *puériles.*" It was not till after this vehement utterance that Fontane, catching in profile the Roman nose, recognized his *vis-à-vis;* but when it dawned upon him that this was none other than Thiers, he went on repeating to himself, "Nous *sommes* puériles"!

After this cruel hit at the "Old Roman," Young America must come in for her share of the author's satire; but its keenness will be forgiven for its cleverness. The author has just given a glowing description of the Strassburg minster, in its history and art, when his meditations on the platform of the tower are broken:

> "In my pacing to and fro I had now come to the southern side of the tower, and was wondering, as I looked up, almost perpendicularly, at the gymnastics which had enabled so many fool-hardy persons to write their names upon that part of the clock-bell (nearly the half of it) which hangs clear outside of the sound-window, when I heard myself, without further ceremony, accosted in English: 'Rather bold,' said a stout man of forty standing near me, pointing at the same time to the inscriptions made with chalk upon the bell.
>
> "Either he had taken me for an Englishman, or it was a lucky hit. At any rate I answered, 'Somewhat in the American style.' He laughed approvingly, and with visible satisfaction proceeded: 'Do you think so? I am an American.' We walked away from the bell and paced around the platform once or twice, in conversation upon topics just at hand, and then, without further regarding the Black Forest or the Vosges, settled down to a perfect *chaussée*-whirl of things, which I know not how nor for what purpose were transported to this height. We had naturally dwelt longest upon 'the war' and 'the rising German nation'—but an American (just like a Berliner or a Leipziger) cannot carry on a conversation for five minutes, though it should be about Sanskrit or Vega's Logarithms, without through the simple turn '*with us*' passing over from the general to the particular. This particular is naturally America. Every Yankee, even the best, uses everything else merely as an introduction to the theme upon which alone it is at all worth while to converse. This is somewhat comical, yet neither tedious nor burdensome; and for two reasons: first, because it exhibits such overflowing naïveté, and next, because the reflection forces itself upon one that they possibly have a good right so to do! Perhaps we are now treading more in their footsteps than they in ours. Our whole railroad and telegraph period, this movement in the place of stability, this haste in the place of rest, this money in the place of land and soil—what is all this but Americanism?
>
> "We introduced ourselves, and, laughing, greeted one another as colleagues. He was the chief editor of a Chicago paper. Naturally. I never yet met an American who was not an editor or did not hope to be one. I told him this; and he only answered, 'Just so.' Then he began, as they all do, to paint the big American pictures—the pictures of 'the far West'—which always carry my soul back to Uncas and Chingachgook, and a little also (really only a *very* little) to Alice and Cora and the English Major, whose name I have forgotten. The pictures have changed since then, but even greater, more prodigious—forests vanishing in a night, and cities springing up in a day; in summer, for variety, now a turn upon the Atlantic and now upon the Pacific Ocean; a wedding-trip to Italy, a summer's airing in Japan; and then in winter, in great sail-sleighs that make the snow fly, away over the plains of Michigan. At evening, wherever one is, 'a fire, a paper, a cup of tea!' Now a forest on fire, the heavens all aflame, and like thunder rolls the sound of cracking ice across the lake.
>
> "So the talk went on. Beneath lay Strassburg, the queen of beauty; there was the minster, the most marvellous embodiment of German art and German grandeur; upon it, cut in the stone, was the name of Goethe; and here a chief editor from the other side of the great deep made his peroration, composedly saying to me, 'America, that's the world'! Thus we parted. I had not the courage to contradict him."

Lucia: Her Problem. By Amanda M. Douglass. (New York: Sheldon & Company. 1872.)—Lucia's problem was very much like that of the rest of mankind, namely, how she should do exactly whatever she wanted to do. While the majority of people, whether willingly or not, pay some respect to certain conventional laws and usages of society, the restless Lucia is conspicuous for her total disregard of everything except her own whims and yearnings. At the beginning of the story we find her not unnaturally discontented with her cold, puritanical home, and making an escape by marrying a Mr. Thorndike, a man of twice her age, after a short courtship in which she met him fully half-way. Although by this marriage she has the pleasure of disappointing an older sister, who had nourished hopes about Mr. Thorndike, and gets for herself all the money and social position that she wants, she, like most people who have solved their problem, is not yet happy. Mr. Thorndike has but a sordid soul. On the other hand, Paul Rutherford! "He was very fastidious about his womenkind, this Paul Rutherford, although he had much chivalry for the sex. But the one who commended herself to his attentions must possess some peculiar grace or characteristic. Loud-voiced, dominant women, purse-proud, vulgar ones, or the shallow dolls of society, were alike distasteful. Indeed, he rarely met one to whom he gave more than a passing thought." Could anything more be wanted of a hero? Lucia, at all events, wanted no more; in the first half-hour of their acquaintance, this incorrigible flirt, to be guarded in our language, is confiding to him her loneliness and discontent with her mode of life. Then, too, there is Vaughan Marchmont, whose "eyes were quite light, a kind of steely color, and, gleaming through the long, black lashes, gave them a most peculiar expression and power. They were merciless and, I was about to say, treacherous, and yet they could soften to the most bewitching tenderness." Every novel-reader knows those eyes well, and their phosphorescent flashes in dimly-lit corners—in a word, all the phenomena of a flirtation between the heartless, irresistible pursuer and his innocent, helpless victim. But whenever the matter is going a trifle far, Paul Rutherford, who seems to have given Lucia, at any rate, more than a passing thought, appears and raises a warning hand, to the great indignation of the baffled Marchmont. While matters are in this state, Mr. Thorndike loses his money, and Lucia, unable to adapt herself to this change of circumstances, runs away alone to "a dreamy, refined, aristocratic place, full of old families who were proud of their pure blood." Her family think her dead, and Mr. Thorndike marries the other sister, whom he had at first neglected. After a few years Lucia returns to her people, Mr. Thorndike is good enough to be killed by a railroad accident, Mr. Marchmont kindly marries the girl to whom Paul Rutherford is engaged, and he being now free, Lucia is, of course, rewarded for her nobly-borne sufferings and heroic devotion to her own happiness by marrying him. "A touch of tender, clinging hands, and their lives blended into one, the true level reached at last."

Such is this story. We dwell on it at this length because it is simply a rather exaggerated example of a sort of novel that is far from uncommon, in which the characters are only made interesting to us by their misery, and the blame for that is transferred from their own weak souls to the coldness of the world around them, as if there were a real dignity in worthlessness.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1872.

The Week.

APRIL having set in, with one political convention only thirty days distant and another only sixty, we are now fairly entered upon our quadrennial political strife, which is to last till next November, and which bids fair to be as intense, as bitter, and, we fear, as violent and unscrupulous as any that the country has ever known. The Liberal Republicans of the East have begun their response to the Western invitation, and may be said to have begun well with a very sensible letter and a fairly good list of signers. The best known of them are Mr. Greeley, Judge Fithian, Mr. Waldo Hutchins, Mr. Sigismund Kaufmann, and Mr. Sinclair Tousey, who all have been active in our State politics, and have of late, we think, been more or less active on the Greeley-Fenton side. With the names of these are some less known but excellent names of men who, without having the personal grievances of any of the leaders in politics, are determined that an anti-reform candidate shall not be elected next autumn if anything they can do can prevent it. A clear idea of their views as to the Cincinnati platform, and as to the reforms upon which they are intent, may be got from their letter to the Missouri committee. They are deeply convinced, they say, that the party organization to which they belong is now under the control of persons who will use it for personal purposes, and who are determined that there shall be no discussion of the principles of Liberal Republicanism. They want the disfranchised Southern whites at once admitted to amnesty. They believe that the civil service should be so reformed "as to relieve political action from the influence of political patronage"—or, to put it in the concrete, they believe in Mr. Clinch, who, for thirty years, has done all the work of the Collector of this port, and they do not believe in Thomas Murphy and previous avatars of Thomas Murphy, who, one after another, for these thirty years, have flung about the public money in the interest now of this and now of that candidate for this or that office. They think that since the war was over we have had too much encroachment on the ancient American right of local self-control—that town-meetings are better for towns than resolutions in Congress. Finally, they think that "Federal taxation should be for revenue, and so adjusted as to make the burden on the industry of the country as light as possible."

How Mr. Horace Greeley could put his name to a platform which says that taxation should be for revenue only, he explains in the *Tribune*, saying that he asks of the Cincinnati Convention no more than this: that it shall acquiesce in his doctrine, and the truly Republican doctrine, that the issue between free-trade and protection shall be left for settlement to the people, district by district, when they choose their members of Congress. If the Convention will treat protection with that much of civility, he and his protectionist friends will be satisfied, he says. The probabilities are, we should suppose, that Mr. Greeley and his friends will be gratified. The free-traders who would make naked free-trade a question to be referred this coming summer to the people at large, are enthusiastic men and logical reasoners, but they are few. The *World*, we see, and the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, accept the suggested compromise; and, indeed, it is to the *World*, unless we mistake, that we owe the recent reinvention and formulating of Mr. Greeley's time-honored Republican doctrine about protection in the Congressional districts. The *World* and the *Enquirer*, for their parts, are in more concern about centralization and the Constitution than about economical truths which they believe want only a chance for an undisturbed hearing in order to beat out of the field the economical truths of Mr. Greeley and his protectionist friends. As to some of Mr. Greeley's other friends who have signed the Liberal Republican letter, we suppose they will be as displeasing to many Liberal Republicans as his protectionist friends are displeasing to the *World* and the *Evening Post*, or as "all who were distressed, and all who were in debt, and all who were discontented," were displeasing to David when they joined him in the Cave of Adullam. They dissatisfied him in some respects, no doubt; but it was David that they joined nevertheless; and, as Administration organs who will read their Bible may learn, he and they together accomplished something. In view of these incipient signs of mutual good understanding between important elements of the proposed Liberal party, and in view of the fact that the French arms scandal, whether or not it has offended Germans in Germany, has very thoroughly offended Germans in the United States, we think that it may not be long before the Cincinnati Convention becomes an object of extreme attention from all Administration organs and President-makers, including those of even more than Swiss devotion.

Congress has done little during the week except introduce bills and resolutions and talk about the tariff, on which subject the best opinion appears to be that the duty on tea and coffee may yet be taken off, but that there is small reason to expect a general revision this session. The Republican and Democratic protectionists alike appear determined if possible that a revision planned even by so moderate a body as the Ways and Means Committee shall be prevented if possible, and lose no opportunity to embarrass Mr. Dawes. The feeling that something must be done before the Presidential canvass begins is not nearly so strong as it was, because, as one of the representatives has said, "the dissatisfaction with Grant has not worked down among the people yet," and the supposition is that it will be possible to pull through without taking any dangerous bull by the horns. On Wednesday, salt was the subject of a lively discussion in the Senate, and one of the senators from this State had the hardihood to assert that the salt companies were making a bare living, as was shown by their dividends, which amount merely to interest at seven per cent. on the capital invested; and the other asserted that the Onondaga Salt Company had for two years earned only three and a-half per cent. To these astounding assertions Senator Blair replied that he did not believe one word of them; and though Senator Blair would perhaps like the debates of the Society upon the Stanislaus about as well as he likes the senatorial style of debate, he is a very straightforward sort of a person, and no doubt he got pretty near the exact thing when he charged the informants of Senator Fenton and Senator Conkling with transparent falsehood. Six dividends of twelve per cent. each he asserts that the Onondaga Salt Company has paid in one year, the three and a-half per cent. dividend, for example, being a dividend on tremendously watered stock. On Monday last, Secretary Fish informed the Senate that the alleged American citizen, Dr. Howard, who is now on his way to seven years of penal servitude at Ceuta, is a Dr. Houard of French parentage, and probably of Spanish citizenship, but that the Department is still investigating his case.

Mr. Sumner's protest against the right of the Hamlin Committee to examine him has a dubious look on its legal side, the right of either House to examine its own members appearing *primâ facie* reasonable, and involved in the right to impose orders upon them when speaking in their place. Mr. Sumner, however, is a learned lawyer, though for the matter of that there is always a learned lawyer on each side of every question, and one of the two is always in the wrong. But Mr. Sumner's protest, so far as it was his somewhat circumlocutory but dignified and exhaustive way of telling the committee what he thought of the mode of its construction, what he thought of the conduct of three of its members in consenting to serve on it, and what he thought of the violation of parliamentary usage and the motive of violation, was very good indeed. That the Senate may not, if it likes, set aside its own parliamentary law, and is not at all times a law unto itself—so far as this, at all events, that it is responsible to itself alone, and can be punished by no one—we take to be clear. But it is protests like this of Mr. Sumner's which, whether they be strictly good in their law or not, help to consolidate usage into what is practically law, and if there be law incite to its careful definition and limitation. He has made a forcible and useful protest against a great outrage on good usage and senatorial dignity; and the next attempt at insolent and contemptuous tyranny will be the more difficult for what he has said. In his examination, too, his answers upheld his positions. What can be the mental condition of persons who truthfully say that they believe the "real reason" for his unwillingness to testify was that he now perceives that he never had any grounds for moving an investigation, and that he wished to escape from his attitude of treason, we must let some one else say. We are baffled for once. Senator Carpenter actually says, in writing, that he had to believe of Sumner and Schurz one of two things—either they believed what they said, in which case they were traitors to their country; or else they said what they knew to be false, in which case they were probably doing it to injure Grant's chance of a renomination. Here is a condition of mind and of the moral sense! Some American official, or semi-official, violates law and perhaps steals a million or two of francs in the operation. Then we are to call him the American nation, and all of us stand still adopting his rascality.

The Connecticut contest has resulted, as everybody expected, in the re-election of Mr. Jewell, the Republican governor. "Victory," the *Times* says, in a head-line: "The State Heavily Republican." But then in a minute it says, in another large head-line, "Majority 200," and we are all unsettled again. The majority turns out to be 30, the Temperance Republicans—all for Grant?—polling an unexpected vote of 1,526. The vote was not heavy; the Democracy kept quiet; the Administration put forward its best speakers, and had a fortnight of the services of a prospective Vice-Presidential candidate; the extreme Bourbon Democracy was disaffected, and no attempt was made to conciliate it; some Liberal Republican papers advised abstention, more advised a vote for Jewell; the platforms were the same, and the same as the Missouri platform; and the result of all is a majority of 30 in a poll of 90,000. How glorious a victory this may be we do not know. Nor whose it is, exactly. It certainly looks like a victory for Mr. Hawley as against Mr. English in the campaign for the senatorship. But as the platforms were about the same, and about the same as the Missouri platform, it would seem to be certain that nearly all Republicans and nearly all Democrats like the Missouri platform, and that the nominee who brings upon that platform the highest character and the most reputable associates and "record," can carry the best men of both parties, and that there is no man in the country so strong as to be able to beat him. If this be true, the result in Connecticut would seem to have settled one other thing besides the senatorship, and that is, that it is *nominations* which are to be the important matters at Cincinnati.

Colonel Alexander McClure's contest with Colonel Gray for the seat in the State Senate obtained by the latter in the Fourth Senatorial District of Pennsylvania, has ended in a report from the investigating committee fully establishing the charges of fraudulent voting preferred by the contestant. Colonel McClure was at once sworn in, and signalized the first hours of his senatorship by introducing four important reform measures, two of which the Senate passed at sight. All this speaks well for the purification of the State's politics, and perhaps it has no other significance. Colonel Gray was quite too assuming, we are now told, when he assured his constituents, in the midst of his supposed triumph, that the victory was for Grant and Cameron as well as for himself—at least he had no business to mention Grant. The *Press* is laboring to correct the impression that there is now "one independent, anti-Grant reformer" in the Senate in the person of Colonel McClure, and shows that in accepting the Reform Republican nomination he wrote that he would accept "no candidacy that would endanger Republican success in the Senate, or in the State or Nation"—a pledge which apparently would be redeemed if the Colonel concluded that the nomination of Grant at Philadelphia (considering what had taken place at Cincinnati) would tend exactly to endanger the success of his party. The *Bulletin*, too, quotes from a speech of his just prior to the election the acknowledgment that he is pledged "to obey the well-known sentiments of the Republicans of the district on the Presidency, as on all other questions." In the customary language of one journalist to another on these occasions, we would say to our Philadelphia contemporaries, "The *Press* and *Bulletin* must try again."

This McClure and Gray case is interesting in several ways. McClure is a politician who just before the last State election announced himself as in favor of a fight against corruption at Harrisburg, and opposed to the nomination of General Grant. To oppose the renomination of the President in Pennsylvania is, as we need not say, to oppose Mr. Simon Cameron, and what that means Colonel McClure discovered in his canvass, if he did not know before. He had to fight the Federal Navy Yard, the Federal Post-office, the Federal Custom-house, the Federal Assessors and Auditors, the municipal police, the Mayor's office, the Street Commissioner's office, the Auditor's office, the Registrar's office, the office of the Fire Department, and half a dozen other offices. The Navy Yard furnished the Administration candidate with a gentleman who "acts as judge of election, and carries off the ballot-box to party headquarters"; the Custom-house supplied him with repeaters of its own, and money to hire more; the Post-office gives him a gentleman who acts as judge of election and slips in fraudulent votes for him; the Mayor contributes a large sum to his election fund; every policeman gives a dollar or more of his pay, according as he is patrolman, sergeant, or captain, each in his degree; on election day the police force favors him by letting his repeaters do their duty undisturbed, and by arresting McClure's voters on small pretext and on none; in fifteen districts the returns are falsified to his advantage; in one of them, for instance, it is shown by sworn evidence that during the first hour of voting twelve votes were cast for his antagonist, but the returns say that only seven were cast, the judges having thrown away five votes for McClure. Corruption and fraud in nearly all forms known to American elections, and force in degrees short of murder, are what a person fights who fights against Mr. Cameron and the Administration patronage, and Colonel McClure was defeated. But he is a resolute man, and his supporters are among the weightiest citizens of Philadelphia, united as Reformers, so he went to Harrisburg, and, though resort was had to every device to keep him out of his seat, the evidence was too strong, and he had to be let in. The *Press* will find him but very dubiously like an Administration Republican, we fancy.

There can be no question that the new constitution of Illinois is destined to have a very beneficial influence on all State constitutions hereafter to be framed or made over; and we are inclined to think that it marks as important an epoch as the New York constitution of 1846, happily in a contrary sense. The Legislature, in a laborious nine months' session, has just been giving effect to the charter by passing the laws which it requires, and a correspondent says of this body that it has been, "if not the ablest, certainly the most honest, the most sober, and the purest body of men that ever attempted to make laws for a great State." The salvation of it and of the State, he says, has been the abolition of special legislation, in consequence of which the lobby finds its occupation nearly gone. Two experiments have been instituted, of which the workings will be watched with curiosity. One is in the Municipal Incorporation Bill, and combines the principle of the cumulative ballot with a classification of the terms of office. For instance, if by popular vote any city adopts proportional or "equal" representation, it is to be divided into districts, each of which is to be represented by six aldermen chosen on the cumulative plan; the three highest candidates holding office for two years, and the three lowest for one. An attempt was made in the House, which we regret to say was ineffectual, to render this system less wasteful and uncertain than it is likely to be, by transferring the surplus votes from the more to the less favored candidates. Nevertheless, it may be well to see what party discipline can do under the most difficult conditions. The liquor law passed at this session, in imitation of those of Ohio and Michigan, but still more stringent, and which has awakened the liveliest opposition of the foreign population, is also an example to other States that vacillate between license and prohibition. Finally, we may mention the brief act, which we presume is a special concession to Mrs. Myra Bradwell, editor of the Chicago *Legal News*, and which provides that "no person shall be precluded or debarred from any occupation, profession, or employment (except military) on account of sex: *Provided*, that this act shall not be construed to affect the eligibility of any person to an elective office." The insertion of the word "voluntary" before "occupation" would have saved the necessity of the third clause: "Nothing in this act shall be construed as requiring any female to work on streets or roads, or serve on juries."

The efforts of the friends of woman suffrage in Massachusetts to get the word "male" out of the constitution have been defeated this year in the House, by a vote of 77 to 136, with 27 absent or not voting. This shows a gain in the affirmative of only nine votes over last year, and, if we read aright an article on the subject in the *Woman's Journal*, the leaders of the movement have given up the idea of a "short cut" to their cherished object through premature legislation. "Hereafter," says Mrs. Lucy Stone, "our work lies not so much with the State House as with the people. They who elect representatives and senators must see to it that only those are trusted with power who believe in our theory of government, and who respect equal human rights." The one hundred and thirty-six representatives who voted no, and whose names are to be pilloried in the *Woman's Journal*, may fairly congratulate themselves on this result of their action, namely, that they have brought back the agitation to its legitimate sphere, and reinforced the lesson that, in a republic, reforms must begin at the bottom and not at the top, in order to be either healthy or permanent.

At last, after some months of confused wondering, there is a more or less general expression of belief on the part of our press that the plain truth about the *Alabama* Claims difficulty is, that Mr. Bancroft Davis has succeeded in putting us into a very disagreeable position. So the most influential and popular journals in the country are now saying; and everybody knows what intelligent people have been saying to each other in private for the last month. It is now openly said that, for want of intelligent supervision by the Department of State, an unduly ambitious gentleman—whose most noted diplomatic service previous to his preparation of our case was the Motley correspondence, unless, indeed, he achieved the Gortchakoff correspondence also—has been enabled to endanger the peace of seventy millions of people; to jeopardize and discredit the principle of arbitration which we had honored ourselves by adopting and advancing; and to effect these things while putting his country in the wrong. Mr. Sumner's speech was, we suppose, an attempt to express the height and the depth of our feeling of displeasure at the conduct of the people, especially the governing people, of Great Britain; Mr. Sumner declared that he never meant money; but to get the speech smuggled into a bill for damages was, as Mr. Bright has recently said to an American friend, a piece of "attorneyship rather than statesmanship," of which the credit appears to belong to our Department of State, and probably to the imperfectly supervised Assistant Secretary. The will of the country was good to make a friendly settlement of a troubling question. We are not afraid to say that, when the English expression of regret was made, the public generally supposed Mr. Sumner's indirect damages to have disappeared, and were well pleased that they had. For instance, in the discussion that immediately followed the treaty in our own papers and those of the Provinces, when the talk was on this very question as to which Government had gained most in the transaction, there was not a word of assumption that any claims other than the direct were to be insisted upon. But soon comes Mr. Bancroft Davis's "case," and at once we have everything in fog again—a mountain of mist which no man can gauge, claims that no man can estimate, upon which nobody wants any money, which nobody expects anybody to pay. The country has been kept much in the dark in this matter, but we think it begins to see clearly that there has been gross mismanagement. It is one more illustration of the certainty with which a man in a place too high for him brings discredit on those whom he represents. The Administration may be able to find a way out; but we wish it would say how.

An Italian jurist, Professor Vidari, has published his views on the Treaty of Washington, and they are worthy of consideration. He says the Treaty is so ambiguous as to bear out either of the two conflicting interpretations, and that the only portion of it which might determine one's doubts he finds in the very first article, where it is written:

> "In order to remove and adjust all complaints and claims on the part of the United States, and to provide for the speedy settlement of such claims which are not admitted by Her Britannic Majesty's Government, the high contracting parties agree that all the said claims growing out of acts *committed* by the aforesaid vessels, and generally known as the *Alabama* Claims, shall be referred to a Tribunal of Arbitration, etc."

Now, when we talk, says Professor Vidari, of acts *committed* by the Confederate cruisers, we must mean those acts which they directly intended and effected as the immediate consequence of their cruising, and in these we could not possibly include the transfer of American ships to the British flag, the heightened insurance risks, the prolongation of the war, the greater expenses thus incurred, etc.:

> "To commit an act means to exert one's personal activity directly upon some person or thing; and, therefore, whatever is not the equally direct consequence of this exercise of activity cannot be said to be *committed* by the agent."

This argument will appear less subtle and far-fetched if we bear in mind the double meaning of the word "claims," as pointed out the other day in these columns by Judge Nott, and substitute for it the words "causes of action" in the phrase "all the said claims growing out of acts committed." Professor Vidari relies, however, mainly on the facts antecedent to the Treaty as aids in interpreting it, and reaches what we may call the unavoidable conclusion that the "amicable settlement" referred to in the protocol is the Treaty itself. Under this head, he notices the fact that the British Commissioners, in the session of April 5, accepted the rules of international law, which they at first rejected, and which are now incorporated in Article VI. of the Treaty, for the guidance of the Geneva Tribunal, in order, as they explained, to show the desire of their Government to confirm the "amicable relations" of the two countries, and to establish rules of such a nature as to give satisfaction for the future.

THE FRENCH ARMS INVESTIGATION.

THOUGH the French Arms Investigation has not yet come to a close, still enough has been brought to light to give us a satisfactory understanding of the history of the transactions, to show where the Government has been innocent, and where and to what degree it has been at fault. The discrepancy between the reports of the War and the Treasury Departments, and the wide difference between the sums paid by France for the arms and those received by the Government at Washington, have been explained to the satisfaction of everybody, and have long passed out of the discussion. There still remains a charge of violation of United States law and of our international duties. It is asserted that two United States statutes have been broken. According to the law of 1868, the Secretary of War is "directed to cause to be sold, after offer at public sale, on thirty days' notice, in such a manner as he may deem most advantageous to the public interest," any unsuitable arms, ammunition, etc., he may wish to dispose of. It is charged that in several particulars the sales were not executed in accordance with the provisions of that law; and this charge the accusers of the Administration have, we think, made good. There was one plain violation of the spirit and another plain violation of the letter of the law. The act of 1868, as first proposed by Mr. Garfield, authorized the Government to sell unsuitable arms, ammunition, etc., at public or private sale, without any restrictions or limitations whatever. Mr. Van Wyck objected; he thought it would be unwise to allow arms to be sold privately which had not first been offered at public sale, for the reason that the purchaser might fee the officers of the department to get them for less than their market value. If the arms were first put up at public sale, it is plain there could be no chance for cheating; for the officers of the Department could not take less than what was publicly bid for them, while no private purchaser would offer a bribe to get them for more. Mr. Van Wyck, therefore, moved that the arms be advertised for thirty days at public sale before any were sold privately. This amendment Mr. Garfield accepted. The wording of the resolution was careless, and, from the account of the proceedings in the *Globe*, we should say that the amendment was tossed into the resolution in a hasty and inaccurate manner. The War Department construed this law to mean that the offer at public sale for thirty days must precede the private disposal not of each lot of arms, but of the particular kind advertised. According to this strange construction, after the 10,000 muskets of a certain kind had been offered at public sale for the requisite thirty days, another 10,000 might be sold privately without the formality of putting up this second lot at thirty days' notice. Six months later, still another lot could be sold. Nothing would be wanted, then, but a dishonest officer and a dishonest purchaser to cheat the Government out of the full value of the arms sold. Ten thousand muskets, which in the market might bring four dollars apiece, might be sold at three dollars apiece to a purchaser who would give the officer in charge of the sale $5,000 for the favor. This was the very possibility Mr. Van Wyck's amendment was intended to guard against.

The officers of the War Department, then, plainly violated the intention of the law, and that intention was so obvious that we must believe they were conscious of the violation. In the manufacture of ammunition for the purpose of selling it, they violated the letter of the law. Plainly, the Government can only sell what and in what manner the law authorizes it to dispose of. If it can manufacture cartridges without authorization, there was, then, no need of any law providing for the sale of arms. The quibble of the defence will be that they have the right to manufacture such things as they think necessary, and that after their manufacture, if they be unsuitable, they have the right to sell them. The ammunition is up to the time of manufacture suitable; after it, unsuitable. If the cartridges were suitable, it was unlawful to sell them, and no country can be supposed to authorize its government to manufacture things which are unsuitable. Moreover, if the cartridges sold could have been used for the breech-loaders of the pattern of 1868 (and they could at least have been made to be so used), of course the statute was directly contravened. As the case stands, we feel no hesitation in saying that the law was pretty well violated.

The other law the Government is accused of disregarding is that directing that no arms, the property of the United States, shall be sold to the agent of any friendly power when at war with another friendly power. It is charged that the officers of the War Department disposed of old arms to persons whom they knew to be French agents. In the main, it seems to us that this charge has not been made good. Certainly, up to the 13th of October, 1870, no arms were sold to any persons known by the Department to be the authorized agents of either belligerent. On that day, Secretary Belknap and General Dyer discovered that Mr. Squire, to whom they had just made a large sale, was an agent of the French Government. Secretary Belknap at once ordered that no more arms be sold to him; but he delivered what had been purchased, and for this he is censured by some. Perhaps it would have been better had he not done so; he had not yet received from Mr. Squire the margin commonly exacted from purchasers, and could have renounced the bargain with propriety had he chosen so to do; still, there was nothing in his action deserving of severe censure. It is not proved that the Government sold arms to persons whom its officers knew to be agents of France, and, with an exception or two, they seem to have taken all the precautions to prevent a violation of United States law that could have been reasonably expected at the time. The officers of the War Department could not possibly have guarded against selling to French agents. They refused to sell to the Remingtons as soon as they understood their true character, but the Remingtons might have employed a dozen agents, who, in their turn, might have employed a dozen sub-agents. The law required they should sell to no one whom they knew to be buying for France or Germany. It was necessary they should do that much; it would have been useless and impolitic to have attempted more. It was impossible that the officers should know that the buyers were not French agents; their only obligation was to maintain a condition of ignorance that they were. The War Department notified its New York agent not to sell arms to the Remingtons. This was not enough: it ought to have notified him not to sell to any person he knew to be an agent of either of the countries at war. The officers in charge of the sales did not fail, so far as we know, in maintaining the proper state of ignorance. We think, however, they went a little too far in delivering arms from the Government lighters directly to the decks of the French steamers. The officers in charge of the sale may say that they did not know the purchaser was a French agent; that the arms, so far as they were aware, were still in the hands of private speculators. Still, this is one of those things which seem to be more significant than they are: it could have been avoided, and the Government would have been wise to refuse to deliver the arms. In a word, we think the War Department has been, perhaps, a little careless, while we acquit it at this point of any violation of United States law.

No charges of bribery or peculation have as yet been fixed upon any one. We see clearly brought out two wants of our Government with which we have been long familiar. These wants are dignity and respect for law. The mere fact that the Government should have been willing to break or strain a statute to get a good price for a lot of second-hand goods is unworthy the dignity of a country like ours. Whether the law-making has been slovenly or capricious, or whether the law-makers are not held in very high esteem, it is certain that executive officers at Washington have long shown a disposition to look upon laws (particularly in small matters) as things rather to get around than to obey. They certainly will continue to think in that way until the country notifies them that they must cease to do so; and it is important that the public shall speak distinctly on this point. It may have been very well to break the law in the interest of self-preservation, as we did in the war; it may have been well even to get rid of an obnoxious President, as we so narrowly and happily escaped doing in 1868; but nobody will say it is good to trample under foot restrictive statutes in order to sell off old arms or any other accumulations of the Government's garrets and cellars. We notice, too, an incipient greed and selfish carelessness in our conduct towards other nations, against which we should particularly guard. Since the Revolution, we have perhaps had the purest foreign policy and practice of any country under the sun; but we, nevertheless, need special caution as to the future. Our position among the nations is so entirely anomalous that we are scarcely likely to think of putting ourselves in the places of others; and we are so strong and so distant from any possible enemy that it will hardly be in human nature to help presuming a little on our advantages.

THE RECENT COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL EXPERIENCE OF BELGIUM.

WHATEVER tends to throw light—especially the light derived from experience—upon the present commercial and financial policy of the United States, is eminently worthy of attention; and of all the records of recent experience, none are more valuable or comparatively so little known as those of the small kingdom of Belgium. We, therefore, propose to ask the attention of our readers to a brief review of the commercial and financial history of that country since the commencement of the present century: a subject which Dr. Elder, of Philadelphia, in his recent book, has so wilfully or ignorantly misrepresented, with a view of bolstering up the system of Pennsylvania protection.

Passing by the historical fact that the "Low Countries," including Holland and Flanders (Belgium), owed their growth and prosperity during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries mainly to their exceptional freedom from the commercial and industrial restrictions which then fettered all the rest of Europe, we find that during the French occupation of Belgium by the first Napoleon the protective system was carried out practically, and under military rule, to a degree rarely if ever equalled. Not only was the introduction of all foreign goods into the country strictly forbidden, but all goods of foreign growth and production found within the state were seized and publicly burned in the streets, and the persons concerned in their importation summarily shot or otherwise severely punished. The result of twenty-two years of such rule under the French was, that the whole country, when the Dutch assumed the sovereignty in 1814, had become desolated, and to a considerable extent even depopulated. The Dutch, however, a practical, honest, and industrious people, brought in a new and altogether different policy: a cardinal feature of which was a customs system in which the maximum duty levied on the import of raw materials was only *three* per cent., and upon all manufactured articles *six* per cent. Under this period of free-trade legislation (1814–1830), the principal manufactures of Belgium were again brought into existence, and developed with great rapidity: a fact demonstrated by an exhibition of national industry about the year 1829, which at that time attracted the attention and comment of Europe by reason of the excellence and diversity of the manufactured articles contributed.

But the deep-rooted antagonism which existed in respect to many political questions between the Dutch and the Belgians, coupled with differences of language and religion, finally overshadowed all other subjects, and in 1830 a revolution broke out which resulted in the separation of the two countries. Then, like the United States, Belgium underwent one of those intense social and political crises—inseparable always from a bloody civil war—and trade and industry were naturally laid prostrate. The manufacturers of Belgium, although enjoying almost unparalleled advantages in respect to the price and supply of skilled labor as compared with the rest of Europe, embraced the opportunity afforded by this condition of affairs to institute a movement in favor of protection; and, mainly through the popular hatred of the Dutch and of the general policy by which they had for fifteen years governed the country, fully succeeded in overthrowing the previous free-trade legislation. In its place they induced the new government to adopt a tariff almost as restrictive and illiberal as that now in force in the United States; with sliding scales to maintain the price of bread at artificial fixed rates, differential duties, and drawbacks in complex multiplicity.

A recent letter from a leading statesman of Belgium—M. Corr Van der Maeren—thus describes the result of such a fiscal policy, which, without prejudice, might be reasonably regarded as a correct picture of the present condition of affairs in the United States. He says:

> "The manufacturers being in full possession of the home market, neglected to keep pace with the improvements in productive machinery which were going on in other countries, and produced only for the consumption of their own limited market. Rendered thus incapable of competing in foreign markets with their neighbors, they lost the commercial support of the mercantile community, who had hitherto exported their products; many of the principal trades combined together in order to maintain high prices, which weighed heavily upon their unfortunate consumers; but this and every other means which they put in practice to profit by the monopoly conceded to them by the new legislation, could not last. Producers and consumers, shut up in one cage, found it too small for their movements, and trade continued to decrease. I will give you one example, illustrative of the situation. Foreign coal was taxed with a prohibitory duty. The glass and other manufactories established in the neighborhood of the coal districts were, of course, obliged to pay the price fixed by a combination of the coal owners and miners, until at length these manufactories actually stopped working, because of the high price of fuel. They claimed on their side the 'protection' of the government against the monopoly of the coal-masters; and the final result was that, in order to save the industrial establishments from ruin, the government was obliged to use the power given it by law, and take off the duty provisionally on the importation of coal. In short, the protective legislation, with its privileges and monopolies, produced such effects as this every day in various ways and by conflicting interests."

Moved by such disastrous results, the Minister of Finance, M. Frère Orban, came forward in 1851 and denounced, in the most energetic terms, before Parliament, the whole policy of protection, which he asserted would, if continued, be the ruin of the whole system of Belgian domestic industry. He further declared that from that time it would be the purpose of the government to reform progressively the existing customs legislation of Belgium, eliminating from it all protective duties, and placing it, finally, upon a purely revenue basis. But, upon their side, the manufacturers were no less determined to defend what they called their rights and privileges. They termed themselves "the supporters of national industry." They contested inch by inch every foot of ground, and made the proposed reforms for many years, in Parliament and out of Parliament, the principal topic of public discussion. M. Orban, however, made steady progress in carrying out his declaration of principles, and in 1855 succeeded in passing a new and reformed tariff; and from that time tariff reforms went on steadily until 1866, when the present tariff, framed entirely on the basis of revenue, and without one feature of protection (and which Dr. Elder, in assuming the position of public instructor, seems never to have heard of), was enacted.

This tariff (see "Comparative Tariff of all Countries, Treasury Department, 1869") will be found, on inspection, to be the most liberal, with the possible exception of that of Great Britain, of any civilized country, and framed solely with a view of obtaining revenue. Its effects have been so entirely satisfactory that, at the present time, there is no political party in Belgium which thinks the policy of protection to be worthy even of consideration; and no public man, author, or journalist of any repute, who advocates or is in any degree identified with protection. Within the last ten years, furthermore, the various Chambers of Commerce of the kingdom have unanimously voted resolutions in favor of the desirability of the government's devising some financial scheme whereby it could be enabled to dispense with the raising of revenue through the customs, and so, by suppressing them altogether, attain the position of *perfect free trade*. In a speech by the Finance Minister, delivered in Parliament November, 1867, he uses the following language:

> "There is no doubt that very few people could be found who would maintain our customs for the sake of the institution itself. Those who support the necessity of customs do so for the sole reason that it is a means of procuring revenue. The principal obstacle we meet, when we attempt to abolish our customs, is the considerable revenue they yield to the State—revenue which we should have to replace by other taxes."

In the same speech, the Minister presented the following remarkable statistics, showing a comparison between the results for twenty years in France of trade and industry under a protective system, and the results for the same period in Belgium (a border country), where, for the major part of the time specified, the customs duties had been in a condition of continued and progressive reduction:

		Frs.	cts.		Frs.	cts.
General importations into Belgium (consumption and transit) per inhabitant was....................	In 1847...	90	55	In 1865....	272	99
Do. do. in France....	"	36	35	"	92	83
Difference in favor of Belgium..		54	20		180	16
General exportations (consumption and transit) of Belgium per inhabitant was....................	"	72	80	" ...	240	86
Do. do. in France....	"	29	56	"	107	54
Difference in favor of Belgium..		43	24		133	32

Under the protective tariff of 1854, the customs duties of Belgium produced 10,928,535 francs; but under the free-trade legislation of 1865, the revenue increased to 15,764,608 francs—a gain of nearly forty-five per cent. Such, then, is the lesson to be learned from the recent fiscal history of Belgium; and whatever else it may teach, it is conclusive to this effect—namely, that protection, whenever it existed in Belgium, under either French or home rule, proved most disastrous to the industry and commerce of the country.

THE HAXO-STREET TRIAL.

Paris, March 13, 1872.

As a class, and if you only judge them by their manners, our working-men are certainly superior to those of any other country. They have a very nice artistic feeling, an extraordinary amount of natural wit; but their cleverness covers a great ignorance, and their amenity can at times give place to the most cruel instincts. There is more brutality in the Anglo-Saxon character, and more ferocity in the French The disease is chronic with one race, and acute with the other. Al the phrases and theories about the Commune seem to me worthless beside the plain statement of facts. Mr. Frederic Harrison would not indulge in his apologies if he saw in our courts the heroes of his imagination. The last trial which has taken place has hardly attracted any attention, as the sensibility of the public has been almost overtaxed. But I believe that the drama of Haxo Street is perhaps one of the most instructive, and I will give it to you in all its most horrible details.

It is now quite evident that the massacres which ended the reign of the Commune were not committed in a sudden outburst of rage. They were preconceived; every day in succession had its massacre. On the 24th May, the archbishop was executed with his companions in the prison of La Roquette. On the 26th May, at three o'clock in the afternoon, sixty Federals came to the prison, with an officer at their head (the name of this officer is still a secret), bearing an order from Ferré (who was executed with Rossel) addressed to the director of the prison, named François, to give him as many hostages and other prisoners as the company could safely conduct away. The latter at once gave the order to have all the hostages led out of their cells, as well as fifteen others, of whom he himself made the list. He went himself into a passage which runs before the cells, and one of the guardians called out the names. All the hostages had been led out of their cells. The guardian, named Ramain, did not pronounce well the name of one of the hostages, Father De Bengy. De Bengy? said he quietly, and, stepping forward, he placed himself by the other victims. Father Guérin, a missionary, offered meanwhile to M. Chevriaux to answer for him, if his name was called out, as this last prisoner was a married man with children. He had already made him this offer the day before, as he was dressed like a layman: his life was a life of martyrdom; he could never die better. Chevriaux refused to accept the sacrifice. Fortunately, neither the one nor the other was called. But such examples of simple heroism ought to be remembered.

François, the director of the prison, gave to the officer in command, whom he did not know and whose name he says he is ignorant of, fifty prisoners in all, knowing very well that they were to be executed. The hostages were counted one by one at the outside door. The unfortunate men placed themselves in the midst of two files of Federals. There were thirty-five gendarmes (the gendarmes are all of them old soldiers, and are generally married men), ten municipal guards of Paris, ten priests, and two common citizens—three gendarmes were fortunately in the infirmary of the prison. This troop went up the Rue de la Roquette as far as the Père la Chaise Cemetery, then followed the Boulevard de Ménilmontant as far as the Boulevard de Belleville. The priests were praying fervently and exhorting the gendarmes. At the lower part of the Boulevard de Ménilmontant the troop was stopped by a barricade and the 174th battalion of Federals. The officer who conducted the prisoners asked the commander of this battalion for some more men. This commander himself followed with a company and its officers. The crowd began to surround the cortége, but it was quiet at first. In the street called by the name of Puebla (the Mexican town) the crowd almost suddenly became delirious, ferocious, and began to utter horrible threats. The cortége entered the *mairie* of Belleville, which was the headquarters of Ranvier, a member of the Commune, and one of the men who had set fire to the Tuileries and the Hôtel de Ville. Ranvier knew the hostages. He had often visited them at the Prison of La Roquette, and he showed them like curious beasts to his friends. He gave the order for an immediate execution on the ramparts, allowing the prisoners only a quarter of an hour to make their wills.

The troop now left the *mairie* amidst a howling crowd. Men and women in arms threatened and struck the prisoners; some orators made speeches and inflamed the mob. This continued all along the Rue de Paris and the Rue de Haxo. At half-past five only did the prisoners reach the ramparts at the headquarters of the legions of Belleville and Ménilmontant. Four military commanders had successively occupied this post in four days—a Pole called Mutasewitch, who had fled on the 22d May, as soon as he heard that the Versaillais had entered Paris, and three other men who fled in their turn. When the prisoners arrived, Parent, who had just been named delegate of war in the place of Delescluze, was there with eighty officers. He was on the point of making his escape to the Prussian lines. Parent had besides with him a number of members of the famous Central Committee, who made the insurrection of the 18th of March. When the hostages arrived, Parent, turning to the members of the Central Committee, told them ironically: "Show your influence—now is the time; hinder these people from dishonoring the Commune." The first hostages were already entering one by one through a *grille*, and each one was pushed through with a violent kick by a herculean artilleryman. They were placed against a house, and they were shot almost at the muzzle. Then a new batch came in, and the newcomers had to witness the last convulsions of their predecessors. This massacre lasted more than a quarter of an hour. Only one man attempted something like a revolt. An under-commissioned officer of the Guard of Paris, a handsome man, still young, was offering his breast to the gun of a pseudo-sailor of the Commune, when an old priest threw himself on the gun and placed himself between the sailor and the soldier. He was almost immediately shot, and the mob struck his body with violence. After it seemed all over, when all the bodies heaped together were motionless, three Federal officers, two soldiers, and a woman walked for some time over this human barricade, watching, revolver in hand, for some movement.

It is impossible to give an accurate idea of the sullen aspect of the men who appear before the Council of War as accomplices of the massacre of Haxo Street. A man called Benot, who hardly answers the questions of the President, was Bergeret's right-hand man, and a colonel in command at the Tuileries. He was once a soldier, and spent 42 months in prison during the time of his service. Bergeret disappeared after the burning of the Tuileries. Benot, with 1,500 men, went first to the *mairie* of the eleventh arrondissement, where the Commune resided for a while. On the 26th, he retired to Haxo Street along the rampart; and he insisted upon the execution when Parent made a faint effort in behalf of the victims. His only defence is that he did not give the order himself to take the prisoners out of the Roquette prison. There is not one man among the 26 accused who does not wear an air of stupidity and brutality. They all deny everything, and they have not even the intelligence to choose between what they may safely avow and what it would be dangerous to avow. Two hundred witnesses are to be heard in this case, and the trial will perforce last at least a week.

I have carefully gone through all these criminal trials of the Commune, and each one has left on me a more painful impression. There is a great deal of ferocity in all the men who committed these murders, but there is no courage in their ferocity. Now that the excitement is over, their attitude is the most contemptible that can well be imagined. It is also very striking that all the leaders of the movement, almost without exception, escaped to the Prussian lines and abandoned their foolish instruments. Delescluze is one of the few who died on a barricade. But many are now in London, holding meetings in the cafés of Leicester Square, and making quietly their preparations for the next social rising. I recommend you to read the Parliamentary inquest which has just been made on the week of the 18th March. These two volumes in quarto contain the depositions of all the men who played a part in these sad events; and nothing can be imagined more interesting in a social as well as in a political point of view. I have been particularly struck by the accounts given of the state of the Parisian workingmen by some employees of the police, who for years have been watching the secret societies. Their description of the Paris *prolétaires* is far from flattering, and the events of the Commune have, to a great extent, proved the veracity of the opinion of these functionaries of the detective force. The sufferings of workingmen in Paris are becoming very great. So long as Paris is not the political capital, there will be no confidence in the future; foreigners will abandon it. It requires some courage to buy and to furnish handsomely a house for some future Commune. Everybody is struck by a change in the manners and the attitude of the people: the *ouvriers* are no longer polite; they have become very rude, especially towards foreigners. They have a hostile look, and when they have a chance they speak of revenge. *They* also have a *revanche* to take; they have a defeat to avenge. I see everywhere the seeds of social war; the gay capital of pleasure is now a sort of New Jerusalem. It is kept down by a strong army, but as soon as the Government, for whatever reason, is disorganized, and there is nobody to give a clear order, we may expect new and perhaps more frightful troubles, and the middle classes will no more resist the Communists than they did on the 18th of March. Remember, that a few weeks after the Commune the Conservatives could not even find a candidate for election; and that the nomination of M. Vautrain, one of the mayors of the 18th of March who made a compromise with the Commune, was considered almost as a triumph. There is something awful and tragical in the aspect of Paris as it is now; nor do I speak only of the material ruins, of the ghastly Tuileries, of the ruined Hôtel de Ville. I saw the other day through the walls of the Tuileries the Victory which surmounts the Arch of Triumph of the Carrousel: this curious optical coincidence is realized everywhere in the moral world. I see everywhere the marks of decadence beside the traces of past greatness.

BISMARCK IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

BERLIN, March 12, 1872.

ONE of the most memorable and eventful of parliamentary debates—brilliant and effective as a display, and historical in its issue—was the discussion of the new school law in the Prussian House of Lords upon the 6th, 7th, and 8th of March. The "ancient and honorable" were out in full force—Baron, Graf, Herzog, Fürst—to preserve the traditions and dignities which constitute their life from the invasion of Bismarck and his mushroom peers; the "clericals" had rallied their last man, the Catholic through his allegiance to the church, the Evangelical through his jealousy for the faith, to retain the prerogative of ecclesiastical supervision over the common schools; and the supporters of the ministry felt that not one of them must be wanting, lest through his absence the Government should either lose the measure so hard won in the Chamber of Deputies, or fail of such a majority as would give to this great reform strength and permanence in public opinion. Baron Senfft von Pilsach, leader of the opposition, one of the oldest members of the house, and representing one of the oldest and proudest families in the realm, declared that he could not remember ever to have seen so large an attendance of the peers, and added, in a tone of petulance and contempt, that there were present many members utterly unknown, who had evidently been brought in for the sole purpose of voting against the old working members. But on his own side, also, were to be seen lords who had scarcely appeared in the house for twenty years, two of them, the Princes Anton and Boguslaw Radziwill, connected with the Royal family, upon the Catholic side, who had come to cast their votes against the Government in a measure which seemed to threaten the privileges of their order and the prerogatives of their church.

The whole spectacle was one of curious and exciting interest, and some of the by-play had a spice of drollery. The chamber in which the peers assemble is by no means so large and imposing as the Senate Chamber at Washington. It is a square hall, plainly decorated, situated within a court and garden, the entrance to which is through a doorway and a hall that present only the common aspect of a good Berlin house. The floor is seated with cane-bottomed chairs, bound together in rows after the manner of a concert-hall; and at the back of each chair is a small movable wooden leaf, which serves for a table to the chair directly behind it. At the upper end of the hall is a double platform, on the higher part of which is the President's box; in front of this is the tribune, a small pulpit upon which speakers may lay their notes, papers, and books of reference while addressing the house; in front of this again is the stenographers' table, and on each side of the table are the desks of the ministers; the first of these to the left (at the right of the president) is occupied by Prince Bismarck; the second, by General von Roon, the Minister of War; the third, by the new Cultus-Minister, Dr. Falk, a tall slender man of forty-five, with black hair and eyes, and a quick, nervous manner. Directly in front of these, as a member of the house, with a very modest countenance and quiet demeanor, sits the great master of strategy, the conqueror of Austria and France, Von Moltke. In the gallery fronting the president are boxes for the Royal family, the diplomatic corps, and members of the Chamber of the Deputies; upon the two sides are galleries for reporters and spectators.

The school law, as reported from the lower house, provides that the supervision of the schools—which had come to be regarded as a church prerogative—shall belong to the state alone; and that the office of school-inspector, which by usage has pertained to the parish clergy *ex officio*, shall hereafter be filled only by appointees of the state—that is, shall be a civil and not an ecclesiastical office; and an appropriation was called for to pay this new order of school-inspectors. The Ultramontanes had strained every nerve to secure the defeat of this law by the peers. They had flooded the house with petitions and remonstrances; they had stirred up a threatening agitation among the Poles; they had appealed to the pride and prejudices of the nobility, and to the fears of the devout; they had invoked pacts and precedents, and in general had made so great a rout that the friends of the law had fears for its safety.

The debate was marked by signal ability. The conservatives and clericals put forward their ablest men, and many strong and fitting things were said, and many sharp hits were made at Bismarck, though some speeches read from the tribune were insufferably dull, and at times the house showed its impatience by indulging in loud conversation during such an infliction. There was nothing that would answer to the American notion of eloquence—oratorical declamation upon great principles, and passionate appeals to partisan interests; but the debate was a downright matter-of-fact talk upon the case in hand. When at last Prince Bismarck rose, all ears were attentive, all eyes were fixed. In deference to his military sovereign, the Chancellor aways appears in his uniform as a general. During the debate he had sat twisting his moustache, twirling his pen, or turning hurriedly over his portfolio for a note or memorandum; and in his speech he manifested the same exuberance of nervous or electrical vitality—this is also an indication of that impatience of control or contradiction, and of that prodigious energy of will, which are written upon every feature, and especially in the lines of the forehead and mouth. He makes no attempt at oratory, uses little gesticulation, hardly varies his tone, sways his body slightly back and forth, keeps his left arm akimbo, twirls his pencil in his right hand, or thrums at intervals with both hands upon his desk—thus working off his superfluous nerve-power. He speaks rapidly, occasionally hesitating, not for words, but to choose the particular word which he would utter, not in that assembly alone, but of Europe and of the world. And his words are both weighed and weighty.

I am inclined perhaps to a higher moral estimate of Prince Bismarck's power than many would accord to it. Some of his greatest admirers content themselves with exulting over his keen state-craft. But he seems to me to belong to that far higher and rarer class of men who, whether in church or state, are the *diviners* of their times. There are men, for instance, in church affairs, whose speeches always seem to prevail, whose measures always seem to carry, and who, because of this, are suspected of manipulation and Jesuitical scheming, yet who never plan beforehand to control an assembly by secret measures, or to secure a majority through a caucus. Such men in church or state combine these three elements: a far-sighted and comprehensive sagacity that embraces in its view all the causes, motives, and tendencies of events; a quiet confidence in the working of principles, laws, and tendencies—which, in the theological sense, is also a faith in Providence; and, thirdly, a knowledge of human nature which enables them to touch occult motives and springs of action, and at the critical moment, long foreseen and patiently waited for, to bring these into conjunction with the ripening tendency of things, and so to secure the desired consummation. This prophetic sagacity and this philosophical handling of men and events are, it seems to me, far more to Bismarck than political manipulation or diplomatic craft. It is because of these that his impetuosity of temper does not frustrate his aims, and that he dares to use a frankness and boldness of speech which cunning and ignorant men alike mistake for the trick of the prestidigitator to divert attention from his sleight-of-hand. And by these same qualities he leads other men to do, or to imagine they do, what he has simply made patent by timing their latent feelings to the latent causes which he had divined and mastered.

Thus, in the spring of 1870, when urging a larger appropriation for the army than the house was disposed to grant, he said openly, "It is *Donner-*

wetter; I snuff war in the air." No man could divine his meaning. The political atmosphere was calm and clear, especially in the quarter of France. "I must be ready," he continued; "and I cannot create an army out of the ground, nor make it from my fingers." Only Von Roon and Von Moltke understood him. Bismarck retired to his country-seat too "sick" to see any one; but the king, the minister of war, the chief of police, were within this circle of diplomatic seclusion. Summer came; the king went to Ems; one morning the "sick" chancellor reappeared in the Reichstag, and announced that Napoleon had declared war, but Germany was ready. The house cheered over the preparation which *they* had made for war!

The struggle of to-day with the Romish party in Germany dates from Sadowa and Sedan; and having deposed Austria from the political leadership of Germany, and France from the military leadership of Europe, in the logical sequence of events he will now depose the Pope from his hierarchical headship over the states and peoples of the continent. Events have brought Bismarck face to face with Pius IX., and have found him prepared to rally German honesty and German unity against ecclesiastical meddling in political affairs. This has been the aim of all his speeches upon the school question, but in this speech of March 6 it was put more directly than ever before. He unmasked the conspiracy now working in French diplomacy to seek revenge upon Germany first in Italy; paralyzing Germany through internal religious disorders and the fear of a Polish insurrection, then seizing upon Rome and holding it for the Pope, and thus once more creating a Catholic power strong enough to threaten Germany and curtail her influence. He showed that, so long as Prussia was a little state wedged in between Austria and France, the Romish Church was content to enjoy her toleration; but from the moment that Prussia began to create in the heart of Europe a great and commanding military power under an evangelical dynasty, all the craft of the Jesuits was directed either toward manipulating the state for the church, or destroying the Government through the church. For this the Catholic clergy were an organization under more stringent discipline than the army; the confessional gave them the means of instigating opposition to the Government through false representations; they had appealed to the ignorance and bigotry of the people by telling them that the Government would make heathen of their children by excluding religion from the schools; at the same time, the Polish clergy had used the schools solely for teaching their dogmas, so that on coming to the higher schools the Polish children were far behind the German in their common studies, and thousands of the Poles were so ignorant that they had signed the clerical petitions against the school law with the mark of the cross. The German people, reading the German papers and thinking for themselves, could not be imposed upon by the cry that the Government intended to heathenize their children; the people who read the discussions could be trusted to judge for themselves; but the Poles could see only what their priests would suffer to appear in their own language; and, in view of these facts, he demanded that the common schools should be taken out of the hands of the clergy, that their teachers should be amenable only to inspectors appointed by the state, and, as the most essential point of all, that all children of whatever parentage should be taught the German language as the language of the schools and of the nation.

After this weighty speech there was a rambling discussion of two days, in which Prince Bismarck kept up a running fire of wit against his opponents. He is never at fault for a retort. As a German friend expressed it, "Bismarck first serves a substantial meal, and, if they do not relish that, he throws in cayenne pepper." At the close the school law passed by 125 ayes to 76 noes; and Germany entered upon a new era of emancipation and progress—*Germany,* I say, for the liberals in church and state in all parts of the empire feel that Bismarck has fought their battle and won their cause.

AUSWANDERER.

Correspondence.

EMILE ERCKMANN AND ALEXANDRE CHATRIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You do not like the French and you adore the Germans. That is a matter of taste. I may be permitted to say, that I do not envy yours. You criticize our authors rather sharply. That is your right as a bohemian. Tear our authors to peaces, if that be your pleasure, but leave the man entire. Mr. Erckmann-Chatrian will not thank you for severing his contiguity by splitting him into two. Such treatment could drive an angel into a passion. For the very same thing we are all in a passion just now, all my countrymen and your servant, a french girl,

G. d. A. M.

P.S.—I confess to be ignorant in geography, but if I were to write on it, I would first stick my nose into a book, not to commit a *blunder*.

DESCENDED FROM ADAM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the notice of *Scribner's Monthly* (March 28), the critic of the *Nation,* in allusion to an article on "The One Human Race," says as follows: "Prof. Lewis decides this question in the affirmative, or rather, he calls upon those who affirm the negative to come forward, if they dare, and prove that all men are not descended from Adam." This statement is incorrect, because incomplete. The words were: "Let those who say that there are beings seemingly human, now upon the earth, who are not of Adam's race, prove their assertion; let them tell us *who* they are and *where* they are." In view of the fact that the argument on the other side is mainly built upon alleged diversities so great that all men now upon the earth could not have descended from the Scriptural Adam, this demand is a very rational and pertinent one. Do all except the Caucasian, as they are called, belong to the unadamic and the Christless lines? If not, *who* and *where* are they? The question is capable of an answer, though it may be but an opinion, and those who so confidently build their argument for preadamic races on these alleged diversities are bound to give it. It is not, therefore, a challenge to prove a negative; and there was, moreover, no "*daring*" in the business. T. L.

EXECUTIVE RESPONSIBILITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot refrain from uttering an "Amen" to your last article about our "Case." You say most justly that "any member of the British, German, French, Italian, or Belgian Parliament can get up and compel the Foreign Minister to state then and there why he did this or left that undone in his management of foreign affairs. But our President and the State Department are almost as secure from all enquiries as the Venetian Council of Ten in its palmiest days."

Is it true, however, that this evil is any greater in the State than in the other departments? Mr. Boutwell was sustained in his action as to refunding by a purely party majority, and the same instrumentality keeps the country in a state of mystification as to the principles on which the finances are conducted which would soon be unravelled if individuals had the power of direct enquiry. At this moment there are five committees of investigation examining, at great expenditure of money and time, into different branches of executive conduct. It was thought that the friends of the Administration showed great folly as well as wrongheadedness in opposing fair enquiry by committees. But they were wise enough in their generation to see that all the harm the committee could do lay in its appointment as implying doubt. They knew that before the report could appear, the public attention would have passed on to other topics. A large mass of printing would be placed on file, and some newspapers might comment on it, but the public at large would know little but the fact that the Administration was accused, and might therefore be guilty. The absurd part of it is that within gun-shot were men who could in a half-hour's debate have done the whole work of the committees, and either have convicted of error or have triumphantly vindicated themselves before the country.

One of the questions which you propose to put to the Executive is also very striking. In discussing the subject, as, I suppose, everybody does who takes any interest in it, I have maintained that our "case" was almost wholly prepared by Mr. John Bancroft Davis, and that the country was committed to back up a position which endangers our relations with Great Britain simply that the ambition of that gentleman might be gratified. It is said that Mr. Evarts, after perusing it, laid it down with the remark that it was a "stump speech." Now, if you and I have come to this conclusion, may there not be hundreds or thousands of others who would like an authoritative answer to this question? Such an answer would probably do more than anything else to induce the people to consider whether our position is well founded. But whatever might be its value, one thing is pretty certain, that we shall not get it.

It is not merely, however, in executive responsibility that we fail, but equally so in efficiency. The other day in the cars, an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was speaking of the transport of animals from Texas and intermediate points to the East, and said that not only great cruelty and danger to the public health, but also pecuniary loss to shippers, might be avoided by proper laws regulating transport. A listener observed that to get such laws would require an executive scheme backed by the voice of the people; that now they could only be lobbied through Congress. The officer assented, and said that if he had a million of dollars he would at once go to work to buy up votes. Here was a gentleman devoting his time and efforts to a cause of purely Christian charity, and that in behalf of those from whom no voice of reward could be expected, yet who would not scruple to resort to means, as being the only ones practicable, which would tend directly to the corruption and demoralization of the people. The truth is, that no great public question, as tariff and civil-service reform, can be carried unless by the same methods as are used to obtain a land-grant and a railroad charter, and we all know what chance principles have against private interest in such a conflict. When will people begin to see that direct communication by the Executive with its constituents—the whole people—instead of allowing that communication to be monopolized by the local interests of which Congress is composed, is absolutely essential to the permanent stability of our institutions? What sort of a plank would it make in a party platform?

G. B.

BOSTON, March, 25, 1872.

Notes.

A WORK which neither Arnold's Life nor any other memorial of Lincoln has indisposed the public to examine is Ward H. Lamon's "True Life of Abraham Lincoln," embracing his most important and confidential correspondence, announced by J. R. Osgood & Co. This house has also in preparation: "Poetry and Criticism," by R. W. Emerson, and "Art Education, Scholastic and Industrial," by Walter Smith, State Director of Art Education in Massachusetts.——"An Open Question," by James De Mille, is announced by D. Appleton & Co.——George Routledge & Sons will publish a new edition of "Men of the Time," brought down to date, and—what is of some consequence—revised as to its American biographies by an American editor. Also, "Discoveries and Inventions of the Nineteenth Century," by John Henry Pepper, profusely illustrated; and "Gems of Prose," selected by Charles Mackay.——"The Story of the Plébiscite," and Dean Stanley's "Lectures on the Church of Scotland," are in the press of Scribner, Armstrong & Co. ——"Joseph Mazzini: His Life, Writings, and Political Principles, chiefly from Autobiographic Sources," is announced by Hurd & Houghton.

—Mr. Charles Collins, a director of the Mercantile Library, recently addressed a letter to the Rev. Dr. Washburn, Rector of Calvary, in which he recounts that he and all the other directors desired to throw their reading-room open on Sunday; that he and they desired this because they know that thousands of their subscribers are clerks and salesmen who live in hall-bedrooms and other comfortless places, and who are apt to walk the streets on Sundays, or waste their time in worse places; that knowing many of these young men to be too poor to pay pew-rent, too proud to beg a free seat in church, and constantly exposed to temptation as well as to discomfort, the directors unanimously passed a resolution opening the reading-room on all holidays, including Sundays, and submitted it to the Clinton Hall Association —a board of incorporators who own the Library Association building, and whose tenants the directors are; that these gentlemen, having considered the resolution, replied that they could not comply with it, closing their answer with these words: And with the laws of God and the laws of our country relating to that day before us, we recommend, etc., etc., etc. What Mr. Collins wishes from Dr. Washburn is an answer to the question whether or not the opening of the reading-room would really be, as asserted by the trustees, an infraction of the laws of God, and, if so, which law, and Dr. Washburn complies with his request in a letter which Mr. Collins has put into print. In this paper, Dr. Washburn says at the outset, in effect, that the Sunday is one thing, and the Sabbath of the Jews is another, for he remarks that, in his opinion, the authority of the Sunday does not rest upon the Decalogue, but on the law of Apostolic and Christian history, which gives us that day as the feast of the resurrection; and he thinks it would be eminently in the spirit of Christ's teaching to give some thousands of poor clerks and apprentices a means of spending the commemorative day in improving their minds and morals. To the objection that the opening of reading-rooms would be a step toward the license of "a Continental Sunday," Dr. Washburn replies that it is well to ask "how far the straitness of past usages has provoked the license of to-day." It is certainly a very pertinent question; as also are the questions whether we shall make the day less holy by making it more happy; and whether we shall increase the authority of the Sunday by making it odious to the child, irksome to the workingman, perhaps depraving, as well as irksome, to the apprentice and clerk. It is desirable, Dr. Washburn thinks, that there should be more of a reverend piety, but it is also very desirable that there should be more of what a sound divine has styled "faith in a good God and in common sense." He would go further than to say that good Christians may not only enjoy their own library on the Sunday, and may throw open larger libraries to poor people; he would insist upon the opening of the libraries to the poor people as a Christian duty. These views were not particularly new, for this is a question which has been much discussed in one place after another, and is a question which it is not necessary to discuss very long before the subject is exhausted and a conclusion reached. We suppose the natural reaction against the horrors of the Puritan Sabbath would before this have removed American Sabbatarianism even more thoroughly than it has, had the revulsion not been partially checked by the Roman Catholic Sunday's being put before us too suddenly and carelessly.

—It was the Roman Catholic Sunday rather than the "Continental Sunday" or the "Infidel German Sunday" that delayed the final ruin of the Americo-Hebraic Sabbath. As imported to these peaceful shores by a peasantry the finest in the world, indeed, but individually so constituted that no soul of them could turn a hand over without somehow giving the true-born New Englander a shock, the Roman Catholic Sunday was a rock of great offence and stumbling. It began in the morning with the mass, which was Popish, and the confession of sins to a man, which to the Yankee mind was almost inconceivable, and was entirely disgusting—unless, indeed, it were done in the Small Vestry at Evening Meeting, or from the anxious seat in the Larger Vestry. The mass and absolution were followed by a day of out-and-out relaxation—the men smoking short pipes, joking the girls, and taking a drop now and then, the younger fry roaming the fields or swimming in shoals in the river or the pond, and some little Cassidy of them getting himself drowned each summer, and pointing a moral for the envious little Eleazars and Justins who would fain have run his risk for the sake of the ducking and the Sabbath-breaking. Then came the evening, and, as was not unlikely, it was an evening of occasional wild hoots, of uproarious and dismal howling, of wranglings, of contentions, of protracted screeching between Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Conlan, of an active personal contest between Mr. Conlan and Mrs. Murphy's son Owen; the latter armed with the axe, and Mr. Conlan, in his haste to defend himself, with one piece of furniture after another, and, finally, with a scythe borrowed for him by his nephew. Nobody who knows what the "Limerick" quarter of our towns used to be twenty years ago, how frequently the Sabbath night was made hideous by the misplaced outcries of some of its residents, all of whom seldom got into bed three Sundays running without a visit from the town constable, will wonder that after the advent of the Irish Sunday the Yankee clung with renewed tenacity to his traditionary beans in the morning, his three sessions of "meeting" in God's house, his Sabbath-school at noon, his funereal length of visage—to all Jewish rigidity of ceremonial preciseness with which he observed his Lord's Day. It certainly, as he managed it, was no day for a human being; and, but for the whiskey, and the black eyes, and the Monday morning necessity of going bail for your friend Doorly before you could get the week's work begun, Mr. Doorly's Sunday might have had an ameliorating effect upon Dr. Hopkins's—though, as we have said, the true Yankee and the Irishman have a wonderful talent for misunderstanding each other, or of failing to understand any but the bad points of each other. Then the Sunday beer-drinking of the Germans, and their habit of laughing and talking in the open air after church, offends the American's notion of what is "respectable" as well as his respect for what he holds sacred. But nothing, we suppose, will long prevent so small a modification of our exacting practice as the opening of libraries on Sunday. It cannot be shown that the audiences in the church would not by-and-by have more recruits from the reading-rooms than the reading-rooms ever will have from the church audiences. The church, at any rate, should prefer to think so, one would say, and should be willing to see the experiment tried.

—A member of the General Court of Massachusetts could hardly aspire to a more useful position than that of representative of the State Board of Health—we mean, by making it his business to see that the legislation proposed by the Board in its annual reports is duly enacted. The third of these reports has now been published, and, like that of last year, is full of scientific testimony on a variety of topics which concern the daily habits and practice of the people, not only of Massachusetts, but of all parts of the country, conveyed, too, in simple and perspicuous language not above the popular comprehension. The third paper, for example, is on "Arsenic in certain Green Colors," and the Board, not content with describing the fabrics to be avoided on account of the presence of arsenic in them, binds in with the text three sheets of green paper of whose coloring it has procured a chemical analysis, and which therefore at once instruct the eye both as to the general aspect of paper thus colored and as to the relative amount of arsenic employed. Further on, we have a highly valuable discussion of the question whether the sewing-machine is injurious to the health of women, the conclusion being that, in domestic use, it is not likely to be so, but that in factories not making use of steam-power it can hardly fail to be; and, as the question turns upon the motion of the treadle, cuts are given of two improved treadles which appear to obviate the evils of the one generally in vogue. Again, Dr. Bowditch’s elaborate review of the wide range of testimony published last year on the use of stimulants in all countries is illustrated by a map of the world, appropriately colored, showing the areas of drinking and drunkenness, of vine-growing, of light wines and ardent spirits, and their relation to the climate—for one thing, that intemperance is everywhere very rife above 50° Fahr. isothermal line. Some of the other papers in this admirable collection relate to “Mill-Dams and other Water Obstructions,” “Adulterations and Impurities of Food,” “Vegetable Parasites, and the Diseases caused by their Growth upon Man,” etc., etc.

—While copying or intending to copy from England some of her devices for facilitating the speed of intelligence, we might do well to borrow an idea from the Meteorological Office, which proposes to issue lithographic charts illustrative of the daily weather report. “These,” says the *Athenæum*, “will be forwarded from the office of the printer between 1 and 2 o’clock P.M. each day, and sent by post to any part of the kingdom upon payment of 5*s*. per quarter. In addition to the returns from forty stations, charts of the British Isles and a portion of the Continent are given, showing the movements of the barometer and thermometer, the conditions of the wind and sea, and the quantity of cloud and rain.” With such a practice as this, we should imagine that great light could be thrown on the nature and extent of the local disturbances which still, in a large percentage of cases, falsify the predictions of our efficient signal service.

—For other than religious readers the English book-lists are not just now especially attractive, though there are some excellent works announced. The following are some of the new books: “Socrates” is the latest volume of the pretty and useful “Bayard Series”—all excellent as presents for boys, by the way—and is a new translation from the “Memorabilia” of Xenophon, with good notes by Mr. Edward Levien. Doubtless it would amuse some of our irreverent readers to peruse the latest of Mr. Beeton’s penny books; it is a “Life of His Royal Highness, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales,” and consists of sixty-four octavo pages, which Mr. Beeton has no doubt made worth the money. Messrs. Ward, Lock & Tyler are the publishers. “Men of the Second Empire” is by “The Member for Paris,” and will be found very lively reading. Mr. Robert Black begins a translation of Guizot’s “History of France,” and other works translated, or in process of translation, are the Duc d’Aumale’s “History of the Princes Condé”; A. G. De Cassagnac’s “History of the Working and Burgher Classes”; the fourth volume of Curtius’s “Greece”; and the “Memoirs of Baron Stockmar.” To this department of history and biography belong also these other new books: Mr. Henry Reeves’s “Royal and Republican France”; Sir Edward Creasy’s “Imperial and Colonial Constitution of the British Empire”; Mr. E. A. Freeman’s “Growth of the English Constitution from the Earliest Times”; a very welcome “Aristotle,” by Mr. Grote; the sixth volume of Mr. Spedding’s “Life and Letters of Bacon”; a volume of Diplomatic Reminiscence, by the Hon. John Ward; a volume of recollections of “The Radical Years 1817 and 1820 in Kilmarnock,” by Mr. James Patterson, who appears to have been a hot reform politician, and, no doubt, has a lively story of partisanship to relate; and finally, a volume for theatre-goers, containing a collection of criticisms, personal descriptions, and anecdotes of celebrated English actors of the last three centuries.

—Outside of History and Biography, we have first a promised volume of essays and lectures on social and political subjects, by Professor Fawcett and Millicent Garrett Fawcett; a volume, perhaps of the same general character, announced as being “Notes of Thoughts and Conversations,” by “A Manufacturer”; and a volume entitled “Stray Thoughts,” short essays on ethical, social, and other subjects, by J. R. Prettyman. For the reader of fiction, we see very little. A novel called “The Queen of the Regiment,” by Katharine King, a new writer, is one of three solitary announcements in the last *Bookseller;* but we see it praised for being unbigamous, for being neither “horsey” nor “doggy,” though it deals with military men and military life; for a taintless purity and freshness of thought; for gleefulness, heartiness, and ease of style; for being neither slangy, nor vulgar, nor sentimental, but, on the contrary, brave and original; for having a captivating girl as its heroine; for having among its heroes no blackguard, no bully, no roué, no fop; and for manifesting youth, health, high spirits, and feminine taste—all of which certainly sounds like a readable book for the novel-reader—if, indeed, she likes all of these things. It is Mr. Charles Reade who says that the sex of the novel-reader is feminine; and some of the novels written for her would throw a doubt upon her likings. But a famine in fiction no doubt we shall not suffer, the magazines being sure to keep up the supply. Under the head of Poetry there is still less to notice than under the head of Fiction. Indeed, we find nothing except it be the fact that Mr. Howells’s “Their Wedding Journey” is so placed in the *Bookseller’s* classified list.

—One of the leading Sanskrit scholars of the world passed away early last month—Theodor Goldstücker, professor in University College, London He was of Hebrew descent, and came from Germany to England about 1850. He was a man of immense erudition, and in two departments of Hindu literature, especially grammar and philosophy, is believed to have had no equal as regards extent of reading and mastery of details. His untimely death will be the more lamented inasmuch as he has left almost nothing to represent his learning, and as hopes were entertained of important additions to knowledge yet to come from him. He had a remarkable indisposition to finishing up anything and letting it go from his hands: the only thing of importance which he ever produced was an introduction on “Panini’s Place in Sanskrit Literature,” which, along with great learning and strong convictions, showed also a want of logic and narrowness of criticism which seem to have been characteristic of him. In matters of learning, an intense conservatism was one of his leading qualities. He was long an active member of the Philological Society of London, and at the time of his death held the office of its President: of his many communications to it, hardly one, it is believed, ever got into print. It is greatly to be hoped that he has left material to be gathered up and published. He had great enthusiasm and earnestness, and his long labors may yet bear fruit in the persons of pupils whom he has trained and inspired with zeal for scholarship. He exhausted himself during the last months of his life over the comparatively useless labor of producing a photo-lithographic copy of an Indian grammatical manuscript, and an attack of bronchitis, neglected in its early stages, carried him off suddenly, at the age of about fifty.

—The liberal Protestants of Paris have not met with success in the recent elections to fill vacancies in their *conseil presbytéral*. There were eight candidates in all to be chosen, and in each case the orthodox party carried the day. M. Guizot, however, only succeeded at the second polling, his opponent being the commander at Belfort, who held that place against the Germans till the end of the war. His coming lowest on the list—owing, on the one hand, to his unpopularity among the liberals, who look upon him as a persecutor, and, on the other, to the distrust with which the orthodox regard his Protestantism—was attended with some inconvenience to his party. According to usage, the Presbyterial Council had announced before the election that the six highest candidates would be considered as appointed to the six-year vacancies, and the two lowest to the three-year—practically, five and two-year, as the elections were delayed a year on account of the war. Two years hence, however, if religious freedom is protected in France, it is more than probable that M. Guizot would be rejected altogether, and deposed from the authority that he has so long enjoyed, and, as the liberals say, abused. To obviate this, the Paris Consistory has given notice that the two-year terms will be filled by the two lowest *new* candidates; thus introducing a principle of selection opposed as well to the understanding of the electors as to the explicit declaration of the council. The *Renaissance* treats this pretension as null and void, and asserts that it will be contested.

—It looks as if the long dispute between the Dutch and Germans over the invention of printing had been settled, and that Lourens Janszoon Coster would have to retire from the field, leaving Haarlem to make the most of its metal statue in honor of him. The work in which his claims are effectually set aside is, happily, by a Dutchman, Dr. van der Linde, who, indeed, has so much regard for the truth, and so much contempt for chauvinism, as to be almost passionate in exposing what he calls the “Coster villany.” Errors and frauds he discovers without number, beginning with Koning, who vindicated the Haarlem claims in 1816, and who mixed up Coster with another Lourens Janszoon, who died, conveniently for his purpose, in 1439, whereas Coster lived till 1447 at least. De Jonghe’s original ascription of the invention to Coster is also shown not to hold water, and to be fatally at fault in its dates; and the pretended pedigree of Coster is pronounced a forgery unique of its kind. Coster’s first work, “Speculum Humanæ Salvationis,” Dr. van der Linde says, must have been printed between 1470 and 1480, or thereabouts, that sort of literature having flourished during the last quarter of the fifteenth century, “just as the ‘Mysteries’ of all the capitals of Europe formed a separate popular literature in the second quarter of *our* century.” The translator furnishes an introduction to this work, summing up the controversy since its appearance in Dutch, and adds a classified list of forty-three works attributed to Coster’s press.

ELZE’S “LORD BYRON.” [*]

FIRST and last a small library has been written about Byron, but we believe we have here the best single volume about him that can anywhere be found. This we say because of the goodness of Professor Elze’s critical work, and because the editor's notes often supplement and sometimes correct Professor Elze's fairly good biographical work. The two together, author and editor, have made a volume convenient in point of size, yet on the whole sufficiently full in narrative, which has the advantage over all other books on the same subject that it appears so late as to afford opportunity for a more judicial estimate of the poet's writings than has always been made, and the further advantage that it appears at a time when there has been much profitable investigation into the poet's character. Nevertheless, we think that it will not be hard to make future editions of this biography better than this one. In our judgment, the translator would consult the interest both of the book and the reader if he would considerably enlarge the notes. For instance, Moore's "Life of Byron" is not an inaccessible work; but it is not now read by one in ten of the readers who will go through a comparatively brief volume like this of Professor Elze's, and clearly it would be better if the editor, instead of referring us now and again to such and such a page of Moore, were to quote what is there said either as it there stands or in substance. Most of the references to other writers are made as now is customary, namely, so that readers doubting one's statements may look for themselves at the evidence on which they are based or at the words of the original authors of them. Moore's "Life," on the other hand, is referred to as if it were still read by everybody, as it certainly is not in this country, and as it probably is ceasing to be in England—a thing not to be regretted so far as concerns anything of his own that Moore put into it.

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[*] “Lord Byron: A Biography. With a Critical Essay on his Place in Literature. By Karl Elze.” Translated, with Notes. London: John Murray; New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong. 1872.

And as with the notes, so also in regard to quotations from the poet's verses; we think that Professor Elze's critical labors might be made more generally useful if the passages quoted were considerably more numerous Although it is by less of a fiction in the case of Byron than in the case of some other poets that everybody is presumed to have his words in memory, it is nevertheless truer than an all-digesting German student of him might suppose that over much of his poetry oblivion has already stolen, and that over still more of it oblivion is stealing. For example, apparently it would surprise Professor Elze to be informed that "The Island," of which he thinks so well, is a poem not thought of at all, well or ill, by the English-speaking readers of the poet. Thus it is that the gods sell us their gifts, giving us nothing for nothing, and, if we belong to a nation of erudite commentators on poets, we partly pay for this honor of knowing more about them than other people by knowing rather differently about them than the nation which produces the poets. The party of English gentlemen to whom, as Sir Henry Holland relates, the Herr von Schlegel civilly remarked, that "if Englishmen wished to understand Shakespeare, they must go to Germany," might perhaps have consoled themselves with this reflection.

As to the wit, the eloquence, the fewness and barrenness of the ideas, the passion, the masculine energy, the gloom, the vanity, the cynicism, the personal force, the haughty pride, the spirit in disease—to use that word in its etymological sense—as to all these it will be safe, we suppose, for some generations yet, to leave the unaided reader to discover and feel them, and it will be fair to presume that illustrative passages are pretty thoroughly in his mind. Yet, even so, the reader's perception of the critic's judgments and his testing of them are greatly assisted if with the judgment is presented the illustrative passage. Still more desirable is this when the question is of the less obvious merits and demerits of a poet—as of the melody, sweet and strong, of Byron's best lyrical music; the habitual inferiority and frequent badness of his blank verse; the great skill with which he conducted in musical verse a train of reasoning—a trait of his poetry first pointed out, we think, by Mr. F. T. Palgrave, and which he illustrates by citing the lines "To Thirza." To vivify Professor Elze's very good criticism by bringing into court the poet himself, with the evidence which he can so much better give than any one else, would greatly increase the permanent value of this volume.

Good criticism we have called Professor Elze's, and good it is, but it is not in all cases to be accepted without abatement. The key to what is perhaps the faultiest part of it is probably to be found in these words of Goethe's, spoken in 1824 we believe, and of which the extravagance is partly to be excused by the fact that the poet was then newly dead: "Now," says Goethe, "the conviction uplifts us that his nation will suddenly awake from the frenzied fits of censure and invective which burst forth on him to sobriety of judgment, and will understand that all the husks and dross of the individual and his time, through which and out of which the best has to work his way, were only momentary, fleeting, and perishable, whereas the astonishing fame to which he has now and for ever raised his country remains boundless in its glory and incalculable in its effects." And Professor Elze dwells at much length on Byron as the introducer of literary England to foreign nations before unacquainted with her; Byron as the poet who inspired Lamartine with the sentimental world-sorrow—*Weltschmerz*—which is breathed by "Childe Harold"; who inspired De Musset with the cynical world-sorrow revealed in "Don Juan"; who inspired Victor Hugo, Casimir de la Vigne, many other Frenchmen, Don Jose de Espronceda, greatest of recent Spanish poets, and Giovanni Berchet, celebrated in Italy; who set multitudes of young Germans half-crazy; whose poetic tales, glowing with passion, aroused all the Slavic East, previously reached only by the literature of France. Let all this be admitted for truth, and still it is not so good when considered as literary criticism as it is when taken as a contribution to the history of literature, and in no sense justifies anybody in placing Byron where Professor Elze places him, above every other English poet except Shakespeare. To inspire De la Vignes, De Mussets, Pushkins, to be read in a dozen languages at once, is to be a tremendous literary and spiritual force, no doubt; but it does not make a man an English poet who may take his seat beside Milton and above Chaucer, Spenser, and Wordsworth. The magnificent Milton, with all of the pride of spirit that possessed Byron and set him at war with heaven, earth, and himself, making his life a chaos, was further gifted with an intellectual power and a commanding force of will which compelled and subjected his passions and feelings, methodizing, controlling, and ordering his whole life, both outward and inward; and, as his last gift, the result of mental, moral, and physical grace and strength in happy union, he was endowed with a perception of the beautiful which enabled him to work with an artist's hand to the production of complete results. What fine lines and tens of lines are in comparison with finished poems; what Lara is to Satan, and Manfred to Samson—

> "Eyeless, in Gaza, at the mill, with slaves,"

and yet hero and demigod; what the tossing of the wave is to the movement of the tidal stream, is what Byron is when weighed in the balance against Milton.

We should say that Professor Elze's error in allowing in his estimate of Byron's poetry too much weight to the extraordinary effect which his career had upon the literature and politics of his generation, is further complicated by another error. He appears to be a little ridden by his professional character and functions, and to have been partly led astray by something which looks a little like critical pedantry. There are four principal orders of poetry, he says, and in each England has produced a poet of unsurpassed genius. Shakespeare is unsurpassed in dramatic poetry, Milton in reflective poetry, Scott in epic poetry, and Byron in lyrical poetry. Had it not been requisite to have four departments of poetry and a distinguished name for each, we should have supposed that a writer who says so many good things about poetry as Professor Elze, would not have brought Scott into this company, nor hardly have described his poems as epics, epical though they be. And although Byron's muse was grandly lyrical in voice and gesture, it would be going far to say that of English lyrics of their various kinds he has produced any that are in their kind unsurpassed by the work of other poets, his inferiors in force of feeling and sensitive power, or weakness, but not his inferiors in other requisites of the poet. Nor, but for the four departments and the necessity of making Scott represent one of them, should we, it is probable, have had Milton designated as the leader of the Reflectives—a singular term to apply to his poems, which, apart from the lovely delicacy, the refined elegance and picturesqueness of the smaller imaginations, are essentially epics.

We have indicated at some length the sources of certain defects which the reader will meet with in this work, though all the defects themselves we have of course not indicated; but it is, as we have said, a very good book, and may reasonably content the reader of Byron both as biography and as criticism. It may be worth while to say that the author and the editor are extremely severe upon the Stowe-Byron accusation, which both regard as destitute of probability, and that they present us with the popular rather than with what may be called the Miss Martineau view of Lady Byron's character.

EDUCATIONAL TEXT-BOOKS.

THE several works belonging to the series known as the "Student's Histories" (Harper & Bros.) differ considerably from one another in character and value. Three of them—the student's Gibbon, Hume, and Hallam—are abridgments of the *chefs d'œuvre* of these eminent historians; but even these stand on a very various footing. Gibbon's great work has no rival in the ground which it covers, but it is so voluminous that very few read it in full nowadays except professed scholars. It was, therefore, every way desirable that its most important parts should be culled out, and put by themselves in a form adapted to the general student and reader. This has been done with great judgment in the edition before us; there is, perhaps, as much to be said for as against the leaving out those portions which are most characteristic of the author, but at the same time most offensive to the majority of readers. With Hume it is different. He is still extensively read, and that not by students, but by the general public. His merits are literary, not scholastic. Gibbon is still the undisputed foundation for study on a great part of the period of which he treats; but no one thinks of going to Hume for special information as to any period, but to Kemble, Freeman, Hallam, and —with all their faults—Froude and Macaulay. Any abridgment can hardly fail to hurt a book whose merit is distinctively literary; and there is no reason, as in Gibbon's case, why persons who have not time to read the whole should desire selections from this, rather than a new and independent work. In short, we have no doubt that there are a hundred persons now living who could make a better history of England of its size than an abridgment of Hume. Still this is a good and serviceable book. It may be remarked, by the way, that the editor has found it necessary to expurgate Hume's Toryism as well as Gibbon's infidelity. Hallam stands on a different footing from either Gibbon or Hume. We welcomed the "Student's Hallam" when it first appeared some months ago, and have no disposition to take back anything that we said then. Further examination, however, has shown that it is defective, not so much in what the editor has done, as in what he has not done. Hallam's merit, like Gibbon's, is in his matter; but whereas Gibbon's history is the matured result of finished investigations, Hallam's was one of the steps in such investigations. He was one of the earliest, most industrious, and judicious of those students who have in the present century revolutionized our knowledge of mediæval institutions; but in the very fact that he was one of the earliest lies the reason why he is not fitted to be our teacher now. He was a worthy co-worker with Guizot, Thierry, and Palgrave; but another step forward has been taken by the generation of Waitz, Roth, Giesebrecht, and Von Maurer. The editor has added to the original work some excellent passages from English writers, which add much to its value. But he has not attempted to incorporate the results of the latest enquiries, and, in fact, we doubt whether it is possible to make of these chapters a treatise which should be satisfactory in the present stage of scholastics on these subjects. We speak, of course, only of the chapters on institutions, which are those most characteristic of the author; the historical chapters, if somewhat heavy, still retain their value.

We turn next to those volumes of this series which are original works. Dr. Smith's "History of Greece" is every way an admirable work, but President Felton's edition (Brewer & Tileston) is much superior to that of this series. Dr. Liddell's "History of Rome" is, as a history, marked by very high excellences. It is written with good judgment, in a graphic style, and shows careful scholarship. Its chief defect is one which is literally fatal to its pretensions as a work of the first rank; we mean its inadequate treatment of the Roman Constitution. This defect in a history of Rome is like the play of "Hamlet" with the part of *Hamlet* omitted. The author shows no acquaintance with the late development of views in Germany upon this subject. To be sure, when he wrote Mommsen was hardly known in England; but this is no excuse for a prominent English scholar who sets out to write a history of Rome. Mr. Philip Smith's "Ancient History of the East" is also excellent. It is considerably briefer than Lenormant and Chevallier's "Manual," and, at the same time, covers less ground—part of this is, however, made up by the "Student's Old Testament History." It is also more graphic in style, and less crowded with detail. Both books may fairly be criticised in that neither of them is a "History of the East" properly speaking, but rather of the nations of the East individually. In both we miss a general view of the course of empire in these regions in the early ages—a want which it is easier to supply in detail from M. Lenormant's "Manual" than from Mr. Smith's. The "Manual" again gives a great deal of very desirable information on the arts, religion, literature, etc., of these people, which the work before us has to pass over cursorily. This lack is, however, made up in part by the illustrations, which the other book does not contain. Both grope helplessly in attempting to reconcile the historical fact that the Canaanites and Phœnicians spoke a Semitic language with the Scripture genealogy, which makes Canaan the son of Ham; Mr. Smith has recourse to the not very encouraging suggestion that in the fact that Canaan was Ham's youngest son may have lain a hint of some ethnic affinity with the Semites; but he proceeds to demolish this theory in the next paragraph by saying that the language of the Cushites also was Semitic. As might be expected, he sides with the English scholars against the French in chronology of the early Assyrian Empire, and certainly with good reason, so far as can be judged by one who is not an expert; but we wish he had taken pains to place before his readers, in a comprehensive form, the arguments in favor of each theory. The "History of France," the name of whose author is not given, is a book of a good deal of merit. It is written in an interesting style and a fair spirit, and will give the reader a pretty good idea of the events of the mediæval period. The institutions likewise receive due attention for a work of this scope, and there are excellent genealogical tables. When, however, the author approaches the complications and bewildering details of modern times, he shows a total lack of two important powers—of seizing upon essential points to the neglect of trifling ones; and of grouping events in such a way as to impress them upon the memory. Nothing could be more confusing to the young reader than the account of the Huguenot wars and the wars of Louis XIV., simply because he is overwhelmed with a multiplicity of bewildering details having no apparent connection with one another, and no adequate emphasis laid upon the most important. The story is crowded with names and dates, while international relations and the facts of historical geography are left very much in the dark. The Revolution and subsequent times are treated much more satisfactorily. In the genealogical table, p. 454, the important fact is left out that Louis XIV., as well as Leopold I., was grandson of Philip III.

As a whole, these books deserve high praise for the numerous original documents and discussions on fundamental and recondite points that are introduced; and especially for the illustrations, which are of just the sort that help to throw light upon the facts of history. We wish that the compilers of American histories would take a lesson from this series, and introduce *genuine* illustrations into their books, instead of made-up sensational pictures.

Crosby's "Greek Grammar" (Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.) has always ranked as one of the most creditable works of American scholarship. Its somewhat metaphysical character was an attraction to a great many, although interfering in some degree with its success in ordinary classes; on the other hand, there was a peculiar symmetry and completeness in its processes which made it remarkably efficient in class drill. Accuracy in things great and small is eminently characteristic of the author, and we venture to predict that there will be found fewer misprints in this new edition than in any Greek book of its size ever printed in this country. The new edition preserves all the merits of the old, and avoids some of its defects. Among the marked improvements, we would notice the table of irregular verbs (§. 50), in which the old edition was very inconvenient, and the rearrangement of conditional sentences (§§. 631–4), in which Prof. Goodwin's analysis is adopted, not, however, without some modifications.

Prof. McIlvaine's "Elocution" (Scribner) would be a much better book if it were only half as large. It is prepared on what we consider the faulty plan of introducing each section by a sentence, which states in full the doctrine of the section; these sentences were no doubt originally the syllabus of a course of lectures. For this purpose they are excellent—terse, forcible, and judicious—and no doubt they would do good service in this capacity; but when it comes to expanding them in a book, the result can hardly fail to be diffuse and commonplace, for it is felt to be a duty to expand them, while in many cases no expansion is required at all. The book contains, therefore, an unusual proportion of mere padding; this apart, it is in the main judicious, well-arranged, and calculated to do good. We like especially the sections on self-control as a source of power to the orator. Mr. Coates's "Comprehensive Speaker" (Porter & Coates) is an excellent selection of pieces for declamation and reading. We think it a mistake, in the prose selections, to include so many familiar and standard extracts. Probably, if the number of books could be counted that contain Webster's eulogium on Massachusetts, Lord Chatham on the war with America, Grattan's reply to Mr. Corry, and twenty others that we could pick out from this volume, it would not come far from the number of towns in the United States named after Washington and Jefferson. What is wanted is a collection of exclusively *fresh* extracts—such as many that we find in these pages. Lord Erskine, for instance, would afford quite a number of admirable pieces, hardly familiar at all to the present generation of boys. The "Poetical Selections" are, in this respect, relatively better than the prose, and contain many very desirable pieces. We note an historical error in the last explanatory note on p. 672, where Gustavus Vasa is called "the rightful king" of Sweden. He became a rightful king, but he was not born to the throne. Mr. Cathcart's "Youth's Speaker" (Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.) is, on the other hand, best in its prose selections, which are fresh and brief, very well adapted for school use. The pieces of verse have the merit of being fitted for the use of quite young scholars. The dialogues we do not like—although perhaps they are as good as can be found in that very dismal branch of literature. These are almost, without exception, dull and stilted; the boys and girls are either priggish or vulgar. After all, is there anything better in this line than our old friends "King Alfred" and "Alexander and the Robber"? It is a real pleasure to take up such a school-book as Monroe's "Fifth Reader" (Cowperthwaite & Co.), by the accomplished Superintendent of Elocution of the Boston Schools. It is rare that a book for the use of common schools shows any marks of a refined taste; but this book is tasteful from beginning to end—the brief, practical rules of elocution, the fresh and interesting selections, the whole getting-up of the volume, and especially the illustrations, which are the best we have ever seen in a school reader. A book like this, put in the hands of a class, is a real instrument of civilization.

Word-building, as treated in most text-books, can hardly be of much service to pupils who are unacquainted with Latin—not because the compilers do not recognize the needs of mere English students, but because they for some reason fail to make them practically serviceable to such. Now, this is precisely the strong point of Mr. Swinton's little book, "Word Analysis" (Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.) He has succeeded in preparing rules and exercises that will, we think, really teach common-school pupils something of the structure of the words of their own language. At the same time, it is not without very grave defects. It is very well to classify as English suffixes all those, whether of English or Latin origin, which are actually used in forming new words from those already existing in the English language; so that *justify*, for example, is an illustration of English derivation, although both parts are of Latin origin. Still, there is considerable confusion of ideas in regard to these. Why, for instance, is *ion* in *navigation* (p. 19) called an English suffix, and in *probat-ion* (p. 56) a Latin one? There is, indeed, remarkable inaccuracy shown in classical derivations; on p. 108 we find *galax*, milk; *plane*, a wanderer; *zodiakos*, animal; and *epi*, away! It will be seen that the book has decided faults. These are rather in details than in anything that is essential to the plan, but it needs careful revision. The "Condensed United States History," by the same author and publishers, is on a plan that we do not like; but, inasmuch as there are a great many people who do like it, we will do justice to its merits of execution. The plan of having brief, dry, hard statements of fact, with numerous names and dates, to be learned by heart, and calling this *history*, goes upon the assumption that these names, dates, and bare events have an absolute value of their own; whereas their only value, to those who learn them, is to enable them to get into a higher grade of school, after which they are straightway forgotten, as they deserve to be. We hope the time will come when boards of education, teachers, publishers, and book-makers will understand that a book or a history is good for nothing unless it is interesting to those who are to use it. With this general reservation, we will say that Mr. Swinton's book is prepared with a good deal of skill, and that in particular the topical reviews are excellent. The arrangement is very good, and there are serviceable maps. Barnes's "Brief History" (A. S. Barnes & Co.) has just the merit that Swinton's lacks. It is a very well-told story, that we should think would engage the attention of pupils, and impress the knowledge of the events upon the memory. We appreciate the paucity of names and dates, and the abundance of interesting incidents, many of which, too, are added in foot-notes. We are surprised that the story of Pocahontas is still given as a fact. With its other illustrations, the book has some good maps and portraits, but is very defective in plans of battles and campaigns.

Sir Charles Lyell is always sure of a welcome for his works, even when they come in garments many times made over and a little out of fashion. The "Student's Elements" (Harper & Bros.) will be recognized by the old student as the "Elements of Geology," which, with its bigger brother, the "Principles," was his best friend years ago. Looking closely to its shape, he will find that much of the original matter has gone, though what remains has been a good deal worked over and mended to suit the great changes of the science. The author's object has been to limit the "Elements" to what the name implies, leaving the discussion of the more general questions to his "Principles of Geology," its complement and deserving fellow in every student's library. With this view, he has materially reduced the bulk of the volume. This condensation has been so managed as to increase the value of the book to the English student, while it deprives it of much of its usefulness as a *vade mecum* to the American beginner in the science. He has as far as possible limited himself in the selection of examples to the geological phenomena of Europe, and especially of England; for instance, in the chapter on silurian rocks, twenty pages are given to the rocks of Great Britain and but two to the more extensive and, geologically, more important beds of the same age in this country. Over forty figures are given to the European and only one to the American fossils of these rocks. These facts are enough to exclude the work as an American text-book, though they do not lessen its value to the student who can afford to own several works on the science. The most serious objection to the book is that it has retained the very objectionable order of arrangement in that part which is devoted to the consecutive stages of the earth's history. In place of beginning with the earliest known forms of life, and proceeding, step by step, to its successive stages of development, he begins with the present time, and then takes in reverse order the formations down to the lowest known beds containing life. In geological history, each stage is as much dependent upon that which preceded it as in the history of a nation. The reader would, it is true, gain something if, knowing English history well, he should start from the present and work back in the same order of occurrence over all the facts there recorded, but he would not do well to begin his studies in that way. The most serious criticism which can be brought against the work is the way in which the question concerning the genus Eozoön is set forth. This fossil is represented as organic, the opinions of Dawson, Carpenter, and Jones being given, while no reference is made to those able naturalists who have contested that conclusion. Withal, the book is an admirable condensation of the important results of the science.

The reprint is not very well made; some liberty has been taken with the outside title, so as to bring it into the "Student's Series" of the reprinters. The paper is poor, the engravings want the clearness of the originals. The student who can afford it is recommended to buy the original edition, though the American is much the cheapest.

With the excellent works of Dana, Lyell, and others in existence, and kept well up to date by careful revision from time to time, some reasonable excuse may fairly be demanded for an addition to our array of elementary works on geology. There should assuredly be some difference in matter or some change in the point of view from which the principal questions are considered, in order to secure a place for a new book in a field which has been so extensively occupied. We are unable to see that Prof. Alleyne Nicholson's "Text-Book of Geology" (D. Appleton & Co.) has this *raison d'être*. Although unobjectionable in most important points, there are portions of the book which do not fairly represent the views of the scientific men who are best entitled to an opinion on such subjects. The question of the internal condition of the earth, now one of the most doubtful points in the minds of the greater number of geologists, is passed over with a brief assertion which would lead the reader to suppose that the universal opinion was in favor of the old dogma of its fluidity. The chapter on ice action, though on the whole more successful than most efforts to introduce the results of the researches of the last few years on this point into our text-books, is marred by the same dogmatism. It asserts as a general rule that "erratic blocks" "have been carried not by glaciers, but by icebergs." This is an assertion which contradicts the opinion of about all the students who have given much attention to the subject. We have also the assertions that the coal formation is nearly always conformable to the silurian rocks, that the most important limestones are dolomites—which will not commend themselves to practical geologists.

The figures are for the most part rather rough copies from Lyell's "Elements." For these the author has had the grace to acknowledge his indebtedness. On the whole, the book is not bad as text-books go. The worst that can be said of it is that it is an easily made compilation by a man who evidently has a very fair knowledge of the subject, but who has done little more than to use the materials which other text-books supply without any effort to consult the original sources or to recast the matter.

The same author's "Text-Book of Zoölogy" (Appleton & Co.), compared with others having the same aim, has much to be said in its favor. It is better up to the science than the translations of Milne-Edwards's manual, and is very much better than works fashioned on the model represented in Tenney's "Zoölogy." Agassiz and Gould's "Elements" is in general form better suited for the beginner, but it is already out of date for want of re-editing. Of course, as Mr. Nicholson is neither a Cuvier nor a Müller in the range of his researches, there is all the imperfection shown in the book which comes from making a patchwork of the labors of men of very different views and methods of working, and putting it before the reader as an outline of the animal kingdom. This is not altogether to the author's discredit, but is, in fact, inherent in the pretension of all text-books of zoölogy. It might have been limited by giving the sources of the classification, or by stating when views of naturalists conflict. For want of this the student is frequently led to believe that views concerning the relations of animals, which are held by only a part, and at times a small part, of the students of the subject, are among the uncontested points in the science. There are few students in this country at least who would accept the division of the animal kingdom which makes the annuloida the third primary division, including under it the echinodermata and the scolecida, yet the author here, as in many other cases, states the most disputed and most doubtful opinions in an *ex cathedrá* way. The gravest difficulty with the book is in its omissions. There is nothing about the geographical distribution, the geological succession, or the embryonic development of animals—the great general facts which give meaning to the details of the science—except occasional and imperfect references in the descriptions of the groups. Nor is there any reference to the great questions connected with the origin of species. The book is much more limited than its title would lead the reader to suppose; it is, in fact, a text-book of systematic zoölogy. There are abundant points of detail where the critical eye can detect omissions, but all such objections are overborne by the considerable merits of the book. The figures, one hundred and fifty-eight in number, are pretty well chosen and reasonably well made;

many of them are original, and all of them are free from the straining after the picturesque which so often spoils such representations.

The author of "First Lessons in Physics" (Hendricks & Chittenden, St. Louis) in his preface thus introduces his book: "Its object is the presentation of a number of phenomena, laws and applications of the same, specially adapted to the perceptive capacities of the pupils of the upper grades." This is certainly a praiseworthy object. The difficulties in the way of its attainment are not very great. Every child is ready, to a greater or less degree, to notice phenomena and to ask questions: there is no difficulty in collecting a set of facts which will interest the juvenile mind and lead it to observe. The author of this little treatise does not pretend to do more. A number of laws are stated, and examples are given to be worked out by the principles stated. To do this is to do much; still, we should like to see in these modern days the child's attention directed, in a rational way, to the elements of the subject of conservation of force, and to the relations which bind the phenomena of physics together. The teaching of familiar facts alone has but little disciplinary value. Mr. Hotze gives many illustrations to bring the facts before the pupil's mind. Some of these are of rather questionable homeliness; for instance, under "gravity," p. 10: "A cat may fall from a housetop; a careless child tumbles down stairs; coals fall through the grate; meal falls through the sieve; and soot falls through the air." The occurrence first mentioned might seem highly improbable to the juvenile mind. There are also many typographical errors. On page 14 the question is asked: "For is not a pound of water as heavy as a pound of oil?" And the language is often careless; witness p. 27: "Lightning mostly passes from one cloud to another." The book, however, is evidently an earnest attempt to overcome ignorance.

The best logic for instruction in colleges is, in our judgment, Fowler's ("Elements of Deductive Logic"—New York: Macmillan). A young man who has been through it under a teacher of power will have had his mind enlightened and strengthened, and will be better prepared for life. In short, it to some extent fulfils the function of an elementary logic, a thing which most text-books do not begin to do. Mr. Fowler closely follows Mill's work, of which this must be allowed, that it represents the best scientific thought of the age more nearly than any other systematical exposition of the subject. It contains, however, in our opinion various important errors not only upon its philosophical side, but also in its relation to practice, against which the student ought to be put upon his guard. To these we have not space here to refer; but as they are of interest we shall take an early opportunity to recur to them.

The vices of American teaching are nowhere more strongly illustrated than in our arithmetics. Common arithmetic is not the theory of numbers or any part of it; it is only the art of using the decimal system of numeration. It has no theoretical value, and the only object of teaching it is to give boys and girls necessary practice in ciphering. It is therefore the simplest subject possible, and affords an admirably clear field for pedantic evolutions. Most of the books are crammed with all sorts of worthless scholastical stuff, while the simple precautions which are necessary to lead pupils into good habits of computing are entirely neglected. Mr. Sanford's "Analytical Arithmetic" (Philadelphia: Lippincott) is free from nonsense, and may be recommended; but it does not enforce attention to good habits. For this, "Orton's Lightning Calculator," in some respects a poor book, is to be preferred. Every teacher ought to be practically versed in the most useful of the rules which Orton gives (which are well-known to accountants), and to insist upon their being followed by his pupils. It would be very well if some person of common-sense and of practical experience in computing, after consulting De Morgan's Arithmetic and paper upon Numerical Computation in the "Companion to the British Almanac," would produce a new Arithmetic for schools. Let all writing-master's rules, such as those for Alligation (which serve only arbitrarily to limit the result to a single one of a large number of possible solutions) be swept away. Let the important rules of Single and Double Position be reinstated. And let the design of the whole be to make the pupil an accomplished accountant.

An elementary geometry without errors of logic does not yet exist. Any attempt to write such a book without a thorough study of the mathematical researches of Lobatchewsky, Riemann, Helmholtz, Klein, etc., as well as of the logical studies of Delbœuf, Ueberweg, Hoüel, etc., or without a full appreciation of the conceptions of modern geometry and of quaternions, must prove a failure. Mr. Thomas Hunter's "Elements of Plane Geometry" (New York: Harpers) is only a fragment of Euclid, marred. We may say that his one perfect demonstration is that of his own incompetency to deal with the problem he has attacked.

We doubt if most of the children for whose juvenile understandings such countless numbers of story-books are specially prepared would not, if they were tried, repeat our experience as to such razeed literature. We remember very well how wanting in color, movement, and life seemed the "Stories from Shakespeare" to our own very juvenile understanding, already by good fortune accustomed to "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "Lear," in their undwarfed integrity. Still better, perhaps, should we have liked this excellent edition of the plays prepared by Mr. Hudson ("School Shakespeare, First Series and Second Series." Boston: Ginn Brothers). The object is to make an edition which teacher and scholar can use together as a reading-book or a parsing-book in the school-room, and to this end he has removed from the text, with a gentle hand, obnoxious words and phrases, and, with a hand not so sparing, has annotated the text in a sensible and instructive fashion. To each drama, also, there is prefixed an introduction, telling the pupil what is known of the origin of the story and the characters, and making some general criticism, always candid and intelligent, in a rare degree independent in view, and often racily and vigorously expressed. We will not say that we think there is not sometimes a taste too much of raciness in the language of these notes and criticisms; but we have enjoyed it as being unaffected in its plainness, and we decline to condemn it, for, though unlettered American is rude and even rowdy, lettered American is dreadfully apt to be such very nice English as to be more nice than good. It will be seen that Mr. Hudson's general scheme is excellent. We cannot think of pleasanter work for a teacher than reading these plays thus annotated with a bright and interested class. And in the course of a year or two he would have given himself an education in Shakespeare perhaps better than all the education in other things which he had been able to give his scholars. But whether in one important matter Mr. Hudson's execution of his scheme is not faulty, we are not sure. He has himself for a long time used the plays in the school-room; he has a practical knowledge of the matter which we have not, and on all grounds we dislike to say that we think he has in some instances failed. We shall say, however, that in our opinion Mr. Hudson's hand in expurgating has been too gentle, and that, if we were using the book, we should expect from the pupils—there are always some in every class—who conscientiously wish to leave nothing obscure, a question once in a while as to the meaning of certain expressions retained in the text which we, for our part, should find it difficult to answer. We shall not dwell upon this matter, except at a point where it has been somewhat insisted on by Mr. Hudson himself. The crazed Ophelia sings a song not fit for maidenly lips, which some of the critics have agreed to say is indicative not of a sensual nature, but of a nature for which Coleridge suggested the term sensuous; and we presume Mr. Hudson would say that to explain her warm love for a cool lover, as exhibited in the earlier scenes, we must entertain this opinion of Ophelia's temperament, and let her sing her song as a piece of self-revelation. He retains it in the text for the reason that it seems to him necessary to the completeness of this creation of the great master, and so cannot quite bring himself to remove it. We will not reply that the completeness of a great master's creations is in most places and circumstances a matter of immense importance, but that in schools for the young it is of precisely not the least importance in the world, when the question is whether to keep the completeness of the creation and sully some pupil's mind, or to sacrifice the completeness and save the purity. We will not so reply, because we are thoroughly persuaded that Mr. Hudson knows all this better than we can tell him, and that in the daily practice of his profession he feels it more constantly and deeply than we. But this we take leave to say, that commentators have written nonsense of all kinds about Shakespeare's meanings—nonsense flat and atrocious, beetle-headed, dull nonsense, learned nonsense, beautiful nonsense, and the nonsense of supersubtle refinement of thought; and that we for our part should not have retained Ophelia's song for any such reason as that we have quoted above, and which, we believe, was spun by Mr. Coleridge. We do not say that the song is not in keeping with the character, but that the character is portrayed in sufficient distinctness without that scrap of an old ballad.

Aus meinem Bühnenleben. Erinnerungen von Karoline Bauer. Herausgegeben von Arnold Wellmen. (Berlin: R. v. Decker; New York: B. Westermann & Co.)—The best critics of the German stage of thirty years ago, Tieck, Robert Blum, Gustav Kühne, agreed in assigning to Caroline Bauer the first place in the lighter drama, and a creditable success also in severer tragedy. Her voice and manner carried an irresistible charm; Kühne speaks of the "witchery of her musical voice," as Julia in the balcony scene; but that which gave her pre-eminence was that she "did not play her *rôle* but *lived* it," so that for the time being she became the character which she personated. This was in part the result of a sympathetic genius which entered into the very spirit of the poet, but it was mainly due to diligent, conscientious, persevering application. She herself describes the many bitter experiences, the stern and severe strivings, through which the gay little comedian won her way from her childish illusion of a genius for the drama to her womanly triumphs as an acknowledged artist. But no art could be so touching as is the simple natural story of her first success, when, a girl of fourteen, moved by the inspiration of the drama and eager to support her widowed mother, she first stepped upon the stage in the little theatre of Carlsruhe; the anxious dressing hours before the time, the parting kiss to her mother, the palpitating heart during the overture; the sudden fear, in which she forgot everything, as the bell rang for the rising of the curtain for the scene in which Margaret must appear; the equally sudden return of self-possession to the point of self-forgetting. "How I represented Margaret I know not; I only remember that it was to me as though I really were Margaret; that I played with transport, loved the Count in spite of his forty-five years, wept, laughed, as the *rôle* required, and when the Count spoke the last words, as he handed me the wild flowers, 'Blühe wie sie, nütze wie sie, und bleibe dem Schmucke getreu, mit dem Deine Felder Dich schmückten,' I sank upon his breast, and awoke as from a dream when, on the falling of the curtain, came the stormy call, *Margarethe!*"

Margarethe has long known what it is to be a countess indeed, and the privacy of her domestic life should be guarded as sacredly as that of the convent, but we are grateful to her for lifting the veil so far as to afford these charming glimpses of her artist life—the whole career of which is described with the same naïveté as this girlish *débût*. As a picture of the stage in a past generation, of travel before the day of railroads, of court-life in Berlin, Petersburg, Vienna, and Dresden, and of artistic and literary celebrities, the book has value apart from the thread of personal narrative. There is an amusing anecdote of the old King of Saxony, who, as Bauer was singing in "Ophelia," expressed his admiration so audibly that the audience, impatient of the interruption, began "Pst! pst! pst!" when the king broke forth still louder, "No! no! but a man *must* speak out!" and Ophelia hearing all, and singing the while. A pleasing trait of the book is its generous tone toward other artists. With a refreshing self-consciousness in the autobiography, there is yet no trace of selfishness, but the mirror reveals a pure, refined, and truly noble character.

⁂ Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books on the wrapper.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Tities.	*Publishers.—*	*Prices.*
A Crown from the Spear: A Tale	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	$1 25
Bacon (Rev. L. W.), Inside View of the Vatican Council	(Am. Tract Society)	
Fergusson (J.), Rude Stone Monuments in all Countries	(Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.)	9 00
Freeman (E. A.), History of the Norman Conquest in England, Vol. IV	(Macmillan & Co.)	
Hints to Young Editors	(C. C. Chatfield & Co.)	
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Fine Arts.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

III.

WE will, in conclusion, take some notice of the class of works in which the Museum is richest. Of ideal schools and portrait schools its specimens are random and without connection, but it shows a strong representative chain of those painters whom people think of as the Dutch painters—the artists who turned out the groups of droll little figures, the interiors, and the sleepy landscapes. These Flemings and Dutch make little or no display of thought, they have only attained, in simple barbarian fashion, the secret of quality. They are the scorn of literary people, and they distil ennui into the marrow of the bones of tourists. It is in studios that their fame is guarded, and it is the dream of the modern landscapist, in whose conception we find so much soul and poetry, to steal a grace or a felicity of technic from these lethargic scenes that have no soul visible.

"The Mills" and "The Hillside" are a small pair by Jan Brueghel, which once belonged to Rubens, afterwards to the Duc de Praslin, and to the expert Le Brun, who caused "The Mills," or "Les Moulins," to be engraved by Le Bas for his gallery. In them we see landscape art still tentative, but using the perseverance and care that will set it on the right road. In the "Mills" a very pretty suggestion of blowing cloud-shadow over the fields is given; but the enumeration of leafage on small, far-away trees is full of puerile innocence, and the deep-blues (said to be due to the absorption of the yellows by the colors with lead basis) must be imagined "out." This Brueghel was a friend of Rubens, who painted in association with him the large garden-of-acclimatization picture called "The Terrestrial Paradise." He was personally a neat creature, always dressed in velvet, and so-called Velvet Brueghel. By his father, Pieter, born in the commencement of the sixteenth century, there is something in the Museum of ruder fibre—a scene of gamblers quarrelling, in which we recognize the sort of art to which Leys and Tissot, in modern times, have applied for their archaic groups and costumes. Another father of artists is David Teniers the elder, whom the Museum exhibits in two specimens. Neither gives much proof of the facts that he was a pupil of Rubens and that he spent ten years at Rome among the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo in their freshness. The sturdy Flanders stock was too healthy to be affected by a change of atmosphere, and the painter continued his explorations of human homeliness. His principal exhibition here, however, is not human, but supernatural. He gives us his idea of a Temptation of Saint Anthony. The holy man, with book and rood, cowers in his cave, the air of which thickens with ugly, shrimplike creatures, swimming level-bodied across it, giving altogether a strong sentiment of the aquarium. The damsel who is supposed to be the heroine of the drama, and whom a goat-headed chevalier leads forward with courtly action, is neat and modest-looking, but a pair of sharp siren's claws peep from the hem of her dress. Should she prove ineffectual, another is coming, more seductive to the imagination; she advances from the shadows behind, sleeping, one elbow buried deep in the mane of the donkey she rides—a sort of sluggish, narcotizing nightmare. There are hosts of other figures, but withal a pitiful want of the noble grotesque—no hint of Albert Dürer. By the great Teniers, the son, the collection has a fine work, and one well known over Europe. Its French title is the "Lendemain des Noces"; it has been engraved by Le Bas, and owned by the Duc de Morny and the Marquis of Salamanca. The younger Teniers was son-in-law of Velvet Brueghel, and continued the story of Flemish art through a rich career until 1694, when he died in Brussels.

Meantime in Holland, Van Goyen, engraver and painter, was exuding his placid gray landscapes, interminably and inimitably, and educating a school of talented young men. Of the two views by Van Goyen in the gallery, one, the Moerdyck, is considered his masterpiece. The imprisonment of light in the central stratum of the picture—it is a motive of cumulus cloud reflected in a canal—is wonderful; it does not seem to be due to the somewhat opaque arch of clouds above, nor to the line of dark figures, like a row of small bronzes, which points upon it from the front; cover these contrasting objects, and the picture still shines on, with its steady silver blaze. It is just the sort of technic which seems to have been studied by P. J. Clays, the accomplished Brussels painter, who has learned a similar art of dazzling with gray lights a breadth of quiet water.

Among the long-skirted Leyden youths who studied with this master was Jan Steen, a kind of Dutch Cupid, whose attractions were too potent to be resisted by the daughter of the house, Margaret van Goyen. The easy-going father, on learning the facts, thought best to consent to a patched-up wedding: he gave his benediction and embraced a little grandchild at nearly the same time. By this reprehensible Jan Steen there are two paintings in the gallery, both showing a singular vivacity of talent. His "Kermesse" has some of the wealth of characterization of Rubens's large "Kermesse" in the Louvre. There is satire in the stout-legged fiddler, evidently playing his fastest to tire out the superannuated old beau who dances; a toper hails with gestures of his flagon a boat-load of more distant revellers; all takes place in the green before the Elephant Inn, which hangs out its sign and flies its flag over the roysterers; somewhere in the foreground there is a globular Holland baby, into whose bulbous face is kneaded an almost Satanic intelligence. Jan Steen has many styles, and another and finer manner is displayed in the repulsive subject No. 61. The principal object in this masterly composition is simply a group of tumbled bedding; the sheets form a principal light in the middle, and the draperies around them grow darker, until the two figures in pure black, at the sides, receive and deaden the last rays of illumination. The twisted sheets are here painted with wonderful beauty, and to look at them, and then at Gérôme's much-admired flying drapery in the garment just twitched off from his "Phryne," one would fancy that the French professor had made himself a pupil of the disreputable old Dutch artist.

In fact, if our modern painters have the culture which comes from a universal literary habit, and so give interests of a literary kind to their work, they must go back for many practical lessons to these tranquil, large-stomached, sly-eyed observers of the seventeenth century. And wise artists are perfectly sensible of this, and yearn with all their souls for the gifts of the old masters' transparency and atmosphere, while they are grinding out idyllic subjects or archaic subjects for the market of the day. There was Théodore Rousseau, the hermit of Fontainebleau, who seemed to have created the oak-tree of modern landscape, but who in his own privacy was paying vows to all the specimens of Hobbema he could get sight of. From the Museum's example, No. 53, we can get some notion of the valuable lessons derivable from the master. The shadow on the curved road and on the earth bank is real shadow, and the soil is real soil beneath; the transparent film seems as if it might be directed away with a mirror, leaving the mire in its proper color. The trees are real trees, and through the grill-work of their stems we see the leading lines of the composition, all tending to a point on the right margin, in a delicate system of curves.

In Solomon Ruisdael, a pupil, like Steen, of Van Goyen, we see a craftsmanlike celerity of method. In the "Kermesse" the sky is trowelled on with liberal thicknesses of azure and white paint, while the buildings are brushed very thinly, and lined and hatched like English water-color; the groups of skaters and riders are dexterously built into the motive—a dark crowd clustering in the middle, while the heavy black roof is relieved with white caps, a white horse, and a roan horse, red saddle-cloth and red petticoat. Another liberal share of sky brightens the view of Alkmaar—a sky that is an arena, wherein the white-dappled clouds seem to be riding around in races; a feathery tree balancing in the breeze, windmills and a circumfluent canal, a towering church which dominates the village roofs, make up the picture, a tender portrait of a real locality. Both these complicated scenes, however, yield in beauty to the little gem, the Marine from the collection of Maximilian I. of Bavaria, in which the aspect of water, curdling and crisping under a wind and beneath a local cloud-shadow, is admirably given.

Sometimes the methods are so obvious that the effectiveness seems due to a trick. The little subject by Pieter Wouverman would be a ball of blue-and-white sky held in a cup of dark foreground objects but for the introduction of the white horse, which repeats among the shadows the corpulent forms of the clouds. Similarly, the Berghem, by its diagonal line of deeply-shadowed forms, throws back the sky into surprising distance and brilliancy.

Another class attempt, with greater complication of idea, to paint real landscape poems, in the style so radiantly perfected by Claude. Van der Neer contributes to the Museum a little moonlight jewel, and a beautifully-focussed sunset. By Huysman there are three canvases of elaborate pomp, so rich as to suggest, but not detrimentally, the theatrical drop-curtain. The largest is particularized by M. Chesneau as "a gigantic picture of Huysman's, of Mechlin, taken from a castle of the Marquis of Hastings, whom the Derby ruined at twenty-six years of age." It is nine feet across, and realizes the Shenstone ideal of landscape, with forests that "frown" and azure mountains that "nod." Seen at high noon, in a direct light that will alchemize its darkened umbers, it is a peace-bringing and satisfying breadth of scenery, for which nature seems to have been tamed and made Virgilian. A smaller motive of very similar details, and a still smaller and still more beautiful sketch, make one feel, perhaps, as if there was about enough of Huysman, whose factitious scenes are less good to breathe in than the freshly-aired meadows of the simpler men. Finally, almost the full and most opulent enjoyment derivable from Claude Lorraine may be got from the large Italian view by the brothers Both. Of these co-workers, Jan was a pupil and imitator of Claude, while Andries put in the figures; and the partners died in the same year, 1650, the landscapist at Utrecht and the figure-painter at Venice.

There are not many of the endlessly-curious and quaint Dutch street-scenes and architectural views in the Museum, but that by Jan van der Heyden is a curiosity and a perfection that fills the gaps left by many another. It is as highly-finished a piece of work as it is possible to see; the bricks even of distant chimneys being regularly squared and plumbed, while the trees contain three leaves clearly drawn in the space of every pin's head. The tone is by no means lost or frittered off in this detail, but is beautiful on its own account; the limpidity of the canal is unsurpassable. This painter, who interests us by his lavish industry and care, seems to have been a sensible man with a taste for odd experiments; in one of his pictures is painted an open Bible, five centimetres in height, whose pages, covered with print, are legible. His researches in the practical part of hydraulics led to his being in ease at last on a pension which he obtained for improving pumps.

Another street-perspective, by Van Kessel, shows with ability the look of a storm just cleared away and leaving a leaden shadow on part of the city, while among the rain-washed brick walls peep forth the first passengers, and the swans come out from under the bridge and plume their white coats in the sun.

A broader and sketchier method, in similar subjects, marks the Italians who are represented here. Guardi, the pupil and counterfeiter of Canaletto, shows excellent canal views in Venice—the Rialto and the Salute Church—the architecture being washed with flat tints, and then drawn over with something that works like a crayon and ruler, leaving the stonework very sunny and luminous, almost, in places, like lithographic work of Prout's. For an interior, that of St. Peter's, by the scene-painter Pannini, is a good Italian specimen; the chalky look of distemper-painting is unpleasantly conspicuous when the work is compared with any of the good atmospheric interiors of the northern schools hung near by; but the charming little figures are dotted in with a glittering ease that the Dutch gentry did not dream of.

To conclude with dessert, there are some superb fruit-pieces, besides the Velasquez we have before alluded to. It needs but a minute's attention to detect the fact that there are different ways of regarding even this innocuous *genre* of painting; it seems that one group of artists thought of piles of fruit as jewelry, and painted contentedly away at the glitter and color; another class, deeper-souled men, seized fruits as things that grew and lived, and gave all their force to bringing out the developing power, the combat for existence, of vegetable life. Thus did Velasquez, and thus did Snyders, the magnificent painter of hunting-scenes. In the fruit-subject by Snyders here present, the objects seem to have rolled into place of their own volition; the branch of figs is visibly pushing forward and bursting, while the palmated fig-leaves and grape-leaves seem to be earnestly gesticulating. In contrast to this proudly-felt work, the elegantly painted fruits and vases by the two Van Heems, the forerunners of all the miracles in that line that Desgoffe and Preyer are elaborating in our day, seem like fixed and unchangeable objects, valued merely for their superficial charms of shape and hue, or for the vanity of giving immortality to the bloom that nature makes so perishable.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1872.

The Week.

THE latest and most interesting piece of news about the Treaty of Washington comes from the Washington correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, who says, on official authority, that there is no truth in the story that our Government had agreed to exclude from the consideration of the Geneva Conference the claim for indirect damages, provided it were allowed to remain in the "case" as an argument in favor of a large award, if the Commissioners decide to give damages in a gross sum. He says the Cabinet has determined, and adheres to the determination, not to withdraw or modify the "case" in any particular. We have heard from a highly respectable source that a way out of the difficulty will probably be found by our Government's giving Mr. Adams, and the British Government's giving Sir Alexander Cockburn, a hint that we do not look for any award under the fifth item, and that on a private understanding of this kind the Commission will go to work. We confess, however, that we are still unshaken in our belief that neither Government can venture to attempt an escape from its present embarrassment by any sort of dodge or contrivance. In the present or any probable state of public opinion in England, the Ministry dare not go before the Board, on the fifth claim, on any understanding whatever; and public opinion in England on this point is, it is right to say, supported by an overwhelming preponderance of the public opinion of the Continent. There is no Continental jurist or publicist who has spoken on the subject who does not treat this claim as preposterous and even outrageous.

On the other hand, we are equally well persuaded that the present Administration will not venture to modify the "case," or withdraw it, or confess by any sort of evasion that it was badly drawn, with a Presidential election pending. What it will probably do by way of extricating itself from the difficulty it has begun to do already, viz.—(1) to give the British Government to understand that no money is expected under the fifth claim, but that it is desirable to submit it and get the decision of the Board on it, so that it may be settled hereafter as a rule of international law that no neutral is liable for such portion of the cost of a war as may have been incurred after the escape of a cruiser or cruisers from the neutral ports to take service under one of the belligerents—which sounds very much like a man's insisting on getting a solemn decision of the Court of Appeals in order to settle for ever the question whether the owner of an orchard was entitled to cut the hamstrings of any boys he might find robbing it. (2) To shift the responsibility of making the claim on Mr. Sumner as its great inventor, or on Mr. Bancroft Davis, who was charged with the immediate duty of drafting the "case," or on Mr. Seward, who first licked the controversy with Great Britain into shape. On these devices we have only to remark that it will not do to say that the Administration is bound to follow either Mr. Seward's lead or Mr. Sumner's, for if it is bound on one point it is bound on all, and it is known to all men that there was nothing which both these gentlemen urged so vehemently as the liability in damages of Great Britain to the United States for the premature concession of "belligerent rights" to the insurgents. When arbitration was first talked of, Mr. Seward insisted on the submission of this point as essential, and Mr. Sumner treated "belligerent rights" in his speech as the "fons et origo" from which all British responsibility to the United States flowed. Yet this claim the Administration has twice formally waived, the first time in General Grant's first message, the second through the Commissioners who negotiated the Washington Treaty.

Public attention, so far as can be judged from the public prints, is concentrated principally on the two great May and June conventions; but a little of it has been given to the South, where there is soon to be, at New Orleans, a national convention of colored men to look after their rights, and, perhaps, as a principal object, to consider the attitude of Mr. Sumner, which is understood to be a matter of much solicitude to this class of voters. In Texas there is a manifesto, signed by some of the most prominent Republican leaders, in favor of the Cincinnati movement; but, as a prominent Republican leader of Texas is not *ipso facto* a fair specimen of a reformer, it would be easy to attach too much importance to this piece of news; the Republican party of the South has not a history which would make it very welcome in the councils of a reformed party. In South Carolina the Republicans endorse the Administration. In Louisiana, the Warmothites appear to be losing ground, and the Custom-house faction, allied with Lieutenant-Governor Pinchback (colored), have the State pretty much in their own hands, and hold it at this present moment for General Grant. In Alabama, the Administration is said to have "hurt the party" by some of its recent appointments—the Mobile post-office having been taken from a Mr. Bromberg and given to a Northerner, a Mr. Pierce, against whom the business men petitioned on the ground that he had taken liberties with the school fund of the State and did not inspire confidence. So, too, there is a wrangle about the Mobile assessorship of internal revenue. In Georgia, also, the party is badly divided and without hope of carrying the State, and the same is true of North Carolina and Virginia. In Arkansas, there is open war between the Clayton faction and another; but offices and money heal these divisions among brethren in that latitude, and nothing prevents the Administration from having Arkansas if it likes. In Florida, Reed, the Governor, by some hocus-pocus escaped trial before the Senate, and now issues his proclamation, adorned with "the great seal of the State," to the effect that, as the High Court of Impeachment adjourned without finishing him, he is as good as ever, so he assumes the reins once more—and seems likely to keep them.

One or two political signs at the South are good, so far as it is good to see the distinct abandonment of Alexander Stephensism in its extreme form. Mr. John Forsyth's *Register* says that it can support Mr. C. F. Adams for President on the Missouri platform. Mr. Stephens appears to be ready to postpone the formation of a party with his favorite platform of glosses on the Constitution-as-it-was, and there are not many Democratic editors who are nailing the flag to the mast. We up here have something good to be set against all the office-holding corruption and greed which make the South such a spectacle in the eyes of most men who are not extreme partisans; but up here, too, the grounds for discouragement are not small. Our "Reform Legislature" has somehow turned out to be not very different from the Legislatures that the Ring bought and sold. Fenton-Conkling disputes whether a Greeleyite or an anti-Greeleyite should have the speakership; how to keep in Senator Wood, bribed by Tweed and Jay Gould, and liable to expulsion; how to get Mr. Green out of our Comptroller's office, where we were all so glad to put him when the Tweed frauds were first discovered; how to deal with the Seventy's charter so as to have no minority representation and a fairer grab at the offices—these are the principal matters which have occupied the Legislature from which so much was expected, and a new point is given to a question which we asked last summer when the attack on the Ring was begun—"Jimmy" O'Brien in the van—whether, considering all that we should have to reform, we had much in hand with which to effect a reformation. It suggests, also, the question which more and more people are every day asking themselves—which, we hope, will be faithfully pondered by every honest Republican—whether the Republican party, as at present constituted, is a party that can be trusted to do the work which is most necessary. The latest rumor in New York politics is that, by an arrangement with the Administration managers, O'Brien is to have the mayoralty, and his Irish followers are to serve in the Administration ranks next fall.

So far as we have observed the Philadelphia *Press* of late, we should think its editor not altogether sincere in saying in his issue of the 8th: "We anticipate no difficulty in giving our electoral vote to General Grant in November," while we are quite prepared to believe when he adds: "but we do anticipate a sharp and angry struggle in the preceding October election." In fact, politics in Pennsylvania are in a sad state at present, the Legislature that has just adjourned having earned the usual reputation for wisdom and incorruptibility, and done nothing to satisfy the reformers of the Fourth District but to admit Col. McClure to his rightful seat—and that after a bold attempt to overlook his case altogether. None of the measures he proposed got beyond the Senate, while, by an express act, a new judgeship was created for Mr. Briggs, the counsel of his fraudulent rival, Col. Gray, in appointing whom, by the way, Governor Geary is held to have violated the State constitution. The reformers seem to have been still further slighted in the provisions made by the Legislature for a constitutional convention, the bill allowing twenty-eight members at large to be chosen on tickets holding fourteen names, which of course divides the honors between the Republicans as a whole and the Democrats, but takes no account of third parties.

In the midst of the unpleasant feeling occasioned by these circumstances, the Republicans meet to nominate a Governor for the next three years, with a result that will be known to our readers by the time this reaches them. As we write, it looks as if the nomination of Gen. Hartranft, the present Auditor-General, had been determined on by the regular party managers very much in the same way that Grant's nomination has been laid in advance upon the National Philadelphia Convention. The *Press*, which appears to acquiesce in the latter dictation, kicks against the former in the article from which we have quoted, and makes it clear that Gen. Hartranft is not acceptable to the reformers, and that the reformers are worth conciliating. The General is, in short, a henchman of Senator Cameron, and has too much need of the whitewash which the investigating committee in the Evans case gave him to excite enthusiasm amongst the foes of political corruption; and the weight of him is felt to be too great to be borne in the November election.

The great difficulty of the Cincinnati Convention is likely to be the tariff. Mr. Greeley and his friends from the East are anxious to have the tariff left an open question, on which the friends of the new movement shall be at liberty to differ, as the members of the Republican party have been, but we do not see how such an arrangement can be made by any process short of self-stultification. The questions of greatest interest in politics for many years to come will be economical questions; that is, such questions as the nature, amount, and disposition of the taxes, the regulation of the currency and banking, and the proper relation of Government to labor and capital, just as for many years past slavery and the nature of the federal bond have been the main questions in politics. It has been easy enough, heretofore, to leave the tariff an open question; but we might as well talk of leaving civil-service reform an open question hereafter. The new party, therefore, if a new party there is to be, cannot escape the necessity of taking some distinct ground on the subject of currency and taxation. An ambiguous or incomprehensible resolution, such as figures so prominently in most of the current Republican platforms, will not do. It is all very well for the party in power to avoid committing itself on doubtful points, but a party seeking power can play no such tricks.

The editor of the *Sun* recently made divers serious charges against Mr. Robeson, the Secretary of the Navy. He accused him of entering into partnership with a ship-chandler in Philadelphia named Cattell, and through him making purchases of supplies of various kinds for the navy, in which the Government had been swindled of over a million, and Robeson himself rose from poverty into affluence. There were other minor accusations, which there is no use in repeating, as they have not been made good. Mr. Robeson took the very sensible course of asking for a committee of investigation, and before this committee Mr. Dana, the editor in question, was summoned, and asked to furnish his proof. He was obliged to confess that he had no personal knowledge of the truth or falsehood of the charges himself, and could not produce anybody who had. In short, the case broke down totally. Now, we sincerely hope, in the interest of decency and of public morality, that this is the last display of this kind we shall have. The substitution of committees of investigation for libel suits is a serious matter for editors engaged in "exposing" people.

When people hear, as they now hear, that though Mr. Dawes will this week report a new tax-bill from the Committee of Ways and Means containing a careful revision of all existing legislation, there is little or no chance of its passing, because there is little or no chance of the House and Senate agreeing on it, they will wonder what Congress has been holding the present session for. The tariff bill which the House sent up to the Senate some weeks ago was sent back again by the Senate so terribly amended that nothing was left of it except the House number, and the House not unnaturally treated it as to all intents and purposes a new bill, and thereupon refused to act on it, and accused the Senate of violating the Constitution by "originating bills for raising revenue." The Senate is now said to be in such a huff that it will not give due consideration to any other revenue bill that comes up from the House, and thus the session will be closed fruitlessly in a senseless quarrel, or at the last moment some unconsidered farrago will be huddled through. In the meantime, the fate of business men whose affairs are affected by tariff legislation is pitiable enough.

Harper's Weekly holds under advisement quite a list of questions about President Grant, which we put to the conductors of that journal some time ago. We now wish to add two or three more. Is a President sincerely desirous of reforming the civil service who reappoints to such an office as the Comptrollership of the Currency a man whose official conduct is at the time undergoing investigation by a committee of Congress? In case a President has not informed himself of so important and so pertinent a fact as this which we mention, would *Harper's Weekly* say that he is careful and intelligent in the discharge of the duties of his station, or would it say that he is not very intelligent in the discharge of them, and that he would seem to take too little interest in civil business? In case a President did know that the appointee's conduct was under investigation by the Banking Committee of the House of Representatives, and that there was very grave reason to believe the accused official to be guilty of criminal delinquency, what would *Harper's Weekly* say of the President's action in the matter then? We know what we should say under the circumstances if we were supporters of the President's renomination: we should say that we were supporting the renomination of a President who, whatever else he might be, was in no danger of overworking himself in sincerely reforming the civil service.

We shall now ourselves make a contribution to his defence which his supporters have in a most extraordinary manner left unsupplied (although it has, one would think, been within easy reach), by answering the charge made by the Liberal Republican platform, that he had "packed" the Supreme Court for the purposes of the legal-tender decision. The silence of the champions of the Administration on this point has led many people to believe that they thought packing the court a thing to be proud of. We have been assured, within the last week, by Judge Hoar, the late Attorney-General—and he ought to know—that Judges Bradley and Strong were selected, and we believe nominated, several days before the first legal-tender decision was delivered, and before the Government knew what it would be; and that they were selected solely with reference to their standing and character. Judge Strong had rendered a decision in favor of the constitutionality of the act in the State court, it is true, but so had almost all State judges before whom the question had been brought, and Mr. Bradley, though counsel to repudiating corporations, had advised them to pay their interest in coin. We consider this a good and sufficient answer to one of our late questions, though it does not change our opinion on the propriety or expediency of bringing up the legal-tender cases for a fresh decision when it was known that the advent of the new judges would cause the reversal of the first one, and when the majority in Congress had the power to add fresh members to the Court in their discretion. A heavier blow at judicial independence, or one better calculated to shake popular respect for the Supreme Court, could hardly have been struck.

There appears to have been an unexpected transfer of Democratic votes to the Republican side in Connecticut the other day, and unsupported assertions have been made that the transfer was effected in pursuance of directions from ex-Collector Murphy. This is the story: "Votes were openly bought," says the New Haven *Register*, "in the First, Third, and Fourth Wards. In the Third Ward those Democrats who could be bought were paid immediately after their ballots were deposited. In at least one instance where there was doubt, the box-tender gave the voter a slip of paper on which was written, 'This man voted all right.'" In the large cities of Connecticut there are, of course, many ignorant and vicious voters whom Tweed could buy, whom anybody could buy, who are always for sale; and in such places an Administration agent employing Murphy's talent could easily procure an "endorsement of the Administration," or any other Administration, in his favorite way. The very marked falling off in the Democratic vote of New Haven, Hartford, and other cities was in great part because the ex-Collector's talent was there vigorously employed. The returns show no falling off in the rural districts. There were, no doubt, local Democratic differences here and there which caused some of the cross-voting, but the other cause is held to have been the more operative one. It will be curious to watch during the coming struggle and see whether the ex-Collector will put the native managers up to any new thing in guile, fraud, corruption, trickery, mendacity, and general political knavery, or whether, on the other hand, Mr. Barnum's fellow-citizens will be able to teach Thomas himself some new forms of political roguery. They are sharp in Connecticut; and the closeness of their political contests has made even some of the deacons go near to be thought but little better than some of the wicked about election time. Only last year, a sound Democrat of Fairfield County, after having been at great charges in keeping six electors in a state of continued alcoholic narcosis for a week, and up to the very verge of the election, had his whole lot of drunkards stolen out of the shed by a neighbor, a Republican deacon, who at once loaded a wagon with them, and voted them as soon as the polls were open, thus preventing a Democratic gain and uniting morality and cheapness in a way that should be the envy of Tom, both as a Christian and as a collector and disburser.

The letter of our English correspondent gives what we believe to be the rational and fair view of the recent performances of the English Republicans and their opponents in the House of Commons. There is something almost silly in putting in the foreground of an agitation having for its object to induce a great and wealthy people to change the form of the government under which they have lived for six centuries the argument that by so doing they would *probably* save two millions of dollars a year. But there is also something monstrous and absurd in the belief of the Conservatives that the discussion of the form of the government even in our day can be prevented by brute force, or that the fact that a republican is *ex vi termini* disloyal to the Queen is any longer a reason why he ought not to be listened to. But, then, there is one aspect of the case which is probably present to thousands of thoughtful minds in England, and must occur to all thoughtful observers everywhere, though our correspondent does not touch on it, and that is the fact, that a deep and widespread difference of opinion among a people as to what the form of their government ought to be is perhaps the greatest misfortune which can overtake a country. It includes nearly all political evils. It arrests all rational reform; it destroys patriotism; and breeds hates which last centuries, and often makes all return to ways of pleasantness and paths of peace impossible. The United States had a brief taste of it previous to the adoption of the present Constitution; the South has drunk deeply of it; and unhappy France has had the poison of it in her veins for eighty years. If England is now really about to enter on this great contention, as seems not altogether unlikely, it will need more wisdom and discretion than there is any good reason to look for to prevent it playing great and speedy havoc with all her glory and greatness.

The Commercial Treaty between France and England has been formally "denounced"—that is, the required notice has been given by the French Government of its intention to abrogate it at the expiration of a year. The London *Economist* treats the matter somewhat philosophically, and enumerates the changes likely to occur, as, first, a diminution of England's exports to France, which, however, as the exports of 1870 were in round numbers $56,000,000, while the imports (which will not be much, if any, diminished) were $186,000,000, will not be so serious as it seems; secondly, a rise of from 10 to 15 per cent. on duty on woollens; third, a general rise, probably heavy, on "raw materials" and on goods manufactured from them; and, fourthly, heavy differential duties on English shipping. The French papers, which seldom discuss financial or economical questions, generally express the hope that some means of renewing the treaty will be found before the year expires.

Prince Bismarck is still hotly engaged in his new fight with the Ultramontanes over the educational question, and it is safe to predict that, if his health lasts, the Ultramontanes will get the worst of it, as he is bringing into play every weapon within his reach. The Bishop of Ermeland has excommunicated two of his flock for declaring against the dogma of infallibility. This is illegal without the consent of the Government, so the Bishop has been called on to explain his violation of the law; and one of the excommunicated, a schoolmaster, is retained in his position, while the other, a canon, is still paid his salary; and it is announced that unless the Bishop retracts, his own salary will be withdrawn. At Cologne, another bishop has forbidden the performance of mass in the garrison church, because the Government lent the building to the Old Catholics. But the general in command ordered the military chaplains to disregard the prohibition, and while one of them sides with the bishop, the other reads mass as usual. Saxony and Baden have followed the lead of Prussia on the educational question. Baden has even forbidden monks to teach, and is leaving the Old Catholic priests in the enjoyment of their salaries and the possession of their churches; and, to crown all, Dr. Döllinger has been eulogizing Luther in his lectures at the Munich University as an intellectual Titan and the greatest genius Germany ever produced, and as blameworthy only in abrogating the episcopal office.

MAY DEMOCRATS BE REFORMERS?

We all agree that the Democratic party has no high aims, no patriotic intentions; its purpose seems to be simply to get back into power; and the only plea which can make its existence excusable is that there is so much looseness, vulgarity, and selfishness among the managers of the party which rules the country, that it may pay to keep up a political organization for the sole office of chronic and interminable opposition. This is the national impression about the Democratic party, and it is the truth. But our impressions about the composition of the party need, we think, some examination and revision. The common view is that it is composed of selfish demagogues, disagreeable village malcontents, and "the Irish vote." Where we do not think of individual Democrats, and just summon before our minds a Democrat—the typical Democrat—half a glance suffices to satisfy us that there is something bad about the whole stamp of him, something in his style of thought and speech essentially mean. But let us not be content with this impression. It must be remembered that the aggregate Republican majority in the United States is but 40,000 out of 5,000,000. Taking the Irish vote at the largest possible reckoning, there should remain an immense number of the native voters of the Democratic ticket who, it is to be hoped, are better than the typical Democrat. A State standing so high as Connecticut for wealth and intelligence has the two parties almost evenly balanced. We wish now to ask who are Democrats; to examine the composition of the party; and to see if there be any among them who may make material for supporters of reform. Can they be of any service against Tweed and Murphy, the Tammany frauds, the civil-service vulgarities and abominations? or must they remain to the end of the chapter in American politics the sons of Belial and the children of darkness? For some of them we think there is hope. The managers of the Republican party organization do not believe it, or at least do not desire to believe it. They are like the old lady who said, "The Universalists expect that all will be saved, but we look for better things."

The Irish are the most conspicuous, fundamental, and inevitable members of the party. The first Irish immigrants were, no doubt, attracted by the name, and they found it what its name indicated, the real Democratic party of the country. Each successive generation of immigrants went where their fathers had gone before them. They could not be said to have belonged to the party, for, of course, they had no opinions; they huddled together in it by the common gregarious instinct. The fact that the Republican party seemed to be the Know-Nothing party reinspired with a new idea, helped to perpetuate their opposition. Antagonism to their rivals in the field of labor, the negroes, finished whatever remained to be done. It is certain that the Irish immigrants will continue to be Democrats during the lifetime of the Democratic party—perhaps during the lifetime of any party called by that name. The native Americans who composed the party before the war were acted upon by two classes of influences. Upon many the older and purer enthusiasm of the party still exercised its spell. People who only know the name of Democrat from its recent associations, cannot conceive what that name meant to men who were boys when Andrew Jackson was President. To us, as we see it on the printed page, the word has an expression sinister and forbidding. To them its syllables represented liberty, simplicity, purity, hope for mankind, and the belief in the devotion and competency of the people. What America was to the world, the Democratic party was to America. Some one told General Jackson that a distinguished German travelling here had remarked to him that all the intellect and culture of the country seemed to be on the side of the Whigs. "You should have told him," exclaimed Jackson with ire, "that all the virtue and integrity of the country was upon ours." Democrats nowadays do not take quite so high a tone. Were Pendleton or Fernando Wood to make such a speech, each would laugh at the other.

There are at the North a great many people who relied upon the South for trade and employment. Our merchants had their purchasers all over that country. They and the manufacturers reaped great profits from the want of ready money at the South, and the large prices the planters were willing to pay for credit. They knew their Southern customers and liked them. From childhood habit had used them to the idea that over a large part of the Union men were bought and sold. The Constitution was said to acknowledge the existence of slavery, and they revered the Constitution. They revered the Union, and the Abolitionists they regarded as the enemies both of the Union and the Constitution. There were two passions which patriots felt in that time—the old passion for the Union, and the new passion to purge the country of the imperfection of slavery. Men were Democrats or Republicans as one or the other of these sentiments predominated in them. Both sentiments were noble. The man who loved the Union so entirely that he dreaded the agitation of any question that might in the slightest degree endanger it, did not seem to himself or to his family a very terrible person. If he had personal or commercial relations with the South, or if he were a Democrat by education and association, these things made it all the easier for him to believe himself the only pure politician in America.

Secession came, and the winter of 1860 and 1861 found us pretty much all Democrats. Some of the States modified their fugitive slave laws; the position of the country seemed to be that everything must be sacrificed to the Union—which was just the position of the Democrats before the war. Very few people yet contemplated the possibility of war, or believed that we would or could invade the Southern States and compel them back into the Union. And had we kept on feeling in that way, we could not have done it. But suddenly out of the clouds there fell upon the hearts of men a joyous enthusiasm, an impulse to defend the Union to the last, and the belief that we could do it successfully by force of arms. This sentiment was a surprise to the very men it aroused. But it took all hearts by storm; the sweep of the impulse was irresistible; none, not even the Democrats, could withstand it. They either said nothing or they fancied that at the end of a ninety days' skirmish the South would return, that we should shake hands, and should love each other better than ever. The most patriotic and, we suppose, the worthiest of the Democrats made up their minds that the duty of the hour, or the year, or the decade, was to crush the rebellion, and such substantially came over to the Republicans. But as the combat deepened, and successive Bull Runs taught us their bitter lessons, a large portion of the old Democrats began to draw themselves apart. They believed we should never beat the rebels, and, with inconceivable folly, they imagined the possibility of a peaceable settlement of our differences. So soon as the wedge was entered, the old habits of thought and the old associations were too strong for the fresh ideas of the war. As the South was again and again successful, the cause of the North became more and more identified with that of abolition. Necessary violations of law furnished the Democrats with grievances. The public lost patience, and began to call them bad names. This, of course, has intensified and embittered their hostility. The vitality the party has exhibited since is not at all difficult to explain. Of late, many things have come to pass to make it easy to see how any man who was a Democrat during the war should have been an intenser Democrat after the war. There has been something in the general intent of the controlling power of the country to fill any conservative with disgust, and to root in him a heartier satisfaction with himself and a profounder contempt for his rulers. One recent principle of the Republican party may be fairly formulated as follows: to break the law is a commendable thing if you have a good reason, an excusable thing if you have a good pretext. We passed the Fifteenth Amendment by readmitting into the Union a few rebel States on condition that they should accept it. The incidents of Andrew Johnson's impeachment—the construction of the oath to vote according to the "law and the testimony," as permitting senators to vote as they thought best for the interests of the country; the visiting committees who came to expostulate with senators sworn to vote according to the "law and the testimony"; the clergy who came to pray with them; the avowed intention of the Republicans to put out Johnson in order to make way for Wade, who was to use the civil-service to elect the next President, and so "save the country" for the twentieth time—all these proceedings are so outrageous that they now read more like farce or burlesque than history. If we did not know what great things the Republican party has done, we should wonder how it survived such a record.

Such was the Democratic party of the North during and since the war. If we remember with any gratitude the 500,000 soldiers who perished in the struggle, we can never consent that the party which was sneering, dabbling, and hindering while they were fighting shall in its old form and character again come to the front. But in case the field of politics breaks up and readjusts itself, is there any portion of the Democratic party which we can turn to good account in the formation of a national party of reform? We all of us know individual Democrats who are very nice people. They are some of them good husbands and good fathers; they pay their debts, are often religious, etc. Yet taken together they go to make up this dreadful Democratic party. Eliminate from a respectable Democrat his democracy, separate him from his evil associations, and we believe you can make of him a useful citizen in the new era of our politics. *Cæteris paribus*, an old Republican will be a better reformer than an old Democrat. In constituting the new reform party, we must rely mainly upon what has been the great, enduring, patriotic, heroic, national party of the country. Hatred of slavery and hatred of robbery may be the qualities of men slightly differing in their mental constitutions, but they both have at the root the love of justice and of public purity. The fact that a man did not rightly discern the duty of the hour in 1864 is *prima facie* evidence that he will not discern it correctly in 1872. Yet the qualities which fit men to act intelligently in the two periods are not identical. Sympathy, indignation, love of perfection, made men Republicans in 1856. The mass of that great reform party which is hereafter to rule this country, or at least to endeavor to purify it, will be composed of men who unite these qualities to others not necessary to the patriot of 1856—a clearer discernment and firmer texture of mind, the knowledge of a rogue or demagogue at sight, and the hearty detestation of him and his kind. It will happen, however—it has happened—that men who had heart enough to set their faces against slavery, have been so demoralized by *laissez-faire* and loose impressions that they may not see that civil-service reform is imperative, or that it is any wrong for a cabinet minister to break the law a little. We can easily conceive of a man whose instincts led him aright on the negro question saying upon the doctrine of rotation in office that every dog should have his day; we can conceive of him endorsing as most original and statesmanlike the remark of Mr. Morton that "we have upon the whole the best civil service in the world." Down in his heart such a person believes Tweed not a bad sort of fellow. He thinks that it is very well for Mr. Tom Murphy to get his $50,000 a year (he would take it, he knows, if he could get it) while Mr. Clinch does the work and is content with a twelfth of the pay. He believes a good politician to be one who "sticks to his friends," and he thinks these new-fangled people are making an unnecessary fuss about things with which he has been long familiar, and which nobody ever before thought of finding fault with. On the other hand, a man whose instincts, interests, and prejudices did not incline him to espouse the cause of the slave, might have a respect for technicalities and restrictions, a love of order, and a wholesome detestation of public thieves which would make him excellent material in the work of reform.

THE PROPER AND IMPROPER USE OF JUDGES.

We publish in another column a letter which illustrates in a striking way the danger of mixing up legislative and judicial or legislative and administrative functions, and which illustrates, too, the widespread tendency of the day to forget that there is such a danger. In Missouri, people have been seized by the prevailing mania for issuing bonds in aid of railroads, and they saddled the judges with the duty of seeing that the bonds were properly issued. The result has been what might have been expected. The speculators are going to work to get judges elected for the express purpose of getting bonds "approved," and judges already on the bench have joined the rings, and have "approved" bonds fraudulently, as in the Cass County scandal, for a share of the plunder. Our correspondent says the people in Missouri are becoming roused, and will put a stop to these performances. We hope he is right; indeed, we must believe he is right, because if such things did not rouse people, and were not stopped, society would go to pieces. But we may be permitted, in the light of our own experience in this State, to doubt whether they will go to work in the right way, and take such measures as will not only put an end to existing abuses, but will prevent their recurrence. If there be any State which has been scourged and tormented by a corrupt judiciary, it is this. Indeed, we believe no community of ancient or modern times has ever produced such a pair of judges as we are at this moment trying to bring to justice. There have been judges as corrupt, perhaps, as either Barnard or Cardozo, but there never have been judges as shameless in their corruption and as open in their defiance of public opinion; and the appearance of the "rowdy" on the bench in the person of Barnard is something absolutely novel, not in degree only but in kind. Moreover, the question of the purification of the judiciary has been all but universally admitted to be the main question of the present reform movement. All are agreed that no legislation will mend our case as long as the criminals have confederates on the bench. We think we may also assert confidently that it is very generally admitted that these infamous judges are the natural and legitimate products of the system under which they are selected—that is, that Barnard and Cardozo are not accidents, but the result of the working of a law which produces bad judges as surely as dirt produces vermin. Bad men will occasionally make their appearance in the judicial office under all systems, but the peculiar kind of badness displayed by Barnard and Cardozo is the special product of our system.

Now, the most prominent feature of our system is that it makes a seat on the bench the reward of adhesion to a political party, and makes the retention of it dependent on subservience to the party. In other words, the judge is expected to use his office administratively for the benefit of the party in all cases in which the party is interested; and he is expected to maintain an active or, at all events, open connection with it while off duty. The appearance of New York judges as members of party committees, and in party caucuses, and as speakers at political meetings, long ago ceased to be a scandal, and became in this city almost a necessity of their position. Barnard and Cardozo differed from many others of their colleagues in this matter only in carrying out the new theory of their position to its extreme limits in practice. Our experience of the results of this state of things would, one would think, have inspired reformers at least with a salutary dread of everything tending even remotely to draw judges into the political arena; but if we are to judge by what has happened at Albany, it has done nothing of the kind, for the Senate has actually proposed under the new charter to give the appointment of the members of the Police Board to Judges Curtis and Sedgwick—that is, to impose on them, over and above their judicial functions, other functions which are purely administrative, and which no man can discharge in this city without either lending himself to party manœuvres or being suspected of doing so. These two gentlemen were elected to the bench under the influence of the reform movement last fall. They are men of the highest standing and character, and are absolutely incapable of abusing any powers with which they may be armed; but even if they had the time and kind of knowledge necessary for the proper selection of Police Commissioners, they could not, in the present condition of our politics, choose them without exposing themselves to the imputation of jobbery from some quarter or other, and an imputation of this kind, from whatever quarter, is certain to injure a judge, for it is not only necessary to the proper administration of justice that a judge should be pure, but that everybody should believe him to be pure, and should have no show of reason for thinking him otherwise. In other words, you cannot set a judge to doing any work but judging without seriously diminishing his usefulness, no matter how upright he may be, and there is no place in the Union in which this multiplication of duties is attended with greater danger than in this city.

The failure of the charter may perhaps prevent this scheme from being carried out; but the fact that it has been seriously contemplated in a reform legislature shows how far we are still from having reached a solid foundation for our attempts at reconstruction; and this may be said of reformers in other places than in New York. A kind of latent Cæsarism is constantly showing itself in these attempts, by which we mean a disposition to rely on the greatness or goodness of some individual to help us out of our sloughs. We all remember that most ludicrous incident of the reform movement—the recognition of Barnard by a portion of the reform press as an upright magistrate and patriotic citizen, when he first granted the Foley injunction. Since then there has been always somebody in particular whose removal or absence would ruin us. There is always somebody whose heroic virtue is standing between us and perdition, and whom we are expected to trust to or "stand by," if we ever expect to work our way out to firm ground. But if there be any way well settled by innumerable examples and warnings, it is that a community like ours, or indeed any community, cannot be saved either by individual virtue or courage. The supply of saviours of society is limited, and must always be limited. We have, and shall always have hereafter, to trust the conduct of our affairs to the average man, and we can only improve the mind and morals of the average man by improving the mind and morals of the community, and should never count on his proving a hero every day. The lamentations one constantly hears over his incapacity and dishonesty in office are really, considering the temptations to which we expose him and the sacrifices we expect of him, simply lamentations that he is any lower than the angels. We put him in office on low pay for short terms, and then wail and gnash our teeth and despair of society when we find he has been cheating and neglecting his business to attend caucuses. We put him on the bench and surround him with all sorts of inducements to sell or deny or delay justice, and then, when we discover that he has fallen, can think of no better remedy than putting another man of the same kind in his place under precisely the same conditions.

The first and great condition of all administrative and judicial reform is to take it for granted that there is a great deal of human nature in man, even in the best man, and that every man loves the good things of this life—viz., money, social consideration, freedom from the paltrier cares, and security for his old age. These are what everybody is striving for, and we cannot get people to stop striving for them by giving them judgeships or places in the custom-house. What we have to do is to turn their eagerness for them to account, and make them enure to the public advantage instead of to the public injury The second is the substitution of real for sham responsibility; that is, we must make all officers accountable for their manner of performing their duties, not to the universe, or posterity, or "their own conscience," or "the people," or "the great party," and at some future and undefined period, but to John Brown or James Smith on the first day of the quarter. Moreover, we must remember that human nature, even at its best, is weak, and that one of the most efficacious ways of keeping man good is to remove as far as possible from his path all temptations to be bad.

PELLEGRINI'S CARICATURES.

We wish some such service could be rendered American politics as Mr. Pellegrini has rendered English politics in his *Vanity Fair* caricatures. We think, for example, that if the American voter could take a good look at a portrait of Mr. Leet as Mr. Pellegrini would draw it, a portrait giving with a slight, emphasizing exaggeration the essential character of the man, and his personal appearance as visible in the vestibules of our hotels, there would not long be danger that a young gentleman of Mr. Leet's apparent value would continue to figure as the incubus of the port of New York. One can easily fancy what would be the result if, instead of taking our notions of general-order men and great statesmen from Senator Howe's Report and the *Congressional Globe* (revised), or from the great statesman's "home organ," we could have an opportunity to study "the attitude, the gesture, the expression of face which often so cruelly epitomize the man" who passes before the eye of Mr. Pellegrini. Its retina may be said to reflect with absolute faithfulness a sort of selection from the traits which are truly characteristic, and which give one not the whole man as the man would like to be seen and as his friends may see him, but which give the main drift of his nature—the man as the world would know him if the world could get at him and see him closely. This is, we think, to be said of the best of these pictures. Of course, it happens that in turning over the leaves of this third volume of the "Vanity Fair Album" we come upon pictures which give no clear indication of character; and that we find some of them to be caricatures of oddities of feature and dress rather than revelations of character. But usually in such cases we find, too, that photographs of the originals would hardly be other than this; to "draw three souls out of one weaver" is what the utmost skill of the caricaturist will not do unless the three souls are there to be drawn. But it is impossible to believe that Lord Ebury, for instance, "A Common Prayer Reformer," who "believes in the value of good intentions of a mild nature," is not truly depicted in the so-called caricature. Dress, pose, expression—everything shows us the well-meaning gentleman, not in robust health, with excellent intentions, who goes sniffing up to great reforms, timidly fussing about the surface of them, deprecating attention to the real core of them, anxious to make a superficial cover for them, frightened at the thought of joining battle on the main issue, and seriously believing that, if only certain changes were made in the Prayer-Book, nobody would any longer be discontented with existing religious systems. What would not become of numbers of our political reputations were their owners exposed to the searching eye and the skilful hand of such an observer as takes Lord Ebury's likeness? We see that in the latter half of the "Album" the pictures by Mr. Pellegrini are few, and that his place is occupied, though it is not filled, by another artist. Would it be possible, we wonder, for some one of our illustrated journals to secure him for a while? He would be invaluable in a country where popular knowledge of the measures and policy of public men is necessarily slight, and in which the popular instinct for character might count for so much in shaping public opinion. For example, the best statistician in the world, and the wisest political economist opposing a showy financial policy, full of brag, and which he might believe to be the most ignorant trifling with national interests, would talk many months before he could produce the impression which a pictorial analyst of character would in a moment produce by a well-accented portrait of a finance minister with the look and air, say, of a hardware dealer, who might expect to be made, in due course, Selectman and Town Treasurer. Or the malicious enemies of a senator accused of much thievery might quadruple their chances of unseating him if they could secure from Mr. Pellegrini a good portrait of him in the act of "hurling back" the charges upon which they hoped to get him out of the Senate, and, if justice should be done, into jail. The eye that saw and the hand that drew one of these English personages now before us—the gentleman with Pecksniffian unctuousness of face and ill-distributed obesity of figure; with the sly, watchful, sidelong glance; the meek, pietistic expression, so marked in many faces which are so extremely pious that it is not as being good that one speaks of them; with the peculiar air which is worn by men of a certain degree of sincerity when they become converts to a creed at the moment popular—the eye which saw these traits, and the hand which could so well portray them all, would be better than much foolscap covered with charges and specifications in letting us all know the real character of the senator, always sound on the popular main question, always for all subsidies, and whose whole political life reeks with jobbery. The affected heartiness, the sleepless and vigilant selfishness which it covers, the cunning which schemes unrestingly for plunder, and, though incapable of real political thought and indifferent to progress, deludes simple people by zealous ardor for any project of "advanced thought"—these traits Mr. Pellegrini would find as fully embodied in some of our Indian Ring senators and Railroad Ring senators as ever he found narrow ecclesiasticism and inability to reason embodied in Archbishop Manning, or the honest arrogance, intolerance, and hardness of the illiberal education in Professor Huxley.

We already have in this country an English artist who has made a reputation for himself by his work for the periodical press in England, and who is now doing good work for *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper*. But Mr. Matthew Morgan's best cartoons, done for the *Tomahawk*, had for their distinctive merit not divination of character, but an effective and imaginative handling of some situation setting forth sternly and even grimly, rather than humorously, some moral lesson. Such was the cartoon containing the Prince of Wales and George the Fourth, made at a time when the Prince's conduct was most severely and openly reprehended, in which he appears as *Hamlet*, rushing forward after *The Ghost*, and, as he advances, addressing his profligate relative with the words, "Go on! I'll follow *thee*." Such, too, was the cartoon in which the Press is represented as the Man with the Muck-Rake described by Bunyan. In the only one yet published of Mr. Morgan's attempts to practise in Mr. Pellegrini's field, we do not see much promise that he is to give us the true character-caricature portraits of American public men. The picture of Mr. Sumner, the first of the series, is fairly good as a likeness; but the accentuation which would bring out the leading traits of his well-marked and uncomplex nature is not successful—if, indeed, it was at all endeavored. No doubt much that is good, but, no doubt, too, nothing that is of the best will be done by forsaking Mr. Pellegrini's plan of making fidelity of inner portraiture the principal object, and keeping partisan considerations altogether out of sight. In his very best productions, everything, let alone partisan considerations, is subordinated to the divining power; in others of his pictures there is more or less insistence on secondary matters, but a partisan he has never been charged with being. We have even fancied that we could detect a detachment, we cannot say contemptuous—rather a good-natured, tolerating detachment, not only from English parties, but from the people itself—as if the foreigner were always saying to himself "These English" as he gently satirized them. Still, personal portraiture is never sacrificed. But the Mr. Sumner of Mr. Morgan's picture is not Mr. Sumner; it is the great and good and mild Republican statesman of the present week, who is in favor of General Amnesty and Civil-Service Reform, and, if opposed to the renomination of General Grant, opposed to it on grounds of high polity. And the picture has this other fault, springing perhaps from the same source, that it tends towards the lowest level of Mr. Nast, who is an effective caricaturist and pictorial satirist when he has coarse subjects to deal with, as Tweed's fatness and the prognathous face of a Sixth Ward rioter, but whose highest level is not that of Mr. Morgan's model, nor that of Mr. Morgan himself, and whose lowest is suited to the sense and taste of ingenuous youths employed in stables and behind bars. Because Mr. Nast draws Mr. Schurz as a person with extravagantly long legs, and then writes underneath, "A tower of strength," Mr. Morgan, an artist of imaginative power, with a sense of humor, and no capacity for buffoonery, need hardly diminish Mr. Sumner's longitudinal extension and give his frame greater compactness. It may, however, well be doubted if Mr. Morgan's talents will enable him really to emulate Mr. Nast; and, as we have said, we doubt if he does well to emulate Mr. Pellegrini in the particular field in which the latter has attained a skill which, so far as we know, is certainly pre-eminent, if indeed it is not unique. Mr. Morgan is too good in his own field to make it probable that he is to be eminent in Mr. Pellegrini's also, and we shall still wish for Leets, and Brownlows, and O'Briens, and Alvords, and Wades, and Murphys, and Logans, and Ingallses, and Bankses, and Fentons, from the hand of the magician himself.

All of our readers who have it for one of their amusements to study the physiognomies of celebrated people we strongly advise to procure these *Vanity Fair* albums. This latest of them contains the portraits of fifty-two persons, mostly English, of whom one is constantly hearing and whose faces one would be glad to examine. As is said in the preface to the "Album," which speaks of the necessity for such pictures as these, we are apt, unless we are very careful, to substitute for the real men whose books we read, whose speeches we hear, whom we make our leaders, the strangest monsters—distorted creatures, whose component parts have relations very different from those which are borne to each other by the component parts of the actual being. Thus we deceive ourselves, and prepare ourselves to be deceived by others, and often to be wofully undeceived. Think, for example, how we all said to ourselves that Mr. Butler was a good enough man who certainly had energy and resources, and how we then went on to believe all that Mr. Parton said when he told us that Mr. Butler was the best of men, and a man of extraordinary energy and boundless resources, and how we have since, by sad experience of Mr. Butler's energy and resources, been obliged to learn that the tale is not all told about him when his energy and resources have been dilated upon, and that something still remains to be said about the effrontery of him, the dishonesty, the ignobleness, the cunning, the treachery, and the other qualities which make him so valuable a friend to his country, and which his honest countenance so plainly reveals. It is significant, by the bye, that in his life of our favorite general, Mr. Parton put for a portrait of the hero an engraving of the profile outlines of a portrait bust of Butler, the sculptor of which was one of that breed of artists who "idealize" portraits by leaving out the likeness. Mr. Pellegrini, giving us the testimony of the gentleman's own face, would probably have saved us the incident of the barrel of telegrams and some millions of the money which we paid for repudiation speeches by Mr. Butler and others. In the case of scores of English public men, the English public will have little excuse if it makes any such egregious blunder as we made in Mr. Butler's case. Some of the pictures seem to us mistakes—as, for instance, that of the Emperor of Germany, drawn by Mr. Pellegrini's associate, which we take to be, on the whole, the worst in the book, and to be appropriately accompanied by the accompanying letterpress. We are not really competent to speak of the drawing, coloring, and the other technical matters; but we may say, under correction, that in these respects, as well as the others to us more important, the picture shows the sort of ignorance and bad taste which the letterpress constantly shows when it attempts to speak of persons and events outside of a certain semi-social, semi-journalistic circle of London "society." This is not saying that the letterpress is not often clever; it is sufficiently smart, and the writer of it has not yet attained omniscience; but it will be pronounced good when one thinks of the very wide range of topics with which "Jehu Junior" had to make himself familiar, or at least take a look at. It was matter of course that he should be inferior to his associate; one does not learn all about the inside of Mr. Tennyson's head, Mr. Darwin's, Archbishop Manning's, Millais's, and Bismarck's so easily and quickly as a gifted person, with a sympathetic imagination, draws the outside appearances of these gentlemen. It would be curious, by the way, to enquire what Mr. Pellegrini thinks of the letterpress which accompanies his portrait of Mr. Millais at the easel and in front of the figure of a woman which he is painting.

But if "Jehu Junior" is not a prodigy, and if some of the pictures are not of much consequence, most of them will, we think, be found instructive and very entertaining. So far as we know Professor Huxley, for example, we should say that this picture of him is perfection. It makes him, we suppose, a little harder-featured than a photograph would, but no photograph could so well depict him—his pugnacity, his strong sense, his frankness, his want of ideality, his martinet trimness, his alertness of intellect, and readiness to give and take. So, too, of the portrait of Manning; all of him is to be seen in it—the man who can reason subtly if one will only give him his premises, accept his dreams as data, and call wire-drawing argumentation; the eager ascetic, in whose hands the priestly office is in no danger of not being magnified; the mediæval monk, superimposed upon the well-bred Englishman of "elegant scholarship," whose intellect neither nature nor education ever fitted to take hold upon the realities of life. Lord Ebury's portrait we have spoken of. Among others that are good we should name Mr. Miall's, Captain Eyre Shaw's, Mr. Monsell's, Mr. Borthwick's, Count Cadorna's—a really excellent picture of an excellent face, full of intelligence and breeding—Lord Laurence's, Mr. Tennyson's, Sir Francis Grant's, and that of "the Tichborne claimant," whom Mr. Pellegrini evidently did not conceive to be the genuine Sir Roger. Good, too, though not by Mr. Pellegrini, are the pictures of Mr. Matthew Arnold—though his self-consciousness and grimace are made too prominent—Mr. Dawson-Damer, Mr. Whyte-Melville, Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Voysey. To Mr. Darwin, the artist—Mr. Pellegrini's associate—has done injustice; but he has made an entertaining caricature which answers his intention of extorting a momentary laugh by making Darwin's figure suggest the ancestral monkey, while the savant's face, fully human, wears a leering grin of enjoyment at the perplexity into which he has thrown all his fellow-descendants from Adam. Parson Knak, of Berlin, who knows that the earth is flat and that it does not go round the sun, and who is "as happy as a child," let the men of science say what they like, would be very much pleased with this picture.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, March 22, 1872.

WE have seen the end—at least for the present—of the great Dilke agitation. On Tuesday last, one of those scenes took place in the House of Commons which we have lately been accustomed to regard as characteristic of the ill-regulated minds of French Republicans. The House resolved itself, for more than an hour, into a howling and disorderly mob. When strangers were readmitted—for some member, jealous of the honor of a great legislative assembly, had insisted upon their withdrawal at an early period of the disturbances—the opinion of the speaker was being invoked upon a very singular point. He was asked, that is, whether it is parliamentary for a gentleman to crow like a cock. Mr. Brand had no difficulty in declaring that crowing was distinctly out of order, and he added that he had never witnessed a scene in the House which gave him so much pain. The history of this animated expression of political sentiment deserves a few words of explanation.

Sir C. Dilke had brought forward a motion for certain papers, with a view to enabling the House to enquire into the civil list. His object was, of course, to have an opportunity of justifying himself for the now celebrated Newcastle speech. It was generally felt, even by Conservatives, that after the bitter attacks which had been made upon him he had a right to a patient hearing, and accordingly the House listened to a long and, it must be admitted, dull declamation setting forth the right of the House to enquire into the employment of the Civil List funds, and giving reasons for presuming the existence of a certain number of abuses. The matter has been discussed too fully to be worth further examination. Sir Charles has abandoned the really serious charge that the Queen had not paid her income tax according to promise, and the grievances which he alleged to exist were not of themselves of any serious moment. If Mr. Gladstone had consented to give some of the papers requested, or if he had confined himself to a brief refusal, on the ground of the republican animus displayed by Sir Charles, there would probably have been an end of the matter. He chose, instead of this, to deliver himself of a very vigorous and eloquent assault upon Sir Charles for his various inaccuracies and delinquencies, and sat down after raising the House to a pitch of enthusiasm. It was just dinner-time, and the members naturally desired to go to their local comforts with the pleasant consciousness of having put down an impertinent demagogue. But it was not so to be. Mr. Auberon Herbert, one of our most well-meaning and enthusiastic young Radicals, persisted in coming to the aid of his friend. It was nothing to him that the House was at once hungry and loyal. Three hundred throats strained themselves in vain to roar him down. At each lull in the tempest he injected a word or two, and slowly pieced out his sentences in the intervals of the gusts. At one moment despair prompted the members subject to this infliction to rise in a body and retire from the House; but as this manœuvre failed to lower the members sufficiently for a count out, they straggled back, and the storm recommenced. For an hour together they cried out vehemently, with one accord, Great is the British Constitution! and, as I have told you, Alexander the coppersmith, or one of his friends, was at last forced to relieve his feelings by unparliamentary crowing. When at length order was resumed, the division showed that Sir C. Dilke and Mr. Herbert were alone against the rest of the House. Mr. Peter Taylor was absent by force of circumstances, or the minority would again have reached that sacred number of three which was opposed to the Princess's dowry. Mr. Fawcett, the shrewdest member of the extreme party, explained very sensibly why he abstained from backing his friend on this occasion. He stated substantially that he would not allow himself to be dragged into a republican agitation based on the propriety of paring down the Royal salary. He declared himself to be an intimate friend of Sir C. Dilke, but made it known pretty distinctly that, in his opinion, his intimate friend had done the most that could be done to cover the Radical party with ridicule, and to place their opinions in the most unfavorable light.

The whole affair, in truth, is anything but creditable. Whether monarchy is good or bad, it is absurd to attack it on a question of infinitesimal economical considerations, and Sir Charles Dilke's agitation, in spite of his attempted disavowals, was naturally regarded in that light. The proceeding does not speak well for the judgment of our Radicals, though, on the other hand, the Conservatives have met it in the worst way possible. Inarticulate howls and cock-crowing are arguments which recoil, properly enough, upon those who employ them.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, in a very able article contributed to the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, has told us what should, in his opinion, be the line of policy for English reformers. He remarks apologetically that it is not easy to follow the course of our politics from the other side of the Atlantic. He thinks, however, that our popular party is in danger of losing its steadiness of action and swerving from its original aim; and he expects them, if I understand him rightly, to make the House of Lords their next object of attack, as being, in his eyes, the great obstacle in the way of obtaining a truly national Government in place of a class government. Everything that Mr. Goldwin Smith says from either side of the Atlantic will be read by a large class of reformers with respect and interest; and the article of which I speak shows no loss of his admirable vigor of style. Yet I cannot think that the suggestion which he makes will be in fact accepted. The popular party are, indeed, going through a period of depression and distraction; and I should be at least as sorry as Mr. Goldwin Smith to see them attempt to find a way out of their difficulties by following the direction indicated in Sir C. Dilke's speeches. For various reasons, some of which Mr. G. Smith very faintly expresses, an attack upon the monarchy, to say nothing of an attack of the particular character I have described, would be obviously injudicious at the present moment. I venture to doubt whether an attack upon hereditary legislation, strongly as Mr. Smith puts the indictment against our present system, would be much more to the purpose. But I am still more strongly convinced that, whatever may be the wish of judicious liberals, the next movement towards reform or revolution will take a different direction.

A very significant debate took place on Wednesday night, to which I call your attention in this connection. Mr. Fawcett brought in his bill for the reform of Dublin University. The policy which he is to advocate is to throw open Trinity College with all its rich endowments to all creeds equally; and, in fact, to make it the centre of the highest educational system in Ireland. It is, of course, plain that, after the overthrow of the Irish establishment, Trinity College cannot remain as it formerly was, and as it still is to a great extent, in the hands of the dominant creed. But a change may be made, either by making it a united university, where a system of mixed education may be carried out, or to distribute its endowments equally among the various denominations, and to have two or three universities side by side, devoted respectively to Anglicanism, Romanism, and Presbyterianism. The former is the policy of Liberals and of the great bulk of the Conservative party which dreads Popery more than it dislikes Liberalism. There has, however, long been an uncomfortable suspicion that Government had more or less pledged itself to carry out the views of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland; and the priests have been trying their hardest to force Mr. Gladstone to become their ally. Accordingly, great interest was felt in the mode in which Mr. Fawcett's motion would be met; and I may say that the result has been eminently unsatisfactory. In the first place, Mr. Gladstone's speech was directed for the most part to a minor point; and he bestowed much irrelevant criticism on matters which might have been dealt with in committee. The effect of this was that Mr. Fawcett's measure was talked out, and it is probable that the debate will not be resumed during the present session. That was in itself indicative of a suspiciously temporizing policy; but in the next place, Mr. Gladstone, according to his too frequent habit, indulged himself in the general expression of opinion which was rather ambiguous, and yet pointed decidedly in the wrong direction. He used language, that is, which went to confirm the general suspicion that he intended a concession to the Roman Catholic demands. He spoke of their claims as founded in justice, and though he refrained from announcing any distinct policy, he seemed to betray a leaning towards the foundation of a denominational system. I cannot, of course, discuss the justice of his arguments. When, however, this avowal is taken in connection with the views of Government upon English elementary education as expounded by Mr. Forster, and when it is remembered how far Government has already gone in the direction of alienating the Dissenters upon that question, there cannot be a doubt that Mr. Gladstone's declaration will produce a most unfavorable effect upon the country.

After all that has been said about the religious difficulty, it is becoming every day more certain that the battle upon that subject has yet to be fought out; and how long it will take in the fighting is a very difficult matter to decide. All over Europe it is plain that the war between the advocates of secular and ecclesiastical education is rapidly gaining intensity. In Germany, France, and Italy there are agitations of a similar character, and there is every reason to suppose that the wave of feeling which is sweeping over so great an area depends upon some deep and general causes. In England it will lead inevitably to a discussion as to the claims of the state church; and for that reason I do not feel much doubt that the next agitation to excite strong feeling in England will be an agitation for disestablishment. The state church will be attacked sooner than the House of Lords. The feeling of the Dissenters against it is already very bitter, and the educational controversies have given it a very powerful stimulus, and meanwhile there is no want of allies within the church itself. I eschew prophecy, but I may say without much hesitation that the anticipations of Radicals are pretty much to this effect. Government, they think, will probably drag over this session unless, as may happen at any moment, some unexpected difficulty turns up. But for the American difficulty they would probably have been turned out by the Collier scandal. At present, however, the Conservatives prefer to make no great effort, partly because they distrust their unstable leader, Mr. Disraeli, and partly because they lose nothing by waiting, so long as Mr. Gladstone is daily accumulating unpopularity with the extreme wing of his own supporters. Before long, however, in one way or other, there must come a catastrophe. The present Government will be turned out on the Irish university difficulty or some other of their numerous stumbling-blocks. The Conservatives will then have an inning, and Liberals will then have to look out for a new rallying-cry to supplant the old. The ballot will probably have been carried this session, and undoubtedly the most telling cry will be the disestablishment of the Church of England. Mr. Gladstone is at present opposed to it, but he has been converted so often that there is no reason why he should not go through the process once more, and he has only to furbish up again the old series of speeches which did such good service in the case of Ireland. In a few years, he may make his appearance in this new character, and upset one of the last things that remains to be upset in the country. The House of Lords and the monarchy can wait. Such is the programme, and whether it will ever be carried out, and, if so, how soon, is a matter upon which my opinion would not be particularly valuable, and with which I will therefore not trouble you

Correspondence.

THE MISSOURI JUDGES.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I have read the *Nation* too long to believe you guilty of intentional misrepresentation; but I think you were mistaken on p. 163 of March 14, when you hinted at a "shaky condition" of the "framework of society" in Western Missouri. I have lived in this section nearly five years, and can testify to the general good character of the inhabitants. The causes of such disgraceful episodes as the Cass County bonds affair may be considered the two following: First, we have not yet outgrown the notion that it is right to dispose of the public credit—in other words, vote bonds—in aid of railroads. Second, the whole financial management of each county is lodged in what is called the county court, which is composed, when full, of three members. These judges are, by their position, peculiarly exposed to temptation from speculative rascals who may have designs on the county purse. For instance, the charter of the Tebo and Neosho Railroad authorizes county courts of counties through which said road (*or any of its branches*) may pass to issue county bonds in its aid. Henry County subscribed liberally; but one of the judges fell sick, and confessed that $1,500 was the price of his consent to the subscription. Of course, there was much talk of repudiation, and much dissatisfaction is still felt.

This was bad, but, what is worse, *branches* of the above road are in danger over various parts of the State, and it was in aid of one of these proposed "branches" that Cass County was victimized. The present legislature has deprived county courts of the power of issuing bonds without a two-thirds vote of the people; still there is plenty of room for sharp practice so long as the people are allowed to vote "bonds." One case is now pending: a "branch" of the notorious T. & N., now called the M. K. & T. R. R., is proposed to run from Holden, on the Pacific R. R., to Green Ridge, on the T. & N., a distance of thirty-four miles. This scheme is in the market asking "bonds." Elections were ordered in three townships through which the road was to pass. In two of these it soon became evident that no bonds would be voted, some of the chief managers having been so deeply interested in the Cass County affair as to get in jail, and thus be deprived of the privilege of "speaking" as much as was deemed necessary, which "speaking" has great effect on the average voter of the South and West. Under the circumstances, the man who pulled the wires induced the court of Johnson County to postpone the elections till July. This was done only two days before the election was to take place, and many voters were obliged to lose a day's work at the bidding of a citizen of Henry County.

Something may now be expected to take place—either a division of the townships mentioned or "colonization"—both of which means have been tried in Johnson County to carry a railroad election. By "colonization" is meant beginning work on the railroad, and thus bringing laborers from some other part of the county, who become voters in their adopted townships after a residence of thirty days. In either case, the bonds may be voted. All the people have to prevent this gerrymandering is the uprightness of two old men (one judge having died), and both of these were elected on the score of availability, each having a reputation slightly damaged before he arrived at the doubtful honor of judgeship.

This is a bad state of affairs, but I am persuaded that the growing intelligence of the inhabitants will correct such evils, though some cases of municipal embarrassment, and consequent bankruptcy or repudiation, may occur beforehand. It is but just to say that most of these railroad schemes of public robbery are engineered by Eastern men; and though native Missourians are often drawn in, yet they rarely originate such projects, which are almost invariably brought about by professional railroad speculators, who get a liberal share of such sums as they can induce the people to vote. You will recollect that Nichols, of Cass County fame, claimed that the $35,000 worth of bonds found in his possession was his share for acting as attorney for the railroad company. By the way, the same Nichols was, before his arrest, a prominent "speaker" in favor of the Holden Green Ridge speculation.

One good result of these disorders is, that the better class of natives and Eastern men are drawn together by the common peril, and old political spites are almost forgotten. I repeat, we shall outgrow this state of things, but you must not be surprised to hear of some vigilance committees and consequent Lynch law before this result is arrived at.

This is rather a long vindication of our section, but I could not well use less space and cover the ground.

I am, respectfully, An Emigrant.

March 30, 1872.

WEATHER CHARTS.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: By direction of the Chief Signal Officer of the Army, I have the honor to refer to one of the "Notes" on page 218 of last Thursday's *Nation*, commending a proposed plan of the Meteorological Office in London for the issue of lithographic weather-charts, and to enclose a specimen set of the bulletins and maps which have, since Nov. 1, 1871, been issued thrice daily from this office for gratuitous distribution, embracing reports from over sixty stations, and from observations made synchronously, not at "local" time.

The daily issue of a single chart of the same character, embracing the reports of 7.35 a.m., commenced on January 1, 1871, and copies of them have been regularly mailed from here to the Royal Meteorological Office. Besides their preparation at this central office, charts substantially the same have been struck off at the same hour at twenty-four of the most prominent points in the United States, where they can be procured without the delay of transmittal by mail.

Under these circumstances, it cannot be asserted, as may be inferred from your "note," that the plan is copied from one of a similar but not equally extensive character about to be introduced in England. In fact, the English meteorologists give full credit to this country, in support of which statement I quote from Symons's *Monthly Meteorological Magazine* (published in London) for July, 1871, page 85, under the head of "Weather Maps," as follows:

> "'Is Old England on the Wane?' the title of a modern song, rises to our mind in sober earnestness after carefully examining some maps and tables recently issued by the War Department of the United States, comparing them with those issued through all her troubles by distracted France, and then reflecting that nothing of the kind is being done in England. We have no desire to write depreciatingly of many good works carried on in this country, but why is the subject at the head of this article utterly neglected?"

And from the same magazine for January, 1872, page 219:

> "The development of what may be described as synchronous or, still better, as cartographic meteorology, is bearing its natural fruit in advancing with rapid strides our knowledge of the 'laws of the winds.' Our Meteorological Office have not yet given us daily, or, like our Transatlantic brethren, *tri-daily*, weather-maps, but we understand that we are to have them."

I have the honor to be, respectfully yours,

Garrick Mallery,
Capt. and Bvt. Lieut.-Col. U.S.A., Acting Signal
Officer and Assistant.

War Department, Office of the Chief Signal Officer,
Division of Telegrams and Reports for the Benefit of Commerce,
Washington, D. C., April 6, 1872.

[We were not ignorant of the lead taken by this country as to the idea and essential features of the Signal Service. We doubt, however, whether the public is generally aware of the gratuitous distribution of the weather charts, and we do not see (what we had chiefly in mind in our "Note") that any provision exists for supplying these charts by mail, as the English propose to do, to persons who do not happen to reside at or near one of the "twenty-four of the most prominent points in the United States."—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

LIPPINCOTT & CO. have in press "Women Helpers in the Church—Their Sayings and Doings," edited by William Welsh; a translation of Büchner's "Man"; the "Autobiography of Stephen Collins, M.D., of Baltimore"; "Historical Memoirs," by George B. Wood, M.D.; and "The English of Bunyan," a class text-book, by J. B. Grier.——"*Inter-Ocean*" is the not very felicitous name of the paper which succeeds the late Chicago *Republican*. The following extract from its prospectus gives all the necessary information in regard to it: "It is a Radical paper, holding to the faith of Human Progress. Its motto is *Upward and Onward*, and its cardinal declaration is: Independent in nothing [?]; Republican in all things [!]; just to all. . . . It advocates the re-election of President Grant, and will 'fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.'"——Another Chicago publication, the *Lens*, was ready to be launched at the time of the fire, and only now appears bearing date of January. It is designed to be a quarterly journal of microscopy and the allied natural sciences, and this first number gives excellent promise. "The Flora of Chicago and Vicinity" is one of the articles outside of the department of microscopy; and others will follow, illustrative of the natural history of the West. As the organ of the State Microscopical Society of Illinois, the *Lens* publishes the transactions of this body, and also (on the present occasion) those of the Chicago Academy of Sciences.

—At a meeting of High-School Teachers in Boston last week, a piece was read in favor of lowering the standard of admission to college by abolishing Greek. The arguments for its discontinuance were the old-fashioned ones—"that the study of Greek accomplished nothing in gaining a knowledge of the language that should be of any practical value in after-life," etc., etc., etc. The Principal of the University of Louvain puts the matter with infinitely more spirit and directness: "You see me, young man; I never learned Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown without Greek; I have ten thousand florins a year without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and, in short, as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it." It was also said "that a very large majority of those who devoted seven or eight years to the study of Greek could read it at the end of the time only by the aid of the lexicon and the notes of commentators." If this is true—and perhaps it may be—to what is it due? In other countries young men can do more than that after seven or eight years' study. Is the American boy an inferior and degenerate animal? Or is the elementary instruction in some degree at fault? This evil might be remedied by raising the entirely inadequate salaries of the teachers in classical schools, and tempting into the profession some of those ambitious spirits that now rush into the law or the whirl of business as a matter of course. At all events, the present standard of our colleges is low enough.

—The late Professor Morse came of an ingenious and scholarly blood, and, in virtue of being descended from New England clerical stock, may be looked upon as a foreordained inventor. When England sent to New England the pick of her Puritans, she sent out some of the best heads that she owned, and of these it would no doubt be safe to say that those in which the nervous fibre was most delicate, sooner or later found themselves in the pulpit. The certainty with which the acute and sublimated Englishman produced in New England sets himself to inventing appliances for saving labor is known to all the world, and Professor Morse as well as his brother Sidney, and we believe his father Jedediah, were noted for their skill in this sort of practical wit. The late Mr. Sidney Morse, for example, took out a patent for a flexible piston-pump, and invented an art which he called cerography, of which the object is to print geographical maps at the same time that the letterpress is printed, and on an ordinary printing-press. If common notoriety is to be trusted, he and his father Jedediah also invented the American and European religious press by projecting and establishing the *Boston Recorder* in 1815. His father, by the way, was a great polemic, settled over a church at Charlestown, Massachusetts, whose life was made miserable by the spectacle of the Unitarian success in the controversy among the Congregational churches. It was literally and seriously made miserable, for he was an ardent champion of all the extreme Calvinistic doctrines, and was compelled to look on while the Unitarians turned the tables on their former fellow-worshippers, and got the churches into their own hands. He is the author of a greatly improved series of school geographies, which Sidney Morse afterwards improved still further. Whether to Professor Samuel Finley Breese Morse is to be awarded the full credit or the original credit of the wonderful invention with which his name is associated has not yet been settled. Even up to the time of his death he was engaged, it is said, in arraying and fortifying the evidence with which his claim is to be supported against various claimants, and, amongst others, the same Dr. Jackson, of Boston, who disputed Dr. Morton's claim to be regarded as the discoverer of ether as an anæsthetic. But the popular view of his services has at the very least this foundation—that it is to him we owe the utilization of the discovery on a large scale so early as the year 1843, and to whom we probably owe much more. He was a patient and active advocate of his scheme before incredulous Congressmen and capitalists, and in the year just named he succeeded, after many discouragements, in getting an appropriation of $30,000 for the establishment of a line between Baltimore and Washington. How incredulous the Congressmen were one of them tells in a recent letter, which relates that when in 1844 an officer of a political convention sitting at Baltimore telegraphed to Mr. Silas Wright for an answer to certain action taken by the convention, and received a telegraphic message in reply, the convention refused to receive it, thinking the speedy transmission, if not impossible, at least too doubtful to base any action upon. Now the whole world from furthest continent to furthest continent uses the wire to send news, orders, and warnings, and in every civilized country it is the medium of common conversation. Professor Morse lived to see a statue erected to him in the city of his residence, to enjoy for many years a large fortune drawn from his invention, to wear more medals and ribbons from foreign potentates than any other American, and has died in a good old age. He was born in April, 1791, and had nearly reached his eighty-second year.

—Mr. J. F. D. Maurice, just deceased at the age of sixty-seven, is something of a loss to the "Broad" party in the Church of England, for he has long been prominent among that earnest but not altogether intelligible body of men within the confines of the Establishment who succeed to their own satisfaction in blending faith, the authority of reason, the authority of history, and the authority of the personal perception of the true, the beautiful, and the good, into a mixture rejected alike by the rationalist and the great body of believers. He was one of the men whose moral sense, whose charity and benevolence of character, whose desire to "reconcile science and faith," to bring religion into daily life, and to make men of thought and of the world give a practical and hearty adhesion to the church's form of belief, kept him constantly busy; and his activity was, without doubt, a cause of good in his generation, though that he ever got his own mind very clear, or cleared the minds of many others in regard to the topics which he undertook to handle, one would not say. He is of the school to which belonged many of the more thoughtful young Englishmen of his day; men like the two Froudes, the two Newmans, Pusey, John Sterling, and, after these, Clough, and the pupils of Arnold, each of whom felt that on him was laid the burden of finding a solution of the universe, and whose history is a history of moral and spiritual seeking and groping and struggle, and also of literary activity, for they carried on their struggle in public, and, each having the true solution, each of course felt a natural desire to bring it to the knowledge of the others, his friends. These men have had a great influence upon their day; that their influence is to extend much beyond their day does not yet appear, though, in the case of Mr. Maurice at least, it might be safe to say that he had already for some time survived his greatest influence. He is, by the way, the Maurice to whom his friend Tennyson gives the poetical invitation to the Isle of Wight:

> "Godfather, come and see your boy."

His friendships were with many of the best Englishmen of the time, beginning with Sterling, who was greatly fond of him, and his acquaintance included most that are most worth knowing in literary England.

—The number of suicides in England ought to be disproportionately large this spring. A German doctor, who knows all about eyes, and especially about diseases of the eye, and who also knows a good deal about art, has apparently been proving what a great many plain people dubiously suspected, and a great many wise and tasteful people indignantly and decidedly denied—namely, that Mr. John Ruskin's Turner has painted vast numbers of pictures which, to tell the exact truth, seem like absurd productions. In the beginning of last month, Mr. Liebreich, the ophthalmic surgeon of whom we speak, was invited to deliver a lecture at the Royal Institution, and make good his repeated statements that Turner's latest pictures are the result of an optical disease which appears to have attacked the painter about 1831, after which year his pictures, Mr. Liebreich maintains, are altogether out of drawing. As we make out, this disease consists in an affection of the crystalline lens, which, in its first stages, causes in the eye of the painter a diffusion of light, preventing his seeing with precision and definiteness the lighted parts of the object of vision, and this diffusion got expression in the pictures in a sort of bluish haze; then afterwards, as the disease made progress, a limited opacity developed itself in the crystalline lens, the consequence of which was, speaking roughly, that the painter could see illuminated surfaces vertically but could hardly at all see horizontally—a mere point of light he saw as a vertical line which was the longer in proportion to the intensity of the light. Thus there will proceed from the sun in one of Turner's later pictures a vertical streak of light dividing the picture into two halves unconnected by any horizontal line. Objects less illuminated are distorted less, but still are all distorted more or less; thus persons in a boat, or houses near a canal, blend so entirely with their own reflections in the water that no horizontal line of demarcation between substance and shadow is in any way visible. The justice of these criticisms, which confounded many of his auditors, Dr. Liebreich is said to have demonstrated by means of a screen, a magic lantern, a lens, and a copy on glass of one of Turner's Venetian pictures, painted before his eyesight had become affected. Placing the copy in the magic lantern, he threw on the screen the picture as painted; then applying to the lantern a lens simulating the diseased eye, he showed to the audience the picture as Turner painted it on his second visit to Venice in 1839; "the resemblance to his pictures painted after this date was certainly very striking," says the *Academy;* and it adds that, "by the same contrivance an ordinary tree was converted into a Turneresque one." The article in full is to be published in the April *Macmillan's*, and will be the most noticeable of recent magazine articles.

—Dr. Liebreich's disclosures concerning the pictures of Turner's last twenty years were not the whole of his lecture at the Royal Institution; he explained also how it happened that Mulready's later works are too blue—too "purple," as the popular objection puts it. As Turner's incipient cataract caused him to see nature incorrectly as regards the forms of objects, so the disease of Mulready's eyes caused him to see colors wrong, though his eye for form remained true. Twice Mulready painted the same picture—"The Little Brother," or "Brother and Sister"—once before and once after the complaint had injured his eyesight. In the latter picture the shadow of the flesh is blue, the face is purplish, the blue draperies are a glare of blue. But if the spectator will look at it through a yellow lens he will by-and-by find himself looking at a picture precisely the same as the earlier one; the blue of the draperies is softened, the purple face becomes a natural red, the blue shadows of the flesh become gray. In the latter part of Mulready's life the crystalline lens of the eye turned yellowish, and therefore absorbed a certain small quantity of blue light. Now in nature the light is so vast and intense that Mulready, even though his lens was yellowish, could still see nature correctly. But in his picture the intensity of the light being so immensely less than in nature, the small quantity of blue light absorbed by the yellow lens was enough to produce an appreciable effect, and everything was made much bluer than was right. He saw his picture yellow, and, intensifying the blues, in the endeavor to get them right he got them too blue. Considering all the pother that has been made by the art critics and the Turner men, and how very dogmatic they have been and how contemptuous of the general public, and all this, as now appears, while they were as ignorant as the rest of us, it was to be expected that they should come in for a bit of advice at the close of the lecture, and Dr. Liebreich advises them "to make the results of scientific investigation their own"—which, if it means that they should keep up with the latest researches in hypermetropia, astigmata, and the like, strikes one as rather a German and professorial word of counsel. It is true of them as of other men, that they can hardly know too much; but our own impression is that if all the time they have to spare after studying objects of art and the history of art they would spend in cultivating humility of soul, and self-mortification, in meditation on pride, arrogance, impudence, contempt for the vulgar herd, conceit, and similar qualities, they would do themselves and all the rest of us more good than by becoming proficients in science.

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.*

THIS book tells the story of a typical Scottish career. It is the record of a slow rise by dint of shrewd intelligence, close saving, and steady, hard work, from obscure poverty to wealth and worldly consideration. Characteristic, too, of the better Scottish career, whether under the sky of Hudson's Bay or of Ceylon, of North Carolina or Madagascar, is the combination, with canniness and all the self-regarding virtues, of a practical benevolence which makes of the Scot a good citizen, not only in that he becomes a wealth-producing member of society, but in that he is ready to give without much effusion, but without grudging, to all good works; and that, above all, he never falters in the faith that the community prospers according as it is intelligent. It would be a good thing if this little volume could be put into the hands of half the boys in the country—so good a thing that we expect the fact to be at once recognized, and the book to become widely popular.

Mr. William Chambers was born in 1800 of poor parents, whose family had anciently been of repute, but which at the date of William's birth belonged to the lower middle-classes. The father was a weaver, a small manufacturer, himself working at his trade and employing others, and leading the unruffled, easy-going life of a burgher in a quiet, a very quiet Tweedside hamlet—"as still as death or as Peebles," the saying was. But the burghers enjoyed it; "Paris, a'thing considered, is a wonderful place," said one of them on his return from France, "but Peebles for pleesure." The neighbors were cronies together at the political clubs; they abused each other's minister together, or, better still, their own; they had a tavern or two whither they resorted at evening, and where pipe in hand they discussed Boney, sang Allan Ramsay, and drank punch—a little punch at first; then some more punch; then some theology; then some entirely unpremeditated punch, which no one thought of when the first jug was procured; then a song; then more punch; then, when they had all had quite enough, some elder would bethink himself to mention to the company the Peebles coat-of-arms. As the Peebles coat-of-arms was three fishes, and as the elder and his friends blindly held that fishes drink much more than any other creatures, the elder's suggestion would lead to another jug of punch in honor of the town's escutcheon; then when they had all had just a little too much to drink, and eleven o'clock had arrived, Miss Ritchie, the landlady, became inexorable, and the Peebles heads of families would be ordered home "to the wife and bairns." So, though Paris was a fine city, all things considered, yet Peebles for pleasure.

It does not appear that Mr. Chambers's family ever suffered much from the habits of free drinking prevalent in Peebles, and which there, no doubt, as in every other Scotch town, brought ruin on many a family; nevertheless, it was in his person that the Chamberses descended lowest in the social scale, and but for his wife, evidently a superior woman, they might not have risen again; at least could hardly have risen so soon. Yet it must be remembered that, although the Chambers boys owed much, perhaps most of their good fortune in life to their mother's firm character, it may nevertheless be true that much of their success they owe to their father. In view of the fact that fathers seem to be getting rather hard measure just now from their autobiographical sons, it may be worth while to point out to our author that the literary taste and aptitude to which as well as to industry and good moral principles a part of his success has been due, would seem to have been inherited from the father, whose somewhat easy-going disposition, impracticable independence, and unbusinesslike ways get little or none of his surviving son's admiration. We do not wish the reader to infer that in this autobiography there is anything like the degree of bitterness with which Mr. Dickens has written of his father and mother. But we think there should be none at all, nor even a suspicion of it. If people's fathers are bad business managers and bring their families to want, the children may, we suppose, under some circumstances, take offence, and may, we suppose, express their sense of the injustice done them and their opinion of the parental folly. But whatever may be the demand of filial piety in such cases, there need be little doubt as to what is the demand of good taste when the sufferers write a book. All such matters it is surely better to avoid altogether. William Chambers and his brother Robert rose from a low estate to a high one, greatly to their own credit and the credit of the stock from which they sprang, and what the reader cares for is the story of this rise, and not whether their father was indiscreet in trusting his customers, or spent too many hours at his spinet, or was irritably independent, or once displeased the brothers by foolishly going to law and costing them two or three hundred pounds because he would not listen to reason. This, however, does not assume the magnitude of a great blemish in Mr. Chambers's book; perhaps it might escape notice entirely were it not for the fondness of affection which the narrative never fails to show when the mother's name is mentioned, and beside which any ordinary obedience to the fifth commandment would seem cold.

The calamity of the Chambers family began when the introduction of the power-loom ruined the hand-loom cotton-spinners, and it was completed when Mr. Chambers, who had turned draper and tailor, was compelled to go into bankruptcy. Mrs. Chambers appears to have been a woman of a high spirit and remarkable self-reliance, and she decided upon a removal from Peebles to Edinburgh, where, in new scenes, the family could struggle for existence without being under the eyes of friends who had known them in better days. It turned out to be a severe struggle indeed. In 1813, when the removal was made, Robert was at school in Peebles, and it was decided to keep him there, he being the predestined candidate for ordination which every Scotch family had to have in those days. William, however, was nearly fourteen years old, money was excessively scarce, and something must be found for him to do. The first thing that offered was the place of a porter in a grocer's shop at Leith; but as the boy was slightly made, and as a Leith grocer's porter had to do the work of a horse, it did not take long to decide that the porter's place was not the right thing. The boy turned back again to Edinburgh, no doubt feeling this disappointment of a hope which was in itself a misery as bitterly as he ever afterwards felt the disappointment of greater expectations. But before he reached home he had found his destiny, for in the window of Mr. John Sutherland, a bookseller in Calton Street, he saw a notification that an apprentice would be received, and early next morning his mother had negotiated with Mr. Sutherland an apprenticeship of five years, the apprentice to be on wages of four shillings a week. His work began at seven in the morning with sweeping out the shop, taking down the shutters, and cleaning the oil-lamps, and it ended at nine o'clock in the evening, the time between being occupied in constant employment, for Mr. Sutherland was a severe disciplinarian. For about a year his family remained at Edinburgh, but the father, not succeeding in his business in that city, removed to Joppa Pans, and became a sort of overseer in some salt-works there, which supplied the neighboring English with smuggled salt. This removal threw William upon his own resources, as he must now find himself in board and lodging out of his four weekly shillings. He discovered a widow woman who agreed, for eighteenpence a week, to give him lodging, to cook for him, and to let him sit by her fire in the evening; he found that for one and ninepence a week he could buy all necessary food, and the remaining ninepence of his wages he reserved for shoes, clothing, and pocket-money. It was not long before he made an addition to this income in the shape of seven penny rolls a week, which he earned by reading aloud to a literary baker for an hour and a half in the morning before his own work began. For self-improvement he had the evening, after nine o'clock, and Sundays. These holidays he always spent at home, going to the Pans after the shop was shut, and taking with him his clothes to be washed; the walk was always hurried, no matter what the weather, for the washing had to be done between the time of his arrival and midnight, when the Sabbath began. He thus describes one of these visits, made at a juncture when his father had lost his situation, and his mother was meditating the establishment of a small shop in which to earn the family's living:

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* "Memoir of Robert Chambers. With Autobiographic Reminiscences of William Chambers." New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1872.

> "The house at the Pans had been about the most revolting of human habitations, but it at least gave shelter, and bore with it some means of livelihood. Now, all that was at an end. The future was to be a matter of new contrivance. Of course, I hastened from town to condole over present distresses, and share in the family counsels. On my unexpected arrival near midnight, cold, wet, and wayworn, all was silent in that poor home. In darkness by my mother's bedside, I talked with her of the scheme she had projected. It was little I could do. Some insignificant savings were at her disposal, and so was a windfall over which I had cause for rejoicing. By a singular piece of good fortune I had, the previous day, been presented with half a guinea by a good-hearted tradesman, on being sent to him with the agreeable intelligence that he had got the sixteenth of a twenty thousand pound prize in the state lottery. The little bit of gold was put into my mother's hand. With emotion too great for words, my own hand was pressed gratefully in return. The loving pressure of that unseen hand in the midnight gloom, has it not proved more than the ordinary blessing of a mother on her son?"

Perhaps, after such a record of severe and protracted struggle, we should say nothing of good taste and its requirements as to what shall and what shall not be told of trials and toils like these. They were hardly the school in which to learn canons of taste, whatever higher and better things they could teach. "I do not remember ever having entertained a feeling of despondency," says Mr. Chambers, in speaking of his prospects when cast upon the world at fourteen. And in another place he relates how he adopted for his motto some words which he often saw as his errands about Edinburgh took him past a certain old house over whose entrance they were carved in stone: "He that tholes overcomes." To thole, to endure, was certainly his business in the first thirty years of his life, and well his apprenticeship fitted him for his manhood. He perfectly learned self-reliance, he never unlearned his cheerfulness, and his industry and energy and ambition amounted almost to faults, so mercilessly did he task strength and health in the pursuit of independence.

We must send our readers to the book itself, and a taking book it is, for the further history of this remarkable man. They will there see how he began business at a book-stall on the sidewalk of the Leith Road, with ten pounds' worth of books procured on credit from an Englishman who was pleased with the young man's zeal and attention to his work; how, to increase his scanty profits, he taught himself enough of bookbinding to put his books into boards, and thus was able to buy his new books in sheets; how he copied verses in a fine hand and made poetical albums of them; how afterwards he bought thirty pounds of battered brevier type, learned type-setting, and printed a pocket-copy of Burns, himself doing the press-work and never working less than sixteen hours a day; how he advanced slowly by petty degrees and only by the employment of close frugality and the most exacting industry, until by the happy thought of establishing *Chambers's Journal* he put himself and his brother and partner, Robert, on the sure road to opulence, and constituted himself a true benefactor to his country. To other countries as well; he cites with pardonable pride from a speech delivered by Mr. Milner Gibson, in 1863, that gentleman's opinion that but for the goodness of the cheap literature in the hands of the artisans it would have been harder to tide over the cotton famine caused by the American war. Long before the war, however, America and England had experienced the advantages of Chambers's exertions in diffusing knowledge among the people, and there is no community in which English is spoken where his name and that of his brother Robert is not known.

It is mainly to do honor to Robert Chambers that this volume was prepared. Of a more sensitive disposition than his brother, and of a more literary turn, he devoted much of his time after he was thirty to study and the composition and compilation of books. Of these works, some seventy volumes in all, a monument of well-spent labor, all are readable and many very readable, and this though their author was rather a literary artisan than a literary artist or a scholar. But behind the pen there was always an honest man of warm affections, with a great fund of out-of-the-way reading and Scottish reminiscence, and with a pleasant dash of humor. To give something of the Scotch flavor of the book, we quote the following brief scene at the house of the Peebles widow with whom William lodged when an apprentice. It is such as might have been enacted every evening:

> "'Weel, Tammie,' enquired the widow one evening of Tammie Tod, a journeyman mason lately arrived from the country, 'what was the doctor on last Sabbath afternoon?'
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> "'He was on the Song'—meaning the Song of Solomon.
>
> "'Ah, the Song! that would be grand. He's a wonderfu' man the doctor; and what was his text?'
>
> "'It was a real fine text,' said Tammie, 'the deepest ever I heard: 'For my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night;' fifth chapter, second verse, the second clause of the verse.'
>
> "'I ken that text weel,' responded the widow. 'I heard a capital discourse on it thirty years syne; but how did the doctor lay it out?'
>
> "'He divided it into five heads, ending with an application, which it would be weel for us a' to tak' to heart.'
>
> "And so Tammie, who had a proficiency in dissecting and criticising sermons, proceeded to describe with logical precision the manner in which his minister had handled the very intricate subject; his definitions being listened to and commented on with extraordinary relish."

The volume, of course, contains the assertion—which should be contained in all Scottish works that wish to be thought humorous—that the Scotch are a very humorous people; but there is little of illustration or proof. Sydney Smith is once brought in, and is made to atone for the English gibe that a surgical operation is necessary to get a joke into a Scotch head. He called on Mr. William Chambers to make his acquaintance, and, introducing himself, Mr. Chambers shortly after remarks to him that he, Mr. Smith, must allow that the Scotch have a great deal of fun in them. To this Mr. Smith good-naturedly responds that he has observed the fact, but that some sort of an instrument, he thinks, is always necessary if one would get it out, and that he has found the corkscrew to be most effectual. We believe this is the best anecdote and the best joke in the book, which, however, is the work of a person who is not of a discursive mind, and who has some right to be egotistical. He has a story to tell which needs no adventitious aids.

EDUCATIONAL TEXT-BOOKS.

II.

WE do not know when a respectable publication has been prefaced with more boastful words than Mr. Proctor's "Star-Atlas" (London: Longmans). In a previous publication, Mr. Proctor had announced that all such works hitherto had been constructed on radically wrong principles, and had put forth a demonstration that there was only one proper way of making a star-atlas. This he repeats in the "Letterpress Introduction" to the present book, only it is a different manner of construction which he demonstrates to be the right one. A regular dodecagon is inscribed in the sphere, and then each face is produced so as to cut off a part of the sphere, and that part is represented on one map. There are, therefore, twelve equal circular maps which overlap each other slightly, except in five points on the circumference of each. The North Pole is made the centre of one of the maps. But after all this theorizing about the method of projection, Mr. Proctor fills in with stars in a very simple manner. He has apparently merely entered them from the British Association Catalogue. The result, at any rate, is that the magnitudes are so extremely inaccurate that there are many parts of the heavens which are perfectly unrecognizable; and on every map the errors are a source of great inconvenience. Let any one who possesses this atlas compare, for example, the Little Bear in the map with the heavens, and he will find that a bare majority of the stars are rightly inserted or omitted. When the author says, "I believe no atlas was ever constructed in which more pains were taken than in the present to avoid errors," he clearly forgets that stars exist in the sky as well as in the B. A. Catalogue, and that some makers of atlases have taken the trouble to examine them. Argelander's "Uranometria" is justly regarded as one of the most perfect works of observation, perhaps in fulfilling its purpose *the* most perfect ever executed. Its atlas is renowned in all lands for its resemblance to the heavens and for its convenience in use. Its accuracy is such that its scale of magnitudes has been everywhere adopted as the standard. But Mr. Proctor has apparently never heard of it. England is eminent in astronomical observation—the Greenwich Observatory alone would suffice to make it so. But Englishmen are generally so naïvely ignorant of what takes place in the great world of science (which does not centre in London, as they seem to imagine) that it is possible for a respectable man to publish a book there the existence of which depends on such ignorance as would disgrace him in Sicily or in Spain. As for the method of dividing the sphere upon which Mr. Proctor prides himself so much, it is exceedingly inconvenient in practice. It cuts Gemini

Orion, the Great Bear, Hercules, all in two. In short, if anybody interested in the stars has not Argelander's incomparable work, then let him take Elihu Burritt's or any other, but not this new one. We speak from experience.

Heat is still the most interesting part of physics, for the time; and we have devoured Mr. Clerk Maxwell's "Theory of Heat" (London: Longmans). It is not intended, however, primarily to amuse, as Tyndall's was; and it also differs from that work in giving a correct idea of the mechanical theory of heat. It is intended for a class-book, and is the very best text-book of physics which has been published for some years. Its study will demand some thought from the student, which will be a fatal objection to its extensive use in this country. It is not made with reference to satisfying examining committees, and to getting boys over the ground with the least possible trouble to them. It discusses a good many subjects not strictly a part of the theory of heat, and we could have wished that some things which do belong here had been enlarged upon more, and that more special facts and tables had been given. Yet it must be allowed that within these 300 pages a more beautiful and perfect account of the theory could not have been given.

The old sensationalists, Hartley, Brown, and the Mills, never wrung many admissions from the advocates of *a-priority*. But Dr. Wilson's "Lectures on the Psychology of Thought and Action, Comparative and Human" (Ithaca: Andrus, McChain & Lyons) is evidence that the new physiological materialists are making more impression. The author gives up the whole of sensation as involving no mind or consciousness, and hopes by that admission to strengthen spiritualism in reference to the other parts of the intellect. But though the new position has strength, yet the retreat will encourage the anti-supernaturalists and will make for them new converts. Respectable writers cannot long defend a theory which involves such suppositions as that animals and men acquire a knowledge of external things by an immediate action of the spinal cord without the agency of any external organs, as Dr. Wilson does on pp. 249 and 250.

We said last week that the best book for instruction in logic in colleges was Fowler's "Deductive Logic." We added that a young man who has been through it under a teacher of power will have had his mind enlightened and strengthened, and will be the better prepared for life. In point of fact, we did not intend to apply these expressions to Fowler's "Deductive Logic," but to his Deductive and Inductive Logics taken as one work. The mistake enables us to express, in a more emphatic way, our opinion of the almost utter worthlessness of deductive logic in education, except as an introduction to the logic of science. In former ages, logic was a pretty good representation of the methods of thought of the greatest minds. The systematic exposition of the art of thinking naturally lagged behind the practice, and men always reasoned better than if they had strictly followed the rules of their logic. Still, the discrepancy was not very great. The logic of Petrus Hispanus (which was written about 1270) exhibits well the character of thought of his time, as that of Oldham does that of his school, and those of Paulus Venetus and Buridanus do that of the latest scholasticism. At the time of the Renaissance, the treatises of Ramus and of George Agricola show pretty adequately the peculiarities of the humanist mind. But when the scientific age came, so great an intellectual step was made that logic could not well keep up with science. Then some writers, such as Bacon in his "Novum Organum," and Locke in the "Conduct of the Understanding," inconsiderately put aside the old syllogistic and topics as though they contained something false, instead of being only incomplete; while others either weakly endeavored to apply the old theory to the new practice or else abandoned the attempt to represent scientific methods in their logic altogether. These last writers invented the word "extralogical," and apply it to scientific reasoning, thus concealing the fact that they shirk their main duty in not investigating this reasoning. Pedants love to teach the least possible, and to teach it in as formal a way and with as complicated a system of big words as possible. Most of the school-books have, accordingly, been limited chiefly to the logic of deduction. At the same time, they have taught, not the only syllogistic system which was ever actually used—the mediæval logic—but one which could be of no practical avail whatever. The result has been to confirm the natural tendency of the young to reason from words, and to produce a captiousness which is very different from wise caution, and is simply mischievous. Indeed, the only thing to be said in favor of the study of logic as it is ordinarily taught is that it does tend to make the pupil reflect about his reasoning, and to be a little more precise in his thought and language. The greater number of logics which have come to us in the last few years have been of this vicious kind. A boy or girl could not be put to a more useless task than studying either of Day's logics. The work of Professor Bowen, a convenient though not very intelligent compend of the logic of Hamilton, Thompson, etc., is nearly without value in educating the mind. We hoped for something better from Mr. Jevons, because his previous books, while showing very little acquaintance with the history and literature of the subject, have contained some good original thought, and because he belongs to a school which thinks. But we have been sadly disappointed with his "Elementary Lessons" (New York: Macmillan), and cannot think it of any use. It is because Mr. Fowler has made his "Deductive Logic" very short and simple, and has laid the stress chiefly on the inductive logic, and because he does represent in some degree the methods of thought which modern science and learning actually use, that his books seem to us so recommendable, provided *both* are to be studied. To confine the student to the deductive part, a thing which, we fear, will be done by many teachers, owing to this part making a complete book by itself, would be just as bad as to use any of the old text-books.

We promised last week to discuss some of the errors, as they seem to us to be, of Mill's theory of logic which Mr. Fowler adopts. But we have only space here to refer to Mill's doctrine of scientific hypotheses. This was doubtless suggested by a doctrine of Auguste Comte, who divides the sciences into five classes having different degrees of certainty; and by a hypothesis means a proposition which is not proved with the degree of certainty which belongs to the order of science to which it relates. His maxim of hypothesis is, that such a proposition may be allowed a provisional and secondary place in science, provided it is capable of being proved (or disproved) with the degree of evidence appropriate to its order of science. But Comte's conception of a hypothesis is a peculiar one. A scientific hypothesis is usually defined (and is defined by Mr. Mill) as the supposition of a circumstance which, by the action of known laws (or a generalization of known laws), would result in facts such as have been observed. It is also common to use the term scientific hypothesis to denote a very doubtful conclusion of science. These two meanings are apt to be confounded, and Mill has plainly confounded them when he says that the one condition of the admissibility of a hypothesis is "that it be not destined always to remain a hypothesis, but be of such a nature as to be either proved or disproved by comparison with observed facts." Here, being proved has not the definite meaning that it has in Comte's maxim. There is no absolute distinction to be drawn anywhere between the probability of that which has a bare possibility of truth and that which has a bare possibility of falsehood. A supposition which by the known action of the laws of nature will explain a single known fact, thereby gains some slight probability. This is susceptible of exact demonstration. As the number of facts which the hypothesis explains increases, and as their variety (depending on the laws their explanation involves, and the elements of the hypothesis upon which they depend) increases, the probability of the hypothesis increases indefinitely, until it becomes as certain as any fact we know. But, as a general rule, that which was a hypothesis at first, remains a hypothesis to the last. All that we receive upon testimony is hypothesis; it explains the fact that the witnesses agree. The existence of the relation of space among things, and all that we remember, are hypotheses in the same sense in which it is a hypothesis to say that Marshal Bazaine surrendered Metz treacherously. Between these extremes, hypotheses of every degree of probability may exist, and no absolute line is to be drawn among them. A hypothesis, therefore, does not differ from any other inferential proposition; and the only thing to be considered in reference to its admissibility is the actual evidence upon the matter. Mr. Mill's view is that a hypothesis is not something inferred, but something taken as the basis of enquiry; so that the question is not what the existing evidence is, but what evidence is forthcoming. Here two questions must be distinguished: the first, in reference to what a man may logically do; the second, as to how he may best economize his scientific energies. Now a man may investigate the truth of any proposition whatever, and if he makes no false inference there is nothing illogical in his procedure. But he will be very unwise to spend a large portion of his life in putting anything to the test which can hardly be true or which can hardly be false. When the questions put to nature will only be answered by yes or no, he will advance with the greatest rapidity (as in the game of twenty questions) by asking questions an affirmative answer to which is equally probable with a negative one. He must, however, consider what degree of certainty the answer will have, and the rule will be, among questions of equal importance, to make that investigation which will have the greatest effect in altering existing probabilities. Mr. Mill seems to suppose an absolute distinction between the adoption and the rejection of a hypothesis; but every scientific man has passed that rude state of mind, and takes into account, in every case, as well as he can, the degree of evidence. Making distinctions absolute which are really only relative is the source of most of the errors in Mill's system of philosophy.

There are various other modern schools of logic besides those to which we have referred. In the first place, oole, De Morgan, and others have made a more exact investigation into purely formal logic, and have greatly advanced the subject. Their researches are still in a very immature state, but they have already succeeded in throwing much light upon the subject. The metaphysical part of logic has been chiefly prosecuted in Germany. Such questions as these: What is the connection between the following of a conclusion from its premises and the following of an effect from its cause? and what is the connection between the relation of a subject to its predicate and the relation of a substance to its attributes? have a high philosophical importance. Hegel considers the real relations of existing things and the formal relations of thought to be strictly identical; but he is led to modify profoundly the usual views regarding the maxims of reasoning in making out his point. His philosophy is now exploded; that is to say, hardly any of the rising men adopt it. But its historical importance has been considerable. For a short time it had immense influence in Germany. Mr. Carroll Everett's "Science of Thought" (Boston: William V. Spencer) is regarded by Hegelians as a good exposition of the fundamental positions of their philosophy. Vague conceptions and complicated reasoning are continually causing Mr. Everett to fall into fallacies; and this is the universal fault of Hegelians. The consequence is that their conclusions are entirely uncertain; and the interesting and profound suggestions with which their philosophy abounds only serve to make the bad influences of their loose reasoning upon half-educated minds all the greater. Ueberweg's treatise ("System of Logic and History of Logical Doctrines," London: Longmans) is an excellent specimen of a modern German logic. The view defended is that the construction of the mind corresponds with the order of nature, so that metaphysical conceptions have a double character, first, as true of things as they really exist; and, second, as merely formal principles of thought. It is a carefully written and scholarly book. The style is clear and precise, more precise than American readers enjoy, but real students do not wish a writer to beat about the bush to avoid an expression merely because it is a little too formal for the taste of literary people. The translator, we regret to say, betrays an ignorance of two things rather essential to his task, logic and the German language. On page 402, we read this extraordinary sentence: "An infinite straight line can proceed but from a figure bounded on all sides in the same plane on two sides only by means of intersecting the boundaries." This will bear a second reading. What Ueberweg says is: "Eine unbegrenzte gerade Linie kann aus einer allseitig begrenzten Figur in derselben Ebene auf beiden Seiten nur mittelst Durchschneidung der Grenzen heraustreten." This is perfectly clear. A straight line lying within an enclosed figure in the same plane cannot be extended indefinitely in either direction without cutting the boundary of that figure. The translator says, "Dr. Ueberweg has himself revised the sheets; and, as he knows English well, this translation may be held to give his opinions as he wishes them expressed in our language." There must be a misrepresentation here.

Mr. Martin Larkin, who compiles "The Rival Collection" (J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.) says that it "contains the best pieces, serious and amusing, in prose and poetry, that can be comprised in a work of this kind." Some of them it contains. And it also contains some of the worst, especially among the "amusing" pieces, a good many of which are frightful examples of vulgarity. All the same, it is a good collection, in the sense of containing a great many poems and other pieces fit to be declaimed or recited by the boys and girls on declamation day. With the old favorites are many new selections, which, if not so likely to become and remain favorites, will be a very welcome addition to any young orator's repertory of borrowed eloquence.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Beckwith (A.), Pottery: London International Exhibition, 1871	(D. Van Nostrand)	
Brooke (Rev. S. A.), Christ in Modern Life	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Blanche (A.), The Bandit: A Tale, swd.	(G. P. Putnam & Sons)	$1 00
Bartol (R. C. A.), Radical Problems	(Roberts Bros.)	
Brocklesby (J.), The Amateur Microscopist	(W. Wood & Co.)	
Brown (W.), Thoughts on Paper Currency	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Balch (T.) Les Français en Amérique (1777-1783), swd.	(F. W. Christern)	
Barry (P.), The Fruit Garden, new ed.	(Orange Judd & Co)	2 50
Bryant (W. C.), The Odyssey of Homer, Vol. II.	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	5 00
Church (Rev. A.), and Brodribb (Rev. W. J.), Pliny's Letters	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	1 00
Cecil's Tryst: A Tale, swd.	(Harper & Bros.)	0 50
Chadbourne (P. A.), Instinct	(G. P. Putnam & Sons)	1 75
Carlyle (T.), Heroes, Hero Worship, and the Heroic in History	(Scribner, Welford & Co.)	
Dorr (Mrs. J. C. R.), Poems	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Dickens (C.), Tale of Two Cities; Hard Times, etc.	(D. Appleton & Co)	0 75
Erckmann-Chatrian (MM.), Histoire du Plébiscite, swd.	(F. W. Christern)	
Figuier (L.), The World before the Deluge	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Hudson (Rev. H. N.), Shakespeare: His Life, Art, and Characters, 2 vols.,	(Ginn Bros.)	5 00
Lubbock (Sir J.), Pre-Historic Times	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Mulock (Miss D. M.), Twenty Years Ago	(Harper & Bros.)	
Munson (J. E.), The Complete Phonographer	" "	

THE HON. JULIUS L. CLARKE, Insurance Commissioner of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, having associated with himself the following eminent business and professional men who are in no manner connected with, or interested in, the management of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York, to investigate its affairs, viz.: HENRY F. SPAULDING, of Spaulding, Hunt & Co., 80 Wall Street, New York; GUSTAV SCHWAB, of Oelrichs & Co., 2 Bowling Green, New York; GEORGE B. UPTON, Boston, Massachusetts; WM. H. FOGG, of Wm. H. Fogg & Co., 32 Burling Slip, New York; FELICIANO LATASA, of Latasa & Co., 178 Pearl Street, New York; EUGENE KELLY, of Eugene Kelly & Co., 21 Nassau Street, New York; DAVID DOWS, of David Dows & Co., 20 South Street, New York; MORRIS K. JESUP, of M. K. Jesup & Co., 59 Liberty Street, New York; JULIUS B. WHEELER, Professor of Civil and Military Engineering and Science of War, United States Military Academy, West Point; THEODORE W. DWIGHT, LL.D., Professor of Municipal Law, Columbia College, New York, this Committee have made the following

REPORT:

NEW YORK, March 30, 1872.

In the month of January, 1871, the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States were informed by the Superintendent of the Insurance Department of New York that La Roy S. Gove, who had insured his life in said Society, about one year previous, for the sum of $2,500, had presented certain grave charges against the Directors and management of said Society.

Whereupon the President of the Society addressed the following letter to the Superintendent:

"JANUARY 6, 1871.

"HON. GEO. W. MILLER, Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of New York:

"DEAR SIR: The Counsel of this Society has handed to me a copy of charges, with specifications, sworn to by a policy-holder. As some of these charges and specifications have not the slightest foundation in truth, and in other cases are grossly exaggerated and the truth perverted, and, as I fully believe each charge admits of the fullest and most complete explanation, I have felt it my duty to address to you this communication.

"Conscious that the affairs of this Society have been conducted by the Officers with a high integrity of purpose, and with a view to the best interests of the policy-holders, and having nothing to conceal as to the condition of the Society, or the manner in which its affairs are conducted, I would respectfully request that, in the exercise of that authority conferred upon you by law and appointment to your position as Superintendent of the Insurance Department, you would institute such investigation into the condition, affairs, and transactions of the Society as you in your discretion may consider that the presentation of these charges demands.

"Feeling aggrieved that charges so unfounded should be preferred, jealous of the honor of the Society, and that of its Officers and Directors, I would respectfully solicit that, with as little delay as possible, you would give your attention to the subject.

"I am, very respectfully, your ob't servant,

"(Signed) WILLIAM C. ALEXANDER.

"President."

The Superintendent subsequently replied that he would commence an examination of the Company at as early a period as his official duties would permit.

Before an examination had been made by the said Superintendent, a person professing to be the representative of a newspaper in this city called upon the Officers of the Society, and informed them that this newspaper had in its possession, for publication, a copy of charges against the Society, made by La Roy S. Gove, and that he, the professed representative of the newspaper, was prepared to enter into a negotiation for their suppression. The officers of the Society refused to pay for such suppression, and the charges were thereupon published in the newspaper which the person claimed to represent.

The Directors of the Society again requested the Superintendent of New York to make the examination without delay. But, in consequence of the legislative examination of the Insurance Department of this State, the Superintendent was again unable to give it immediate attention. The Directors also requested the Commissioner of the State of Massachusetts to make an additional or concurrent examination, which he consented to do, and has associated with himself the undersigned to assist him in the investigation.

Upon assembling at the offices of the Society, the undersigned at once entered upon the investigation of Mr. Gove's charges made to the New York Insurance Department, and since widely spread before the public in printed form. The Massachusetts Commissioner, at the meeting called to make the investigation, stated that he caused Mr. Gove to be notified in writing of the investigation, and had invited him to furnish testimony in support of his charges, and presented the affidavit of personal service of the notice upon him.

Mr. Gove did not appear or offer any testimony to sustain his allegations.

The minutes of the Society and of the several Committees, the account books, cash books, and check books of the Society were then laid before the undersigned, and carefully examined. The Officers of the Society and such other persons as the undersigned desired, were examined under oath, and each specific charge was carefully and exhaustively enquired into; and the undersigned certify that, excepting a clerical error in publishing among the list of paid policies a contested claim, which error was rectified as soon as discovered, the charges and specifications are untrue and malicious. The amount of the policy referred to was returned to the Insurance Departments as a liability in accordance with the rules of the Departments with regard to contested policies, which fact corroborates other testimony showing that the error was merely clerical.

The undersigned, following in their investigation the order in which the charges and specifications are presented, find:

1. That the Society possessed the legal power to erect their building, which contains the offices of the Society, at the corner of Broadway and Cedar Street, and the undersigned refer to the opinion of Prof. Theodore W. Dwight respecting the same.

2. They further find that the erection of the building was a wise and judicious measure, and is a safe investment, yielding an increasing annual income of more than five and a half (5½) per cent., leaving the Society free from rent for its own offices; and, if the value of the offices occupied by the Society is taken into account, we are of opinion that it has no money invested to better advantage.

3. They further find that, in reference to the compensation of the officers, both the method of payment and the amount paid as charged are untrue. From the evidence submitted to them, the aggregate sum paid for salaries by the Society during the first eleven years of its existence, as compared with its income during the same period, produces a ratio at least as favorable as that of any life company—(for the same years from 1860 to 1870 inclusive)—organized during the year in which the Equitable was organized, or since that time, or even prior to that time, with the exception of two, the preliminary expenses of those two companies not being taken into account in the estimate, because they were organized more than fifteen years previous to 1860.

4. They further find that no loan was made on the 20th of September, 1870, or at any other time, upon New York Central and Hudson River Railroad stock. But they find, on the contrary, that no loan has been made by the Society except upon security authorized by and in accordance with the law.

5. The charge that the building committee or any of the Directors are or were interested, directly or indirectly, in the quarry from which the stone for the building was taken, or pecuniarily interested in any other contract of the Society, was most carefully and minutely examined, and the undersigned declare the charge to be both false and malicious. On the contrary, the undersigned find that the erection of the building in all its details was carefully watched over by the Directors, and particularly by the Building Committee, with as much attention as a prudent man gives to his own business.

6. That the mode of loaning the money of the corporation was particularly examined, and meets the approval of the undersigned, who find the charges of favoritism wholly unfounded, and, other things being equal, principals are given the preference over brokers.

7. The Secretary of the Society, who formerly was in business as a fire insurance agent and general broker, relinquished the charge of the fire insurance business of this Society when he became connected with it three years ago. The Secretary has not attended to the fire insurance business of the Company, and no director or officer is or has been interested in such business, nor has the Secretary loaned money on policies as charged.

8. It is proved to our satisfaction that the Directors of the Society have not loaned the money of the Society to themselves upon securities not allowed by law, and that no loans have been made through the favoritism of its Officers and Directors on inadequate security or contrary to law.

9. In the opinion of the undersigned, the Directors, so far from having managed the affairs of the Society wastefully or extravagantly, have managed them prudently and successfully, and have made no false returns to the Insurance Departments.

10. The rates of commission paid to agents as charged are untruly stated. No salaries are paid to agents in addition to commissions.

11. They find from the testimony given by the Officers and Directors, that the establishment of an Agency in Great Britain has not proved a failure; that the agent sent there is not inexperienced in the insurance business; that he receives no salary, but that his commissions are guaranteed for three years to an extent of $10,000 per annum; and that the result of his labors, in introducing the Society's business there, has been satisfactory to the Board of Directors.

12. The charge that money has been wastefully spent upon the building is sufficiently answered by our opinion of the investment.

13. They further find that the Society does not falsely advertise itself as a mutual company. The necessity of a capital stock arises from the fact that, before the organization of the Society, laws were enacted in New York requiring all companies organized after such enactment to have a capital stock and to make a deposit of one hundred thousand dollars with the Insurance Department, as a guarantee to policy-holders. The annual dividends upon this stock are limited to seven per cent. This amount is nearly earned by the investment of the capital; all of the profits are divided amongst the policy-holders; the stock bears no such market price as is charged, and, as no unlawful gains can be made thereon, the ownership of the stock can only be desirable for the protection of the Company. The provision as to a stock management is not concealed from policy-holders, but, on the contrary, the Directors are of opinion that it forms one of the greatest safeguards of the Company.

14. In conclusion, the undersigned desire to say, that they are unable to find an honest motive for the presentation of charges so totally unfounded. This investigation has shown only an honest and efficient management of the Society. The Massachusetts Commissioner, with Profs. Theodore W. Dwight, of Columbia College Law School, and Junius B. Wheeler, of the West Point Military Academy, will at once proceed to examine the details of the management of the Society from its foundation, and Messrs. Upton, Spaulding, Latasa, Kelly, Schwab, and Fogg will examine its assets and investments, which the undersigned will report upon as soon as the investigations are concluded. From the wide publicity given to these charges, it is thought best to make this report upon them at once. The undersigned desire to express their unqualified approval of the action of the Society in resisting the attempt to extort money from it under color of these charges. And, finally, the undersigned take great pleasure in bearing their unanimous testimony to the faithful and successful management by the Trustees and Officers of the Society of the great trust reposed in them.

JULIUS L. CLARKE,

Insurance Commissioner of the Commonwealth
of Massachusetts.

HENRY F. SPAULDING,
GUSTAV SCHWAB,
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1872.

The Week.

THE canvass was opened on the Liberal Republican side in this city on Friday by a mass meeting in the Cooper Institute, and we believe it was the most densely packed meeting which ever met there. All approach within fifty yards of the entrance was next to impossible in the early part of the evening, so great was the crowd in the street. All this is a matter of fact. The composition of the meeting is a matter of opinion. To all outward appearance, the audience was composed of that sober, thoughtful middle class, equally removed from wealth and poverty, which one has seen in the same room on all great occasions since 1860, such, in short, as was there at the first emancipation meeting in 1862, and at the reform meeting of last spring. It is, of course, open to anybody to say, and it is said, that the crowd was drawn together by curiosity; but, if we may judge by outward signs, it was as enthusiastic a meeting as was ever got together in this city. The speaking was done by Senators Trumbull and Schurz, the former making a strong, clear, but unadorned statement of the charges brought by the promoters of the new movement against the Administration, and the latter clothing it all with that powerful and *telling* rhetoric of which he is now the greatest master in America.

Mr. Schurz made a good point in his speech when he asked attention to the fact that within the last twelve years of war and reconstruction about one-third of the whole number of voters in the country had attained majority and had been receiving their political training. For good or for bad, necessarily or unnecessarily, this period of twelve years has been full of a spirit which was not that of the fathers and founders who ordained a government of constitutional principles, of respect for constitutional checks and for law; who held in wholesome and jealous fear the government of men and of momentary measures; who believed in local self-control, and looked with suspicion upon the advances of the Federal Government towards the centralization of power. The boy born in 1851 has, ever since he was ten years old, seen in operation not Personal Liberty laws, but general orders promulgated by major-generals, and resolutions of Congress, and commands of the President directing State governments how to frame their fundamental law. Unless we are permanently to change our form of government as already we have for the moment changed it, it is time the new voters should take lessons in something besides centralization.

It ought to and must be admitted by the friends of the Cincinnati movement that, owing to the condition of local politics, it makes its appearance in this city under some serious disadvantages. It gets the support, as a matter of course, of a large number of persons who are dissatisfied with the Administration, for disreputable as well as respectable reasons. But there is no mode that we know of keeping them out of it; and if they support a good ticket on a satisfactory platform, good men have no more reason for complaining of them than of complaining of Satan for suffering himself to be sprinkled with holy water. Those who insist that every reform organization shall be supported from the outset only by Christian patriots, and shall only be composed of saints and sages, are, we greatly fear, considering that they are aware of the present state of human nature, not particularly anxious for reform at all; that is, like our Congressional civil-service reformers, they are in favor of a party of reform, but they cannot bear a party which allows bad men to attend its meetings, and are determined to wait for reform till a party appears which shall contain none but the pure and good. A large number of persons will go to Cincinnati, both from New York and Philadelphia, in the character of hungry and dissatisfied vultures who have not had a fair chance at Custom-house and other carrion; but there is this to be said about their appearance, that they have a keen scent, and go to no place where they do not believe there is a good chance of a carcass. So that we may conclude from their adhesion to it, that they at least believe the Cincinnati movement is going to succeed.

The friends of the Administration are at this writing preparing for a counter-demonstration, which will take place after we have gone to press. To their call is appended a list of names of merchants and bankers which could hardly be surpassed in respectability. It would, however, have more value—we were going to say some value—as a political sign, if any other candidate than General Grant were in the field. Merchants and bankers very naturally, and indeed properly, dislike and distrust the unknown, and cling to the thing that is. We venture to say that there are hardly ten men on the list before us who, if Charles Francis Adams, for instance, is nominated at Cincinnati, will not vote for him, in spite of their present endorsement of the Administration. It must be remembered, too, that when that eminent man, Richard B. Connolly, wanted to get *his* administration "endorsed" before the election of 1870, he went down town and took his pick of the merchants and bankers, the very pink and pride of Wall Street, and they not only "endorsed" him, but certified that his accounts were correct without properly examining them. Fernando Wood's "endorsement" in 1855 was also unsurpassed in commercial respectability. We say these things not by way of casting discredit on the motives or the character of the signers of the present call, but to enable observers at a distance to appreciate the demonstration properly. We must remind them, too, that the Custom-house and the special agents of the Treasury weigh heavily on the souls of importers. It is hard for a man to refuse to endorse an Administration which might any day fill his office with police, and carry off his books, papers, and private letters, on a mere allegation of suspicion of frauds on the revenue. The absence of German names from the call is a fact that we take to be significant of much.

A meeting to support the Administration was held in Brooklyn on Wednesday of last week, which was made remarkable by Mr. Henry Ward Beecher's first appearance in the canvass and, as usual, it was a very happy one. He is unqualified in his adhesion to General Grant, but he admits that the Cincinnati Convention may do good by its debates if it does not by its nomination. "If," he said, "they can raise up a more loyal power within the land; if they can raise a platform which shall be higher than it would have been if raised by us, we will accept their influence and use it." Of Sumner, and Schurz, and Trumbull, he spoke in terms of generous and manly praise. He did full justice to Mr. Sumner's claims to the respect of the Republican party, and declared that, no matter how Mr. Schurz might be "caricatured and traduced," he listened to him with great respect as a "wise" and "eloquent" and "honest man;" and that the same was true of Mr. Trumbull. Now, we would call the attention of the champions of the Administration to the fact that the value of Mr. Beecher's support of General Grant, instead of being diminished, was greatly increased by this decent acknowledgment of the personal merit of General Grant's leading opponents.

The latest important accessions to the Liberal Reform ranks are those of Governor Blair of Michigan and Governor Palmer of Illinois. Governor Palmer is a politician, in the best sense of that word, who is on the intellectual and moral level of Trumbull, Governor Cox, Mr. Schurz, and the other best adherents of the new movement. He adds one more to the roll of distinguished Illinois Liberals enumerated by Mr. Trumbull the other night. Another reported accession is that of Mr. Foster of Connecticut, late acting Vice-President, and by the time this reaches our readers announcement will probably have been made of a delegation from Massachusetts. If rumor speaks truly, it will be a delegation containing some names which are no gain to any cause—names which cannot be refused rather than names much to be desired; but these will be greatly outnumbered by those of patriotic men sick of the present state of affairs, hopeful of bringing it to an end now, and determined at all events to bring it to an end soon. We think that with every day the movement increases its claim to the respect and furtherance of all good citizens, and as we look to see many wise men in council at Cincinnati week after next, we suppose its claim to respect may reasonably be expected to go on increasing until next November, when it should certainly be in a position to contest the election with every prospect of success.

General Bartlett, of Massachusetts, has just written an excellent letter full of good sense and right feeling, and full, too, if we are not mistaken, of that political sense which is not always found in union either with good sense or with right feeling. It had been said that General Bartlett was going to Philadelphia as a Grant delegate and his letter he writes for the purpose of saying that he is not going to Philadelphia, that he is opposed to General Grant's re-election, that his eyes are turned towards Cincinnati, and that he hopes for the nomination of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, and expects that gentleman's election if the Liberal Reform party should place him before the country. All this General Bartlett says, not only in a straightforward soldierly way that is quite taking, but also with a happiness of political phraseology which ought to shake the soul of Dr. Loring within him. It must be sufficiently alarming to chronic candidates for the Governorship to find a young soldier who can turn out such a campaign "war cry" as the statement that he believes in "Administrations which are above suspicion, and not in Administrations which are above investigation."

The most important incident of the week in Congress, except the attack on civil-service reform, has been the split in the Committee of Ways and Means, the free-trade majority of which, after four months' labor, produced a bill which the chairman, Mr. Dawes, cannot approve of, and he has accordingly suffered something in the nature of deposition. The new bill adds to the free list, and makes divers serious reductions in duty; that on pig-iron, for instance, is reduced from $7 to $6. The duties on wool, woollens, and cotton goods are all reduced, but as there is no chance whatever that the bill will pass, it is interesting merely as an indication of the drift of sentiment in the House, and as an illustration of the trouble which surrounds the tariff. The protectionists are very angry with Mr. Blaine, who appointed the committee.

The vote of $50,000 for the expenses of the Civil-Service Commission came up in the House last week, and, after a short debate, in which it was fiercely denounced by the friends of the Administration as a "humbug" and "the greatest humbug" of the age, the appropriation was contemptuously cut down to $10,000, the whole performance being accompanied with loud laudations of General Grant and professions of zeal for his service, by a majority of 92 to 59. Revenue reform was also vigorously denounced in the course of the debate as another "humbug." General Butler moved to strike out even the $10,000, but afterwards repented. "Reform inside the party lines" is evidently no easy work. It apparently has about as hard a time as "liberal views" had in the last Œcumenical Council. The political infallibilists are evidently as stern and unrelenting as the ecclesiastical ones.

The *Sun* broke down in its charges against Mr. Robeson, but that does not make it any the less true that Mr. Robeson has committed a violation of the law in disposing of the public money, which would deserve the severest punishment, if the Republican majority in Congress had not deliberately condoned last fall a disregard of the law on Mr. Boutwell's part still more serious; and the two cases together furnish a striking illustration of the state of mind into which the officers of the Government have got with regard to the law, and of the necessity for some upturning which shall crush this growing tendency to arbitrary and insubordinate conduct. The fact is that certain contractors named Secor, who had built vessels for the Government during the war, pleaded that, owing to the rise in prices, they had lost money by it. This was a wrong which only Congress could right; so a bill was passed directing an enquiry by a board of officers. This board awarded the contractor $115,000 additional, which Congress appropriated and directed to be paid. But the Secors came again, and said to Secretary Robeson that this was not enough, so he, without any authority of Congress, appointed another board of his own subordinates, which awarded the Secors $93,000 more, and this he paid, without any appropriation whatever, or any warrant of law.

The Administration managers in Pennsylvania certainly seem to have been smitten with blindness, and to have offered the decency of the State so flat and insulting a defiance as will make it absolutely impossible for Pennsylvania to be carried by the Administration Republicans either in October or November, unless there is great "breaking of slates," and indeed, in our belief, the State can nohow be carried for the Republicans. We cannot conceive what they have been thinking of, but it seems as if it must be true that the State ticket was dictated from Washington, where people do not know the rapidity with which public sentiment outside has changed within the last month; or else as if it must be true that Pennsylvania is helplessly bound, hand and foot, by railroad rings that are more nearly omnipotent than the country has ever yet believed. The State ticket is on all hands denounced as one not fit to be made, and many Republican organs are urging the people to repudiate the action of the Convention, and elect their own delegates to the Philadelphia Convention. We have advices pointing to the gubernatorial nomination of McClure as a Liberal Republican; but nothing seems very definite, and it is difficult to believe in a Democratic break-up in the face of nominations like those of Hartranft and Allen, while the Democracy have men like Cass and Buckalew to nominate, and Liberal Republicans like Hickman and Lowery, and the Reformers in Philadelphia stand ready to destroy the Hartranft and Cameron Republicans, as years ago they abandoned the Democracy. Hardly anywhere else in the Union is there a livelier picture of the transition state of politics than Pennsylvania presents. The Republican party there, diseased, confused, without a policy, wretchedly corrupt, the prey of rings and political rascals, seems to want but the *coup de grace*. A party approaches its end when men such as McClure and Forney can figure in it as reformers; we only hope the finishing stroke may be given it by men who will head an assault in which the McClures and Fentons and Curtins are to be found in the rear, and taking instead of giving orders.

The Florida trouble is becoming more complicated and amusing. Reed, the Governor, was impeached before the Senate on the 10th of February, and by the constitution he was thereupon *ipso facto* suspended from office, and the executive authority lodged in the hands of Day, the Lieutenant-Governor. But the Senate adjourned without trying the impeachment, and this, Reed now maintains, operated as a discharge, and, getting the Secretary of State on his side, he launched a proclamation fortified with "the great seal," declaring Day a usurper, and claiming the allegiance of all good citizens for himself. Two, however, can play at this game. So Day has got out another proclamation, which is as good as Reed's, but of course wants "the great seal," a fact which he evidently feels bitterly, and says Reed got it for his proclamation through the perfidy of the Secretary of State. We should think that, under the circumstances, Reed would be justified in using any big seal he could find, but he contents himself by stating, "in lieu of a seal," that "the same has been secreted or stolen." Fears are entertained that the two rivals may have a fight, and it will be a knotty point for the President to decide which is entitled to Federal assistance.

The brief history of the Mormon troubles now just brought to an end by a decision of Chief-Justice Chase's, appears to be pretty much as follows. A year or so ago, Dr. J. P. Newman, a Methodist clergyman of Washington City, went out to Utah, on the profitable errand of having a grand discussion of polygamy and its Biblical warranty, he to be on one side with his more or less profound erudition, and such eminent Hebraists as Pratt and Orson Hyde on the other. Whatever else this valuable conference accomplished, it determined Dr. Newman to encourage a crusade against the Mormons, and to this end he instigated the President to authorize their prosecution and to pursue them by all means available, and, as now appears from the Chief-Justice's decision, by means as illegal and regardless of law as any that could well be thought of. The principal instrument of this prosecution was Judge McKean, an enthusiastic Methodist, who went out to Utah not to do his work as a judge, but to root wickedness out of the land and crusade against polygamy. He is ignorant of law, somewhat feather-headed, and as much out of place in a court of justice where he sat on the bench delivering stump speeches as any man well could be anywhere in the world. Judge McKean perceived that he could do nothing unless he could erect his Territorial court into a United States Court, and this he proceeded to do. Why he did not declare himself to be the Federal Executive and Legislature, and proceed to levy troops and make war upon the Territorial government, is to be explained by prudential reasons, we suppose; as for color of law, he had as good right to do that as he had to do what he did. The law, as again and again enounced by the Supreme Court, is that such courts as his are not United States courts, except for certain specific purposes, and that they never can be United States courts for the enforcement of a Territorial statute, which is in no sense a law of Congress, and which a Territorial court must enforce. It must enforce it, too, by means of its own Territorial officers. What McKean did was to make his court a United States court when it was not; to enforce in it Territorial statutes which, had his court really been a United States court, would have had no place in it; to mix with these laws of Congress; and for executing the processes of this hybrid tribunal, to use not constables and sheriffs of the Territory, but United States marshals, and this because by their assistance grand and petty jurors pledged to indictment and conviction could be secured.

All this was done not in a corner, but against the reiterated appeals of the United States District Attorney, who insisted upon the foolish and lawless violence of the whole proceeding. It was done, nevertheless, till now the Chief-Justice brings McKean up with a very round turn, declaring that for a twelvemonth past the Territorial court has been committing monstrous judicial usurpations and trampling on law. This decision will at once release 138 persons from illegal arrest or imprisonment. The position was a delicate one for the Administration. It was indeed between the devil and the deep sea. On the one hand, it had to adopt and sanction the grossest illegality; on the other, it had to offend—or fancied it had to offend—the Methodist denomination, which it appears to have paid the compliment of presuming to be less regardful of the authority of the law than most of the Methodists' fellow-citizens suppose them. The Chief-Justice has relieved it from this embarrassment, for Dr. Newman himself will not now ask the President to go on further in Judge McKean's direction. Meantime, the Mormons, to whom all this futile harrying has attracted a sort of sympathy which is not their due, have formed a State Government, though they probably have not more than three-fourths of the requisite number of inhabitants to make even one of our absurdly small Far Western State populations, and have elected as prospective Senators Mr. Hooper, long their delegate, a monogamous and otherwise respectable person, and the Hon. Thomas Fitch, a person such as is apt to be sent up as first Senator from newly-formed States.

The *World* desires to know why, if, as we say, Continental jurists treat the consequential damages claim as preposterous and outrageous, we object to their submission to the Geneva Commission, as in that case they are sure to be rejected. We object to the submission of the claim, and hope England will not agree to it, because we do not wish it to pass into history that the United States ever laid anything so absurd before a respectable tribunal. We prefer that it should be said that the Treaty was killed by the blunder of one enterprising gentleman, and that the two Governments had to begin over again; we object to it, also, because we do not wish to see even as much recognition as would be contained in the submission of the claim given to the theory that the escape of a belligerent cruiser from a neutral port made the neutral liable for the cost of the subsequent military operations of the war. It would be certainly revived, no matter how the Commission passed upon it, and would be a standing menace to all small or unarmed powers in the hands of great ones; and, thirdly, we fear that, if the first great attempt at international arbitration is allowed to contain a strong element of the farcical and ridiculous, the whole principle will fall into disrepute. The great military states are already laughing over it; their laughter would become uncontrollable when Mr. Bancroft Davis rose to prove, as self-respect would compel him to do, that Lee would have disbanded his forces after Gettysburg if he had not heard that the *Alabama* was at sea, with two guns and a crew of one hundred and twenty men.

We believe, also, that it would be fatal to the principle of arbitration, if it were once established as a precedent that anything could be submitted to the arbitrators except what the parties agreed to submit—if, in short, the impression got abroad that there was a danger that the Boards of Arbitration would be converted into courts of general jurisdiction, before which any power could cite any other power on any charge it pleased. The world is not yet prepared for any such tribunal, and we doubt if it ever will be. To make international arbitration succeed, the jurisdiction of the arbitrators must be confined to points which the parties concur in presenting, and not points which either party would like to present, or thinks, for some reason or other, ought to be presented. In short, the object of the Treaty of Washington was really to settle what the American "case" should contain by way of claim; and, therefore, all talk of "not submitting to British dictation as to what our case should contain" shows either ignorance of the whole matter or a want of comprehension of the nature of the process called arbitration. The latest news from England shows that the ministry have filed the English replication in due course, with a statement which leaves no doubt that they will withdraw if the Commission is asked to pass on the claim for consequential damages. In this country there are visible signs of a disposition on the part of the Administration to drop these claims. We should be sorry to see this mark of good sense made the occasion of a party triumph over them. A resolution looking in this direction was brought into the House last week, and the organ of the Administration in this city makes a suggestion of the same nature.

One of the strangest bits of news which has come from Europe since the overthrow of the French Empire is that the Austrian Empire is paying its way—that is, that its revenue equals its expenditure, including the interest on its debt. The Minister of Finance had last year calculated on a deficit of $15,000,000, and asked for permission to issue $30,000,000 bonds to meet it; but it has turned out that there is no deficit at all, that the bonds will not have to be issued, and that, indeed, there are signs of a surplus. In spite of all the disorders, convulsions, and dissensions of the last four years, the revenue has been steadily increasing at the rate of about nine per cent. a year. Such are the effects of publicity and freedom, even if it is tumultuous freedom, on popular energy and national wealth!

THOSE JUDGES.

THE Bar Association has completed its labors in the matter of the prosecution of the corrupt judges, in so far as the presentation of the evidence in the preliminary enquiry before the Investigating Committee goes, and have published a summing-up through the newspapers. Judge Barnard has also made and published a protest, in which he denies the right of the Legislature to remove him by concurrent resolution without trial, or to take cognizance of any charges against him arising out of acts committed, or alleged to have been committed, before his last election in 1868. The evidence in full will, we believe, be laid before the public in a week, or thereabouts, and we think we can say with safety that nothing like it has ever been laid before a civilized community before. Whether the Legislature can punish Barnard for misconduct occurring before 1868 is a point of some interest, even if it possesses no legal importance, and his raising it shows a very shrewd appreciation of the wide prevalence, and increasing prevalence, in the public mind of what we may call a low estimate of the importance of character, either in officers or individuals. It is, in fact, this indifference to a man's general course in which Barnard and Cardozo, and all their kind, find their greatest security against justice. Even the Bar Association has, in an incautious moment, given some countenance to the practice of taking short and disconnected views of men's careers in Mr. D. D. Field's case. That gentleman, a member of the Association, was charged in proper form before them with various acts of professional misconduct, and he challenged investigation, and the case was referred to the proper committee. It has, however, never since been heard of, owing—if we are rightly informed, and we think we are—to the fact that the committee concluded that inasmuch as the acts complained of were committed, if committed, before 1869—that is, before the formation of the Association—the organization could take no cognizance of them two years later. Now, the object of the enquiry was not to find out whether Mr. Field had committed certain acts, and, if he had, to punish him for them specifically—for the Association had no such power—but to find out whether he was a fit person to belong to an organization having for its *raison d'être* the purification of professional morals; and of course it ought not, on any view of human character ever propounded, to make any perceptible difference in one's estimate of a lawyer's fitness for the membership of any such body whether he committed certain offences in 1867, '68, or '69. Nothing would suit all the great body of evil-livers better, and nothing more surely break down all moral restraints on them, than the adoption by the public of short statutes of limitation under which every one could "make a fresh start" every year or two.

Judge Barnard is now trying to take advantage of this same tendency. He was re-elected in 1868 by a community which was in a great measure ignorant of his real character. It is true he was somewhat abused by the newspapers, and lawyers talked in private over his iniquities, but nobody had risen up to make distinct charges against him, and the great mass of the voters knew of nothing positive against him. If, however, he committed in 1867 acts of gross corruption and indecency, it is proof enough to all reasonable men that he is unfit to administer justice in 1872, unless it can be shown that his character has in the interval undergone a complete transformation, such, indeed, as it is very doubtful if anybody's character ever underwent, and the existence of which has never yet been proved except by many years of probation. If Barnard, between the years 1860 and 1868, was guilty of doing what the Bar Association says he did, and offers proof that he did—granting orders unknown to the law, entering into corrupt leagues with counsellors and suitors for the denial of justice, the perpetration of fraud, and the spoliation of property-holders, using indecent and obscene language on the bench and boasting of it afterwards, and during that period causing, by his violence and unscrupulousness, great loss and damage to the citizens of New York, and indirectly great depreciation in American securities, he is still unworthy of a judicial position—first, because there is no reason for believing that he is any better now than he was in 1868, and a good deal of reason for thinking he is worse; and, secondly, because even if he is better, people cannot be got to believe that he is. This last point is constantly overlooked in estimating a judge's qualifications. People talk as if a judge's misconduct only affected those who came into court, and as if, if nothing positive could be proved against him, nobody had any right to complain of him. But this is a most mischievous delusion. Every judge on the bench owes it to every man in the community not only to do justice but to bear a good reputation; that is, he has not only to be pure, but he has to conduct himself in such fashion that there shall be a general belief in his purity. If he so conducts himself as to expose himself to general suspicion, we are entitled to his removal, because the value of every man's property and earnings depends in some degree on the general confidence in the integrity of the courts. If judges are generally believed to be rascals, all stocks and bonds and real estate and commodities of all sorts within their jurisdiction, and through these things the wages of all labor, are depreciated under the influence of this belief in a greater or less degree. It is not for the service of actual litigants only that judges exist, but for the protection, peace, and security of every man who has rights which may at any time become the subject of litigation; and for the purposes of judicial reputation, it makes little difference whether the judge took bribes in October, 1868, or in January, 1869.

The importance of these considerations will appear all the more plainly if we call to mind the fact that what is called "equity" in our jurisprudence, and which all our judges are now empowered to administer, is emphatically a system which depends for all its value on the character of the judge, and it has grown up here and in England on the assumption that judges will always be men of the highest character. Under it judges are armed with literally tremendous powers. It gives single judges a discretion in dealing with men's property and liberty which is unknown at common law, where justice is in the main administered by juries, or by the full bench of judges, and which nobody dreams of committing to any other class of functionaries. The Court of Chancery in which the system was created has in five or six centuries had its scandals in the way of delay and expense, but, if we remember rightly, Bacon's case was the only one in which the integrity of its judges was ever assailed by a breath of suspicion; and his fault has come down in history, though it was never shown that it amounted to positive corruption, as an example of human weakness and folly over which men still shudder. He took presents from suitors, but he never sold justice; and yet, great, famous, and learned as he was, his downfall was sudden, complete, and frightful. Men felt instinctively, and they ought to feel still, that a court of conscience, such as a court of equity is, into which the property of widows and orphans is carried by guardians and trustees, in which property in dispute is locked up for safe keeping till the dispute is over, in which men seek for those exact, wise, and perfect remedies for wrong which abstract justice marks out, but which the barbarian plan of pecuniary compensation does not supply, is a court over which even the slightest cloud cannot be permitted to rest. We venture to say that it had not entered the head of any human being till about ten years ago that these vast powers which this system lodges in the judge's hands, would ever in a Christian community come to be used simply as instruments to enable depraved cheats and rowdies to enrich themselves and their companions; that the "master," or referee, whose function it is to inform the conscience of the court as to the facts, would be converted into a common "pal" of the judge, and that the two would combine to extort money from suitors and share it between them; that the "receiver," whose function it is to take solemnly into safe custody funds or effects whose ownership is in controversy, so that nothing may be lost till the question is settled, would become a sort of footpad or burglar, carrying a judge's order of appointment like a "sand-bag" or a "jimmy" or a false key, and prowling round houses and offices in search of plunder; that an "injunction," which is intended to restrain a man from the doing of what may to some one else turn out to be an irretrievable wrong till his right to do it has been judicially ascertained, would be used as a gag or handcuff to keep honest people from crying out or resisting while thieves were rifling their safes. And yet this has come to pass in this State. If anybody doubts it, let him read the evidence taken before the Investigating Committee. Yet the miserable men who have brought it about have not run away; have not resigned; have not ceased to appear on the bench; and one of them has even put in the plea that if he did it at all he did much of it four years ago, and that that part of it ought not to affect his credit. Was ever impudence like this? Does not the very spreading of such a plea before the public, with a preface and commendation signed by two leading lawyers, give us a glimpse of depths of degradation such as civilized men have rarely looked down into?

What heightens the effect of this spectacle is that it is gravely doubted still, first, whether the committee can be got to report in favor of impeachment, and, secondly, whether the Assembly can be got to impeach, not because they think there is nothing against these judges, but because some members think that, unless you can prove that a judge sold his decision for cash down, and can trace the money into his pocket, you have nothing against him. In other words, we are almost told that, as long as a judge is successful in destroying proof of bribery in money, he may be what he pleases. This is worth notice as an illustration of the danger, in a community in which the righting of wrongs and the remedy for all abuses has after all to be sought in public opinion, of letting things get very bad before you go to work to improve them. The mere familiarity with abuses blunts the perceptions on which we have to rely for reform, and when we think the time has come to begin the good work, we find that people are in doubt whether there is really anything wrong. In other words, we find the fulcrum for our lever is gone. After having endured the spectacle of an indecent and corrupt rowdy on the bench for twelve years, we find that men have begun to believe that indecency is not punishable, and that corruption consists only in the receipt of pecuniary bribes, and that even this is not reprehensible in law, unless somebody has seen the money paid. It is this state of the public mind that is the serious feature in the present crisis. The existence of thieves and robbers and rowdies among us is nothing. They can vex a community much, but they cannot mar it. The pistol and halter can, at worst, always remedy wrongs of their making. What is gravest in our condition is the rarity of honest indignation, the sneaking dread which decent men feel of looking a scoundrel in the eye or taking him by the throat, and, worst of all, the sickly and resigned amusement with which we watch the basest and meanest men masquerading in robes of office.

THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE PRESIDENCY.

In thinking of America, it is our habit rather to look forward than to look back. Ever since the close of our almost forgotten civil war we have been so accustomed to the knowledge of our prestige and importance, that we think with some surprise of what very little consequence we were at a period easily within the memory of living men. For the first thirty years after the Revolution we were a halcyon little dominion, nestling along the rim of the great unknown continent beyond us—a cool pastoral spot upon which the eyes of tired Europeans sometimes found it pleasant to rest. From a Utopia and a theme for the poets, as we grew, we became the aversion of Europe, which knew us as hard, ugly, bald, and commonplace, but still as insignificant. Forty years have gone, and we are as great physically, and morally as influential, as any country in the world, with the prestige of a future absolutely dazzling. These Atlantic States, in Jackson's time, were nearly all there was of America; they are now, as some one has said, but the "hem on the garment of the West." As we double in extent and numbers, we multiply infinitely the requirements of civilization and our demands upon the thought and attention of our rulers. Forty years ago, the office-seekers had to take a week to get to Washington; a deputation of them can now go and return in twenty-four hours. The country is cut up with innumerable railways and telegraph lines; men all over the land are in hourly communication with each other and with the capital, and in hourly communication with all parts of the world. Our Minister at St. Petersburg, in a cipher telegram, asks for instructions in his interview with Gortchakoff on the following day. Now, to a certain extent, we have it in our power to keep pace with these enormous advances. We may multiply departments, and departments may multiply bureaus. We may make the Commissioner of Patents or the Commissioner of Internal Revenue a cabinet minister. But during all this time, in the great changes which have become necessary, and the still greater ones that will be necessary, we can have only one President, and he can be no older, no stronger, no taller, and in all likelihood no wiser than the simple potentate who ruled the little pristine republic of fifty years ago. According to Lincoln's estimate, we are to have in 1900 a population of 100,000,000. There will be more railways, more telegraphs, more cipher despatches from ministers abroad, more offices, more claims, more complaints, and in place of the fourteen investigating committees now in progress, say twice that number. During all this time we shall continue to have but one President. Of course, nobody can be altogether adequate to the position, and we must put up with the best man we can get.

While the President has much less time than formerly to spare from his imperative duties, the accidental demands upon him are infinitely greater. The day begins at the White House by his explaining to a deputation with whom he has an appointment, that it is the intention of our Government to co-operate with that of Great Britain for the suppression of piracy in the Chinese seas, and the protection of the Christian converts in Japan against the persecutions of the Mikado. A few Sioux warriors are introduced by some members of the Society of Friends. Several New York whiskey-dealers desire an interview, but yield to a deputation of gentlemen who call with reference to the insertion in the Constitution of some recognition of the existence of the Deity. Permission is asked for leave of absence for our Minister at Madrid in order that he may effect the overthrow of the Gould influence in the Erie Railway, in which worthy object it is right that the President shall be interested. The English Minister calls to announce the birth of a princess, and is succeeded by some gentlemen who urge that the Government shall demand the release of the Fenian prisoners from "British dungeons." The President must then excuse himself to confer with the Secretary of the Treasury about the abolition of the duties on tea and coffee, and to indite a message recommending better provisions for education at the South.

We have long been familiar with the fact that, in this country, any man of respectable position is supposed to be able to do anything. It would be a delicate matter to insinuate to one of our able Sanskrit or Syriac scholars that he was not the fittest person in the Union to command an expedition for the recovery of the remains of Sir John Franklin. We have applied this notion to no position in the country more constantly than to that of the Presidency. Of course, a President cannot be politician, soldier, diplomatist, and financier; but it is plain that he should, if possible, be a man of affairs. It is the experience of every man that at every stage of his existence he has always done something which he would not do had he that time to live over. A man who undertakes any task of importance, and whose previous training has not been in the same line, is apt to do a great many such things. Mr. Kramer, the Minister at Copenhagen, will not again venture to read a letter from the State Department reflecting upon a servant of another country, at a dinner-table where a minister of that country is present. Mr. Kramer's extraordiary blunder, however harmless it may prove to be, was a very bad one for an envoy to make; but it was not so bad for Mr. Kramer when we consider that that gentleman had never learned his trade, and had not been trained in any calling the habits of which would help him in such a career as diplomacy. Everybody will make mistakes, but they should be made and corrected when men are young and in unimportant positions. To a man who has been long in any line of occupation, its traditions and habits come by-and-by to be instincts. In such a man there is a professional conscience quite apart from his personal conscience. There is a doctor's conscience and a lawyer's conscience. Clerks under government get to have an official conscience, the depth of which no man unaccustomed to their habits can understand. We have known men who could comfortably break the Decalogue in half a dozen places, and yet would cover themselves with sackcloth over an error in indexing or over a red line drawn in the wrong place. And this professional conscience is of great use; other men have to think and consider, while the possessor of this faculty goes straight to the point as by instinct. It is within the power of any one of our forty million people to have a claim against the Government, and to present his claim if he can pay his way to Washington. A man trained to affairs, the moment such a question is mooted, will bring to bear upon it the conscience bred of habit, and will go straight to the truth; while another, equally able, who is possessed of no such advantage, will be compelled to grope painfully about for an *a priori* solution of a matter upon which custom alone is competent to decide. Men, as we have said, must make mistakes, but they should be made at thirty rather than at fifty. No government can afford to furnish people with practical educations as ministers or judges or generals.

The Presidency is not the proper school in which to teach a man how to transact business. No man who has not acquired a knowledge of affairs before he reaches the age at which the Presidency is usually attainable is ever likely to acquire it afterwards. A knowledge of the tricks of electioneering he may acquire, just as any man may acquire a knowledge of battalion drill; but that familiarity with the principles and machinery of government and with the vast and complex interests of a great commercial society which a President needs, can hardly be acquired in less than a lifetime. To say this is to say that there is something absurd in the plea that if a President is honest he is all right. His personal honesty is comparatively a small matter, and it daily becomes smaller if his habits, pursuits, and experience do not give him an all but intuitive knowledge of the various ways in which frauds may be perpetrated, and do not enable him to see at a glance what it is a rogue is driving at. We have got to a pass in our history at which the most honest of Presidents, if he be honest only, may be every day made the pliable and unconscious tool of knaves. Let us add, too, that no man who is not a man of affairs and of education, can retain very long in the Presidential chair in our time, let him be never so honest, a very hearty horror of knavery. The means by which knavery is disguised, the dexterity of knaves in obscuring the line at which a transaction passes from the doubtful into the thieving phase, are matters which only practical eyes can discover, and no man can ever war stoutly and persistently against what he does not see clearly, and *for* what he does not hold tenaciously. No President will ever be a real friend of civil-service reform whose resolution a Murphy or a Forney has wit enough to "sickly o'er" with doubt or hesitation.

TROCHU'S LIBEL SUIT.

PARIS, March 29, 1872.

GENERAL TROCHU, the governor of Paris during the siege, has instituted an action for libel against a daily paper called the *Figaro*. The trial began on the 27th of March, and it has assumed quite an historical character. It is held in the court of assizes of the Palais de Justice. The court is made up of five *conseillers*, as they are called, one of whom presides. Even in a case of libel there is a public prosecutor, which seems rather useless, as the counsel of General Trochu would have been sufficient, and the general interests of society are not in question. But the public prosecutor is all-powerful in the French courts. The defendants have three advocates, Lachaud, Grandperret, and Mathieu. MM. de Villemessant and Vitu, the defendants, sit on a bench before their advocates, and Trochu, with his advocate and his *avoué* (a sort of solicitor), is placed before the court. Trochu has been allowed to bring with him four stenographers. When the court has appeared, and twelve jurors have been drawn and instructed in their duties by the president, the writ of the court of the *mises en accusation* is read. This act calls Villemessant and Vitu before the court of assizes on a charge of libel, and it contains all the passages of the *Figaro* which have been found libellous. The passages are too long to be extracted in full; the general impression which the writer of the articles wished to convey was this, that Trochu, having promised to defend the Empress and her government against any revolutionary movement, entered into a plot with the radical Left of the Corps Législatif, and abandoned and betrayed the Empress on the 4th of September. You will see how far this impression is corroborated or weakened by the evidence.

The defendants were first examined. Villemessant is the editor of the *Figaro*, which is perhaps the most popular paper in Paris. It is not the most respectable, and is decidedly sensational, satirical, anecdotic, and this very often at the expense of the truth. He was, he said, at Nice when the articles against Trochu were published under the name of "The Accounts of the 4th September." He never was a Bonapartist, and was even several times prosecuted under the Empire; but he confesses that he was disgusted with the conduct of Trochu towards the Empress simply as a woman, and when he read the articles against him he drank milk (*j'ai bu du lait*)—a popular expression for the sensation of a great pleasure. There was nothing worth mentioning in the depositions of Vitu, the author of the articles, a writer in the official press of the Empire, or of Trochu. General de Palikao was the last Minister of War of the Empire. He told how he had given the command of the twelfth corps to Trochu, though he knew him to be unfriendly to the Empire. This twelfth corps was at the camp of Châlons. Trochu soon returned from Châlons with an order from the Emperor naming him Governor of Paris. Chevreau, the Minister of the Interior, asked him, in the name of the Empress, to sign the decree of the Emperor. The relations of Trochu and Palikao were bad. Trochu had brought back to Paris 12,000 Mobiles of Paris, who had a very revolutionary spirit, and who had insulted Marshal Canrobert in the camp; he had not notified the Minister of War of their return. Trochu sometimes assisted at the Cabinet Council. He once made a proclamation to the Parisians, in which he spoke much of moral force. Rouher said that moral force was good, but armed force was sometimes necessary. "What would you do, general, if there was an *émeute?*" "I would die," said Trochu, "to keep the government whole." We all thanked him, says Palikao. On the 4th of September Palikao went out, the last of the Corps Législatif. When he arrived at the Tuileries the Empress was gone. He went home, and was very much overcome, as he had just heard the news of his only son's death at Sedan. Trochu entered his room at five, and told him: "I come to take your place." Palikao did not know what was going on outside; he only understood that Trochu was at the head of a new government; and it seemed to him "more than extraordinary" that the head of this government was the man who, in the morning, was Imperial Commander of Paris.

Henri Chevreau, the last Minister of the Interior of the Empress, is still a young-looking man of forty-eight years. He received Trochu in the evening of the 17th August, who handed him the decree of the Emperor naming him Governor of Paris. Trochu insisted that the decree should appear in the next morning's *Moniteur Officiel*, without waiting for a Cabinet Council. Chevreau went with Trochu to the Tuileries at one in the morning; the Empress got up, and there was a long conversation. The Empress finally gave her consent, and the decree appeared in the morning. In the interview, Trochu had protested his devotion to the cause of the Empress. On the day of the capitulation of Sedan, Chevreau first received the news, and communicated it to the Empress, who asked him at once to convoke the council. He then went after Trochu, whom he found just alighting from his horse. I announced to him the disaster. He seemed not surprised. I added that I had left the Empress in a great agitation; that she had been wounded as a sovereign, as a wife, and as a mother. "General, go and see her." Trochu said that he was tired; he was just from the fortifications; he had not dined; he would call perhaps in the evening. He never came that evening. On the 4th of September, in the morning, the Empress and Trochu were alone together for half an hour, at eight o'clock. One of the counsel asked Chevreau if he never asked the Empress what was said in this interview. "When her Majesty came to the council," answered he, "I bent over her chair, and said simply the words: 'Eh bien, Madame?' Her Majesty lifted her eyes towards me, and made me a sign, which gave me to understand that she had little confidence in the protestations which had been made to her."

M. Magne, the Minister of Finance of the Palikao Cabinet, says he once heard the Empress say, at the council, after Trochu had expressed very gloomy views on the situation: "I will go myself to the ramparts, and I will show the Prussians how a woman can brave danger for the country." The General answered: "I have only one way to prove my devotion; it is to die for the salvation of your Majesty and of her dynasty." Trochu did not die, however, and the Empress never went to the ramparts; but such conversations give one a singular idea of the last cabinet councils of the Empire. Phraseology had taken the place of business. Trochu seems to have said many times that he was ready to die: "Je me ferai tuer" was his answer to all questions.

The deposition of M. Rouher was curious; he had evidently never much confidence in Trochu, though he had heard him express very loyal sentiments. "There had been numerous gatherings about the Corps Législatif; we asked him to take precautions in order to protect the representatives of the nation. He answered by glittering generalities. I became more pressing, and he then turned toward the Empress and said to her: 'Since an explanation is asked from a French general, I answer that *je me ferai tuer* for the Empress Regent and for her dynasty.'" Rouher also says that the Empress, at Chiselhurst, said to him, in speaking of Trochu: "I counted on him, as a few days before the 4th of September, he came to the Tuileries and told me privately: 'Madame, if your police is efficient, you must know that I am in relation with the members of the opposition. It is my duty to know the state of opinion, to feel its pulse; but your Majesty cannot doubt of my devotion. My devotion belongs to her on a triple ground. I am a soldier, a Catholic, and a Breton.' This is what her Majesty has told me in exile."

From all the evidence, it appears that Trochu accepted the command of Paris when he had no hope of defending it, the defence of the Empress when he had no sympathy for her and no belief in the continuation of the Empire. M. de Cossé-Brissac, a chamberlain of the Empress, reports that on the 7th of August he had a conversation with Trochu on the war, and with Jurien La Gravière, the admiral. Trochu was very gloomy: "I have reserved myself before posterity. I do not know what is in waiting for me. I see before me the sad images of Marshal Marmont and of General Dupont. I have recorded my predictions in my will, which is deposited with M. Ducloux, the notary. I have not made this will for my fortune, as I have only one hundred francs of revenue and eleven children." Trochu, during the siege, in one of his numerous proclamations once referred to this will. There seems to be something of illuminism in Trochu's character; he certainly, from the first day of the war, anticipated nothing but disaster; he spoke of capitulations when the idea of capitulation had not entered any French mind. But if at the very beginning of the siege he knew that there was no hope, why did he say pompously, "The Governor of Paris will never capitulate"? If he had felt nothing but enmity for the Empress, why did he always speak of dying for her?

Marshal MacMahon made a deposition which has historical importance; he completely exonerates the Emperor from any participation in the management of the war after the 16th of August, at eleven o'clock in the morning. "From that hour," said he, "I take all the responsibility on myself; and I give for this assertion my word as a gentleman and a marshal of France." Why MacMahon is so anxious to exonerate the Emperor from the responsibility of the operations which led the army from Châlons to Sedan, it is difficult to say. The responsibility of the Marshal ceased, however, at Sedan, when he was wounded and obliged to abandon the command, and the capitulation of Sedan was the work of the Emperor himself. MacMahon is not a politician; as his wife is a Castries, he has Legitimist affinities, and passes for a Legitimist; but he has certainly shown in his depositions in the Trochu trial and in the parliamentary inquest a curious anxiety to screen Napoleon III. and to make him appear as innocent as possible of the unfortunate results of the war.

General Changarnier, who is now seventy-eight years old, and who remained at Metz as a volunteer during the siege of Metz, also appeared in the Trochu trial. The *Figaro* had attributed to Changarnier this judgment of Trochu, "He is Tartufe with the helmet of Mangin" (Mangin was a famous charlatan in Paris, who used to sell pencils in the streets, attired as a Roman warrior). Changarnier, of course, refused to answer the questions of Villemessant's counsel on this point. The only deposition worthy of note after his is that of Admiral Jurien La Gravière, which proves that on the 17th of August the Empress thought of recalling the Princes of Orleans and of giving them commands in the army. The ministers all opposed the scheme. The case is not yet concluded; but, so far, the Empress is perhaps the person who comes best out of it; she seems to have been more patriotic than the men about her. The ministers were all incompetent, Palikao like the others; they lost their presence of mind; they were all in mortal fear of Trochu. As for Trochu, he did nothing; he did not plot with the Left, though he saw many members of it, especially Picard; after Sedan, the revolution, as it were, made itself; Trochu simply went to the Hôtel de Ville "pour faire le Lamartine," as he said himself, and in order to maintain the tricolor flag in the face of the enemy.

NOTES FROM BERLIN.

BERLIN, March 28, 1872.

WE have taken another step forward in the adoption of the *Kreis-Ordnung* by a vote of 257 to 61 in the House of Deputies. This was a logical sequence of the new school-law, and belongs to the system of administrative reform upon which Prince Bismarck has entered, and which will give to Prussia that moral preponderance in the affairs of Germany without which her military ascendancy would be of little avail. This new order is a blow at bureaucracy in the country districts, the stronghold of the aristocracy; and as the liberal leader, Herr Lasker, said, it will test the question whether there exists in Prussia a genuine and practical aristocracy which shall attain to power through merit and not merely by position. The strength of the majority for the bill, and the union of Liberals, Conservatives, and even some of the Centre, upon this measure, give more than the point of wit to the now current song:

"O Bismarck, wenn es dir gefällt,
So muss ja doch die ganze Welt
Nach deiner Pfeife tanzen!"

Political society in Prussia is built first of all upon the *Gemeinde*, which is a group of neighboring families associated both territorially and ecclesiastically as a parish. In the country districts, the Gemeinde commonly has a *Dorf* or village as its centre, though the two are not strictly to be identified. Above the Gemeinde is the *Kreis*, a district or county embracing several contiguous parishes, and having its capital city. Above this again is the *Bezirk*, or now, more exactly, Regierungs-Bezirk, which comprehends within its circuit several *Kreise*, and has its higher magistracy and court of appeals; and then over all—Gemeinde, Kreis, Bezirk—is the *Provinz*, with its Ober-President, who derives his authority from the crown.

Like everything in Prussia, the constitution and government of the Kreis has been so set round with local usages and traditions, or hedged about with hereditary prerogatives, that uniformity of administration was impossible; and to comprehend the laws and customs of a single Kreis, much more of a Bezirk, was a task as severe as that of codifying the acts of the New York Legislature. The Kreis has important powers and duties, both civil and military: it appoints a police, collects taxes, oversees the roads, tillage, drainage, etc., looks after the schools, and enforces the recruiting of the army. Hence its executive officers require to be men of intelligence, diligence, patriotism, and integrity. Hitherto the Landrath or Executive Council has been selected by the Government from candidates chosen by a limited number of property-owners in the district; and the tendency has been to throw this great local power into the hands of the nobility and the large landed proprietors, to the prejudice alike of the peasantry and of the small owners in the towns. The Landrath had come to be what is here called a "green-table" government, answering somewhat to an American Ring in its political exclusiveness and self-interest, though not chargeable with the financial rapacity of that peculiar republican institution.

The complications growing out of this system are so many and so serious, that a reform must be gradual in order that it may be at once safe and successful. The new bill is too long and too minute to be given here even in the form of an analysis; but its general drift is to enlarge greatly the basis of representation for the Kreistag, or district assembly, and to equalize the government more fairly between town and country and large and small owners. In a word, it will tend to develop the principle and to form the habit of local self-government, which is at once the foundation of liberty and the conservation of order in the state. The new law also makes the Kreis administration uniform in the provinces of Preussen, Brandenburg, Pommern, Posen, Schlesien, and Sachsen.

The Liberals would gladly have gone much further in the line of self-government; but they were obliged to compromise with vested interests and with the prejudices of usage and tradition. Three points, however, have been gained in the direction of popular liberty. First, by a fairer basis of representation the rights of city and country are more evenly balanced; next, by reducing the money-standard of the voter not only property-owners, but a considerable class of small traders and artisans, are admitted to the suffrage, at a low figure of rent and taxes; and thirdly, a wider selection is allowed in nominees for the high and mighty Landrath itself—the once omnipotent bureaucracy of nobles and lords of the soil. But more than all these, the workingman, the villager, the cottager, the peasant, will now feel that he is not merely a subject, but a citizen; that the state is not a power above him and foreign to him, to which he pays taxes and renders military service, but a body to which he too belongs, and to which as a member he owes a portion of his time and his personal attention, labor, and influence; and this education of the people in practical liberty will develop in Prussia a new element of political strength.

In view of these two great reforms of the session, the school-law and the

Kreis-Ordnung, I recall what a leading Liberal of Southern Germany said to me after the battle of Sadowa: "Southern Germany must gravitate to the North. As a Liberal, I rejoice in the success of Prussia. Bismarck is right—the first condition of liberty is unity, and the first condition of unity is strength." And he added with an emphasis that then surprised me, "Bismarck is at heart a Liberal; but to accomplish anything he must humor the king in his notions of divine prerogative; and so he keeps a finger over the king's eyes, and talks of making him emperor by the grace of God, while with the other hand he is opening to us the door to liberty through national unity." Already, in six years, how large a part of this prophecy has been fulfilled. The king is emperor, but Germany is one, and Prussia is setting the example of a steady and enlightened progress in popular liberty.

AUSWANDERER.

Correspondence.

THE APPOINTMENT OF JUDGES STRONG AND BRADLEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was glad to see in the *Nation* of last week the contradiction of the charge against President Grant, made by the Missouri Convention, that he had "packed the Supreme Court in the interest of wealthy corporations." Will you permit me to state the facts more particularly?

When a vacancy in the Court occurred in Johnson's Administration, a law was passed to prevent his filling it. But the Southern Circuit was left unsupplied, and by the act of April 10, 1869, by which the new provision for Circuit Judges was made, the full number of judges was restored to the Supreme Court. In December, 1869, a nomination for this vacancy was made by President Grant, which was not confirmed by the Senate. The resignation of Judge Grier in December made a second vacancy, which the President was required by law to fill. Mr. Stanton was selected and confirmed to fill this vacancy, but died on the 24th of December, 1869. Judge Strong, a man of the highest professional and personal character, who had recently left the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania with a brilliant judicial reputation, was soon selected in Mr. Stanton's place, and his nomination was only withheld because the Senate had not acted upon the other nomination before them. Judge Strong had, it is true, given an able opinion sustaining the constitutionality of the legal-tender act; but the constitutionality of that act had been upheld by the highest court of every State in the Union which had passed upon it, except Kentucky; and it would hardly be expected that the President's range of choice should be excluded from the highest courts of all the loyal States.

The Senate disposed of the nomination previously before them on the 3d of February, 1870, which was Thursday. On Monday, Feb. 10, the nominations of Judge Strong and Mr. Bradley were sent in. They had been determined on the preceding week, and actually prepared for transmission either on Saturday or early on Monday morning. The decision of the Supreme Court on the legal-tender act in Hepburn *vs.* Griswold was announced on the same day. I do not believe that the President had any knowledge of what the decision was to be. Some of the newspaper correspondents were asserting in the press up to that very morning that it was to be a decision the other way. I do know, however, that Mr. Bradley was selected on the ground of professional fitness for the position, as an eminent, sound, and able lawyer. I knew he was a Republican, and supposed, though I did not know, that he thought the legal-tender act constitutional. But I had no more reason to suppose that he was of that opinion than that Chief-Justice Chase was; or that he was any less likely to change his opinions upon the strength of new arguments. I had been told that he had advised clients to pay their old debts in specie, without regard to legal compulsion, which agreed precisely with my notions of honesty.

This is perhaps all that need be said upon the specific charge against the President. But I think justice requires something more to be said on the subject.

These judges of President Grant's selection have been long enough upon the bench to afford some opportunity for a judgment on their fitness for the office. They have been quietly, assiduously, honorably devoting themselves to the discharge of their great duties. I have not heard it suggested that either of them has been engaged in political intrigues. Is not such a charge as the Missouri meeting made an outrage and a wrong to them?

You may not value my testimony highly, but I have no hesitation in saying that, so far as I have known them, the selections for judicial office by President Grant have been made with the purpose of securing the best attainable judicial service for the people, and with the full understanding of their great and far-reaching importance. I think, as a whole, they will compare favorably with those of any of his predecessors, and that, if any mistakes have been made, he has been misled by men in whom he had the right to trust.

You still adhere to the opinion that to reopen the legal-tender question was a heavy blow at judicial independence. So it does not seem to me. I lived many years in the hope of seeing the Fugitive-Slave Law declared unconstitutional, and the Dred Scott decision reversed by the peaceful method of natural and successive changes in the composition of the Supreme Court. Questions of constitutional construction must from their nature always be open questions, and the propriety of reopening them must depend upon the amount, continuance, and weight of authority in favor of the earlier construction.

My own belief in specie payments is such that I hope the right of making anything else a legal tender will soon become and for ever continue a question of mere constitutional theory and not of practice. You may perhaps find occasion to do President Grant the further justice of calling to mind that he has steadily and persistently urged upon Congress the duty of providing for a speedy return to specie payments, and so redeeming the broken promises of the nation.

E. R. HOAR.

CONCORD, MASS., April 15, 1872.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE REDUCTION OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The continued and large reductions of the national indebtedness constitute, as is well known, one of the main arguments on which the Administration of General Grant relies for obtaining the present as well as future support of the people; and how adroitly, moreover, the facts of such reduction are being used for the purpose of creating political capital, the following recent extract from one of the leading organs of the Administration strikingly illustrates:

> "The amount of the principal of the public debt paid from the 4th of March, 1789, to the 31st December, 1843, was $299,910,528 32. The amount paid from March 1, 1869, to March 1, 1872, according to the report of Mr. Boutwell, of the principal of the public debt is $299,649,762 03, only $269,758 29 *less* than was paid by the Government, of the principal of the public debt, in *fifty-four* years after its organization. Where, in all history, is there such another fact? And with what conscious pride can any American point to this fact in the Administration of President Grant! About three hundred million dollars of debt paid in three years!"

Now, as the above statement is founded on an entire misconception of the facts of our recent financial history, and is therefore being used—in a majority of instances doubtless unintentionally—as a means of deceiving the people, we think the time has come when the real truth should be plainly stated, and a clear, straightforward answer given to the question above propounded, namely, Where, in all history, is there another such a fact as "the payment of three hundred millions of dollars of indebtedness in three years"?

To do this, it is necessary to go back in time for a period of about four years, and recall to mind that the circumstance, above all others, out of which the Democratic party attempted to make capital against the Republicans in the Presidential campaign of 1868, was the enormous expenditures of the three years immediately succeeding the termination of the war. The fact that such expenditures had been made could not be denied. The evidence stood forth in bold relief in every report emanating from the Treasury; but the charge that they were reckless, unnecessary, and discreditable was fully met and answered by Mr. Boutwell, in a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, July 21, 1868; by Edward Atkinson, Esq., in a speech before the Republican State Convention of Massachusetts, September 9, 1868; and by the then Special Commissioner of the Revenue, in a number of documents published and extensively circulated by the National Republican Committee. In all of these the proof, obtained by analyzing a large mass of Treasury statistics, though necessarily somewhat circumstantial, was nevertheless entirely conclusive, that the expenditures in question were legitimate and necessary, that the money had not been wasted, and that the debts and liabilities of the Government at the close of the war were very greatly in excess of the figures which actually appeared upon the books of the Treasury. The speech of Mr. Boutwell above referred to is so remarkable, and, owing to the present position of its author, so significant in its bearing upon what is now sought to be made a political issue, that we quote entire its most important passage—remarking at the same time, for the benefit of those interested, that the speech in full may be found in the *Congressional Globe*, 1867–8, Part V., pp. 4296–4299. He says:

> "I wish to call the attention of the House to a fact deduced by careful examination of statistics obtained from the Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury Department, showing that during the last three years we have, with our

> resources and the revenue of this country, secured a large diminution of the public debt. I confess that, after the careful examination I had made, I felt compelled to review it, and see whether there was not some mistake in the premises, or in the calculation, so astonishing is the evidence thus furnished of the ability of the people of the country to liquidate the public debt. From the 1st day of April, 1865, to the 1st of January, 1868, two years and nine months, we have paid out of the public Treasury $1,552,000,000 of money. Upon a careful analysis of the expenditures of the Government during these two years and nine months, I find that the expenses of a peace establishment, excluding interest, pensions, and bounties, upon the basis of the year 1866 and 1867, when the expenses of the Government were $70,000,000 more than they are to be the present year, amounted to $485,000,000; showing that we paid over and above those expenses $1,066,000,000. On the 1st day of April, 1865, the public debt, liquidated and ascertained, was $2,366,000,000, and the $1,066,000,000 which we paid between the 1st of April, 1865, and the 1st of January, 1868, would have been added to the public debt as proper expenses of the war, if we had not, out of the public revenue from day to day, liquidated it. In the face of this great fact, that in two years and nine months, by extraordinary taxation and extraordinary efforts to be sure, we paid $1,066,000,000 of the public debt, are we to assume that hereafter the people of this country are not annually to make considerable payments of the public debt of the country? *Almost one-third of the entire public debt of the country has been paid in two years and nine months*, and I am not willing to stand on the assumption that we shall not make large payments in each year hereafter."

But the record of this financial experience of the Government from 1865 to 1868 does not stop here. The evidence adduced by Mr. Boutwell, Mr. Atkinson, and the Special Commissioner of the Revenue was, as has been already stated, in some degree circumstantial and indirect. It was made up from an examination and comparison of the general reports and statistics of the Treasury, and lacked that full faith and credit which could only be imparted by the official certificate of the department itself, through its chief representative, the Secretary. Accordingly, in November, 1868, after the issue of the Presidential election had been established, and the matter under consideration had ceased to form a topic of political debate or popular interest, Secretary McCulloch, with a view of ascertaining the exact facts, and of leaving a true historical record of the transactions of his fiscal administration, ordered a most careful and official investigation; and in December, 1868, in connection with his annual report, presented the following statement, which no one ever has contravened, or ever can pretend to contravene. His figures were as follows:

On the 1st of April, 1865, when the war had practically terminated, the acknowledged debt was $2,336,995,077.

From April 1, 1865, to June 1, 1868, the total receipts of the Treasury from all sources of revenue were $1,662,476,062 20.

For the purpose of ascertaining how much of these receipts—mainly from taxes—were applied to the payment of debts—exclusive of interest and pensions—created by the war, the Secretary officially applied to the War and Navy Departments, and asked: "How much of your respective disbursements since the close of the war has been in payment of debts properly chargeable to the expenses of the war?" and received the following answers: By the War Department, $595,431,125; by the Navy Department, $35,000,000. "These figures show that the money expended by the War and Navy Departments, between the 1st day of April, 1865, and the 1st day of November, 1868, on claims justly chargeable to the expenses of the war, amounted to $630,431,125. To which should be added amount advanced to Pacific roads, $42,199,000; amount paid for Alaska, $7,200,000; total, $679,825,125." After giving these figures, the Secretary continues:

> "It is thus shown that, within a period of three years and seven months, $630,431,125 were paid on debts which were actually due at the close of the war and for bounties, which, like the pay of the army, were a part of the expenses of the war. Adding the amount thus paid to the debt as exhibited by the books of the Treasury on the 1st day of April, 1868, it appears that the debt of the United States at that time was $2,997,386,203, and that the actual reduction [since] has been $470,256,650; and but for the advances to the Pacific roads, and the amount paid for Alaska, would have been $519,650,650."—*Report Secretary of the Treasury, Dec.* 1868, *pp.* 19, 21.

It is simply fair to say that the discrepancy between the conclusions of Mr. Boutwell in his speech of July 21, 1868, and the exact figures of Secretary McCulloch, finds an explanation in great part in the circumstance that the former (Mr. Boutwell) included interest and pensions in his estimate of the aggregate of payments, and the latter (Secretary McCulloch) did not. If we add the aggregate of these two items, from April 1, 1865, to Nov. 1, 1868, about $550,000,000, to the aggregate of the war debt paid ($630,431,125), the total expenditure for the period of three years and seven months specified was $1,185,431,125. In view of these facts, what becomes of the claim so continually put forth in the public press, and so ostentatiously embodied in the resolutions of political conventions, that the Administration of Gen. Grant is especially entitled to the confidence and support of the country for its course in reference to the reduction of the public debt; and that its experience in respect to this matter is without a parallel in history? The figures and testimony above given demonstrate beyond a question that all such claims and averments are simply untrue; and it would further seem to stand to reason, that if the fact of having paid $299,649,762 of debt in the three years from March 1, 1869, to March 1, 1872, constitute a special debt of gratitude from the people to the existing Administration, the measure of gratitude due to Andrew Johnson's Administration, which actually reduced the national debt in three years and seven months by the sum of at least $470,236,000, ought to be on the same principle at least double.

If, however, it be said that the Johnson Administration had more to pay with than the Grant Administration, and therefore was able for such reason to make a better showing, the answer simply is, that both Administrations have had exactly what Congress permitted them to have, and each of them has used its surplus in paying the debt in the same manner. Or if it be said that taxation has been reduced to a greater extent under the Grant Administration than under that of Johnson, the averment is simply untrue; inasmuch as by far the greater proportion of the reductions of the war taxes made since 1865 was the result of legislation before Grant assumed office.

But this whole record of paying the public debt, regarded as a standard whereby the merits or demerits of any Administration are to be measured or estimated, is a mere piece of political chicanery, which, if subjected to the most superficial analysis, will fail to deceive any one. Congress, which enacts the laws regulating and fixing the taxes, is the impelling or determining power; the revenue assessors and collectors are the machinery by which the power is applied; the taxes are the "grist" or product of such force and machinery, and the Secretary of the Treasury is the chief miller or recipient. Of the whole amount of "grist," Congress first determines what part shall be used to keep the mill in motion—*i. e.*, run the Government; and over the application (disbursement) of this, the powers of every Administration are exceedingly guarded and limited. Of the disposition of the surplus product, if there be any, three courses, and three only, are left open for any Executive, or its fiscal representative, the Secretary of the Treasury: he may steal it, or allow others to do so; he may hoard it in the vaults of the Treasury; or he may use it in the liquidation of the state's indebtedness. To compliment a President or a Secretary of the Treasury for adopting any other course than the latter is, therefore, simply equivalent to saying that they are neither fools nor knaves, and that they have adopted the only method consistent with the possession of common honesty and common sense. In short, the enormous and historically unparalleled reductions of the national debt which took place during the period embraced from April, 1865, to March, 1869, and the smaller but continuous payments that have since been effected, have, when analyzed, but this one meaning and significance: *they measure and prove the enormous taxes to which the people have been willing to be subjected.*—Yours truly,

DAVID A. WELLS.

APRIL 15, 1872.

Notes.

G. P. PUTNAM & SONS have in preparation the following additions to their "Handy-Book Series": "Hints to Housekeepers"; "How to Make a Living"; "Hints on Dress for Decent Poor Folks"; and "Social Economy," by Prof. J. E. Thorold Rogers.——"A Seven Months' Run, Up, and Down, and Around the World," by the Hon. James Brooks, M.C., consisting of his letters to the New York *Express*; "A Woman's Experiences in Europe," including England, France, Germany, and Italy, by Mrs. E. D. Wallace; "How the World was Peopled," by Rev. Edward Fontaine; and a supplement to Mr. Alex. H. Stephens's "War Between the States," called "The Reviewers Reviewed," are among the announcements of D. Appleton & Co.——Scribner, Welford & Armstrong will republish the late F. D. Maurice's "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy," and Agnes Strickland's "Lives of the Last Four Princesses of the Royal House of Stuart."——M. Taine's "Notes on England" and his work "On Intelligence"; a new novel, "My Little Lady"; and Turgeneff's masterly fiction, "Smoke," will be published by Holt & Williams.

—The Council of the National Academy of Design has decided to throw open the Academy on Sundays, charging for admission the nominal fee of fifteen cents. Last Sunday the experiment was tried for the first time, and, though it had been but little, and only hastily, advertised, the attendance is said to have been quite equal to the usual attendance on week-days. Hereafter, we have no doubt, it will more than equal the week-day attendance, as there are so many mechanics, clerks, and business men who find it next to impossible to get an afternoon away from their work. If the authorities of the Mercantile Library and those of the Museum of Art would now follow the lead of Mr. Page, Mr. Ward, Mr. La Farge, Mr. Shattuck, and their associates, the cause of Sabbath-breaking in this city would receive a severe blow. But we believe the authorities of the Museum of Art have seen fit to tie their hands by accepting a gift from two gentlemen of this city, who stipulated that their money should be taken only on condition that the gallery should be kept shut on Sunday. The people's day, as the Sunday of free galleries is called in Europe, may not seem a very nice day to the few who are most capable of enjoying pictures, but it is a very nice day for the people, nevertheless, and we hope the Museum gallery may, before long, be open all days even at the cost of returning to the benefactors the conditional three thousand. The proceeds of a small fee taken at the door would soon amount to that sum, and we dare say a part of it could very readily be had from persons who think the wickedness of making Sunday into a Sabbath is quite as great as that of allowing people who otherwise would have no opportunity, to look on that day at pictures, religious and secular. Artists, considered as commercial persons even, might profitably contribute to such a refunding fund, as being men acutely interested in the elevation of the general taste of the community—a taste eminently teachable.

—Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, who when resident in New York was one of the most vigorous and effective guerillas the press of this city has ever been able to boast, is now doing battle with legions of foemen in Washington, and is sending many souls of warriors to Hades, over the copyright question. His last encounter has been with a correspondent of the *Chronicle*, who has had the audacity to sign himself "Justice," on the same principle, Mr. Bristed says, as Sheridan acted on, who, when picked up drunk in the gutter, gave his name as "Wilberforce." In this discussion, Mr. Bristed makes a happy addition to the weapons of newspaper warfare by a quotation from a sporting novel, in which the hero, Jack Spraggon, having been killed, his patron, Lord Scamperdale, lamenting over him eulogistically, winds up with the remark "that he was *such* a fine natural blackguard!"

—Another translation fund is on the carpet, this time in the field of theology. Dr. John Tulloch, Prof. Jowett, James Martineau, and seventeen more or less distinguished associates, are of opinion that it is desirable to render accessible to English readers "a foreign theological literature of a more independent character and less biassed by dogmatical prepossessions" than that heretofore reproduced (*e. g.*, in the works of Hengstenberg, Delitzsch, Keil, etc.); a literature, namely, "which is represented by such works as those of Ewald, Hupfeld, F. C. Baur, Zeller, Rothe, Keim, Schrader, Hausrath, Nöldeke, Pfleiderer, etc., in Germany, and by those of Kunen, Scholten, and others, in Holland." To this end, they solicit subscriptions and donations towards a fund which shall enable the publishers (Messrs. Williams & Norgate, London and Edinburgh) to bring out three 8vo volumes of about 400 pages annually. Each subscriber of one guinea will be entitled to the publications of the year without charge. Communications should be made to the above firm, but, for the present, remittances are not desired, as the scheme will not go forward without a guarantee of support.

—Among new English books that will interest religious readers we note these: "An Explanation of the Thirty-nine Articles" is the work of Dr. Forbes, Bishop of Brechin in the Scotch Episcopacy. Dr. Forbes is a pronounced Anglo-Catholic or Ritualist, and nowise in sympathy with those clerical doctors who would explain the Thirty-nine Articles by explaining the substance of some of them into thin air and out of sight. It is reported of his book that its author began it with some fears and misgivings, but that as he went on he found the Articles much sounder, more Scriptural, more fully in accord with the universally received opinions of the Church catholic, than he anticipated, and that in the end they received his hearty assent. The popular preacher, Stopford Brooke, whose sermons perhaps read as well as anybody's popular sermons, publishes another volume of them with the title "Christ in Modern Life." Another Episcopal clergyman, but one whose views are not at all Mr. Brooke's, has written a book entitled "Notitia Eucharistica," being moved thereto by the recent judgment of the Privy Council. Mr. W. E. Scudamore is the author in question, and his "Notitia" is an endeavor to show how the Lord's Supper should be administered, and that when rightly administered the administration would not be approved by the Privy Council. The volume is nine hundred pages long, and summarizes Eastern and Western service books and other authorities—which the Privy Council might probably regard as embodying the traditions of rather ignorant churches now happily reformed. "Reasons for Rejecting Mr. Ffoulkes's Theory as to the Age and Author of the Athanasian Creed" is the title of a work of which we know only the title, and that Mr. C. A. Heurtley is its author, while of Dr. Irons's "Athanasius contra Mundum" we may be sure that it is an acute and learned, whether or not wise, defence of the creed. This same creed is a topic which is getting a good deal of discussion just now in English religious circles, because everybody suspects everybody else of greatly doubting about some important parts of it, as, for example, the part which says that without any doubt, unless a man believes in the other parts of it, he shall be eternally damned; but a topic which will be of more interest to readers in America, where, outside of the British Possessions, Protestants have no Athanasian Creed, is the one discussed by "A Graduate" in "An Enquiry into the Times and the Gospel of the Apostle to the Gentiles." Widely interesting, too, may very likely be Mr. Matthew Arnold's newest volume, not yet out, but announced as "A Bible Reading for Schools." On this side of the Atlantic the quarrel about Bible-reading in schools is between Protestants and Roman Catholics on the one hand, and Infidels on the other, and it appears to be irreconcilable; but probably in England this particular part of the educational quarrel may be more easily handled. Mr. Arnold is a practical teacher, and perhaps he may have found out a path in which the Secularist and the advocate of public Bible-reading by the children may walk together amicably, though such an event is to be wished for rather than expected with sanguine hope. The quarrel is everywhere a very bitter one, though the matter may be said to be so very small; in our experience, at all events, we have found that practically no one need object greatly to the reading except those persons who reverence the Bible too much to see it carelessly used, as it often is when its words are heedlessly gabbled by pupils whose heads are at the moment full of nonsense or of sums in arithmetic. We must not forget to mention the Duke of Somerset's "Christian Theology and Modern Scepticism." Disraeli's "Lothair" was called "a very duchessy book" on account of the number of exalted creatures who figure in it, and something in the same way this may be called a very ducal or duky book, some of its views indicating an assured social position quite as well as they show fitness for religious controversy. "Why am I a Presbyterian?" is the title of a lecture by Mr. D. Ross. Dr. Döllinger's "Lectures on the Reunion of Christendom" are to be published in English by the Rivingtons. Macmillan & Co. will publish still another essay on the authorship and historical character of St. John's Gospel. The fallacies of Darwinism are to be attacked by C. R. Bree, M.D.; and Blackwood and Mr. John Murray respectively announce two works which will belong partly to history and partly to religion—namely, Mr. John Tulloch's "Rise of a Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century," and Mr. W. H. Jervis's "History of the Church of France."

—Those who think that it is on the whole a dark day for a man of imagination when the German professor gets at him with his spectacles, will be glad that one great Turner at least is safely removed from the influence of Dr. Liebreich. We refer to the picture of the "Slaver," bought of Mr. Ruskin by Mr. Blodgett, of this city, and transferred to the gallery of Mr. John Taylor Johnston. It was painted in 1840, a good ten years after the optical change which yields Dr. Liebreich his triumph is said to have occurred. It is dishevelled enough to lift the hair of an imperfectly initiated disciple. As a diapason of color, it has the fulness of the artist's "Fighting Téméraire," or of the hues in a pearl-shell. As a work of fiction holding any kind of *rapport* with natural appearances, its place is hard to fix. The aqueous part has a distinct endeavor at and recognition of quality; it is transparent, penetrable, and profound, with passages of absolutely inspired color; but the firmamental part is one of Turner's frank confessions that sky-quality is a matter that escapes him; he confines himself in it to his admirable diagram-sketching of clouds in agitation and columns of driving mist ("Typhoon coming on," as his title had it), and completely releases his attention from the properties of depth and atmosphere which are the crucial endeavor of all other landscapists. The upper part of the painting therefore assaults the eye with the crude frankness of a map—is, in fact, very similar to one of the modelled maps prepared for the blind—while the lower part has another class of excellences, as a veritable picture. On the whole, we believe the spectator will gain more from it by trying to admire it than by delivering himself up to his analytical mood. As an "astigmatized" Turner, we exult in its having got three thousand miles away from Liebreich.

—A private letter from Paris thus speaks of the exhibition at Goupil's Rooms, Rue Chaptal, of the pictures painted and given by French artists for the relief of the sufferers by the Chicago fire: "The exhibition, I am happy to say, is a complete success. There is only one voice on the subject. Americans, Englishmen, and Frenchmen unite in their praises. The truth is that the *ensemble* is most attractive, giving a really interesting idea of the French school. It would be difficult to form such a complete collection again. Everybody goes to see the exhibition. Among the late visitors may be mentioned the Count and Countess of Paris, who came to the gallery in company with the Duc de Montpensier and his sister the Princess Clementine." A great many have suggested that this collection should not be dispersed, but should be kept together. If Chicago had a public gallery, the city might buy it, or somebody might buy it for her; or, some of our rich merchants might buy the whole and place it in a special room as a remembrance of the good feeling between the two countries. This idea of keeping the collection together for one purpose or another is, however, a mere suggestion. The committee have the whole matter in their hands, and they will no doubt act in the way best calculated to carry out the object in view. As a testimonial of their sympathy with the Chicago sufferers, Messrs. Goupil have added to the collection a picture by Horace Vernet, "Walter Scott and Allan McAulay." It was painted for the Duke of Orleans in 1823, and was placed in the Duke's collection at that time; but King Louis Philippe liked it so much that after the Duke's death he had it hung in his own study at Neuilly, where it was in 1848. The palace at Neuilly was burned down during the Revolution, and that part which was saved contained the picture in question. It is supposed that some Communist of the time *saved* it; at any rate, it was considered lost, till about twenty-three years later it turned up in a public sale at the Hôtel Drouot, where Goupil & Co. bought it, not knowing its origin or its history. When, a few days ago, the Orleans princes, as above stated, came to see the Chicago collection, the Duc de Montpensier exclaimed: "Why, here is our dear father's own picture!" The surprise may be imagined. M. Goupil at once offered to return the picture to the princes as their property, but after a short consultation they decided to leave it in the collection, adding that, not only had they no right to it, but they were most happy to let the Americans have a picture which their father, the King, had so much affection for. The collection is now on its way to this country, having been shipped from Havre on the 28th of March. From what we hear, and from the photographs of many of the pictures which have been shown us, we cannot doubt that the gift made by the French artists to the sufferers by the great fire has seldom been equalled in delicacy and generosity. It is perhaps unjust, where all have done excellently, to mention one name more than another, and if we speak of Meissonnier's contribution, it is only because we are able to judge better of it than of some of the others by the photograph which has been shown us. It is a water-color drawing, and in the artist's best manner. It would no doubt fetch a large sum if offered for sale in Paris. But, indeed, there seems to have been an honorable competition among these gentlemen to see which should be foremost in good-will. Many of the pictures have written on them, in English that comes rather from the heart than from the grammar, quaint little messages—mute hand-shakes and embraces from over-seas.

—*L'Année Géographique*, we are glad to say, was not extinguished by the war, but merely retarded. The ninth volume may now be had of Mr. Christern, embracing the two years 1870–71. It would be well if this invaluable series were found among the books of reference of every school of the higher grade in this country. Two works on the late war will command attention: Gen. Vinoy's "Campagne de 1870–71, Siége de Paris," giving an account of the operations of the Thirteenth Corps and Third Army; and Vice-Admiral De la Roncière's "La Marine au Siége de Paris." M. Littré's "Médecine et Médecins" is a Positivist potpourri relating for the most part to works published by physicians, and treating such topics as great epidemics, table-tipping, Socrates and Pascal (mental pathology), hygiene, gunshot wounds, the nervous system, inheritance, political suicide, toxicology in history and the death of Alexander, Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Granada. Champfleury's "Histoire de la Caricature au Moyen Age" is the middle term between his histories of caricature in ancient and modern times already published. Notwithstanding a common opinion that drunkenness scarcely exists in wine-growing countries, M. Charles Muteau implies its existence by asking whether it ought to be punished ("L'Ivresse doit-elle être punie?"), and decides in the affirmative. Eugène Rendu, Inspector-General of Public Instruction, advocates compulsory education in a pamphlet, "L'Obligation légale de l'Enseignement," while M. Charles Clair takes the other side, which is the more agreeable to the clerical party ("Six mois d'Instruction obligatoire en France"). M. J. Rambosson attempts to glean something in the field which Rousseau planted, reaped, and garnered more than a century ago: "L'Education Maternelle, d'après les Indications de la Nature."

—R. von Decker, Berlin, will publish in the course of the spring a work which will serve the Döllinger party as a thesaurus against the doctrine of Papal infallibility. It is a digest of Papal bulls, rescripts, etc., during the Middle Ages, by Dr. Augustus Potthast, a scholar who is distinguished for his critical learning in that period of history, and whose "Bibliotheca Historica Medii Ævi"—a guide to the sources of mediæval European history from 375–1500—has just passed to a second edition. The title of this new work is "Regesta Pontificum Romanorum ab Innocentio III. (1198) ad Benedictum XI. (1304)." It contains an abstract of more than 25,000 official Papal utterances, arranged in chronological order, and so thoroughly and skilfully has the author accomplished this great task that the Berlin Academy of Science has awarded him the double-prize of 200 ducats. It should be brought within easy reach of American students through the public libraries. It brings the Popes into court as witnesses to their own contradictions and errors.

THE NORTH AMERICAN FOR APRIL.

THE *North American's* own select circle of subscribers will be more pleased than the public at large with this solid April number, which is made up of three very good articles, and one good and very long article, together with a dozen or so of book-notices. These latter, without being extraordinarily excellent for the *North American*, would be extraordinarily excellent for almost any other of our publications, and though it is still the *North American's* own loyal subscriber whom the book-reviewers keep in mind, the general reader will find in the critical notices some food grateful to his variety-craving appetite. To be attracted to the main body of the *Review* he should be a general reader who enjoys the vivisection of philologists by Professor W. D. Whitney; or the explication of Communist theories by a commentator who has full knowledge of the International Association; or *résumés* of the diplomatic career of Count Benedetti; or a discussion of the law of maritime warfare as it affects belligerents. Yet we do not know why this last-mentioned essay should not interest and instruct a good many thousands of us. All editors, surely, all prospective Congressmen, all future Presidents, and all Secretaries of State, prospective or present, may thankfully study it, and clear their minds of cant and inform them with knowledge. It is by Professor John Norton Pomeroy, a writer of admirable clear-headedness and hard-headedness, refreshingly intolerant of nonsense, and capable of a degree of plain speaking and exact statement which it will do everybody good to find. Just at present, too, there ought to be a singular number of readers for Mr. Pomeroy, all of us being fresh from the agreeable discovery that for want of a little juristic learning and a little sound judgment in our Department of State, and in consequence of an exaggerated sentimentalism, we have been made ridiculous in the eyes of all the world.

"Down to the year 1861," says Mr. Pomeroy, "it was our traditional policy to uphold and maintain neutral rights; all the world looked to us as the champions of these rights; and ere long, when the Government falls once more into the hands of statesmen, this policy will be revived." But it was only so long ago as the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war that Secretary Fish wrote to the Prussian Chancellor congratulating him on the humane policy of his royal master in exempting from capture all French property afloat, except contraband of war, and reminding him that Prussia and America first of all states committed themselves to this philanthropic measure. So they did, but not the less must the Herr von Bismarck have been amused by this despatch. We did commit ourselves to this measure in a treaty negotiated with Frederic the Great, in 1785, by our doctrinaire and philosophe envoy, Benjamin Franklin, who, however, at the same time, negotiated treaties with other powers with whom there was some likelihood of our coming in contact, in which he made no mention of any such pleasant doctrine. And this because, for one reason, he was a man of sense, and knew that a treaty of the kind between two countries, one of which would never fight on sea and the other of which would never fight on European soil, was a different thing from a treaty with France or Great Britain; and for another reason, because he was the envoy of a nation which has sense, and which, when it really had to go to war, went in Sherman's and Sheridan's fashion, and not in Dr. Lieber's or Doctor Bluntschli's, and levied, burnt, and confiscated right and left, seizing or destroying impartially and thoroughly whenever and wherever necessary. Mr. Pomeroy exposes very effectually the assumption that there is a rule of international law which prohibits the destruction of the private property of the belligerent's citizens on land, and by equitable extension of which such property should be spared when it is found at sea. "There is in fact," he declares, "no such rule, no such principle, no such doctrine, no such practice." Philosophers, in mistaken humanitarianism, have elaborated such a proposed rule, but nations struggling with each other have never regarded it—have always disregarded it, except now and again on paper, and then for the most part in cases where they might assert it with all the safety in the world, knowing it could never affect them in action. Incidentally, he has some remarks to make about the New York Chamber of Commerce which will not gratify that body of gentlemen, and he also pays his respects briefly, but in an engaging manner, to Napoleon I., Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Monroe, Doctor Bluntschli, M. Chateaubriand, Signor Galiani, Mr. Fish, and other publicists and public men. As a specimen of the way in which he expresses his sentiments, the following passage may serve. It relates to the above-mentioned despatch from Mr. Fish to Count Bismarck: "This spectacle provokes at once derision and disgust—contempt for the thin, make-believe character of the transaction, disgust for its glaring hypocrisy. Our public acts belie our public professions, while our professions cast a slur upon our acts." It is right to say that this passage is immediately preceded by the cited opinion of Mr. Justice Strong, of the Supreme Court, in which, without the least limiting clause, that judge affirmed the validity of our severe and thorough confiscation policy during the war. But, even so, a milder term than hypocrisy might perhaps fit the facts rather better.

Professor Whitney's subject of discourse is the philological cloud-blowing of Professor Steinthal, a man who seems to us as here presented about as reasonable, essentially considered, as the judicious Stephen Pearl Andrews. We speak of his theory of the genesis of language, his scholarship of course being another matter. "In our view," Mr. Whitney remarks at the close of his essay in speaking of Steinthal and men of like views, "their profundity is merely subjective, and their whole system is destined to be swept away and succeeded by the scientific, the inductive. This alone is in unison with the best tendency of modern thought; this alone can bring the science of language into harmony with the other branches of knowledge respecting man, his endowments and history." It will be seen that this is very decidedly the strictly scientific view as opposed to views which Mr. Whitney christens *aprioristic*—a dreadful word, to our mind, or ear rather, and one for which Mr. Whitney owes his readers at least one more essay as good as this one. Mr. Pomeroy, too, we notice, indulges himself in the use of a term needlessly uncouth, making the substantive "enemy" do duty for an adjective—as "enemy ship," "enemy goods."

Professor C. K. Adams, writing *apropos* of Count Benedetti's recent attempt at vindicating his diplomatic character and career, takes occasion to investigate the conduct of the French and Prussian cabinets during the four years between Sadowa and Sedan, and arrives at the conclusion that Benedetti shows the French Emperor to have been both as knavish and as imbecile as his severest critics have asserted. We should say that Professor Adams is speaking, we do not say without book, but without anything like sufficiently plain proof, when he takes it for true that in 1866 France could by a single word have prevented the Prusso-Italian alliance. The wisdom of that alliance would seem to have been fully justified by the event, and it will hardly do to assume that General Govone and Victor Emanuel's other counsellors were not the men to see exactly where their country's interest lay. Otherwise, the essay seems to us satisfactory, and no doubt it will be found useful as an aid to the understanding of this remarkable period, full as it was of transactions which, taken together with our own war, and the Italian struggle in state and in church, have made this decade which we have just lived through a period of immense historical interest. It is for other generations to pass the final verdict and perceive clearly, looking back at us and our doings, what were our really significant and pregnant achievements; but as history has been written by our ancestors and ourselves, the decade of the American Rebellion, the Italian unity, the Austrian downfall and recovery, the Germanic supremacy in Europe, the Papal infallibility, the advent of the Commune, will long seem to our posterity a tremendous epoch.

In Mr. Gryzanowski's very long article, which, fortunately, it is for Europeans rather than Americans to study with anxiety, there is a very full account of the rise and progress and aims of the "International"—a word of fear to the Parisian and the Londoner, but in New York associated most closely with Woodhull and Claflin, who, we believe, are members of a chapter. The book-notices are of some popular books, and a larger number of books more substantial than popular. Mr. Clarence King's recent work, Holland's "Recollections," Forster's "Dickens," and Howells's "Wedding Journey," represent the former; and Professor Jevons's "Political Economy," Seeley's "Livy," and Thomas's "Biographical Dictionary," the latter class. The reviewer of Sir Henry Holland's "Recollections" will have done his other readers an appreciable service if he sends them all as he sent us to an article in the last London *Quarterly*, which agreeably supplements Sir Henry's tantalizing book by giving us some of that gossip about people in society which is one of the disowned delights of the immortal mind, and of which Sir Henry, though he knows so much, tells us nothing. He will be inordinately regretted when he dies. The *Quarterly* writer has probably been for half a century constantly hearing and telling little stories about the great, and in his desultory, rambling essay he gives to the public some anecdotes which probably he has many times told and heard told in clubs and in country-house breakfast-rooms. Some of his chat is new and some of it is ancient, but he makes a readable essay with a pleasant old-time flavor; and if any of the *North American's* readers discover in themselves just the least inclination in the world to feel somewhat fatigued when they have got through the "International Association" and on towards the end of Mr. St. George Mivart's reply to Mr. Chauncey Wright, which closes the *Review* for this quarter, they might do worse than turn to the *Quarterly*. Mr. Mivart's letter, by the bye, is very like typical polemics; the writer is trembling and aching with courtesy and with desires to be civil to his opponent, and obviously does not thirst for that gentleman's heart's blood. One of the *Quarterly's* anecdotes is of Sir Charles Napier, who travelled, the story goes, by way of Egypt from London to Calcutta, and on arriving at the latter city was informed by his host, Lord Dalhousie, that there would be time for a bath before dinner. To this Sir Charles replied that he had washed himself at Alexandria. Another is of Rogers, and is characteristically sweet-tempered: Lady Davy complained to him that he had been abusing her; to this he responded kindly, denying the charge: "Lady Davy, I pass my life in defending you." Lady Davy was unwilling to marry Sir Humphrey, our author informs us, because he was plain Mr. Davy, and some of her friends procured for him, without his knowledge, the honor of knighthood, Sir Humphrey having the impression that George the Fourth was distinguishing science in his person when the honor was conferred. Thus the chronicler runs on, seeming to have an old bachelor's dislike for various ladies and his liking for various others. Lady Holland, wife of Lord Holland, is one of his aversions; but he is most nearly malicious when he suggests that Sir Henry Holland refused his baronetcy and remained plain Dr. Holland till after Lady Holland's death, because that imperious personage declared that if the doctor, by accepting it, brought another Lady Holland into the field, he should never cross the threshold of Holland House again.

CHARACTER.*

"CHARACTER is one of the greatest motive powers in the world. In its noblest embodiments it exemplifies human nature in its highest forms, for it exhibits man at his best. Men of genuine excellence in every station of life—men of industry, of integrity, of high principle, of sterling honesty of purpose—command the spontaneous homage of mankind. It is natural to believe in such men, to have confidence in them, and to imitate them. All that is good in the world is upheld by them, and without their presence in it the world would not be worth living in. Although genius always commands admiration, character most secures respect. The former is now the product of brain power, the latter of heart power, and in the long run it is the heart that rules in life. Men of genius stand to society in the relation of its intellect as men of character of its conscience; and while the former are admired, the latter are followed."

These opening sentences of Mr. Smiles's book naturally raise in the mind of the critic the oft-mooted but still unsettled question as to how much of a book it is his duty to read before writing about it. The first chapter of the volume reveals the character of the whole, and shows that the work consists of a series of didactic reflections such as we have just quoted, interspersed with illustrative anecdotes. It is a book which might be reconstructed from the initial chapter, by a critic of no very extraordinary powers. Under these circumstances, is it the duty of the critic to read the whole? It may be said, in answer to the argument we have just hinted, that, although the general nature of a book may be sometimes easily inferred from the opening pages, it is still unfair to the author to act upon this supposition, because no one can tell beforehand that somewhere in the eleventh chapter he may not have tucked away a really original and valuable remark which the world has been waiting for for eighteen hundred years; but, on the other hand, the affairs of this world are very much governed by presumptions, and we act in a majority of cases not according to what may possibly be the case, but according to what, from antecedent probabilities, we presume will be the case. And this must always be so where the opposite course would involve a too great sacrifice of time. Whenever we take a step, we do not consider it necessary to calculate the mechanical resultant of the forces we set in motion because there is a bare possibility of our losing our balance and falling. There is undoubtedly such a possibility, but there is also a very ancient and settled presumption the other way. And so of books, it may be said that, when passages selected at random from a book raise a strong presumption as to its character, that presumption may fairly be acted on.

Nevertheless, giving Mr. Smiles the benefit of the doubt which he probably entertains on this point, we have carefully and conscientiously read every line of his work on character, and it is only fair to say that, although our opinion of the book has not been changed at all—it is in every respect essentially commonplace—our feelings about it have been decidedly modified. It is impossible not to feel considerable gratitude for a man who brings together within the compass of a book such a number of interesting, encouraging, and inspiriting stories of people, some of them new, some of them old, almost all of them good.†

Mr. Smiles's moral reflections, as we have said, are very commonplace. Indeed, some of them are worse than commonplace. To tell the young, or for that matter the old, that "men of genuine excellence command the spontaneous homage of mankind," that it is "natural to imitate" such men; that "in the long run it is the heart that rules in life," and that "while men of genius are admired, men of character are followed," is, in the first place, to say what is, as a matter of fact, often glaringly untrue; and is in the second place to set up as a test of morality the unworthy and immoral criterion of success. It seems singular that we should find the biographer of the Stephensons, whose reading must have made him familiar with the sad lives of at least one class of men of character, repeating the stale and selfish maxims of a morality invented by priests in an age of darkness and superstition. The great men of the world have not kept alive the sacred flame with such wretched fuel as this. This view of the subject ignores, too, one of the most perplexing problems which beset men of character, and indeed all the world. There are always two moral codes in existence—one, the customary code, adopted by common consent as the standard of right and wrong—another, the ideal one, not recognized by the world at large, but adopted here and there by a single individual, and followed by him through doubt, danger, distress; it may be to success and honor, it may be to obscurity, disgrace, or death. The relation between these two codes always remains the same; the performance of the duties prescribed by one secures what is commonly known as respectability. The rewards of the other are of a different kind. The great men of character—at any rate, those whose lives the world knows anything about—have always spurned the customary code, and adopted the higher rule of life, and it is mainly by the example of their lofty morality that their weak and erring successors on the earth are kept from the servitude of appetite and passion. The two codes often come into direct conflict, and, when they do, the question has always to be settled for each individual whether the higher or the lower good should be preferred; and, indeed, which is, in his case, the higher and which the lower good. He finds two standards of right and wrong, the worldly and the unworldly, before him, and he must choose between them. This truth is so patent that examples are almost superfluous, but, if any are needed, the recent history of this country can easily furnish them. How many slaveholders before the war there were whose minds were tortured with the conflicting claims of the social code which permitted and encouraged slavery, and the claims of the code of principle. And those slaveholders' ancestors had gone through the same struggle between the traditional duty of loyalty and that of patriotism. Every one knows the touching story of the young man who was told by Christ to abandon all and follow him. The conflict is revived in every generation, and will last as long as the conscience of man. Those who undertake to teach the world about its great men cannot ignore it.

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* "Character." By Samuel Smiles, author of "Self-Help," "Life of the Stephensons," "The Huguenots," etc., and editor of "Round the World." New York: Harper & Bros. 1872. 12mo.

† In gratitude for the pleasure of these anecdotes, rather than any from doubt of Mr

But these objections we make rather to isolated passages in Mr. Smiles's book than to its general tone, and it should, no doubt, be regarded rather as a collection of inspiring anecdotes than as an original work.

Les Merveilles de l'Exposition Universelle de 1867. Par Jules Mesnard. Texte par F. Aubert. (New York: F. W. Christern.)—This work, of some value in the history of the art-manufacture of the present day, has been brought to a close by the publication of the last number. It makes two large quarto volumes, which, however, can be conveniently bound in one, and it contains a great number of excellent woodcuts, from which, without the aid of the text, we are enabled to get a sufficiently clear idea of the present condition of the art-manufacture of France, and some notion of what is being done in certain fields of art-manufacture in England and Austria. In the matters of furniture, jewellery and silverware, and porcelain, this record of the picked work of the best workmen of our time in these countries—of France, we might more justly say, because the illustrations are for the most part of French subjects—is far from encouraging. Copying is done to perfection. Imitation is carried to the point of deception Borrowing is the rule. Originality, on the other hand, is rare, or else those who strive for it have either so small or so restricted a clientage that it has not been thought worth while, either in this publication or others like it, to take any note of them or their productions. There are a few firms and single manufacturers in England and France—Morris, Marshall & Co., in London, Henri Deck, the designer and manufacturer of *faïence*, in Paris, to name only two—who belong to this category; but either their productions are too high-priced, or the excellence and beauty of them make them caviare to the general, for they are seldom heard of in the market-place. Still, we do not complain that a work like this of M. Mesnard passes by the exceptional art-manufactures of the day, and dwells at length on the popular productions. We get from these two volumes the knowledge that there exists an immense activity in this sort of manufacture, a great deal of technical skill, considerable taste in selecting what to copy, and much ingenuity in adapting old forms to new uses. And we get also the knowledge that there is very little popular demand for anything that calls for other faculties than these for its creation. Still, it is evident that the excellence of many of the forms and decorative features chosen to be copied, and the refusal of a few men of talent and artistic feeling to work to suit the market, have brought it about that the furniture, and porcelain, and textile fabrics, and wall-papers that are popular to-day, are, on the whole, very much better than such things were fifty years ago; though, within a hundred years, the decline, not only in excellence of design, but in thoroughness of execution, is very marked. The author of the text of this work is a thorough Frenchman in bragging about his native country and talking contemptuously of other people's; or, if others happen to do anything good, in attributing it to the fact that they have had France at hand to show them how. If, however, the engravings of the things sent to the Exhibition by Englishmen could be fairly thought to represent the state of art-manufacture in England, the claim of French superiority in this field would need no bragging to support it. The English original work, as shown in these volumes, is heavy in general design and clumsy in detail, and looks as if it were coarse in execution. We cannot, however, accept these specimens as representing the condition of art-manufacture in England as a whole. In some things—in textile fabrics and carpets, for instance—the English are quite equal to their neighbors. Very likely M. Aubert would resent our saying—what, nevertheless, we believe to be true—that the English arts have been as much marred as made by the French influence that has so long controlled them. English work is almost as devoid of a healthy nationality as it is of originality and taste.

One of the most useful services rendered by this work is the notion it gives us of the condition of wood-engraving in France, by means of examples drawn from many important publications of the day, by Mame of Tours, and by Hachette, Renouard, Morel, Germer-Baillière, and Didot, of Paris. There are also many cuts from Charles Blanc's "Histoire des Peintres," the *Magazin Pittoresque*, the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, and other serial publications, in which France surpasses all the rest of the world. But the superiority of the French in the art of wood-engraving is too evident to need proving, and M. Mesnard might have been content for that matter to refer doubters to the woodcuts with which he has illustrated his attractive volumes.

The Subterranean World. By Dr. George Hartwig, author of "The Sea and its Living Wonders, etc., etc." (New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 1871.)—This is one of the most recent and attractive of the long series of illustrated scientific works which have been within the last few years issued from the French and German press; such as the various books compiled by Figuier; "Subterranean Life," by Simonin; "The Earth," by Elisée Reclus; "The Heavens," by Guillemin; "The Sea and its Living Wonders," "The Tropical World," "The Polar World," "The Harmonies of Nature," etc., by George Hartwig. This catalogue might be much extended, as some of the most luxuriously embellished books of the series have not been mentioned. The number, indeed, is so great as to form a conspicuous element in modern literature, and cannot be regarded otherwise than as one of the results of the great fermentation which has for some years been taking place in public sentiment with respect to educational matters. We everywhere see evidences that the great material progress of modern times has given us a new world, in which the inhabitants require a totally different education from that which sufficed for the wants of society a hundred years ago; when the old monkish cloud still shrouded the world of intellect; and when a severe and dogmatic theology, metaphysics, and classics gave the discipline and furnished the acquirements which went to make up a liberal education. With the progressive development of the material world as practice, and the growth and multiplication of the physical sciences as theory, the industries, formerly the scorn of the humanities, gradually grew in importance until they have now come to occupy the larger share of the thought and respect of men, and are crowding their aristocratic neighbors to the wall.

In the catalogue of illustrated books on science to which reference has been made, we have manifestations of a strong but still undisciplined public taste—strong because it is willing to pay large prices for numerous beautifully illustrated and expensive books; crude, for most of these books are filled with wonders, and convey little accurate and systematic knowledge. They are, however, unquestionably doing a good work, and deserve better treatment than they have received at the hands of critics. They are gradually improving, too, and each succeeding decade and even year shows a marked change for the better in their scientific character. Some of the more

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Smiles's general accuracy, we are tempted to call his attention to a curious mistake in the quotation from Lovelace's lines to Lucasta (on p. 197). The lines, as given here, are:

"I could love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more"

—a version which might do very well, if sung with the proper expression, for the refrain of a comic military song, but as it stands hardly illustrates the old English idea of the sacrifice of love to duty, as Mr. Smiles would have it do.

recent of the series are very admirable, teaching only true science, seizing its bold and salient points of interest, captivating and really educating without misleading. In this list we must include "Subterranean Life," "The Heavens," "The Earth," and the book before us. None of these are perfect, however, even of their kind—and, indeed, what is? They are written rather by bookmakers than scientific investigators, and so want thoroughness, symmetry, and accuracy. When in every department of science we shall have men who, like Tyndall, are thorough masters of their subjects, and peculiarly gifted as teachers and writers, we shall have science popularized as it ought to be.

Hartwig's "Subterranean World" covers a great deal of scientific ground, and must necessarily be somewhat superficial; still, on the whole, it covers it well. The first half of the book is devoted to a description of the wonders of geology, under the captions of geological revolutions, fossils, subterranean heat, subterranean upheavals and depressions, artesian wells, volcanoes, gas springs, earthquakes, land-slips, caves, including rock temples, ice caves, catacombs, bone caves, cave dwellings, and tunnels. The last half is devoted to economic geology, in chapters on mines in general, mineral veins, gold, silver, copper, tin, iron, coal, petroleum, salt, sulphur, amber, gems, etc. In these different chapters is contained a large amount of useful and interesting material, and while this cannot be accepted as an altogether satisfactory treatise on either structural or economic geology, there are few geologists who will not find in it new and striking facts, which are *real* facts and not fallacies; and if they complain that they are heterogeneous in their gathering and presentation, they can rearrange them to suit themselves.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1872.

The Week.

THE Presidential canvass promises to be one of extraordinary bitterness, and of all but unprecedented "personality." Indeed, we doubt whether so fair a prospect has ever in the history of the press opened itself before the newspaper ruffians. A column or two of vituperation, spiced with inuendoes, "charges," and bad names will probably bring them more in dollars and cents, and procure them more caresses at the hands of heroes and statesmen during the next six months than ever before. There is nothing more comical about these ruffians than the pretence they occasionally make that they do not like their business, and the wishes they ejaculate that somebody had not begun "the personalities" and that they were not necessary—the fact being that abuse is the sole intellectual effort of which they are capable, and that there is nothing they enjoy so much. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of the *Tribune*, has propounded recently, in a lecture on "Journalism," the theory that the New York press is better now than it was last year or the year before, and goes on improving. We wish we could agree with him. We shall probably see nothing in the coming canvass so foolishly brutal as Brick Pomeroy's *Democrat* was in 1868; but we are pretty sure we shall see far worse behavior on the part of papers making what the *Democrat* never made, pretensions to respectability. One curious enquiry the ruffians occasionally set on foot with an air of interest is, "who began the personalities?" The answer to this is, that the first ruffian began them, and a catena of ruffians has been keeping them up "down the ages" ever since. The "personalities" of our time, however, differ from those of most preceding ages in that, instead of being preliminaries to physical encounters on the part of excited and earnest combatants, they are supplied to order by mercenaries who care little or nothing about the quarrel, or are only interested in it as they are interested in the price of mutton, and who, if you showed them their compositions in a private room among respectable men, would look quite sheepish and ashamed, and show no disposition in the world to stand by their epithets.

The Cincinnati movement has gathered headway with such great rapidity that the notion of making it an advisory or protesting body, a mass-meeting subsidiary to the convention at Philadelphia, has now wholly disappeared, and for a week past its probable candidates have been the subject of most of the talk. One of its probable candidates has also been the subject of a great deal of silence—in certain quarters. It is a rather significant fact that the Administration Organ in this city has never heard that there is such a person in the field as Mr. Charles Francis Adams, and is quite dumb as to the dangers in which that gentleman's election to the Presidency would involve the country. It knows the disasters which would fall upon Mr. D. A. Wells if Mr. Greeley is nominated; it knows whether it was in Memphis or Arkansas that Mr. Greeley "shook hands with Jefferson Davis"; it knows in what year it was that the *Tribune* "called Mr. Fessenden a traitor," and who it was that called Mr. Schurz "a Dutch viper," and when it was that "Schurz struck for higher wages." But these weighty and intrinsically important matters have occupied so much of its valuable time that to the political possibility most threatening to its faction it has been blind with the blindness of the ostrich. So far as we can judge from the newspapers, Democratic, Republican, and Independent, Mr. Adams is a very popular candidate before the people. Whether his popularity with the managers of the new movement is equal to the popular belief in his availability and fitness for the office is a question which time must answer. The West will be strong in the convention; and so far as anything like "organization" has shown itself, Governor Brown's friends and Senator Trumbull's have made more show of it than any other Republicans. We see that a formidable ticket bearing the names of Mr. Adams and Governor Cox is going the rounds of the papers. If neither the Democracy nor the rabble rout of the Republicans capture the Convention, and these gentlemen are indeed its nominees, whoever beats them has his work cut out for him.

The friends of the Administration held their meeting on Wednesday of last week, in reply to the demonstration of the Liberal Republicans on the previous Friday. Great efforts were made to herald it abroad, and they were successful in producing a very large attendance, the room being crowded in every part, in addition to a small and rather unsuccessful gathering around a stand outside The audience was apparently of a composite character. It was decidedly enthusiastic, but enthusiastic for very different things. The catholicity of its admiration may be inferred from the fact that James Gordon Bennett, George Jones, Horace Greeley, and Daniel E. Sickles were all loudly cheered. The proceedings, however, hardly fulfilled, in a moral point of view, the promise of the highly respectable call. The principal speaker was General Sickles, whose appointment to the Spanish mission called down, on account of the badness of his character, the severest censures of the Administration by so good a friend of the President as *Harper's Weekly*. The General's reappearance as an "endorser" of Grant, and, above all, as a "reviewer" of the career of Carl Schurz, was, under the circumstances, perhaps one of the most curious incidents of the crisis. We believe it was part of the original programme that Senator Harlan should appear as an "endorser" too, and he was very eager to do so; but it was felt at Washington that this would be more than even the New York public could stand, so he was judiciously held back. It must be admitted, however, that Sickles is an almost unrivalled stump speaker. He upholds worthily the traditions of the early days of the art, before the newspapers had taken the life. out of it. His speech, as he delivered it, was much better than the essay he had printed in the *Times*. It is worthy of note that the meeting was got up by Mr. Henry Clews, of the firm of Clews & Habicht, to which the foreign banking business of the Government was given when it was taken away from the Barings last year, and that twenty of his clerks appeared at the head of the list of fifty-nine secretaries

The other two speakers were Senators Wilson and Morton. As Mr. Morton has within the last seven years both opposed negro suffrage and supported it, proposed the payment of the national debt in greenbacks and afterwards demanded its payment in coin and denounced the greenback theory, and now maintains that "we have the best civil service in the world" and is the enemy of all reform in it, it is hardly worth while to discuss his efforts as an "endorser." The speech of the evening was that of Senator Wilson, who was the only one of the three who could with a good grace "review" anybody, or whose "endorsement" was worth anything, or, indeed, could be offered to anybody without offence. He urged with great force the sentimental claims of the Republican party upon popular support, made a good deal out of the Ring thefts, and then entered on a detailed defence of the Administration which was not very fortunate. He took Senator Trumbull severely to task for charging the President with employing military officers at the White House in the discharge of civil functions, and said that the President, in having Generals Porter and Babcock detailed for his service, was only doing what several of his predecessors had done, and what was perfectly legal. On both these points Mr. Wilson appears to have been in error. and the errors of a man who is engaged in correcting another are doubly heinous. He cited the case of General Knox, who was sent to Congress with Washington's messages, but Knox was at the time Secretary of War. He also cited the case of Major Donelson, who was Jackson's private secretary, but he had left the army seven years before Jackson appointed him. He also cited the case of Colonel John Hay, "an army officer," who served as Lincoln's private secretary, but it appears that Colonel Hay was not in the army when he received the appointment, though he was when he held it the second time during the last year of the war.

But in saying that the presence of Generals Porter and Babcock at the White House is legal, Mr. Wilson committed a worse kind of mistake than a mistake in history. There was an act passed in 1870, of which Mr. Wilson, as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, should not be ignorant, making it illegal for any military officer to hold any civil office, "or to exercise the functions of any civil office," which of itself, even if other things were the same, makes the precedents cited by Mr. Wilson of no use to General Grant. Let us say frankly that we do not believe that the presence of officers at the White House is proof of a design on the part of General Grant to overthrow the republic and establish a military despotism. Our firm belief is that he entertains no designs hostile to the present form of government, and that he may lawfully smile at all charges of wishing to found an imperial dynasty. He keeps Porter and Babcock about him for the very simple reason that they are old friends and comrades who are personally agreeable to him; but his keeping them about him in defiance of the act above-mentioned, is one more illustration of that easy, good-natured disregard of the law which nearly every member of the Administration is displaying in a greater or less degree, and which, trifling as it seems, *is* dangerous, and ought to be repressed. It does not threaten us with Cæsarism, but it does threaten us with that moral and political confusion and demoralization which has often made a Cæsar welcome.

The only movement thus far made in Philadelphia towards being represented at Cincinnati, though embracing some respectable names, has not the proportion needed to inspire apprehension on the part of the Administration. It is certainly far from being identical with the Citizens' Reform Association, though the report is confirmed that Col. McClure will go to Cincinnati and "burn his bridges" behind him. He has just written a letter to some one who does a small business in small politics, and who has been calling upon him to "redeem his pledge" made last winter. This critic is admonished that the Colonel's pledge was that he would sustain the Republican organization inside and outside the State Senate, except when it opposed municipal or general reform. He has since learned from his own experience that the President is "the foe of every principle of reform."

The case of Watson *agt.* Jenner, which has just been decided in the Supreme Court, for the first time authoritatively settles the relation of the civil to the ecclesiastical tribunals of this country, and is not without its bearing on the Cheney case, in Chicago, two years ago. A Presbyterian church in Louisville (Kentucky) split during the war on the question of slavery and emancipation, the majority adhering to the Government and the proclamation, holding the church, and receiving the approval of the ecclesiastical General Assembly. On a suit brought by the malcontents, the State court set aside the decision of the General Assembly, and put the revolting officers and members in possession. Some of the loyal members residing in Indiana then carried the case into the Federal courts, and have now got judgment in their favor. The Supreme Court decides that where property is given or left in trust for the promotion of any particular doctrine or form of worship, and there is a dispute over it between members of the church or congregation, the Court will take upon itself to decide which of the two rival parties professes the faith for the support of which the money was left; or, in other words, will assume the functions discharged by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in England in like cases. But when there is no special trust created by deed or will, and a like dispute arises, the Court will treat the decision of the highest ecclesiastical tribunal of the denomination to which the congregation belongs as final and binding, and will enforce it. In this case, the decision of the General Assembly is adopted by the Court. This would, we apprehend, dispose of Mr. Cheney's attempt to get the civil courts to protect him against his bishop.

The Republican majority of the committee which has been investigating the case of Miller, the Superintendent of Insurance, have made a report, finding him guilty of receiving and appropriating to his own use a fee of one per cent. on the transfer of the securities deposited by the companies; of receiving, and sometimes charging, more for making examinations of the affairs of companies than the committee considers legitimate, without authority of law; of allowing clerks and commissioners in his department to receive illegal and excessive fees for the same work; of so managing the department as to lead companies to believe that it would be for their interest to employ brokers enjoying his favor. They also find that "the testimony tends to show" that he received, through H. C. Southwick, Jr., a commission of 20 per cent. on the printing of the Insurance Report; that $20,000 were raised by seven companies last winter to procure the passage of an act conferring extraordinary powers on him; and that he was cognizant of the use made of the money. The committee accordingly recommend his removal; in which recommendation we think the public will concur, in spite of the loose wording of the findings, because an inspector of monetary institutions has not only to be pure, but above suspicion.

What deprives the result of all these investigations into the conduct of officials in this State of much of its value is, however, the fact that each officer investigated is either a Fentonite, a Conklingite, or a Democrat, and each investigation is hailed as a means by which the Fentonite, Conklingite, or Democratic cause may be glorified or brought to shame. For instance, Cushman, who stole the postage stamps, and Terwilliger, who pocketed 20 per cent. on the State printing, were both Conklingites of the Custom-house variety, and accordingly their case was passed over lightly or treated apologetically by the Organ of the Administration. In like manner, Senator Wood, who was found out in having borrowed money from Tweed last year which it was acknowledged he never expected to pay, and who, if he had been a Fentonite, would have been crucified, was treated tenderly, and the committee refused to recommend his expulsion, which he certainly deserved if ever man did. Now, on the other hand, Miller, being a Democrat with Fentonite "affiliations," as the politicians say, is pursued with the greatest ferocity—the Conklingite press throwing aside all regard for decency and common prudence in its anxiety to run him down; but the *Tribune* treats him somewhat tenderly. We ought to add that as between the *Times* and *Tribune*, in the matter of "exposures," the *Tribune* is still two rascals ahead.

"Our Case" has been in a bad way all through the week, and it grows worse. The press has been approaching unanimity in recommending the abandonment of the now celebrated claim for the expenses of the war after Gettysburg. Even the Springfield *Republican*, which was at first hostile to the very mention of any change, now advises this course, and the Organ in this city admits in a vague way that it may be a good thing to do. Mr. Banks, too, the Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, who is very cautious about seeming to yield anything to a foreign despot, is said to have concluded that the indirect claims are a little too weak for action, and has had an interview with Secretary Fish on the subject; and, though last not least, President Woolsey, of New Haven, writes to the *Independent* declaring that he thinks the British Commissioners and the country at large here honestly believed them to have been abandoned under the Treaty, and he conjures our Government, in the interest of peace and good-will, to give them up. The Administration is, however, said to be, as we feared it would be, firm in its refusal to recede. Mr. Fish is reported to have said to Mr. Banks, what it is very natural he should say, that a great government like the United States "could not solemnly put forth an argument one day and take it back the next." This is very true, and furnishes the very reason why a great government should never, in a great controversy, put forth any argument which its ablest men have not maturely considered, and why it should never allow the pleadings of a whole people at the bar of civilized opinion to be drafted by one inexperienced and comparatively unknown officer. No man in the United States, if he had been asked last fall whether he would agree to stand by anything Mr. Bancroft Davis chose to say in a controversy with Great Britain or any other foreign power, would have consented. Nevertheless, the Irish witness who, having sworn the horse was sixteen feet high, and having been told that he must mean sixteen hands, declared that "whatever he said he'd stick to," is a poor model for a diplomatist engaged in a great controversy.

The British and American Counter-Cases have both been submitted to the Geneva Commission, and the latter has been transmitted to Congress by the President. The British Counter-Case takes no notice of the indirect claims, and somewhat scornfully declines to reply to the insinuations of bad faith and insincerity which Mr. Davis, inadvisedly and against all usage in an "amicable settlement" of an international difficulty, thought proper to introduce into the American Case. This also was an offence against the principle of arbitration, for governments will never agree to go before Boards as criminals, and submit to have their leading men tried for lying, and cheating, and using false pretences. The British Case having been composed in ignorance of the contents of the American Case, the Counter-Case is in the main an answer to the main points of law and fact presented by the American Case.

The American Counter-Case, which has just been laid before Congress, is a great improvement in temper and rhetoric on the Case. It deals seriatim with what it terms "the errors of the British Case": (1) errors of sense; (2) errors as to the rights and duties of neutrals; (3) historical errors. As to the "errors of sense," it denies the correctness of the British view of the status of the insurgents, alleging that the recognition of their belligerency did not clothe them with "undefined political attributes," but left them simply a body of rebels who might be recognized as clothed with belligerent rights at the discretion of neutral powers. It denies also the propriety of confining the term "Alabama Claims" to claims growing out of the acts of the *Florida*, *Alabama*, *Georgia*, and *Shenandoah* only, and includes under this head all claims raised by the acts of all Confederate cruisers; and, finally, it denies the propriety of applying the term "American citizens" to the persons engaged in the war on American commerce in the service of the Confederacy. As regards "the rights and duties of neutrals," the Counter-Case denies that the fact that a belligerent cruiser, after escaping from a neutral port, has been commissioned or armed outside the neutral jurisdiction, exempts the neutral from responsibility for the escape; or that Great Britain was bound by any neutral obligation to admit Confederate cruisers which had been thus armed and commissioned to her ports afterwards; or that the term "due diligence" is to be interpreted by the reference to "the care or diligence any particular government uses in its domestic concerns," as this would be a fluctuating and uncertain standard. It half apologizes for the offensive charges of the Case by alleging that the American representatives understood that the British Government would not, under this rule, acknowledge anything to be negligence which could not be shown to be culpable negligence; that this was the view taken by an "eminent and learned publicist" (Mr. Vernon Harcourt, doubtless), under whose direction they understood the Case was to be prepared; and that therefore they felt compelled to submit evidence of what they considered unfriendly feeling towards the United States on the part of individual members of the British Government. The Counter-Case, therefore, denies that municipal laws or usages furnish the measure of neutral obligation.

As regards "historical errors," the Counter-Case denies that the war terminated in 1865, "with the complete reconquest of the eleven Confederate States"; also that any insurgent vessels escaped from insurgent ports were preying on American commerce when the *Alabama* and *Florida* escaped from Liverpool; calls attention to the fact that all maritime powers which recognized the Confederates as belligerents did so only after Great Britain had set the example; and denies that the acts complained of by the United States belong to a class "not commonly made objects of prohibitory legislation" except by Great Britain and the United States. The remainder of the Counter-Case is taken up with a recriminatory discussion of the manner in which the United States have in times past fulfilled their neutral obligations and of the comparative merits of the British and American Neutrality Laws, and cannot be summarized.

The last news from England seems to indicate the approach of a ministerial crisis, brought about, as our correspondent half predicted a fortnight ago that it would be, by Mr. Fawcett's bill providing for the full and complete opening of Trinity College, Dublin, to persons of all creeds. It is the aim of Mr. Fawcett and the Radicals to commit the Goverment permanently to the policy of secular education, and to put an end to all schemes for the endowment of sectarian colleges. Mr. Gladstone is, however, believed to be strongly inclined to give way on this point to the Catholics, and set up a Catholic university, which not only excites the suspicion and hostility of the political Radicals, but of the Dissenters, who under no circumstances will consent to vote money for the support of "Popery." The Fawcett bill is undoubtedly a blow at one of the outposts of the English Church Establishment, and that it must be so regarded in the Conservative ranks there is hardly a doubt. Should Gladstone now go out on this question and the Conservatives come in, it would be another of those singular upturnings in English politics of which the appearance in power of Disraeli as a reformer was the beginning.

The Commission of the French Assembly has made its report on the reorganization of the army, and offers a plan which will put an enormous force under arms. It recommends the abolition of bounties and substitution, and liability to military service on the part of the whole male population between the ages of twenty and forty, except the sons of widows or blind parents, or the eldest of orphans, or men who are the sole support of families. Even one-eyed men, lame men, and hunchbacks must be swept into the service, as long as there is any duty of any kind for which they are qualified. Five years are to be passed in "the active army," and five in the reserve; five in "the territorial army," corresponding to the German landwehr, and five in the reserve or landsturm. Of the 302,000 men who attain the age of twenty every year in France, it is calculated 65,000 will be exempted for physical infirmities; 76,300 will be exempted for various other reasons, leaving about 157,500 disposable, of whom 8,000 go to the navy. The army will thus receive about 150,000 in all each year, and it is calculated that if once the system were fairly at work, and the reserves became available, France could put 1,185,000 men in the field. It is curious to see that the commission talks of the army as a possible school of morality, though it still proposes to prohibit marriage during the whole period of a young man's service in the active force—that is, between the ages of twenty and twenty-five.

THE WORK BEFORE THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.

THE Cincinnati movement has made considerable progress during the last fortnight both in the number and character of the adhesions to it, and it has received no small stimulus from the continued and apparently increasing folly of the friends of the Administration. The bolters could hardly have desired anything more auspicious at this juncture than the course of the majority in the House with regard to the Civil-Service Commission, and the continued non-appearance of the report of the New Orleans Investigating Committee, combined with the continued retention of Casey in office. If to these things we add the performances of the Cameronians in Pennsylvania, which have proved even more than Mr. Forney can stand, we have reason enough for the recent rapid multiplication of "calls" to Cincinnati all over the country. It will hardly do, however, for the supporters of the new movement to place too much reliance on the faults of their opponents. There is a large amount—how large one can hardly judge from public manifestations—of discontent with the existing régime in the Republican ranks. Those who dislike the men who surround the President and "run the machine" for him are probably five times as numerous as they seem, and their number increases every day. But it does not follow that because they are discontented they are ready for *any* change. A very large proportion of them are unwilling to make any open declaration of hostility to the Administration, for the simple reason that they see no chance at present of putting anything better in its place. "Things," they say, "are by no means satisfactory, but they might be worse, and we know of nothing at present within our reach which would improve them. Grant *may* be all you say, and his friends *are* all you say, but we know pretty nearly the exact extent and nature of their badness; and, until we are offered a reasonable probability of something better, we shall put up with them."

Now, we make bold to say that it is in this feeling that the new movement finds its greatest obstacle. It is far easier to deal with declared enemies who dispute your passage than with men who are very willing to travel in the same road and in the same direction with you, but refuse to go at your pace or in your company. It derives additional strength from the fact to which we alluded last week, that it is not possible, in our day and under existing circumstances, to start a reform movement into which men who are notoriously anything but reformers shall not force themselves. The Cincinnati Convention will undoubtedly have a large attendance of men whose opposition to the Administration rests on anything but creditable grounds, and of men whose advent to power and whose influence in the Government the most determined opponents of Grant would witness with unmixed apprehension. If the choice of the country is to be between the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys, the country will prefer the Toms with whose tricks it is already familiar, to either the Dicks or the Harrys whose tricks would probably be new and certainly would be no better. If the Convention, therefore, should allow itself to suppose that the cry of "anybody but Grant," or "anybody but Murphy, or Cameron, or Morton," has any magic in it, we venture to predict it would find itself egregiously mistaken. In order to clothe our assertion with circumstance, we will say that if, for instance, anybody supposes the deep disgust which has been caused in the Republican ranks in this State by the performances of the Conklingites has prepared people to look for relief and purification to the Fentonites, he labors under a great delusion. Anybody, therefore, who goes out to Cincinnati for no better reason than that he has been cheated by his brother politicians of his fair share of "the plums," might as well stay at home as far as the good of the cause is concerned, and the Convention will do well to keep a strict watch on him after he arrives.

For somewhat similar reasons, it is safe to say that the Convention can gain nothing by too great sacrifices to "harmony." Harmony is a very good thing, as far as it goes, but it is by no means the principal thing; indeed, it is only a means to an end. The first thing for a new party or a reform party to provide itself with is a body of doctrine; a party without this is a simple absurdity. It will not do to pass over revenue reform, or civil-service reform, or the condition of the South, or the encroachments of the central Government, or any other great question of the day, in order simply to organize an opposition to Grant. We are not going to engage in any wretched game for "a new deal." Amusement of that kind can be found inside the Republican ranks. Nor is it worth while to collect a great body of men at Cincinnati for the mere purpose of drawing up a string of unmeaning or vague resolutions. If we want to declare ourselves in favor of the payment of the pensions of the soldiers and sailors; in favor of a tariff for revenue which shall at the same time protect native industry from the pauper labor of Europe; in favor of a reform of the civil service which shall never go beyond preparation for reform; in favor of high wages and large profits, of scarcity and abundance, light and darkness, Ahriman and Ormuzd, we can do it at home. There are gentlemen in the Custom-house who can any day draw up a platform of this kind which might defy competition. If the Cincinnati Convention is to speak at all on the questions of the day, it must speak in English and with no faltering voice. It must ask, not for "civil-service reform" in the abstract, but for "a particular measure," of which it must specify the main features; for a tariff for revenue—that is, for a tariff levied solely on such articles and at such rates as experience has shown or shall show to be productive of the largest revenue. This is a question of naked fact, which accountants can any day settle; a tariff which shall raise revenue, and at the same time protect native industry, is a thing on which no general agreement can ever be reached. No general consensus as to what constitutes "protection for native industry" ever has been reached, or probably ever will be reached, in this stage of existence. For every man you protect, there is always another somewhere accusing you of ruining him. The one way out of the difficulty is to stop the attempt, with such regard for vested interests as justice prescribes.

The Convention must also say what it thinks about the condition of the South, which at present threatens half the Union with a return to barbarism. On this point it will have to take one of two courses: it must either declare for more interference or for none—that is, it must boldly say that the Federal Government must either govern the South more, or cease to govern it. We must either leave life and property to the protection of the local laws, or we must protect the Southern people against swindling legislators as well as against armed marauders. We have no right to assume one responsibility and decline the other. To the question, "What are you to do when the local government is in a league with the Ku-klux?" we reply by asking, "What *ought* you to do when the local government is made up of swindlers and is in a league with the Devil?" We can, if we please, do nothing in either case; but, if we send one United States marshal after the midnight assassin in Spartanburg, we ought to send another after the thieving official in Charleston. The subject is one of tremendous moment. It cannot and it ought not to be shirked.

The Convention must, too, deal with the question of the suspension of the habeas corpus with perfect clearness. Congress has lodged the power of suspending the writ, where it was never lodged before since the writ was invented, in the discretion of a single man, who may at any time expose the population of a whole State to arbitrary imprisonment by his own proclamation, without giving any reason, or for reasons furnished him secretly and orally. That General Grant has not abused this power is an argument in its favor which M. Rouher or Marshal Lebœuf might urge, but which no American can seriously be expected to answer. If the Cincinnati party is going into office, it ought to go in on a platform which shall settle finally and solemnly and clearly the question, whether Congress can either in peace or war transfer to anybody for any purpose the right of deciding when it is proper or necessary to create a dictatorship. No other legislative body has ever parted with such a prerogative before. The matter does not concern the South alone. It concerns the whole country.

As regards candidates, the resource of taking an obscure or unobjectionable or second-rate man is not open to the Convention. It would be ludicrous, after all the denunciation we have heard of General Grant and his followers, to put in office another man either as inexperienced as he, or as ignorant of law and politics as he, or as easily influenced by worthless men as he has frequently shown himself to be. The spectacle of the tag-rag and bob-tail of the political world following a reform President into the White House as "his friends" and "confidential advisers," "to make up slates" for him, or show him how to "run the machine," is something for which the country is not prepared, and something the mere thought of which would make the country "laugh consumedly." Moreover, there is no such dissatisfaction with Grant as to make the selection of an obscure candidate feasible. The condition of affairs is such—there are so many things on which any violent or sudden change of policy would be in the highest degree mischievous—that the country will not and ought not to entrust the executive power to anybody about whose character it knows little or nothing, whose qualities have undergone no conspicuous test, and whose career has afforded no means of judging how he is likely to act under any given set of circumstances. In short, the new candidate for the Presidency must be a first-rate man, a distinguished man, a man versed in affairs, and who has filled places of trust and difficulty with ability and fidelity, and who is as well known for the soundness of his judgment and the good repute of his associates as for the purity of his own character. If any attempt is made to palm off on reformers a second-rate man of any class—a makeshift or blatherskite; or a faithful, harmless body, of whom nothing bad is known; or a feather-headed body, who gets a new set of opinions with every new almanac; or a reliable gentleman, who "takes care of his friends," we trust they will let him fight his battle in his own way. If it should prove that this was what the new movement led to, the sooner everybody who was interested in good government left it, the better; for nothing would do more to postpone reform indefinitely, to make the very name a laughing-stock, and to fasten the yoke of the Toms and Rufes and Hanks on our necks more firmly than ever, than a spectacle of this kind. Under a man worthy of the position, there will be no disgrace and no discouragement in defeat. The fight will be, under the circumstances, at least a warning and protest, which will bear fruit, if not immediately, before long.

THE CIVIL-SERVICE REGULATIONS.

THE relation which the new civil-service regulations bear to those issued in December last is supplementary. The new rules do not replace the old ones or even amend them; they rather fortify them and lay down provisions for carrying them into effect. The grouping of offices originally contemplated has been completed. From an examination of both sets of regulations, there now seem to be four classes of offices in the civil service, for admission to which different methods are provided. (The classification is not expressed in the rules; we make it for our own convenience.) 1. Those offices applicants for which must undergo competitive examination before appointment, such as clerks in the departments at Washington, etc. 2. Those offices to which an appointment is made by inspection and comparison of certificates, but before entering upon which the person appointed must first pass a satisfactory examination, such as consuls receiving between $1,000 and $3,000. 3. Those offices to which an appointment is, if possible, to be made from subordinate grades in the same department, but for which the person appointed is not examined at all, such as collectors of customs, etc. 4. Those offices to which appointments are made just as they have been made hitherto, such as foreign ministers, heads of departments, etc.

In the first class are clerks in the various departments at Washington or elsewhere, who will be chosen by competitive examination for promotion in the service or for admission to its lowest grades. The manner of appointment will be as follows: The Advisory Board, which an act of Congress has empowered the President to appoint, will have under its supervision other boards to conduct the examinations. A vacancy in the lowest grade of an office is to be publicly announced, and due notice given of the examination which is to fill it. A list of the most successful applicants, in their order of merit, not exceeding three, will then be prepared and submitted to the nominating power, and from these the appointment shall be made. For a vacancy in a grade above the lowest, officers in the lower grades shall be first examined, from whom, if possible, the appointment shall be made. The manner of promotion will be precisely the same as the manner of appointment to the lowest grade. Examinations for vacancies outside of Washington will be held at the offices where the vacancies occur. Examinations for clerkships at Washington will be held not only at Washington but at such other places as the Advisory Board shall direct. When the number of applicants is so great as to make the examination of all out of the question, the examiners shall select a number of those apparently best qualified, and notify them to attend. This modification is necessary, for in any large city there might be an altogether impracticable number of young men with good public-school educations, who would be happy to try their luck for places that would lighten their work and treble their pay. But it certainly offers a loop-hole for some of the old influences to effect an entrance. The examiners are not restricted to the papers of the applicants. Endorsements of character must be in writing, but the hearing of verbal recommendations is not expressly prohibited. At any rate, the character of the endorsers should, and their position must, have weight with the examiners. Moreover, it will be to the interest of the examiners to cut down the number of applicants as far as possible, and save themselves the labor of overlooking a multitude of papers. We are not finding fault; we do not see that anything else can be done; but we think it quite plain that unadulterated competitive examination will exist much more in theory than in practice.

For the second class, examination is necessary to appointment, but there is no competitive examination. This class includes consuls receiving in salary or fees a sum between $1,000 and $3,000. Here a vacancy may be filled by the transfer of some other person already in the consular service, who need not undergo examination. But if no transfer is made, the place will be thrown open to applicants from outside. Applications must be accompanied by certificates, on inspection and comparison of which the Secretary of State will name the person apparently best qualified. The "inspection of certificates" will mean just what the authorities propose it shall mean. We should judge that verbal pressure—*i. e.*, the interviews with members of Congress—is meant to be precluded, and that the choice is to be made altogether from the certificates. But the prohibition is not expressly stated. There are two things which enter into a good certificate—what is said, and who says it. All recommendations, we imagine, very much resemble each other. Public men, even if they know something of the persons they recommend, are not sufficiently accustomed to definite expression, of themselves, to draw the traits of the applicants with very much accuracy. They fall into such phrases as "gentleman of high character and great intelligence," "capable and honest," "fine abilities and excellent address," etc. So that, as a matter of fact, the Secretary will be compelled to decide, not so much upon the merits of the applicants as upon the merits of the endorsers. Then, whose opinion is to be preferred—the most influential politician's, or that of the most competent authority? If President Woolsey recommends one man and Senator Morton another, whose recommendation will be taken? It is plain that it will depend altogether upon the character and courage of the person who has the appointment, whether he selects the applicant who seems to be most competent or that candidate who has the strongest political backing. The person named must undergo examination before he receives his appointment.

In the third class of appointments, no examination at all is required, but the new regulations lay down some restrictions and limitations. Under this head come the customs collectors, surveyors, etc. The regulations provide that when a vacancy occurs, the proper authorities shall first ascertain if any subordinates of the office are qualified to fill it. If any such persons are found, their names will be presented to the President, who will select one of them for appointment. If, however, there is no competent subordinate, the appointment will be made at the President's discretion. It would hardly happen that any great office could be carried on under the many changes and in the long interregnums without one or more subordinates who would be as efficient chiefs as they are indispensable assistants; and the President will, no doubt, have that immediate opportunity to practise his intentions which all persons turning over a new leaf so ardently desire. To the class in question belong the heads of bureaus at Washington, postmasters and collectors, surveyors, appraisers, and naval officers of the custom-houses. For vacancies in the offices of Receiver and Register of the Land Office, Pension Agent, and Marshal, no precedence is given to subordinates, because there are none to speak of. In all cases, however, the applicants must reside in the district in which the vacancy occurs. Applications for these positions must be made in writing, and the rules promise, as in the other cases, that the person apparently best qualified shall be appointed. Vacancies in the United States offices in any Territory, except those of Judge and Indian Agent, shall be filled by persons domiciled in that Territory. The fourth class includes all those offices to which appointments shall be made as they have been made hitherto.

The proclamation accompanying the new regulations informs the employees of the Government that henceforward "honesty and efficiency, not political activity, will determine the tenure of office"—a strange thing, surely, to be said in a state document, and one which the future student of our history will not skip as dull reading. On the score of frankness it leaves nothing to be desired, and though we do not think confession atones for the fault confessed, we yet approve of calling a spade a spade. It will do no good to cover up our imperfections by formal state-talk and grand indefinite phrases. We wish, however, that the proclamation had stated explicitly that the character of an officer's political opinions should have nothing to do with the tenure of office. "Political activity shall not determine the tenure of office." That must mean activity on the side of the Government; and it seems to imply that a leaning towards the Adminstration will not only be acceptable, but quite necessary. There is an ominous undertone in that paragraph which should cause an opponent of the party in power, should any such chance to be in office, to be careful how he trusts too far the enlightened and liberal opinions of the Administration.

SECRETARY ROBESON AND THE SECOR CLAIM.

SINCE we made, last week, the charge against Secretary Robeson of having illegally paid $93,000 on the Secor claim, Senator Wilson has appeared at the Cooper Institute, and asserted that this charge was unfounded, and that Mr. Trumbull's acount of it, in his speech at the Liberal Republican meeting, was inaccurate. Mr. Wilson, at the same time, read a written statement of the case, doubtless prepared at Washington, as the true version. We shall now show that Senator Wilson's own story is a misrepresentation, and that the written statement which he read was another; it is charitable but difficult to suppose that both he and the writer of the statement were ignorant of the facts.

During the war, in 1862, the Secors contracted to build for the Government three iron-clad monitors—the *Mahopac, Tecumseh,* and *Manhattan*—for $1,380,000. The vessels were completed in 1864. All bills and claims of the contractors were presented, while the vessels were being built and after their completion, to a board of which Admiral Gregory, and afterward Admiral Ringgold, was the head. On the report of these boards the contractors were paid the contract price, and, for extra work over and above the contract price, $521,195 15; and, in 1867, the whole matter was settled so far as the Navy Department was concerned. The contractors had other claims which the Department refused to allow. They then appealed to Congress, which passed the following law:

"CHAP. CXLVII.—An Act for the Relief of certain Contractors for the Construction of Vessels-of-War and Steam Machinery.

"*Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That the Secretary of the Navy is hereby authorized and directed to *investigate the claims of all contractors for building vessels-of-war* and steam machinery for the same under contracts made after the first day of May, eighteen hundred and sixty-one, and prior to the first day of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, and said investigation to be made upon the following basis: he shall ascertain the additional cost which was necessarily incurred by each contractor in the completion of his work by reason of any changes or alterations in the plans or specifications required, and delays in the prosecution of the work occasioned by the Government, which were not provided for in the original contract; but no allowance for any advance in the price of labor or material shall be considered, unless such advance occurred during the prolonged time for completing the work rendered necessary by the delay resulting from the action of the Government aforesaid, and then only when such advance could not have been avoided by the exercise of ordinary prudence and diligence on the part of the contractor; and from such additional cost, to be ascertained as aforesaid, there shall be deducted such sum as may have been paid each contractor for any reason heretofore over and above the contract price; and shall report to Congress a tabular statement of each case, which shall contain the name of the contractor, a description of the work, the contract price, the whole increased cost of the work over the contract price, and the amount of such increased cost caused by the delay and action of the Government as aforesaid, and the amount already paid the contractor over and above the contract price.

"Approved March 2, 1867."

The concluding section, which we omit, related solely to the *Dunderberg.*

Under the above act a Board was organized to examine the claims of Secor & Co., Perine, Secor & Co., and other contractors, and on their report the Secretary of the Navy reported to Congress that there was due Secor & Co. and Perine, Secor & Co. $115,539 01, and thereupon Congress in 1868 passed the following act:

"[PRIVATE—No. 76.]

"An Act for the Relief of certain Government Contractors.

"*Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to pay to Secor and Company and Perine, Secor and Company, the sum of one hundred and fifteen thousand five hundred and thirty-nine dollars and one cent; to Harrison Loring, thirty-eight thousand five hundred and thirteen dollars; to the Atlantic Iron Works, of Boston, Massachusetts, four thousand eight hundred and fifty-two dollars and fifty-eight cents; to Aquilla Adams, the sum of four thousand eight hundred and fifty-two dollars and fifty-eight cents; to M. F. Merritt, the sum of four thousand eight hundred and fifty-two dollars and fifty-eight cents; to Tomlinson, Harteepee and Company, fifteen thousand one hundred and seventy-one dollars; to Harlan and Hollingsworth, the sum of thirty-eight thousand five hundred and thirteen dollars; and to Poole and Hunt, the sum of three thousand six hundred and ninety-four dollars and eighty-one cents, being the amount found to be due to each of the parties herein respectively named by the Secretary of the Navy under an act of Congress entitled 'An act for the relief of certain contractors for the construction of vessels-of-war and steam machinery,' approved March two, eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, *which shall be in full discharge of all claims against the United States on account of the vessels upon which the Board made the allowance, as per their report,* under the act of March two, eighteen hundred and sixty-seven.

"Approved July 13, 1868."

The $115,539 01 was paid to the Secors and their receipt given in 1868.

This, according to the act of Congress, was "in full discharge of all claims against the United States on account of the vessels upon which the Board made the allowance." Notwithstanding the payment of the contract price, $1,380,000, and $521,195 15 for extra work, and afterwards of $115,539 01 in full of all claims on account of the vessels constructed by Secor & Co. and Perine, Secor & Co., the present Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Robeson, in 1869, directed a reinvestigation of the claims of these contractors by a Board of Officers in his Department, and on their report paid the contractors, in 1870, $93,000 more. In doing this Mr. Robeson, we repeat, violated (1) the settled rule of the Department not to open accounts settled by a previous Administration, except possibly in the case of newly discovered evidence; (2) a positive act of Congress, which directed that the $115,539 01 should be in full discharge of all claims against the United States *on account of the vessels upon which* it was paid; and (3) another statute by taking money appropriated for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1870, to pay a claim which arose six years before.

Mr. Wilson, in his New York speech, in replying to Mr. Trumbull, who had charged Mr. Robeson with paying money out of the Treasury illegally, and on a claim that had once been settled, said: "A Board was appointed under the law of 1867, to examine into *damages,* not into work done, not into material furnished." The law directed the Secretary of the Navy "to investigate the claims [not damages] of all contractors for building vessels-of-war," etc.

This, we see, was a plain misstatement on the part of Mr. Wilson; but he made another, for he further said this claim of $93,000 "was never referred to a Board at all," and in the written statement he furnished, the source of which cannot be mistaken, it is said to be "for work actually done"—"a debt"; but the fact is, the whole contract price, and more than half a million besides for extra work, had been paid by Mr. Welles, the former Secretary of the Navy, on the report of Boards who passed on the bills of the contractors at the time, and refused to allow the $93,000.

Mr. Wilson's written statement further alleges that the act of 1868 did not provide that the sum of $115,539 01 should be "in full for all claims on account of the vessels," etc., but of the claims "upon which the Board made their allowance as per report." Why, then, were the words "on account of the vessels" inserted in the law? The language of the law is, "all claims *on account of the vessels* upon which the Board made their report," etc., and to say that it did not embrace all claims on account of those vessels is a plain perversion of the very letter, as well as the whole spirit, of the act. Worse remains to be told, however. The Senate Committee on Naval Affairs made, May 12, 1870 (Report No. 163), a report in the case of various contractors who had been paid under the law of 1867, and after enumerating them, including Secor, and mentioning the amount paid to each of them, including the $115,539 01 to Secor, it says:

> "On the 13th of July, 1868, an act was passed directing the payment of these amounts to these parties, by which act it was declared that these payments should be 'in full discharge of all claims against the United States on account of the vessels upon which the Board made the allowance, as per their report, under the act of March 2, 1867.'
>
> "Under the stress of an overpowering necessity, as they allege, these parties received those amounts. *That in law such receipt is a complete bar to all further recourse, cannot be denied*; but still the question recurs, is it just for the Government to plead the bar? After deliberate consideration, the committee are of opinion that it is not. In their judgment, the Government ought not, upon grounds of technical law, to deny equitable relief. It cannot afford to be unjust; it ought never to refuse to be just."

Thus we see that this Committee pronounced the act a complete prohibition of any further payments, and that in defiance of this declaration Mr. Robeson did make further payment, as we said last week, "without any warrant of law." It may have been just in morals to make a further payment, but in that matter Congress, and not Mr. Robeson, was the judge. We do not accuse him of corruption, but we do accuse him of flagrant disregard of the law of the land, which we should condemn more severely if it had not become almost a habit among Government officers, and one which we wish to see stopped somehow and at all hazards—none the less because Mr. Robeson can doubtless still get his conduct condoned, as Mr. Boutwell did, by "a strict party vote."

THE ENGLISH FARM LABORERS.

LONDON, April 5, 1872.

An event has recently taken place of far more importance than all the struggles between the ins and the outs which generally absorb the attention of politicians. The English agricultural laborer has given signs of independence—nay, more, he has already given proofs that he is capable of adopting the mode of warfare which has been brought to perfection in the war between labor and capital. Nothing could have been less expected a short time ago. The utter inertness and indifference of the country poor has been hitherto accepted as amongst the primary data in the calculations of all parties. When, for example, it was proposed to extend the suffrage, nobody ever thought of giving a vote to poor Hodge, the ploughman. Conservatives would have regarded such a measure much as an American Democrat regarded the concession of the ballot to the blacks; Radicals, on the other hand, fancied that Hodge was so degraded that to give him a vote would simply be to give a vote to his master. Any revolt against the established order of things was as little expected from him as from the horses that he drove and the cattle that he tended. The lowest social stratum in the country districts was regarded as a dead, hopeless mass, one degree removed from serfdom, and scarcely elevated above actual slavery. The utmost that was hoped was that by slow degrees some sort of ambition might slowly filter down to them in the course of generations. Well, it appears that the process has already taken place to a far greater extent than had been hoped or feared. The mass has been infiltrated with new ideas. *Bos locutus est*; or, in other words, the agricultural laborer has taken to forming trades-unions and striking. Though at present only a small part of the country has joined in the movement, there are abundant signs of widely-spread sympathy; and it is impossible for any man to say what explosions may follow when the train has once been laid.

The movement which has hitherto attracted most attention has begun in Warwickshire. The rate of wages in that part of the country has been higher than in the Southern and Western districts, owing to the neighborhood of great manufacturing centres such as Birmingham. If the comfort of the laborer has been somewhat greater, the ambition has been stimulated in a still higher degree; and the laborers there have learnt from their neighbors to give voice to their discontent. It seems that a man named Arch, an agricultural laborer by birth, was seized by a desire to better himself. He left his native village in search of higher pay, and, being a man of evident ability, he succeeded in raising himself materially, and bringing up a large family decently. At one period he became a preacher in a small dissenting sect, and acquired facility in addressing his own class. Arch appears to be the mainspring of the present movement; he is the chief missionary of the new propaganda; he has been for the last few weeks addressing numerous and enthusiastic meetings, forming unions which take root and spread with amazing rapidity, and encouraging the laborers to make demands against which the farmers have at present held out, and which have led to a very serious strike. For some time the movement attracted comparatively small attention elsewhere. The press, however, has become alive to its importance in the Easter vacation; reporters have been swarming in the district; and Mr. Auberon Herbert, Mr. Jenkins—the author of "Ginx's Baby"—and other philanthropical agitators have been addressing crowded meetings and generally encouraging the movement.

It is not easy for any one not actually on the spot and familiar with the details of the question to form any trustworthy opinion as to the policy of the particular demands now put forward. It is easy, indeed, to see that the agricultural laborer is undeniably right in seeking to better his position. It is a standing puzzle to persons in a different class how he can manage to keep soul and body together on the miserable pittance which he receives; it is questionable whether, as prices have risen without a corresponding rise of wages, the physical condition of the population is not actually degenerating. One of the correspondents of the *Daily News* tried the experiment of living for a day or two as a member of a peasant family. He appears to have broken down under the hardships. There is something miserably pathetic about his account of the discolored water which did duty for tea, and of the wretched scraps of bacon which were all that his hosts ever saw in the shape of meat. One does not wonder that a man accustomed to the rather profuse style of eating and drinking customary in our upper classes should have declared that directly after dinner he felt himself as "hollow as a drum." Indeed, it is urged with great apparent force that the farmers' policy in paying low wages is a bad one from a pecuniary point of view, inasmuch as a well-fed animal—be it horse or man—can work more effectually than an ill-fed one; and the agricultural laborer shows a marked deficiency in vital power owing to his being kept at starvation wages. When transported to the North, and receiving wages enough to buy sufficient food, it is said that the poor, half-fed shadows of men fill out and do twice as much work as they could before. The family in which this correspondent lived contained seven persons, and depended on the earnings of the father, who received 12s. a week, and of the eldest boy, who received 3s. When asked to explain how this sum was made to provide for rent, bread, schooling, clothing, and firing on the most modest scale, to say nothing of beer or of laying up a trifle for rainy days, the poor wife was utterly incapable of giving an explanation. Yet, in some way or other, the problem was practically solved by her, as it is by thousands of other families, which often receive even a lower rate of wages. The children were in this case at school; the family were all respectably and neatly clothed; and, except for the wretched bill of fare, it would scarcely have been seen that they were in a state of grinding poverty. Indeed, I think it must strike any traveller in our agricultural districts that, inadequate as the wages notoriously are, the external aspect of the population is, in certain respects, better than one would expect. Comparing them, for example, with a poor district in France or Germany, the English poor have perhaps a more stolid and depressed look, but they seem generally to be better clothed and fed. Meat, one must remember after all, enters into the regular diet of but a small minority of the agricultural population in any part of Europe. Still, if your readers like to try a little calculation as to how the barest necessaries for a family of seven can be provided for a sum of 15s. a week, or £39 a year, I think they will be puzzled; and there are many districts where wages are lower. One or two explanations may be given. In the first place, the wages do not represent the whole earnings of a man by any means. There are seasons at which he receives more. Here, for example, is an account of the amount received in a year by a laborer whose wages were nominally 12s. a week:

Turnip hoeing, . . .	3 weeks at	16s.,	£2 8s.
Mowing, ...	3 "	30s.,	4 10
Harvest, ...	14 "	24s.,	16 16
Turnip clearing, . . .	1 "	18s,	0 18
Remainder of year, .	31 "	12s.,	18 12
			£43 4s.

which, though still small enough, is a considerable advance on £31 4s., which would be the result of the simple 12s. In the next place, there is a good deal of charity—sometimes a good deal too much—distributed in parishes where the clergyman or the squire is rich and liberal. And, finally, the farmer is frequently in friendly relations with the men he employs and gives them occasional assistance in a variety of small ways. By such means it is possible to account for the fact that human beings do contrive to live and grow up and keep out of the workhouse, on wages the nominal amount of which is preposterously small. But, though many such facts go to explain the non-starvation of the population, they do not prove that it is in a prosperous or even in a tolerable condition.

Be that as it may, they clearly do not intend to tolerate their condition any longer. The movement seems not unlikely to spread through England. In Lincolnshire, there is already a determined struggle between men and masters, which has lasted for a month. Probably you will wonder how the men can save, from such a wretched pittance as they receive, enough to support them on strike. How is it that a man on the brink of starvation can carry on the dangerous warfare in which well-paid artisans have so frequently been beaten? The answer explains the real strength of the movement. A certain amount of external assistance has been given; but the laborers have a much more formidable weapon at hand. The demand for labor in the manufacturing districts is so great that they only have to migrate to another part of England to find higher wages and a ready welcome. Many offers have also been made from various colonial agencies, and the stream of English emigration across the Atlantic seems to be setting in with unusual vigor. For some time past, an excellent clergyman, Canon Girdlestone, has been exciting the indignation of the Devonshire farmers by encouraging a migration from the South to the North of England; and the current thus started will doubtless flow with increased rapidity and regularity. In short, the laborers have the unanswerable argument, that the farmers have no longer a monopoly of the demand. Till recently a country lout supposed that the boundaries of the parish were identical with those of the world, and would as soon have thought of migrating even to Manchester as of taking a trip to the moon. Now that he has discovered that he is not actually rooted in the soil, it is not impossible that a movement may take place of the same kind as that which has diminished the population of Ireland. I have never thought much of emigration as a social panacea; and a state emigration in particular is likely to stimulate the evils it is expected to redress. The shiftless pauperized part of the population has a wonderful power of expanding so as to fill any artificial void. But the case is different in a voluntary emigration of agricultural laborers. A very small diminution of their numbers would be enough to raise the rate of wages, and the mere threat of emigration is one which at once places them in a comparatively independent position.

In conclusion, I may observe that the present demand in Warwickshire is that the rate of wages should be raised from 12s. to 16s. a week; the farmers have consented to raise it to 15s.; but the men, whether wisely or not, have declined to accept the compromise. The issue of this particular struggle is still doubtful; but its success or failure is comparatively unimportant. When a new spirit has entered the agricultural poor, it is fully clear that the old order is doomed, though it may not expire till after many struggles and, it is to be feared, much suffering.

I have no space left to speak of the topic upon which the newspapers are just now most occupied, namely, Mr. Disraeli's speech at Manchester. There is no danger at present that speech-making will be a lost art amongst us, and I shall have abundant opportunities for commenting upon the policy which Mr. Disraeli announces. I would rather end this letter by noticing the loss of a man whose influence as the leader of a religious party has long been on the decline, but who has done good work in his day, and has always been regarded with singular personal affection—I mean Mr. Maurice. In this, as in general elevation of character, he somewhat resembled Mazzini, whose death has recently caused, as it of course deserved to do, a much wider sensation of regret. But few men, however conspicuous, have excited warmer feelings in those with whom they came personally in contact than Mr. Maurice. His nature was of the kindliest and sweetest that I have ever known, and many who could never share his spirit will deeply regret him. Intellectually, he was a pupil of Coleridge, and, like his teacher, burdened his own mind and injured the value of his teaching in the hopeless attempt to represent the Thirty-nine Articles as the highest incarnation of pure reason. As honest a man as ever lived, he succeeded in offending both parties, the heterodox by using the old dogmatic language, and the orthodox by using it in some new transcendental sense; but he won also the far rarer success of being beloved by all good men on the two opposite sides. The world is rapidly drifting away from his point of view; but he will be remembered as one who did his best to preserve the true spirit of religion as the form in which it was clothed became obsolete. One only wishes that he had hit upon a better scheme of doing it.

THE OVERGROWTH OF BERLIN.

BERLIN, April 2, 1872.

IN No. 347 of the *Nation* (Feb. 22) the sudden over-populating of Berlin was referred to under its financial and social aspects. The sanitary and moral bearings of this condition of things are now attracting the attention of men of science and of philanthropy. The evil goes on continually from bad to worse. It is no sign either of poverty or humility that, in this capital of the Germanic Empire, one "has not where to lay his head." Many of the country gentry who came here to celebrate the King's birthday, after "roughing it" for a night upon the floor of a restaurant, were glad to betake themselves to the second-rate hotels at Potsdam for the accommodation of a bed—the resource of "furnished rooms" in Berlin having quite failed them in these times. For days before the moving crisis of April 1, the advertisement of a dwelling to let was sure to block the street in the neighborhood with a crowd of homeless contestants for the last chance. The city is turned quite topsy-turvy with the multitude of removals, and many a load of furniture may be seen wending its way toward Charlottenburg, the very tread of the horses expressing the despondency with which unhappy housekeepers forsake the city for the suburbs.

I am almost afraid of suggesting to New York landlords some new devices of oppression by reporting those of their brethren of the craft in Berlin; but from specimens of leases which have fallen under my notice, it would appear that a tenant has no rights which a landlord is bound to respect. These leases are for first-class dwellings; yet the tenant must oblige himself to pay his rent in advance; to give six months' notice of his intention to quit; to surrender his furniture in the event of not promptly prepaying his quarterly dues; to keep the dwelling in thorough repair at his own charges, even for damages by fire, hail, or other calamity; and if he shall make any improvements—such as double-windows, bath-room, gas, etc.—to leave such fixtures to the landlord without compensation, or pay the landlord for restoring things as they were! It is further stipulated in such contracts, that should the house prove unhealthy, by reason of water in the cellar or dampness in the walls, the tenant shall have no redress against the landlord, but he himself must provide against the insalubrity of the house by keeping his own apartments well aired in summer, and thoroughly warmed in winter. From such contracts, it would appear that the Berlin landlord is master of the situation, and fully equal to the occasion; the extraordinary demand for dwellings enables him to dictate terms which, in ordinary circumstances, a gentleman would reject as insulting.

When a tenant has submitted to become the victim of such a contract, he finds entrenched behind the rent a reserved fire of taxes. Certain of these he must pay to the landlord, under the name of Gebäudesteuer; others, to the ubiquitous and inexorable Prussian tax-gatherer. And here is put in practice the one objectionable recommendation of Mr. Wells's theory of taxation, viz.: that the assessment shall be in the ratio of rent. To salaried men and persons of a narrow fixed income this is a serious injustice, since with such tenants rent, instead of being a measure of ability to pay, is the most positive and weighty drawback upon the means of living. The Berlin landlord this year extorts a hundred dollars more rent from a twelve-hundred dollar professor; "So, ho," says the tax-gatherer, "you are paying four hundred dollars rent instead of three hundred, and I must raise your tax accordingly." This test is applied to local and general taxes, and there is an income tax besides. This financial prelude brings personal sanitary and moral sequences; but it is the public aspects of rent in relation to health and morals with which I am now concerned.

Given a population of 800,000 to be housed in 25,000 buildings, the average of 32 persons to a house may not seem excessive, when it is considered that these houses are subdivided into about 160,000 dwellings upon their several flats. But a closer analysis has developed the fact that there are to-day in Berlin full 300,000 persons living in dwellings that have but a single room that can be warmed; over 180,000 in dwellings of two such rooms; and nearly 90,000 in suites of but three rooms each; showing that at least 60 per cent. of the population live in a degree of physical discomfort unfavorable to health.

Dr. Schwabe, Director of the City Bureau of Statistics, has prepared a tabular view of the relative density of population to house-accommodation in the five principal cities of Europe. In London, the average number to a house is 8 persons; in Berlin, 32; in Paris, 35; in Petersburg, 52; and in Vienna, 55. This comparison is fair, with the exception of London, where the size and style of houses differ essentially from the Continental system of flats. In London, rent absorbs from one-tenth to one-eighth of income; in Berlin, one-fifth to one-fourth; in Paris, over one-fourth; and in Vienna, one-third. The rate of mortality seems to follow an arithmetical progression in analogy with the ratio of tenants; thus, for every 1,000 the yearly deaths are, in London 24, in Berlin 25, in Paris 28, in Petersburg 41, and in Vienna

47. The same curious analogy runs through the ratio of illegitimate births; there are in London 4 per cent., in Berlin 16, in Paris 20, in Petersburg 26, and in Vienna 51.

So many causes influence both mortality and illegitimacy—especially the latter—that only the crudest philosophy would generalize from these data an argument for or against a particular mode of house-building, yet the relations of the figures are too striking to be dismissed as accidental. In two ways the overcrowding of cities tends to immorality; first, among the poor, through the huddling together of the sexes in confined apartments, and, next, among the well-to-do, by making rent so formidable an item in family living that many seek an easy substitute for marriage, facilities for which are also created by the hotel-and-lodging system which overcrowding favors or necessitates.

The last volume of the "Transactions of the Social Science Association" (British) contains two or three valuable papers upon this subject; one by Dr. Henry W. Rumsey, especially, embodies the testimony of eminent physicians that the overcrowding of cities, and the overpeopling of dwellings and streets, are in themselves fruitful causes of epidemic disease and of physical and moral degradation. Indeed, men of the highest scientific authority do not hesitate to say that such overcrowding, the aggregation of such masses in small spaces, tends to the physical deterioration of the human race. Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., brands it as "a deadly evil." With an Englishman, of course, the first remedy is an act of Parliament: "That, as for the overcrowding of persons in a house, so also for the overcrowding of houses in a given area, there should be a limit to density of population fixed by law." Certainly, the evil is so vast and so portentous that it calls for all the wisdom of the statesman, all the research of the scientist, and all the zeal of the philanthropist to cope with it in the interest of humanity.

AUSWANDERER.

Correspondence.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY AND THE LATE MR. STEARNS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Upon reading your notice of an article on "John Brown in Massachusetts" that appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, I observe you have been misled by a statement therein made, that the two hundred rifles held by Captain Brown in the month of March, 1858, did not belong to, and were not under the control of, the Massachusetts State Kansas Aid Committee, but were the personal property of the late Mr. George L. Stearns. In order to correct this statement, I beg leave to say that I have in my possession the report of the Secretary of the Committee referred to, made in the month of September, 1858, or six months later than the time mentioned by the writer in the *Atlantic*. This report is signed "F. B. Sanborn, Secy." It embraces the assets of the Committee at that date. The first item reads thus: "190 rifles in the hands of our agent, $3,800."

Directly following the enumeration of assets, I find this paragraph: "By a recent vote of the Executive Committee these are to be converted into cash by the chairman, and held in trust for two years to meet any liabilities against us, or any exigencies hereafter occurring, at the end of which time the balance is to be paid over to the authorities of Kansas, for the benefit of common schools."

This evidence is conclusive as to the real ownership of the arms in question. They belonged to the Committee; they were not the property of Mr. Stearns, and he had no control over them except as a member and the chairman of the Committee.

R. P. HALLOWELL.

BOSTON, April 19, 1872.

PROFESSOR MORSE'S FATHER AND THE UNITARIANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of April 11, page 242, you say, in speaking of the late Professor Morse, "His father, by the way, was a great polemic, settled over a church at Charlestown, Massachusetts, whose life was made miserable by the spectacle of the Unitarian success in the controversy among the Congregational Churches. It was literally and seriously made miserable, for he was an ardent champion of all the extreme Calvinistic doctrines, and was compelled to look on while the Unitarians turned the tables on their former fellow-worshippers, and *got the churches into their own hands*." We have italicized the words that contain a very common opinion, indeed, but which look strange in a journal so generally accurate as yours. The Unitarians never "got the churches," but only some of them, "into their own hands." In Clark's "Historical Sketch of the Congregational Churches in Massachusetts" (pp. 270-275), you will find the results of that controversy as follows: "At the opening of this controversy, which, for the sake of a precise date, we may assign to 1810, the whole number of Congregational Churches in Massachusetts was three hundred and sixty-one, all of them founded on the old Puritan faith—at least, all professedly Trinitarian. In the course of this controversy, ninety-six of these same churches passed over to Unitarianism, besides thirty parishes." Eighty-one churches were "exiled," *i.e.*, driven from their meeting-houses by an unfriendly parish, because they continued to hold to the faith of their fathers. "When the division was completed, there were one hundred and thirty-five Unitarian and four hundred and nine Orthodox Congregational Churches in the State"—*forty-eight more* than at the beginning of the separation.

These historic facts do not warrant the assertion that the Unitarians "got the churches into their own hands." A word more; in 1867 the Unitarians had one hundred and seventy societies in Massachusetts, a gain of thirty-five; the Orthodox, four hundred and ninety-three, a gain of eighty-four. Unitarian societies in the United States, in 1871, were three hundred and forty-seven; Orthodox Congregational Churches were, at the same time, three thousand one hundred and one. So, neither in the State of Massachusetts, nor in the United States, have the Unitarians ever got the churches of the Congregational order into their hands.

While, then, Professor Morse's father "was literally and seriously made miserable" by the controversy, the results show that his misery was relieved by many cheering hopes. Had he lived to see the end of the controversy, his joy would have been great that the churches of his fathers suffered so little from the wave that swept so many Lutheran churches in Germany, and two hundred and thirty-five of the two hundred and fifty-eight Presbyterian churches in England, from their moorings.

A. H. R.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, April 15, 1872.

[Our language was rather careless, as we were thinking rather of the Boston region in which Mr. Jedediah Morse's work lay than of the State at large or the country. We assure "A. H. R." that we are aware that there were some of the Orthodox left after the Unitarians had had their best success, and that there are plenty of them still extant. But Mr. Morse had the unhappiness to see in 1808 only one Orthodox church in Boston, all the others having been got away by the Unitarians; and as a biographer of his says, "his persevering opposition to the so-called 'liberal' views brought on him a persecution which affected deeply his naturally delicate health."—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

THE Journal of the Berlin Geographical Society, No. 36, contains Dr. W. Koner's annual list of geographical publications, embracing not only separate works, but the titles of articles in periodicals, and also maps and plans ("Uebersicht der vom December, 1870, bis Ende November, 1871, auf dem Gebiete der Geographie erschienenen Werke, Aufsätze, Karten und Pläne"). The fulness and accuracy of this record are beyond all praise. It is carefully classified, and covers 176 pages of fine type. The term "Geography" is used in its most comprehensive sense, and we find, for example, such entries as these: "Report of the Commissioners appointed to enquire into the Treatment of Immigrants in British Guiana"; "Jahresbericht des Konsulats zu Puerto Cabello"; "Statistica forestale del regno d'Italia"; "Das Lager des Attila in den catalaunischen Gefilden"; "Bevölkerung und Viehstand in Dalmatien"; Tylor's "Primitive Culture"; Björnsen's "Love and Life in Norway"; Baedeker's Guide-books; "Etudes sur les Glaciers actuels et anciens du Caucase," etc., etc. (New York: L. W. Schmidt.)—Books and papers too good to be thrown away, but no longer desired on account of want of room, or for whatever other reason, may usefully be sent to the U. S. Military Post Library Association, whose headquarters are at No. 58 Broadway. When one considers that there are 279 army posts spread over our great territory, and that the larger proportion of these are distant from all the conveniences and resources of civilization, infrequently reached by mails, amid savage and dispiriting surroundings, and without excitement or diversion of any kind except card-playing, one sees not only what a welcome thing it must be to obtain plenty of wholesome reading, but how plain a duty it is to supply this reading, if merely to keep out the flood of nasty literature which finds its way thither, and to which the unnatural solitariness of the soldier only too naturally predisposes him. The association above named seems to be sufficiently regardful of the religious welfare of our soldiers and officers; and the special encouragement they need, apart from pecuniary contributions, is towards building up post-libraries and reading-rooms. For this purpose, good secular works and papers rather than tracts would seem to be the proper sort of gifts to make. To any one desiring to be informed of the character and aims of the association, we presume the corresponding secretary will be glad to send a copy of its last annual report.——"Studies in Poetry and Philosophy," by J. C. Shairp; and "On the Lord's Prayer," by the late J. F. D. Maurice, are announced by Hurd & Houghton.——Dean Stanley's "Lectures on the Church of Scotland"; the "First and Second Kings" of Lange's Commentary; George Macdonald's "Hidden Life, and other Poems"; and Erckmann-Chatrian's "Plébiscite," will be published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co.——F. J. Huntington & Co. will publish next month "The Hymnal with Music," by the Rev. Dr. Tucker, of Troy.

—Dr. W. D. Wilson, author of "Lectures on the Psychology of Thought and Action," reviewed in the *Nation* of April 11, has pointed out to us that we misrepresented him in saying that he thinks instinct and clairvoyance to be due to a direct action of the spinal cord. On the contrary, he thinks them due to the possession of "senses" other than the familiar five. We much regret the error, though we think the opinion we attributed to Dr. Wilson is not more at variance with first principles than that which he really holds.

—To teach Englishmen the geography of foreign parts, it has been said that a war was necessary. The people of Leicester, in England, have, however, lately learned that the town has a namesake in Massachusetts, and one, too, with a century and a half of history; and the discovery has been made the occasion of an interchange of courtesies of the most peaceful and friendly character. The medium of communication, in this case, was a Boston gentleman, Mr. Abraham Firth, who had the singular fortune to have been born in the old Leicester and bred in the new. A visit to his native place interested him so much that he collected books, photographs, etc., illustrative of its history and antiquities, and presented them, on his return, to the public library at Leicester, Mass. But besides this, he made up a collection of documents of the same nature in regard to the latter town, and sent them as a gift to the Literary and Philosophical Society's library in Leicester, England. This elicited a pleasant letter of acknowledgment, with the frank confession: "So imperfectly is the topography of America known in this country that, to most of us, the fact that a second Leicester existed in New England was a revelation." The Society also forwarded several additional volumes, pamphlets, and photographs relating to their town, to be deposited in the public library, the directors of which have in turn responded with maps of Worcester County, Washburn's "History of Leicester," "Lectures on the Early History of Massachusetts," and with "cordial good-will and hearty desires to see England and the United States of America joined, on the basis of mutual justice, in all good efforts for the pacification of the world and the good of mankind."

—If Dean Alford were alive now, he would like to read the *Kansas Magazine*, whose English we borrow in describing a variety of the human species which is christened the Catfish Aristocrat. First, for his habitat: a Kansas river is an anomaly in nature, being too shallow for navigation, too dense for a constant beverage, and too fluid for culture, though, if the catfish could be permanently expelled, and proper attention given to irrigation in summer, these streams might be made the garden of the world. A snag or some other obstacle to their flow, having stuck fast, affords a lodgment for the detritus of the bluffs, and, if these accretions can be held for a short time, there is soon an anonymous growth of feculent herbage and festering, crawling weeds; then malarious bushes and jungles exhale from the black soil, in whose loathsome recesses the pools of pure rain are changed by some horrible alchemy into green ooze and bubbly slime, breeding reptiles and vermin which infect earth and air with their venom, while deadly vapors and sickly odors born of decay for ever brood in the perpetual gloom. This foul alluvion with its basis of quaking quicksand by-and-by becomes subject to local government, and, under the delusion that it is a component part of the earth, is surveyed, and soon thereafter a zigzag pen of rotten rails surrounds the filthy hovel of the Catfish Aristocrat, which rises from the swamp like a congenial exhalation. The Catfish Aristocrat is pre-eminently the saloon-builder. He builds no school-house, he builds no church; he constructs the log saloon with mud-daubed interstices. There with his companions he gathers round a rusty stove choked with soggy driftwood, drinks sodcorn from a tin cup, plays old sledge on the head of an empty keg, and at night reels home yelling to his squalid cabin. Arrived there he is met by a score of lean, hungry curs that pour in a canine cataract over the worm-fence, and, driving them back with imprecations, he gets to bed under a heap of vile gray blankets. In the morning he crawls into his muddy jeans and broken shoes, whence his great toes peer out like snake-heads of forbidding hue, and greets the day by drawing out the corn-cob stopper of a flat-back bottle, from which he takes raw a gurgling drink of infamous whiskey; after this draught he picks up a dull axe and slabs off an armful of chips from a green cottonwood log and prepares his breakfast—hog meat and corn-dodger, washed down by a decoction of coffee burned to charcoal. Another pull at the bottle, a few grains of quinine if it is "ager-day" (ague), a chaw of Navy, and the repast is finished, and the Catfish Aristocrat is ready for the labors of the day. These, if it is war-time, consist in joining Price, or Anderson, or Quantrell, and bushwhacking, poisoning wells, murdering captive women and children, sacking defenceless towns, house-burning, horse-thieving, perpetrating atrocities that would make the blood of Sepoys recoil. In peace he votes the Democratic ticket. His parentage no man knows; it is supposed that he was born of the inner consciousness of his own squalor, but this must always remain a matter of conjecture. To the most minute observer his age is a question of the gravest doubt. He is perhaps a hundred years old; perhaps he is thirty. No one can tell the number of his years by inspecting the sandy sorrel of that hair, in color like a Rembrandt interior, which strays round his freckled scalp, those eyes—we must spare the reader the eyes—that lipless mouth, which never opens but to let whiskey and tobacco in and let oaths and saliva out. Lucky is it for Kansas that the Puritan came and made her a child of Plymouth Rock. Had he not, a few hundred mush-eating chawbacons, her only population, would still have been chasing their razor-backed hogs through her thickets of black-jack, and jugging for catfish in the chutes of the Missouri and the Kaw. Thus far the writer in the *Kansas Magazine*. His style is not the style which will be cultivated in Kansas when his Puritan idea, and some other ideas, shall have gone on to the fruition which he predicts for the ideas of Plymouth Rock; but as for the matter of his article, nothing is more certain than that he describes with substantial accuracy the Southern and Southwestern "poor white." Such, really, were the worst and ignoblest of the poor wretches whom, ten years ago, we bred in plenty on our wild frontiers; and some such still we breed, though their foster-mother and best employer, slavery, they have lost. The Anglo-Saxon race in its degradation can sink to low levels; but perhaps nowhere and never has it been at once more degraded and more actively noxious than in this country and this century.

—A correspondent asks us to beg some publisher to undertake a continuation of Poole's "Index of Periodical Literature," a useful work which it would be exceedingly convenient for librarians, book-makers, and magazine writers to have brought down to a later date. To have it continued would be convenient for other writers as well as the classes just mentioned, for some of the really learned and sound and in every way good literature of the periodical publications gets into no book, and must be sought in the place of its first appearance. Moreover, to the exhaustive treatment of many subjects it is necessary or advisable to have read everything that everybody has written upon it, the good and the bad alike, and for these and other reasons we wish there were a prospect of profit sufficient to tempt one of our publishers to continue for money Mr. Poole's labor of love—love which must, we fear, have been but lightly rewarded. We must, however, advise our correspondent that while we shall be glad if he can have his wishes in the matter gratified, we must deprecate his wrath against the authorities of the Smithsonian Institute. He is in a fine hearty state of indignation with those gentlemen because they are "busy preparing a new orbit for the planet Neptune" when they might go at "Poole's" and get it finished up. But "Poole" and the periodical articles we can make shift to get on without; while the new orbit the planet must have, or it will be obliged to go on in the old one. We admit that it was so good a man as Mr. Garfield who the other day made some highly popular objections to the operations of the surveyors of the Fortieth Parallel, and thought their work not worth pursuing at much expense; but such things are nevertheless not to be said. Mr. Garfield or our correspondent might to-day have been a hind in a leather jerkin with his owner's collar round his neck if a thousand years ago certain non-producers in cells and other idling places had not been trifling with astronomy, the magnet, explosive powders, and other rubbish instead of eating their honest blood-puddings, like sensible men, and herding pigs or owning them. Our correspondent must restrain wicked feelings towards the savans, and recollect that he can send a message to London and get a reply in ten minutes instead of twenty days, because some time since a few idle people, who should have been making indexes and so on, employed themselves in finding out how many different things would attract bits of paper, lint, and the like. In a sense, we "hitch our wagon to a star" fully as often as the transcendentalist could desire.

—The salvation of modern art by means of "real washtubs and a real pump" is not yet completed. Yet we notice the new "Life of Maclise" going over with a busy murmur of admiration the actual pulleys, actual ropes, tompions, and marlinespikes collected by that painter for his fresco of "Nelson." Could not the biographer, after enumerating these and after quoting the artist's Prussian correspondence over the cap worn by Blücher at Waterloo, have proceeded more at large to tell what he thinks of those grand Maclises for their sentiment, action, and drama? Possibly the foreordained issue for this disease of minuteness is in American art, with its tendency to panoramas. Realism, at any rate the realism that holds modern painting to the wall, is not the trouble with our representative national pictures, the Trumbull historicals at Washington, about which a Montana correspondent has asked us some questions. Colonel Trumbull, a decidedly meritorious disciple of the Fuseli and Haydon period, was apt to utter history with the latitude of parable. That, however, was not the reason why his floods of paint, totally unrestrained by real washtubs, were a bad bargain for Congress. The Representatives, in fact, reasoning upon probabilities, could hardly have done better with the order. It was adjudged to a man with very genuine claims, both for artistic and patriotic worth, and Congress has never since had a repetition of that felicity. The disturbing element was nothing but old age. The four Trumbulls in the Rotunda of the Capitol were begun at the age of sixty and finished at sixty-eight. Their melancholy inferiority to his early, live work may be measured by referring to his pictures owned by Yale College, among which are the originals, having a long priority, of the large "Declaration of Independence" and "Surrender of Cornwallis." These first conceptions show high merit, and the miniature heads they contain are of delicate value as portraits. When the artist came to exaggerate them for the Rotunda, he failed abjectly. His faults, which can be most readily explained in writing, however, are faults of verity. His "Declaration" shows the faces of Congressmen who did not sit in Independence Hall till long after the date. His "Cornwallis" introduces the portrait of that officer, who was not personally at the scene of the surrender. This having been complained of, Trumbull was forced to give the figure another name. His "Washington" resigns his commission in the presence of ladies, who would be thought to have intruded for purposes of ornament were they not so prominent in deformity. "Let not foreigners, or men of after days," says Dunlap, "take these pictures, because of their situation, as a standard by which to measure the arts of design in our country at the time they were painted." The four blazons by Trumbull are not frescoes, but canvas pictures. They are each eighteen feet by twelve, and Congress paid $8,000 dollars apiece for them. As an additional perquisite—we may remind the minute moralists who have grudged to Rothermel the exhibition of his "Gettysburg"—the Colonel took his pictures without reproach over the country as they were severally completed, getting thousands of dollars for the first so displayed, while the last did not pay expenses.

—It has been a much controverted point whether the ministry of Christ was one year, or two, or more. The Gospel of John appears to vouch distinctly for three Passovers, which would be at least two years and some months. On the other hand, the death of Christ is fixed for A.D. 29, the consulship of the two Gemini, by the concurrent tradition of the church, while Luke (iii. 1) gives the fifteenth year of Tiberius for the date of his baptism, and Tiberius came to the throne in 14. It has therefore been generally assumed that his ministry was one year only. An article in the January number of the *Quarterly Review* discusses this subject, and shows that Zumpt (and before him an English scholar, Dr. Mann) has removed this apparent inconsistency by pointing out that, although Tiberius did not become sole emperor until 14, he was associated with Augustus three years earlier, and it is probably from this first actual assumption by him of imperial rank that the Evangelist dates. This event was in the last part of the year 11; the year 26, therefore, would be the fifteenth year of Tiberius, and as the birth of Christ is well ascertained (by comparison with the dates of Herod's life) to have been four or possibly five years before the common era, we come to Luke's statement that he was then about thirty. This view is further confirmed by the expression (John ii. 20): "Forty and six years was this temple in building." It is shown from Josephus that the temple was commenced B.C. 20 or at latest 19; and, as it was not finished until A.D. 63, it is clear that this expression meant that it was forty-six years since its commencement. This would bring us to 26 or 27, or at latest 28, as the date for the conversation in the second chapter of John. Putting these facts together, we may conclude that the baptism of Jesus was in the last part of the year 26, and his first Passover (John ii.) in the spring of 27.

—In the last of the six discourses which Döllinger has been delivering in Munich on the divisions of Christendom and the way to reunion, he paid some attention to the Jesuits, whose achievements he sketched in a very forcible manner. The history of the last three centuries, he said, had shown that the Jesuits blighted whatever they touched, and that none of their works were prosperous. Their traces are marked with ruins, and so utterly barren has their husbandry been that the proverb, "No grass grows where the Turk sets foot," is fully applicable to them. Where now, asked Döllinger, are the Jesuits' missions to Japan, Paraguay, and the savage tribes of North America? In 1625 they might have been called the rulers of Abyssinia—nine years later not a vestige of them was to be found there. And what is left of their labors in the Grecian islands, in Persia, the Crimea, in Egypt? Scarcely so much as the recollection of them survives. By endeavoring to establish the universal monarchy of Spain in Europe, they brought about the depopulation and bankruptcy of Spain itself and the loss of its possessions in other parts of the world. More than this: aided by the Inquisition they impressed their own spirit so completely upon Spain that they made it one grand monastery, where neither science nor the highest culture could thrive; with the result that to-day Spain produces nothing in literature, and, with the exception of Turkey, is the most retrograde country in Europe. Döllinger also charges them with having destroyed the old German Empire and introduced the system of state-absolutism. In Bohemia they annihilated the ancient Czechic literature, broke up the old Bohemian nobility, expelled thirty thousand families, and sowed the seeds of discord between the Bohemian and German elements of the population. The influence of the Jesuits at Rome and the mortal hatred they inspired in England determined for more than a century the fate of the Catholics of that country, bringing upon them unspeakable misfortunes and oppression. Sigismund of Sweden owed them the loss of his crown, but their own expulsion followed it. In Russia, they pinned their destinies to the false Demetrius, and shared his overthrow. In Poland, their control of kings, nobles, and the higher clergy has brought that country to its present condition. After plunging Portugal into misery by inciting King Sebastian in the sixteenth century to his African crusade, they favored the Spanish domination, and, when that failed, their influence on the monarchy introduced the deplorable misgovernment of which we still see the effects. They prepared the way for the French Revolution by fostering the corruption of morals from king to peasant, and, taking the soul out of the Gallican Church, left it powerless against Voltairianism and an easy prey to the violence which soon overwhelmed it.

EASTLAKE'S "GOTHIC REVIVAL."*

THE architecture called Gothic first appeared in England during the last few years of the twelfth century. The style had originated in France, not more than twenty-five years before, and in purely constructional necessities, but first appeared in England rather as a system of ornamental design than as a new way of building. This distinction soon disappeared, and after the year 1200 the French Gothic and the English Gothic grew and flourished and passed through rapid changes, side by side, with less influence over one another than might be looked for. Under the Angevine kings of England, French architecture would naturally be a controlling influence, one is ready to say. It is probably to the English monasteries and monastic architects that the characteristic and independent development of English architecture is mainly due, at least during the earliest years—the years that gave it character and independence. In France the art flourished for three hundred years, and passed away finally with the fifteenth century. In England it struggled on longer, the influence of the revived classic taste of Italy being much less strong in England than among the nobles of Louis XII. and Francis I., fresh from Italian campaigns. But in the reign of James I., of England, classical architecture is held, in common opinion, to have gained complete mastery throughout his kingdom, and Gothic art to have been definitively abandoned. Here, however, Mr. Eastlake has a word to say. It is the chief object of the first part of his book to show that the Gothic style was never wholly abandoned in England. He speaks of repairs and additions carried out with tolerable faithfulness in the style of the original buildings, of new buildings also, which, however misshapen their designs, are Gothic in intention, and especially of the never-ceasing antiquarian interest in the old buildings as historical monuments, which did much towards their preservation during times when they were not the fashion. The account of the struggles of Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren with the Gothic churches over which they had authority, and of the mingled respect and contempt with which these and other able men looked on the old work, is very interesting, and only too short.

Our author's third chapter begins the history of "The Gothic Revival." Horace Walpole is considered the first, the unconscious, the childlike and stammering prophet of the new dispensation. Chapter IV., after too brief a mention of a most interesting matter—the Gothic work done at Hampton Court during the reign of George II.—goes on to discuss the followers of Walpole, a list of noblemen and architects who dabbled in mediæval antiqui-

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* "A History of the Gothic Revival: An attempt to show how the taste for Mediæval Architecture, which lingered in England during the last two centuries, has since been encouraged and developed. By Charles L. Eastlake, F.R.I.B.A., Architect; author of 'Hints on Household Taste.'" London: Longmans; New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 1872.

ties and restorations and imitations, and, finally, Beckford, the author of "Vathek" (which "wild Oriental romance," Mr. Eastlake tells us, "has been long forgotten"), and his rather absurd palace of Fonthill. And here begins in earnest the discussion of that which has been the weakness as well as the strength of the "Gothic Revival," the immense multiplication of books of description and criticism, containing pictures both of effect and construction, and addressing both the enquiring student and the imitative modern architect. We meet with Dugdale, Gross, Bentham, and Willis; next we have Britton, and then, the first caterer to the architects who like their designs ready-made to their hand, the elder Pugin, with his "Specimens of Gothic Architecture." In this book, first published in 1820, "the graceful mouldings of York and Lincoln were accurately profiled on a large and intelligent scale. Instead of the vague and frequently inaccurate sketches of ancient tracery and groining which had previously been published, we find in this work plans and sections of stone vaultings and elevations of windows, drawn out with the utmost care, the radius and centre of every segmental curve ascertained, and the 'mitreing' of every junction clearly shown." And Mr. Eastlake adds, "An age of ignorance was succeeded by an age of plagiarism."

The weakness of the Gothic revival has been, of course, its imitative character. Direct copying was not to be avoided at first; without it nothing could be done—nothing learned; but the age of direct copying ought to have been very short. Unhappily, the possibility of reviving Gothic architecture was proposed as a patriotic, a religious, or an antiquarian and historical study to a generation which knew almost nothing of decorative art of any kind, and to which architecture was not a fine art at all. The flat insignificance of London in 1840, the frightful ugliness of the gentlemen's seats built for a century before that time, the desecrated and dishonored decay of the noblest churches in England, were paralleled by the almost total absence of beauty in the interior, in the household, in the objects of daily life. But for the porcelain works scattered about England, there would have been a nearly total abandonment of decorative design applied to industry; and the low ebb which decorative design had reached may be judged by any one who considers the objects turned out by these porcelain manufactories themselves. Mr. Chaffers' "Keramic Gallery," just completed, will suffice. Let the reader look up Chelsea, Lowestoft, Derby, Bow, and the rest, and study the photographs of articles carefully selected from among those manufactured at those famous works, almost the only homes of decorative art in the England of their day. To this generation, which knew not of art except as a costly and superb way of displaying wealth and liberality, the study of Gothic art was proposed: 1st, Because it was an *English* style, not imported from Italy, and referring every day to Roman, Greek, and cinquecento Italian models; 2d, Because it was a *Christian* style, and not based upon the study of heathen temples; 3d, Because it was associated with glorious and romantic times—with knighthood and chivalry. Each of these reasons for the revival was sufficiently answered by careful copying. Moreover, criticism from the antiquarian standpoint became easy to those who would "cram" a little upon mouldings, and originality of design became proportionally difficult to architects, who were told that their designs were not "correct"—that they had used thirteenth-century mouldings with fourteenth-century tracery, and the like. The "Tractarian" reformers, too, were supposed to approve especially the revival; and the Low-church and Dissenting enemies of the Tractarians felt it incumbent upon themselves to stigmatize new Gothic churches as sectarian or schismatic. All these evils might have been overcome had the architects and workmen been stronger and more accomplished. The problem for the revivalists was, of course, to find out what point in English Gothic work was the best to start from, to agree, one and all, to build only in the style so selected, to study modern materials and the way to use them in accordance with the style, and then to let the art develop itself gradually, as art has done in all the great times. But the difficulties in the way were many, and have proved themselves insuperable. Gothic architecture has not yet been revived in any complete sense. The works of a few men only show what might have been done—what may yet be done if their example is followed.

The chief defect in Mr. Eastlake's book we take to be the one he could hardly avoid—its absence of discriminating criticism. Mr. Eastlake is, we take it, a practising architect settled in London. It is almost impossible for him to speak with freedom of the works of his contemporaries and competitors. He does what he can, and points out what are generally admitted to be the peculiar merits of each of the better known architects; but he can hardly say so if, with us, he thinks that Butterfield, among the elders, and Nesfield and Norman Shaw, among the younger men, are on the right track; that William Burges is one of the ablest designers living, but too resolutely antiquarian, saving himself by his fine draughtsmanship and power of wielding sculpture and painting, even of the human figure, as accessories of architectural design; that the vast majority of the "Goths," including men of as severe and refined taste as Street, of such boundless energy and power of getting through work as Scott, and of such varied ability as Waterhouse, are rather examples of the inferiority and artificiality of modern design than architects of the kind that the times and the circumstances call for.

It is not made very clear in the book before us how much distinction is to be made between the mere substitution of Gothic for so-called classic forms and ornaments, on the one hand, and any resolute carrying out of Gothic principles of design, with modern materials, to serve modern needs. This our author might have done without bearing too forcibly upon the difference between the work of different men. This task of general criticism of modern English work Mr. Eastlake may yet set himself. The book before us gives us reason to hope that he may succeed in the more arduous labor. It is certainly a vast improvement upon the rather unfortunate "Hints on Household Taste," which, for our sins, is everywhere to be seen, causing curiously ugly sideboards to be made for our best dining-rooms, and retarding, we think, the progress of interior decoration.

It should be added that the illustrations to the "Gothic Revival" are numerous, entirely in wood engraving, and on the whole spirited and expressive. A great many more might be added with advantage, for it is vexatious to know nothing about the look of a building which is described and discussed at length, and it is to be remembered that nobody has photographs of these modern buildings, and that the books in our architectural libraries are ignorant of contemporary work. If this book succeeds, we hope that a second edition will be yet richer in illustrations. Moreover, an index should be added.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL SCIENCE.*

THE term science, when used absolutely, applies properly to the system of rules which govern the art of investigating truth. It is so fundamental and comprehensive that it can hardly be defined save by an identical sentence: science is the science of thinking or using the human reason. Moreover, on this fundamental stage it is hardly possible to distinguish science and art; the science of thinking and the art of investigating truth become coincident. Science is opposed to tradition as the source and guarantee of human knowledge. It is as wide in its proper application as the entire realm which in former times was subject to tradition; it is as wide as human knowledge, as catholic as humanity, and it comprehends all human interests. However, it is rarely understood in this sense in its popular use, and even in the use of men of learning "science" is often used as identical with *natural* science. Hence arises a mischievous confusion, which robs pure science of its due prerogatives, and produces in natural science an undeniable arrogance, and a disposition to disparage the historical and speculative sciences. Whether, when this ambiguity is recognized as an evil, and the attempt is made to do away with it, some other name may be given to what we have above defined as science; whether the name philosophy may be revived for it, or, as has been well suggested, we may come to call it "wisdom," is not now an important question. We are concerned with the effort to distinguish this system of rules from its subordinate applications. Therefore, in this paper, science means what is above defined; natural science means the application of these laws of human thought to the investigation of truth in the domain of physics.

We desire to consider an especial case in which this *qui pro quo* seems to us to have produced an error in the discussion and solution of a most important problem.

On the 22d of September, 1871, Professor Virchow, the justly celebrated physiologist of Berlin, delivered an address before the "Association of German Nature Students," on "The Part which the Natural Sciences have to Play in the Formation of the New National Life of Germany." He declares that the problem to be solved, in order to found a homogeneous nationality, is this: to give to the people a fund of common convictions, and to educate them to the use of a uniform method of thought. The task to be performed by any force which aims to fashion and organize a sound and healthy nationality is here stated with absolute correctness, and the importance of that task it would be impossible to exaggerate. All the more necessary is it to scrutinize closely all the discussion of this problem, and every solution proposed for it.

Professor Virchow's solution is that the natural sciences are the power to produce unity of conviction and uniformity of method of thought. Hence they ought to be placed by the state in control of the state schools, when the problem would be both theoretically and practically solved.

It is worth while to review the process by which this conclusion is reached. It is asserted, in the first place, that natural science has conferred two important benefits on mankind. In the first place, it has taught us the genetic theory of knowledge. By “knowing,” we of to-day do not understand holding in memory the tradition in regard to a thing (things being regarded as single, simple, and not subject to change); by “knowing,” we now understand being familiar with the number, order, and connection of phenomena (things being regarded as ever subject to change, modification, and development). In the second place, natural science has taught us the supreme importance of method.

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* "Die Aufgabe der Naturwissenschaften in dem neuen nationalen Leben Deutschlands." Von Rudolf Virchow. New York: L. W. Schmidt.

Here, however, we meet at once with the ambiguity we have mentioned. It most assuredly is not natural science that conferred these two benefits upon the human race. They are two great canons of science. They were won on the field of philosophy at the close of the last century. Philosophy is indeed slow and clumsy. It travels over a wide circuit to gain a little advance, but every step which it gains is felt over the whole expanse of human interests. It was so in this case. When these canons of thought were established, science was born. It had only to go on and conquer all the fields of human knowledge, rescuing the old ones from tradition and dogmatism, and creating a host of new ones. In physics it has won grand and rapid triumphs, and the natural sciences have furnished us with the most precise and satisfactory illustrations of the application and value of these scientific principles, but it is both an historical and a scientific error to say that natural science conferred these principles on the race; an historical error because it puts a subsequent event in the place of an antecedent, and a scientific error because it puts a part for the whole.

Next it is argued, on the ground of these services of natural science, that *it* is the proper authority to guide education. It will give unity of conviction and uniformity of method of thought. The inference is good, as we shall see in the end, that the force to which these two principles belong has an indisputable claim to preside over all education. At present we follow the train of thought of the author. The error which we have detected will manifest itself still more clearly by the error and confusion which it will produce in the result. Professor Virchow, then, proposes that natural science shall descend into the arena in which the sects and the philosophies are fighting for the control of primary education, shall single out especially the Romish Church, which now holds legal possession of many of the state schools, and holds them fettered in tradition and dogmatism, and shall enter into a conflict similar in character and method with that which the other parties are carrying on. Then the state shall judge that, among the contestants, natural science is *the* one which ought to carry off the prize, and so, finally, it shall enter into control of the state schools, protected and guaranteed by legal sanctions. It would thus supplant the church, and occupy its present position.

Numerous considerations at once present themselves to throw doubt on this solution of the problem proposed. Has the force to which (as we are told) we owe the genetic theory of knowledge, and method, no wider or nobler policy in the solution of this problem than to borrow intolerance, violence, and exclusiveness, the worst principles of its worst adversary? Can it only add another element of discord and confusion to a strife already full of shame and mischief? Can a solution be true which would have no application to the schools of England or America? Would not the answer of the priests be valid when they say: “If unity of conviction and uniformity of thought are what you want, leave the children to us. We will guarantee these sooner and more surely than these gentlemen can do it”? No solution is correct which leaves room for such grave misgivings.

But if we turn back to the true source of the great scientific principles—that is, pure science—we may properly say of that that it is the true mistress of all study, investigation, and education. It, and it only, can give unity of conviction and uniformity of method of thought. It is attainable through different disciplines, as the taste of various persons may lead them to choose. The principles are permanent and universal. They may be reached through many channels, and, when won, they may be applied to all objects of human knowledge. They serve to dispel illusions, to tear away falsehoods, to expose errors, and therefore, so far as they are faithfully used, to lead to the truth. They thus produce unity of conviction. They also inculcate strict, methodical, and sharply-defined methods of thought, and thus preserve investigation from dissipating itself on subordinate and unessential issues. These principles, in their sum, make up science. It may be reached as well through philology, history, interpretation, criticism, political science, etc., as through the sciences of nature. Hence it is catholic enough to be enthroned above all education as its spirit, its life, and its aim. It will not limit and narrow education, but continually expand it, continually open new channels by which we may find our way to the truth, to unity of conviction, to uniformity of thought, to harmonious and organic national life. As the presiding spirit of primary education, it will fix the end to be aimed at, viz., training in the scientific use of the mental powers. Nothing deserves the name of education, whether it be technical or ecclesiastical instruction, which sets itself any other end than this.

No one who appreciates what this science is, and what its true prerogatives and authority are, will ever propose to bring it to its rights by a legislative enactment or an executive decree. It has the right to rule, and sooner or later it must rule, over all thought and education. In the meantime, we must suffer for the need of it in every interest we have. But its triumph can never be secured by pitting it against Jesuits in a fight on their own principles. It must extend its leaven through the whole lump by its intrinsic value and power.

ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS.*

THIS is an excellent series for four classes of readers: for women; for college-bred men who want some short and handy way of reviewing their old studies; for unlettered scientific men; and for self-educated men of active mind, curious to know what manner of men those old Greeks and Romans were. Pliny the Younger, too, is just the man for a popular series like this. He was a born reporter; if he had not been a rich man, he would have been that ancient specimen of the Bohemian, a *scurra.* Hardly any old writer gives us such welcome glimpses into Roman interiors, or flashes the cheerful bull's-eye of history so effectively along those obscure bits of life that bring the old world home to men's business and bosoms; little supper scenes and homely bills of fare; ghosts; haunted houses; cases of *hari-kari;* incidents in the theatre and the courts; gossip about literary people, cliques, and spites; the romantic couple that tied themselves together and jumped from their chamber-window into Lake Larius; villas, baths, gardens, fountains, and terraces; not to mention graver matters, such as the haling of Christians and the terrible convulsion of Vesuvius that overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii, of which he is the only surviving witness. In himself considered, Pliny was a commonplace and insignificant man. It is an injustice to the Pliny family to call him a Pliny at all, although for centuries the “nephew of his uncle” has prospered with his uncle's trade-mark and the well-grounded name of the house. His mother, it is true, was a Pliny, the sister of the Naturalist, though strangely called by the authors of this little volume the “sister-in-law”; but the son was a Pliny only by adoption. The regular Plinies, if we may generalize from the description given of two of them, appear to have been a strong breed, portly and masculine. The slender, sickly, red-eyed boy—for he never was anything more than a red-eyed boy—overeducated, ambitious with an ambition that far outran his mediocre abilities, perpetually fidgeting about his mind, was evidently all father, all Cæcilius—at any rate no Pliny. Dr. Holmes says somewhere that he never knew an instance of infant piety that was not clearly a case of scrofulous diathesis. Pliny—poor little pagan—had no chance to bud out into one of Mark Twain's good little boys. But the malignant humor burst out, nevertheless, in another and most virulent form; he wrote a tragedy in Greek when he was fourteen years old. Perhaps it may seem a little uncharitable to rake up in the year 1872 what was done in the year 76. Many wiser men than Pliny have done such things when they were boys and managed to live it down. But when Pliny plumes himself on it after he was man-grown, we feel bound to testify that he was one of those precocious, scrofulous organizations that are soon ripe, soon rotten. This explains why he fades out so completely in the last part of his life.

Messrs. Church and Brodribb's translations are quite good, and their biographical sketches, combined with extracts from the letters, give on the whole a tolerably fair idea of Pliny, though with some natural exaggeration. In a popular work such little blemishes may be overlooked as “the hoarse Codrus” (p. 85) for “Cordus,” or “Maculonus will lend you his house” (p. 83), or “he tells us that he wrote a Greek tragedy in his fourteenth year, and that he began to practise as an advocate at nineteen” (p. 3), for “his fifteenth year” and “at eighteen.” The author's name is given in the outset “Caius Plinius Cæcilius Secundus” (p. 2), instead of “Gajus” or, at any rate, “Gaius.” In matters of textual criticism and higher philology the translators are rather at sea, evidently belonging to the old-fashioned clerical school, not to the new or German school of English philology so ably represented by Munro and Ellis. A droll enough illustration of this may be found in their version of one of the famous letters to Tacitus, describing the great eruption of Vesuvius (p. 14):

> “A letter was put into his hands from Rectina, the wife of Cæsius Bassus, a poet of some eminence, who had a villa on the shore of the Bay. This lady

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* “Ancient Classics for English Readers, edited by the Rev. W. Lucas Collins, M.A.—‘Pliny's Letters,’ by the Rev. Alfred Church, M.A., Head-Master of the Royal Grammar School, Henley-on-Thames, and the Rev. W. J. Brodribb, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.” Pp. 170. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

was terrified at the danger in which she found herself—not without reason, if it be true, as we are told, that her husband actually perished in the eruption."

Now we may be quite as loath to break up this pretty Campanian bower—the poet and his bride, Cæsius Bassus and his Rectina—as ever Mr. Puff was to have all that part about Queen Elizabeth and her horse cut out: "Cut it out? And the description of her horse and side-saddle?" And yet it must be cut out, for there is not a word of truth in it. The manuscripts read (with some variants): *accipit codicillos rectine tasci imminenti periculo exterrite:* that is, *accipit codicillos Rectinæ Tasci imminenti periculo exteritæ.* There is something rotten in the word *Tasci;* and as it is known from the scholiast on Persius that Cæsius Bassus lost his life by the eruption, it occurred to the Venetian scholar, Hermolaus Barbarus, with the loose notions of his age about criticism—his book was published the year America was discovered—to shove the two very improbable words, "*Cæsi Bassi,*" into the text, in place of the one word "*Tasci.*" The whole argument set forth at length in Messrs. Church and Brodribb's Latin Pliny may be thus briefly condensed into the General Choke style:

Cæsius Bassus, a poet of some eminence, had a villa on the shore of the Bay.

Rectina, having also a villa on the shore of the Bay, naturally suggests herself as a fit person to be the wife of Cæsius Bassus.

Consequently, Rectina was the wife of Cæsius Bassus.

"Your Tower of London, sir," says General Choke, "is nat'rally your royal residence. Being located in the immediate neighborhood of your Parks, your Drives, your Triumphant Arches, your Opera and your Royal Almacks, it nat'rally suggests itself as the place for holding a luxurious and thoughtless court. And consequently," said the General—"consequently the court is held there." Nothing has worked more mischief in literary history than this determination to bring all contemporaries together by hook or by crook. It always reminds us of an atrocious print entitled "Washington Irving and his Literary Friends at Sunnyside," in which the author of the "History of New York" is represented in a chair, surrounded by a number of mezzotint gentlemen, each apparently unconscious of any other human being's presence, and aimlessly gazing into infinite void, like the pink-checked dummies in a barber's window. The names discreetly put by the artist under the figures enable us to say that some of the "literary friends" never were at Sunnyside and never saw Mr. Irving in his life.

To return to our subject—the Lady Rectina—we must positively forbid the banns, at least with Cæsius Bassus. Mommsen queries the name Tascus, probably because it is not found elsewhere. Keil thinks the *tasci* is a corruption of a part of the woman's name. We cannot quite agree with him. The usage of Pliny, as "Verania Pisonis," "Piso's Verania" (II. 20, 2), taken in connection with the obvious genitive, leads us to think it quite probable that the husband was mentioned. If it is necessary to find a *parti* for Rectina at all hazards, we suggest *Fuscus* as an easy change to fill up the gap, "Fuscus's Rectina" (i. e., *rectine fusci* for *rectine tasci*). As the name Rectina, by the way, is not quoted in any dictionary or onomasticon as occurring elsewhere, we may as well add that it is also found in a votive inscription discovered at Larinum ('Henzen,' 5770, *a*), OB REDIT*um* RECTINAE.

To conclude—if we have seemed a little hard with Pliny, that early specimen of "Every Man his own Boswell"; if we have thought this weak boy, on whom "Affluent Fortune emptied all her horn," has been rather overrated; if we decline to believe, as some people seem to, that the eruption of Vesuvius was got up primarily to show his weazen figure in the foreground, we will apologize to his admirers by quoting of him what Joanna Baillie says of Anna Gurney:

"Learned, and loving learning well,
For college hall or cloistered cell
A student meet, yet all the while
As meet, with repartee or smile.
'Mid easy converse, polished, blithe, and boon,
To join the circles of a gay saloon;
From childhood reared in wealth and ease,
The daily care himself to please—
For selfish nature here below,
A dangerous state, I trow."

Stones of the Temple; or, Lessons from the Rubric and Furniture of the Church. By Walter Field, M.A., F.S.A. (London: Rivingtons.)—What sort of lessons stones may teach is, we imagine, purely a matter of choice with the preacher—like many another text, they serve all purposes and suit all classes. Those in "Stones of the Temple" seem to be mainly accommodated to the cloistered horizon of ritualistic speculation. The author, fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, is capable of giving, and does give, a great deal of interesting information as to the antique uses and significance of church and ceremonial furniture, and to those who still retain a faith in the value of ceremonial forms and observances, he conveys pabulum suited to their spiritual digestion, weak and medicated, in the form of a story woven in with moral reflections and ritualistic allusions. Mr. Ambrose Vicar, of —— Parish, meets one of his unlettered sheep, Old Hutchinson, in the lich-gate of St. Catherine's church-yard, where, after discussing lich-stones, he takes him by slow marches to the grave-yard for the grave-stones, the porch, the pavement, the walls, the windows, loose stones, the font, the pulpit, the nave, the aisles, transepts, etc., ending with the tower and "the house not made with hands." The story succeeds, as do most of those which are made with a purpose; it may answer its didactic purpose with those who did not need any story to teach the lesson, but *qua* story it is, as might be supposed, a weak invention. Some passages, however, it would be impossible not to commend to the attention of English readers, and may be, by-and-by, of American. "Then let the bearers be men of good and sober character. How revolting to one's sense of decency is the spectacle, so common in London, of hired attendants, wearing funeral robes and hat-bands, drinking at gin-palaces whilst the hearse and mourning-coaches are drawn up outside." The demand for meaning in grave-stones, as well as fitness, is an application of the moral law as little to be hoped for as it is desirable.

The Statesman's Year-Book: Statistical and Historical Annual of the States of the Civilized World. Hand-book for Politicians and Merchants for the year 1872. By Frederick Martin. Ninth annual publication, revised after official returns. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1872.)—The character of this annual having undergone scarcely any essential change since last year's issue, we must refer our readers, for our full opinion concerning its value, to our review of its "eighth annual publication," given in No. 298 of the *Nation.* Briefly, however, we may state here that we still readily recommend it as a very useful compilation; and still find it defective in many respects. We are gratified, doubly gratified in fact, to find that many of our corrections have been turned to advantage in this new edition; but are sorry to discover that others, the adoption of which would have caused a more considerable expenditure of literary exertion, have been left unprofited by. Thus the reign of Ferdinand I. over Austria (not over Germany) has been made to begin in 1521, instead of 1556; the Grand-Duke Constantine has been struck out from among the Czars of Russia; the contradictions in the statements in regard to the population of Bucharest and Belgrade have been removed by omissions; Arad and Castelnuovo have been substituted for "Arrat" and "Canove," and Cattaro added in the list of the Austrian fortresses; one name has been made to replace "Kharkof," "Kharkoff," and "Charkow," and the list of Russian towns which showed "consistency in bad spelling" has been corrected—all this closely in accordance with our remarks. On the other hand, we find the lists of German emperors uncorrected, and the false statement concerning the extinction of Albrecht's line in Prussia in connection with the great Elector still stands; we still find notices of Liberia, Natal, and Costa Rica, but none of Hayti, San Domingo, Guatemala, Nicaragua, and San Salvador; and the yearly "chronicle" is by no means improved, whether we consider completeness or chronological accuracy.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—*	*Prices.*
Annual American Catalogue, third year, swd	(F. Leypoldt)	$1 50
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Cowdin (E. C.), France in 1870–71	(New York)	
Comfort (Prof. G. F.), First German Reader	(Harper & Bros.)	
Conant (T. J.), The Book of Proverbs	(Sheldon & Co)	
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Littell's Living Age, Vol. XXIV., Jan.—March, 1872	(Littell & Gay)	
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1872.

The Week.

THE absorbing topic of the week has been the Cincinnati Convention, a gathering which most probably will have spoken for itself before any comment of ours upon its action will reach our readers. We ourselves have been expecting a great deal from the movement, and at the same time have not been blind to the fact that the risk of disaster has not been small. The work proposed was nothing less than to relegate to oblivion two time-honored platforms, or a large part of them; to displace two national parties by uniting in a third the best elements of both; to give to honest men the control of the Government. This is a work which merely to attempt was highly honorable, but which was of a difficulty nearly proportionate to the honor. While the movement was weak in the popular estimation, it was perfectly pure; since it was seen to be strong, it has been in danger; it has attracted to itself a set of political managers for whom the country cares nothing—for whom no one cares except themselves, their immediate followers, and people of like mind with these, of all of whom the country is sick. Such accessions have latterly given the movement a factitious strength which has smitten admiration into the newspaper reporters and fear into the most purblind of the Administration supporters—men not of a character, intellectually or morally, to perceive and feel wherein lay the true strength which made and will continue to make the Reform Liberals dangerous and formidable, and wherein has lain their immediate danger. But if there are some corrupt and some foolish men in council at Cincinnati, there are also many wise, sagacious, and honest men, from whom it is reasonable to expect much, who as we believe will put before the country a declaration of principles on which good citizens may cheerfully go to victory or to defeat in this coming campaign, and who, as we trust, may not only make a thoroughly satisfactory platform, but may nominate candidates worthy of it and sure to lead the new party to immediate success.

Our latest advices from Cincinnati make it clear that a good deal of very noisy work is being done for Justice David Davis, whose friends, Democratic and Republican, have so intensified the hostility aroused against him when he, a judge of the Supreme Court, suffered himself to be nominated by the so-called Labor Reformers, that he certainly can in no case, either before nomination or after nomination, have the support of the original, independent promoters of the movement. It is not necessary to charge him with collusion in all the acts of his friends, Democratic and Republican; but his nomination is one not fit to be made. We believe there is little real danger of it. The tariff difficulty seems to be on the point of disappearing in a manner creditable to all concerned. So far no mistake appears to have been made, and there is good ground for hope and confidence.

Mr. Adams's letter to Mr. D. A. Wells, in reference to the Cincinnati nomination, has of course provoked a good deal of comment. Of this most has consisted in eulogy of its courageousness; or in disapproval of what is called its too great independence of tone; or in applause of its dignity; or in incredulity that so undignified a letter could have been written by Mr. Adams; or in pointing out that Mr. Adams, as was to have been expected of so far-seeing a man, scorns the Cincinnati movement and sneers at it; or, on the other hand, in pointing out that Mr. Adams evidently believes in the new movement. The reader will, no doubt, have read the letter, and will perceive from what quarter these various comments come. They leave us—as the letter itself left us—convinced that Mr. Adams perfectly understands the situation in all its aspects; that independence and a belief in it have become very rare among American public men; that Mr. Adams's name frightens Administration organs this week more than any other name heard in Cincinnati; and that Mr. Adams is a shrewd politician who will not condescend to any arts of the politician which are below the level where the politician is the practical statesman. The Presidency honors any man, but Mr. Adams would bring as much honor to it, so far as this country now knows its public men, as any American citizen could bring, and more of a statesman's experience.

It is the fashion among certain sets of people to say that "the public is tired of these investigations." It well enough might be if the number of them were all. There is not a State in the Union which has not had several, and Washington has had them by the dozen; but while they result as every one of them without exception has resulted, we think the public, tired as it is, will endure as many more as may be necessary. We, for one, promise that we will read faithfully all the evidence in an investigation which is darkly hinted by the editor of the Washington *Chronicle.* That paper, whose editor was, to his great credit, editor of the Charleston *Republican,* thus addresses the Columbia *Union:* "Will the *Union* explain the action of the South Carolina Legislature in electing Mr. T. J. Robertson United States Senator, when we know that he paid forty thousand dollars for such election?" We doubt if the *Union* explains. We have looked everywhere for an explanation of the fact that Mr. S. C. Pomeroy (bribery and corruption) and Mr. Alexander Caldwell (bribery) are not investigated by their fellow-senators, but we find none anywhere. We expect but little fatigue in Senator Clayton's case either (corruption in office), although the House has felt compelled to turn out one of its members to whom Clayton, as Governor of Arkansas, fraudulently gave a certificate of election. The fact is that Mr. Robertson, Mr. Clayton, Mr. Caldwell, and Mr. Pomeroy may be useful to the party both in June and in November next, and "the party" means Mr. Cameron, Mr. Morton, Mr. Conkling, and their friends. We are tired of investigations, no doubt, still we should like to see if these gentlemen from Arkansas, South Carolina, and Kansas would, when investigated, look something like Mr. Casey, Mr. George Butler, Mr. Murphy, the Syndicate, Mr. Reed of Florida, the Scott Government, Mr. Leet, Mr. Evans of the Harrisburg Ring, Messrs. Tweed and friends, Mr. Robeson and the Secors, Mr. Cushman, Mr. Terwilliger, Mr. Wood, and numerous other persons—we confess it is a tiresome list, tiresome in all ways—whose record of misconduct or worse has been before the public during the last twelve months.

We would suggest to the Civil-Service Commission as a proper revenge for its shabby treatment by Congress, that it call the President's attention to the incompleteness of his reform so long as the salaries now paid to the Government employees remain at their present low figure. As false parsimony is better exposed at home than abroad, it might be well to begin with the diplomatic and consular service of the United States; and a hint from the Commission to the President would doubtless produce a circular from the State Department to our representatives in foreign countries, embracing enquiries, say, on the following points: amount of salary and fees, cost of living at the place in question, style of living required or desirable, amount of savings per annum—comparisons in the foregoing particulars with other legations or consulates. We should thus get a little light on the problem whether, after all our machinery for rewarding the highest competitor, he will be such a representative as we should care to employ on any terms; whether, in other words, the places we have to offer are such as not only capable but even fairly honest men can accept. That is but a narrow view of civil-service reform which looks merely to determining the best among a given number of applicants, and not to improving the class who present themselves. We need hardly say what we would have the President do with the information thus collected, and what we expect Congress would not do with his recommendations. It could easily be made to appear, however, that the raising of salaries might be effected without extravagance, if the numerous perfectly useless consulates were abolished, and the duties of the remaining consuls abridged, as would often be possible. In like manner, the simplification of our revenue system, by cutting off a large number of superfluous clerks and officials, would permit the salaries of the rest to be sensibly increased, with a corresponding increase in the inducement to first-rate men to strive for such positions.

Our Missouri correspondent who wrote to us a fortnight ago that we were mistaken in supposing the framework of society in his county to be in rather a shaky condition, closed his letter with a half prediction that although he and his neighbors would "outgrow this state of things" before long, we must not be surprised to hear of a vigilance committee or two and some lynch law. "This state of things," it will be recollected, was the corruption of the county judges, and our correspondent's prophecy has had a speedy fulfilment. Cass County is on the western border of Missouri, and within the "dark and bloody ground" which formed a base of operations against the Kansans in 1855. The famous town of Ossawattomie, which gave a sobriquet to Captain John Brown, is hardly fifty miles away. The people are not distinguished as being of the law-abiding order, for they have among them a leaven of the inhuman ferocity and ignorance which made the name of "Border Ruffian" synonymous with that of cowardly and brutal murderer. Some of these people, always ready for wild justice and wild injustice, have latterly been excitedly indignant at a Ring composed of merchants, lawyers, and the county judges, who out there are the financial officers of the counties, which not long since effected a fraudulent issue of railroad bonds. Two of these were horribly murdered and disfigured last Wednesday week by a mob which took possession of the train in which they were travelling and killed them, and together with them an innocent person, a man named Dutro, who was mistaken for another of the conspirators. The civil authorities were of course paralyzed. The victims were warned by the mayor of the county town that they would be killed further up the track, but they continued their journey, and when attacked made some resistance, all being armed, but were soon riddled. Had they submitted they would have been hanged, as ropes were ready for them. Some of the mob were masked, others not, and some were in "consequence recognized, but the coroner's jury returned a verdict of death at the hands of persons unknown." Within a few years we shall be seeing newspaper items to the effect that "So-and-so, a desperado who had long been the terror of the whole section, was shot and killed yesterday at Harrisonville. He was known to have been one of the leaders in lynching the county judges some years since"; or "So-and-so, a respectable citizen, died here yesterday. He is suspected to have been concerned in the execution of the Ring judges in the spring of 1872." The murdered judge and attorney were at the time under heavy bonds to undergo trial for their offence, but the mob could not wait. We are more patient here, and we pride ourselves upon it; but it is true, too, that our great sweetness and our height of civilization in letting Mr. Hall and Mr. Tweed reside so far down the river, and our self-discipline in keeping Mr. Tom Fields as member for Harlem, may well enough have made us accessary to these Missouri murders of thieves. We have done about as much to encourage lynching as if we had taken Tweed to the lamp-post instead of letting him keep his seat in the Senate.

The new charter for this city has been vetoed by the Governor—and we may add that it would not have been passed by the Assembly had there not been a general belief that he would veto it—on the grounds that its cumulative-voting clause is unconstitutional, and that its distribution of executive responsibility among so many boards, each containing so many members, is open to serious objection. We do not see why any one should dissent from this latter opinion. Nothing could well be clumsier than the composition of the various Commissions; half-a-dozen men of the ordinary human stock are not going to look carefully to the right performance of duties which are the business of them all, but not the business of any one. And there will always be at work more or less of the "ca' me and I'll ca' thee" principle, which makes every executive board as liable to jobbery as the irresponsibility of the members makes it liable to inefficiency. As to the cumulative-voting clause, its constitutionality is a question for the lawyers which, if settled in the negative, will in time, no doubt, lead to an amendment of the constitution, should the scheme be found to work well in other States where it is on trial.

The veto from Governor Hoffman, which, as we say, had been foreseen, brings up with new pertinence the question of how much of good we have got from this "Reform" Legislature. The answer certainly is that we have got next to nothing. And we have got next to nothing because the Legislature has not been primarily a Reform Legislature; nor has it been primarily a Republican Legislature, so far as that adjective has now a meaning; but first, last, and all the time it has been an assemblage of "Fentonites" and "Conklingites"—the latter in the majority. The Reform uprising of last autumn was a very genuine movement. The average head of a family in New York State does not wish to steal himself, nor to let anybody else. But he does not know all about politics, and, well as he meant last fall, he could not prevent himself from being cheated by the politicians. Of these, Fentonites and Conklingites, a good percentage are not only Fentonites and Conklingites first, and Republicans and Reformers afterwards, but they are also for sale. Nothing is harder to prove than a legislator's corruption; but to see the corruption of a given legislative body is easy. A Senate must be purchasable which, after hearing the testimony in the Wood case, did not expel Wood; there must be purchasable members in a House which, knowing what has been shown before its Judiciary Committee, fights long and hard against the impeachment of Cardozo, Barnard, and McCunn. A motion looking towards the impeachment of these men has at last been carried through after a prolonged struggle, both Speaker Smith, the Conklingite leader, and Alvord, the Fentonite leader, doing all they could to prevent its passage. The Bar Association, and especially its committee at Albany, are to be congratulated on this result; but we shall wait a good while yet before we congratulate them for success. Their persistency and courage deserve respect and admiration, but we admire also their faith in their cause, overwhelmingly good as it is. Common report represents some of the senators who will have to try the judges as unwilling to expel Wood, because there are stories which he in turn, if he were expelled, might tell about them. And of the House, one of its members says that the inhabitants of a State prison are respectable in comparison with a majority of the members. Such remarks "created a feeling against him," we are told, and the other day, in a sudden fit of disgust, he resigned his seat and came home. How well worth preserving, for purposes of State politics, is the Republican party of New York—"the party which can point with just pride," etc., etc.?

The Apportionment Bill, which, next after the charter and the resolution to begin impeachment, is the Assembly's most important work, is of course a thoroughly unjust bill. It is not expected of our State legislatures that they will regard equity when the business in hand is to mark out the Congressional districts, so as to secure more of them for the party in power than of right belongs to it. Democrats and Republicans alike disgrace themselves in this way whenever they get an opportunity to benefit themselves by the manœuvre. The peculiar feature of this particular piece of injustice, and the one which perhaps alone makes it worth remark, is that it is done for the benefit not of the dominant party but of a faction within it. Apart from this matter, however, and in view of the other acts of this Legislature, we find it difficult to understand why some of our contemporaries, zealous for the right, should be so sharp with Colonel Hawkins, the resigning member. He has apparently not that control of his feelings and of his tongue which should be among an honest legislator's qualities, as assuredly it will be found among the qualities of the gentlemen who move him to wrath. Nor is he a very judicious person in any respect; and no doubt he is technically in the wrong when, in his indignation at the roguery around him, he deserts the legislative place which was given him that he might resist roguery and defend his constituents. But the severity with which he has been shent for his impatience a little surprises us—or would if we did not know certain things. A corrupt legislature confesses its own corruption by condoning bribery and dealing tenderly with other gross villanies, and it goes on to the commission of further acts of the same nature. To expose individual members is all but impossible, and when, by good luck, exposure is made, it brings no punishment to the offender as offender, but as Fentonite. It strikes us that the member who sees all this, and says so without being heeded, and even "creates a feeling" against himself, does not do so wholly bad a thing when he resigns, and thus calls pointed attention to his assertion—made very roundly—that this Legislature registers decrees for Vanderbilt in just the same way and for just the same reasons as the last Legislature registered decrees for Tweed.

There is a great deal of rumor current as to the withdrawal of our indirect claims before the Geneva Commissioners, but there is nothing certain. We have little doubt that the Administration is expecting to patch up some sort of an arrangement, if it has not already, by which we shall practically abandon them, and confess ourselves in error, but we suppose this will not be frankly done with a dignity which might redeem the false step. Perhaps this is no more than was to be expected, considering how much each Cabinet has had reason to believe that the other found the deadlock embarrassing to its prospects, and that neither would seriously criticise the other's method of getting out of what each saw to be a bad mess for itself as well as for its fellow-negotiator. At a dinner recently given by the Saint George Society, a body representing the Englishmen resident in this city, Sir Edward Thornton, in his after-dinner speech, spoke as follows: "No one, I believe, supposes that the British Commissioners had any idea—the slightest idea—that indirect damages were included in that Treaty. A subsequent and thorough examination of the Treaty and its wording has not now persuaded them to the contrary." We wonder if our American Commissoners, did they not conceive themselves bound by Mr. Fish's and Mr. Bancroft Davis's uncontemporary construction of the instrument, would not themselves say precisely what Sir Edward Thornton has said, and agree with his interpretation?

The eruption of Vesuvius has assumed proportions which rank it, in point of spectacular grandeur at least, among the most notable on record. It took a decided increase on Thursday of last week, and every day up to Monday developed new craters with ever-widening devastation. The lava stream that partly destroyed San Sebastiano was sixteen feet deep. On Saturday, the view of the mountain from Naples was entirely cut off by the smoke, and on Monday ashes fell like snow in the streets, so that umbrellas were spread against them. Sand followed the discharge of ashes, amid incessant thunder and lightning, but, though the volcano continued its rumbling and quaking, no new craters were formed, and the flow of lava had ceased. The force of the eruption appears from the accounts to have been as usual chiefly on the southern and western slopes of Vesuvius, from Bosco Tre-Case round to San Sebastiano and Massa di Somma. The latter village was wholly destroyed. The intermediate towns, like Torre del Greco and Resina (near Herculaneum), were abandoned by their inhabitants, and in general the loss of life seems to have been small, while the loss of property in houses, goods, farms, and vineyards has been sufficient to deprive thousands of their homes and means of support, and to lead the Government, with the king in person, to bring succor and military protection to the unfortunates. The event is one which the mind naturally associates with the contemporaneous earthquakes in Syria and in California, by which Antioch has been ruined for the dozenth time, and California rocked almost from one end to the other, and which have cost a significant number of lives.

In spite of the many contradictions and obvious exaggerations in the despatches from Spain, it is clear that the Carlist rising is a much more serious affair than the two similar attempts made by the adherents of Don Carlos in 1869 and 1870. Whether this young prince, the great-grandson of the first pretender of the same name, and grandson of the Count de Montemolin—who respectively assumed the names of Charles V. and Charles VI.—has really appeared in person south of the Pyrenees, and staked his life on the poor chance of entering Madrid as Charles VII., through the aid of peasants and priests, Republicans and Internationals—allies in the late elections—may still be doubted, though the fact is announced in a public proclamation circulated in the capital. Nor is it certain that his younger brother, Don Alfonso, has succeeded in crossing the frontier, which is watched both by Spanish and French cordons—the French Government being quite zealous in its manifestations of friendship towards the throne of King Amadeo. But fighting, of a more or less desultory character, has undoubtedly taken place in various districts of the Basque provinces, Navarre, and Catalonia, and even Gallicia, Aragon, Castile, and Andalusia have not remained entirely undisturbed; and it is a rather significant fact that Marshal Serrano himself had to assume command in Navarre. The insurgents generally keep to the mountains, the adjoining regions of Navarre, Guipuzcoa, and Alava, as usual in Carlist risings, being their main fastnesses, and the Basque peasantry their best material. Wherever they appear in the lower districts they are easily dispersed or compelled to surrender.

That Don Carlos has calculated, or still calculates, on simultaneous risings in the large towns, still convulsed by the wild coalition agitations of the last months, is quite natural; nor is it impossible that the more reckless portion of the Internationals and Republicans are, on their part, still watching the opportunity which the distractions of the Government may offer them for the overthrow of the new dynasty for their own benefit. It is, however, very probable that both these parties will find themselves wofully mistaken, and that the throne of Amadeo and the Sagasta Administration will come out of this crisis unexpectedly strengthened. The Radicals proper, the leaders in the late coalition movement against Sagasta, have already, with Zorrilla at their head, actively joined the Unionist and Progressist defenders of the constitution against the rebellion, and their chief is even reported to have assumed the command of a column of Government troops in Navarre. The bulk of the Republicans is said to follow their example, and the influence of the turbulent Internationals, who are suspected of plotting a movement which is to spread from Spain all over the Continent, will, in all probability, prove more potent in driving wavering Isabellinos and Republicans into the ranks of the supporters of the Government than in promoting the cause of the Carlists. The Carlist representatives have left the Cortes, the insurrection has broken the unnatural coalition of opposite extreme parties, and the Sagasta Administration, whose triumph in the elections was not overwhelming, will not be slow in turning patriotism, fear, and other good and evil impulses to the best advantage in the cause of order, the throne, and the constitutional Government.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE TO PUNISH THE RING.

For nearly a year the papers have been full of nothing but reform. At the hotel, on the railway, and in the parlor we have been hearing continually of the doings and probable punishment of the latest rogue. We have started up a new one pretty much every week, and most of them have escaped us because the popular comprehension was not spacious enough to provide for them all. We wisely thought, too, that if a sharp punishment were visited upon a few of the worst, we should have no reason to complain of our year's work. What have we accomplished? is now the natural question to ask. Has any rascal been punished? Have any of those whom, five months ago, in the plenitude of our strength, we thought we could almost afford to pity, received the felon's stigma we decreed them? One of the Ring, Keyser, has paid into the city treasury a few hundred thousands; we have indicted a number of the conspirators, and have attempted one man's trial; Connolly has seen the inside of a jail, and Tweed has been badly frightened. Both Tweed and Connolly have been deprived of their municipal offices; but one of them has got out of the way, and the other retains his seat in the Senate. Mr. T. C. Fields, who has been also indicted, not only retains but occupies his place in the Legislature; indeed, he is admitted to be one of the most influential men in that body. An unappreciative public has not done full justice to the merits of Fields, and it may be well to recall his transactions with some detail. We hardly know of a case so characteristic. The good-nature, the impudence, the self-satisfaction, the contempt of the helpless public, the unbelief in any Nemesis during this life at least for an Albany politician—these qualities make the character and career of this worthy man most interesting and typical.

It was Mr. Michael J. Quigg, a fireman of Harlem, who, meeting Mr. Fields in the street, first suggested to him that the volunteer firemen of Harlem should be paid for their services. Mr. Fields said: "It will cost something, but I see there is money in it." The member for Harlem is in his way a successful student of human nature and an expert in the manipulation of senators; he knew his ground at once. The "unrecompensed and deserving fireman" will constitute a good cause. Of course, his appeals will not draw tears from the eyes of legislators; they understand as well as himself just how deserving the case is; but people will never object to their voting money to recompense anybody, and besides it would be churlish to refuse to oblige a "good fellow like Fields." Pretexts for lobbyists are the desirable things; the money is not so hard to get as an excuse on which to pocket it in a decorous or semi-decorous manner, and a politician who knows his business is as constantly in quest of a plea as a clergyman of a text. This incident suggests an unpleasant reflection. It was in the winter of 1868 that Quigg and Fields had the conversation which resulted in the loss to the State of a half a million of dollars. On that day, all New York went about its business quite unconscious of Quigg or Fields. Our reflection is that now, while we write, another Quigg is no doubt meeting another Fields, and making suggestions for the robbery of yet another half-million. The Harlem firemen were to be paid for services which they pretended had been rendered from 1865 to 1868, at which latter date they disbanded. It was perfectly well known that many of them had served but a few months. Those who had given their services for the full time had no idea of receiving any pay for it. When one evening they were got together in a hall and the "object of the meeting" was announced, great was their natural joy. They pounded upon the benches, they screamed, they whistled; "the boys" indeed used all those varieties of expression with which the innocent and healthful give vent to gratification and delight. Before the meeting adjourned, all the firemen present had signed papers making over to Fields 33 per cent. of what should be voted by the Legislature. An appropriation of $50,000 was secured, and Comptroller Connolly paid to Fields $49,277 34. This Fields distributed among the firemen, retaining his 33 per cent. Their first venture was so successful that they resolved to try for more; they held another meeting, but this time Fields demanded 50 per cent. The firemen became angry, and swore that Fields was a most exacting person. Here we see how people's consciousness of desert keeps pace with their good fortune. The notion that they were to be supported at the public expense had ceased to be an agreeable novelty, and now appeared quite the natural and becoming thing. But the extortioner could make his own terms, and they gave him his 50 per cent. Fields then got a bill through the Legislature authorizing the Comptroller to pay the "balance of the claims which had been found due." This balance in the mind of the Legislature referred to the $722 66 which remained of the first $50,000. But Fields construed it to mean any claim which might be brought forward for services rendered. He paid to the firemen $459,977 97, half of which sum he kept to himself. From Quigg, the original interlocutor, and from some others he did not exact his commission of 50 per cent. Fields, as we have said, is now at Albany, as strong and as impudent as ever.

Wood's case is a particularly simple and likewise a significant one. In his case alone do we know precisely where to put the blame of escape. The Senate had it open to them to expel him, and they refused to do it. He received $10,000 from Tweed, and $5,000 from Jay Gould, and about the same time he voted for some of their measures. Tweed and Gould assert in Wood's behalf that the money was "lent," but they admit that they would not have lent it had he voted against them. Upon this the Senate decide that Wood has not violated the privileges of their body! We have heard a great deal about the impossibility of fixing a definite portion of the general rascality at Albany upon anybody. Here was an excellent chance; a better one can never offer. The punishment, by prosecution at law, of Tweed and Connolly was no doubt a very much more difficult thing to accomplish. These men have had control of the legislation of the State for the last ten years, and have framed the laws in their interest and for their protection, and it may be that there were especial legal obstacles to the immediate trial of Tweed and Connolly. It was certainly unwise to begin with the trial of Hall. It put the public in an unpleasant dilemma. He was technically much the whitest of the lot with whom he was classed, and there was moreover a good deal of popular sympathy with him. On the other hand, his acquittal would have made it more difficult to convict the others, and have interrupted the momentum with which the public retribution approached Tweed and Connolly; the trial was sure to be a long one, and it was most important that the law's delay should not induce a return of our old languor and apathy before the punishment of the worst of the robbers had been consummated. It seems to us therefore greatly to be regretted that the prosecution should have begun with the trial of Mayor Hall.

Our great difficulty seems to be the legal obstructions with which the thieves have hedged themselves in, and the control their confederates still maintain in the Legislature. We are too apt to think of these men as of late entertaining a small idea of themselves. Some months ago the worst of them were badly frightened, but with the opening spring, and the Presidential election, and the apparently oblivious public, they are beginning to put on a more cheerful and confident exterior. At Albany, so far from suffering stigma or ostracism, they are influential and popular. They possess, of course, great experience in the details of legislation; they help the young members to get through their bills, and in many ways make themselves useful and agreeable. They are said to have a very genuine fund of good-nature, and to be the most agreeable men and best fellows at the capital. Indeed, from some of the talk we should imagine that a man at Albany who had never stolen anything would be continually oppressed with an uncomfortable sense of inferiority. The state of public feeling has been such that persons naturally well disposed and glad to stand well with their neighbors could be guilty of corruption with but a slight loss of their own self-esteem. The crime a man may confess does not deprive him of his own good opinion, does not commit him to meanness. These men, indeed, could not confess to corruption in so many words. But Tweed and his friends had a definite understanding with each other, and they maintained a general understanding with the rest of the world, that they had their own way of doing business. Tweed was strong and therefore respectable. What men may do with impunity they are not apt to think they sin greatly in doing, and of course it is just here that we see the need of some ignominious punishment for these people. Their chariots and fine houses have made them almost respectable in the eyes of the multitude; it is necessary that some symbols as easily appreciated shall make them utterly disrespectable. We need to call to the aid of man's moral sense that contempt there always remains in human nature for the vanquished and the humiliated. To a philosopher a rogue may be the same everywhere and under all conditions; but to ordinary men, and to philosophers too, the senator lolling in the curule chair at Albany is a very different being from the wretch who looks out from behind the bars of a window at Auburn. We have not failed altogether; we have gained in the confidence of our ability to punish rogues—a great step forward; we have had some pleasurable feelings of indignation, which have greatly raised us in our own good opinion; we have been at times quite austere and inflexible. But the object of all the gravities and emotions is to punish somebody. The thing to do now is to inflict on the worst of the offenders some stigma against which their good-nature, their impudence, their semi-decorum, cannot stand for an hour; when that has been accomplished, we may rest for awhile. Is there any hope of inflicting it?

THE PROSPECT OF ANOTHER EUROPEAN WAR.

THERE has been a vague dread of a renewal of the war between France and Germany diffused through Europe during the last two or three weeks by a threat made, with a semi-official air, in the London *Daily Telegraph*, of all places in the world. That Bismarck should select any English paper as a medium for making known his ferocious intentions with regard to France seemed surprising enough, but that he should select among English papers the *Daily Telegraph*, seemed more surprising still. Indeed, it has seemed so surprising that the rest of the English press has apparently come to the conclusion that there is nothing whatever in the story. But the undeniable facts of the case are of too serious a nature to make it possible to treat it as a mere "newspaper sensation." We may not know what Bismarck has in his mind, or what Thiers has in his mind; but the world does know that the reorganization of the French army is proceeding on a truly formidable scale, and that there is nothing which M. Thiers has so much at heart, and perhaps nothing on which he counts so strongly for the restoration of French self-respect. The army on its present footing is now over 400,000 strong, and M. Thiers boasted in his speech at the adjournment of the Assembly the other day that it had not for many a day been in so good condition. Special attention has been devoted to the artillery, which the outbreak of the war found in such woful plight, and about which the Emperor, as the Duc de Gramont confesses in his recent book, was so terribly deceived. The number of field-guns is being raised from 1,800 to 2,700, and the model adopted is said to excel the Prussian gun in nearly all respects. The new bill which has just been reported to the Assembly, and will probably be passed, and of which we gave a summary last week, will raise the French force available for defence to 1,200,000 men, and will give a force available for offensive operations little if any short of 700,000. It is impossible that the Germans can look on these preparations with indifference or without serious apprehensions, and it is not denied that they are fortifying the strongholds on the French frontier with extraordinary care and diligence, and that the training of the troops was never carried on with closer attention to every detail of organization. Even a balloon corps is undergoing thorough drill, the German attempts in this field during the late war having been of the most melancholy description; and the controversy which has been raging over the performances of the artillery is not unlikely to end in the adoption of a new gun.

At first glance, it appears as if it was folly for the French to hope for anything in the shape of "revenge" within any period worth thinking about. But it is well known that French politicians have given up all design, if they ever entertained any, of attacking Germany single-handed. Their foreign policy now is directed to the single object of forming an alliance with some one of the powers with which the growth of Germany, and the arrogance which is an ordinary concomitant of growth, may bring her into collision, and of raising the army to a point of strength and perfection which will make their alliance worth courting. It is no secret that the dissolution of Austria is looked for by Continental diplomatists as the next great European convulsion. When or how this is to come nobody pretends to know, but that it is not very far off few doubt, in spite of the fact that the finances of the empire have been undergoing of late something like a revival, which is ordinarily a healthy sign, but in this case really is a sign of disease—for the very increase of material prosperity brings with it an increase of the race hatreds and ambitions on which Austria so long lived, but which are now tearing her to pieces. Whenever this catastrophe occurs, it will leave Eastern Europe strewed with political débris, over which Russia and Germany, it is believed, can hardly fail to quarrel. Germany is not in the least likely to permit the control of the mouth of the Danube to pass into Russian hands, or Russia to give up her secular desire for a free outlet to the Mediterranean—so that even if the disposition of the Slavic provinces of Austria were easy to settle, there are in what used in Lord Palmerston's day to be called the "Eastern question" the materials for a fierce conflict, and a conflict of which it would be difficult to foretell the issue, supposing the two combatants to have it to themselves. In such a contingency, the French flatter themselves that they would be able to turn the scale, and would almost certainly be asked to do it by Russia.

They have, however, another string to their bow. France has paid as much of the indemnity as she is able to pay out of her own resources. The remaining three milliards she must borrow, and she will try to borrow it, and will probably succeed, in England. To get into debt to England to this amount would give England a powerful reason for backing France up, though it would give her no control over the French Government. The plan of having the whole of the national debt held by the people itself which owes the money, as carried out by the Empire, has a good many fascinations of a sentimental kind, and some solid advantages; but it has the serious disadvantage of depriving the debtor in the hour of distress of the benefit of that interest in his fortunes which a creditor always feels.

If foreigners had had a powerful stake in French finances, many Frenchmen now believe that M. Thiers' wanderings in search of an ally in 1870 would not have been so unfruitful, and they propose to make friends by getting into the debt of those for whom the help of their army has no attractions. In what particular "collision" they fancy that England could be got to play a part it is difficult to say, but probably one caused by German designs on Belgium, which they think Bismarck will some day seize to round off his frontier on the left bank of the Rhine. But with regard to Bismarck they think all things are possible. They look on him as an ambitious conqueror, whose head has been turned by success, and who cannot long refrain from new enterprises, and whose theory that the Empire needs a glacis and outposts would constantly tempt him into "rectifications" of the frontier on one side or the other. The "principle of nationality," too, they think must some day lead him to lay hands on German Switzerland and to listen to the prayers of the Germans of the Baltic provinces of Russia.

All these hopes, we do not need to point out, are hopes which, as must be felt by those who cherish them most fondly, will need a long time for their fulfilment, and are hopes which might be entertained for half a century before beginning to look wild or unreasonable. When we consider, therefore, that as long as they last they will keep France and Germany armed to their utmost capacity, will lead to the devotion every year of an enormous amount of the wealth and industry of the two countries to the preparation and maintenance of military and naval armaments, and will continue—and this is the worst result of all—year after year to turn a very large part of the very highest intellect of both countries to the science of destruction pure and simple, it is difficult to paint in colors too dark the prospect which the war of 1870-1 has opened up before Continental Europe.

If France had had the good luck at the close of the war to light on a young statesman, dominated by modern ideas, and capable of convincing her of the enormous capacity of revenge even in its coarsest form which is to be attained by steady devotion to the arts of peace, we might have seen the military phase of progress, as it has been called, closed in our own day. As it is, we are apparently in for another hundred years of it.

PARISIAN JOURNALISM.

Paris, April 10, 1872.

THE complete stagnation of the political world leaves me room for some general considerations on the subject of the French press and the French periodicals. It must often have astonished you that France should have had for many years but one successful review. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* enjoys a complete monopoly. Many rival reviews have tried in vain to thrive by its side—the *Modern*, the *Germanic*, the *Contemporary*, etc.; after a vain struggle, they invariably disappear. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* itself had great difficulty in establishing an independent existence. I know from good authority that till 1848—that is, twenty years after its foundation —it had an annual deficit. Success, in a financial point of view, only came after the golden days of Alfred de Musset, of Madame Sand, and of Mérimée. The Empire consecrated this success, as the liberty of the press was completely extinguished after the *coup d'état*. The Liberals still found, however, in the historical, the æsthetic, the religious, the diplomatic articles of the *Revue* a feeble and half-concealed expression of their regrets and of their hopes. The *Revue* owes no doubt much of its importance to the character of its editor. Buloz was born in Savoy, and he has all the stubbornness of a mountainous race. He knows but one object in life, the *Revue*. He began life as a printer, and he has all the professional pride of a good compositor in the material perfection of every number; there is not even a single proof which he does not see and correct with his own hand. He has seen all the great names of literature and politics grow, as it were, under his patronage. He treats rank, talent, and even genius on a footing of equality. He is the President of the Republic of Letters, and ministers, ambassadors, diplomats, *immortels* of the Academy must call in person upon him, and often wait in his bureaux. It is only just to say that he is prompt at discerning talent; that to be unknown and young is almost a title in his eyes; and that he is not more severe, more critical, more harsh with the novices than with the oldest and most illustrious writers. During the two or three days which precede the appearance of a number, no human or divine power could drive Buloz away. He works day and night, and is never satisfied. Forcade, who for many years under the Empire wrote the political "Chronique," told me that he had found but one way to calm Buloz during this periodical crisis. When he became too censorious, Forcade quietly took his hat as if to go away, leaving the "Chronique" unfinished. Then Buloz was obliged to retire to his own room grumbling, and Forcade had a few hours to himself. I do not think that Buloz ever paid a compliment to any author—he is afraid of spoiling them; even when he knows that he has in his hand an admirable article he scolds. His silence is worth more than the applause of thousands. His terrible earnestness, his untiring devotion to his work, his utter disregard of friendship, of old acquaintances, of what the French call *camaraderie*, have no doubt helped him to build up a review with which nobody dares now to compete. It would seem that by his character Buloz must have made enemies enough to start a new review; but the fact is that he has no real enemies; he has no personal hatreds; the day after he has given offence to a writer by refusing an article, he would gladly accept another if he thought it good. Even those who belong to the *genus irritabile vatum* always return to him after a while, when he does not himself return to them.

The *Revue*, before the war broke out, had above 20,000 subscribers. The number fell off during the war, but is rising again. We must not accept it as a fact that there are in France only 15,000 persons (for there are 5,000 foreign subscribers) who have a general culture, as the *Revue* is seen in every club, in every *cabinet de lecture*, and even in the great *cafés*. But it cannot be denied that the reading public cannot be very large in a community which is contented with only *one* review, and which, curiously enough, has not a single magazine. When I think of the vast number of magazines which are prospering in England, I have often wondered that this familiar sort of a periodical did not exist in France. I think that the reason is this: though the magazines in England and in America have often important articles on politics and literature, their special attraction is in their novels. How people can read at the same time four or five novels in different magazines at broken intervals, and keep the run of all the engagements entered into, of all the deaths and marriages, is a problem which has often puzzled me, but which seems to be solved with the greatest ease by many a country girl. In France, the novels do not appear in periodicals—they appear in the daily paper, in the *feuilleton*. The gravest papers, the *Journal des Débats*, the *Moniteur*, are obliged to have other heroes than those of the army, other personages than the actors of the political drama. In the upper part of the paper, we are informed of all the movements of the foreign potentates, of M. and Madame Thiers. In the *feuilleton* we enter a fantastic world, which is to many readers of the daily papers the most interesting. This revolution, for it was a revolution, of introducing the *feuilleton* into the press began in the second part of Louis Philippe's reign. It produced that particular kind of a novel which is called sensational, for it cannot be expected that fine analysis of character, that long descriptions, that minute psychological details, could be well appreciated in a *feuilleton*. The reader must be left every day under some strong impression; *la suite au prochain numéro* must always mark a crisis. Paul Féval, one of the most popular of our sensational novelists, used to write three or four novels at the same time for various papers. In order to find his way in the labyrinth of his own imagination, he had a number of small dolls for each story, strung together in the dress of their rôle—monks, mousquetaires, kings, duchesses, soldiers, etc. His valet brought him the string of the novel he was working at, and each time one of the personages was killed or died, the corresponding doll was taken off. One day the valet forgot to take away the doll of a personage who had come to grief and had fallen in a duel. The editor of the paper in which the novel appeared was surprised to receive a number of astonished or angry letters: "How is it that ——, who was killed a month ago, has come to life again?" The editor consulted Féval, who consulted his own story and his own string, and perceived the omission of his valet.

Eugène Sue was one of the first "exploiters" of the *feuilleton*. The "Mysteries of Paris" and the "Wandering Jew" were great events and great scandals in their day. But the sensitive fibre has in the long run been made insensible by repeated sensations, and our present feuilletonists are at their wit's ends to keep up the excitement. There is a large class of smaller papers that sprang up under the Empire, which give hardly any place to politics, and must have stories—the *Petite Presse*, the *Petit Journal*, the *Petit Moniteur*. They have thousands of subscribers in the small towns and even in villages; and they have a staff of writers who are very clever in their way, but obliged to work always in the same direction. Ponson du Terrail and Gaboriau are the last stars in this provincial circle of French literature. They are the novelists of crime and secret police; they drag their readers through all the vices imaginable; they are the inventors of horrors and of monsters. Anything more disgusting, more unreal, more absurd than "Rocambole," the "great" story of Ponson du Terrail, it would be impossible to imagine.

But, after all, it has been found impossible to amuse the public only with novels; and in the latter part of the Empire journalism entered upon a new phase. The *Figaro* is the type of a journal which is unknown in America and in England. There is still a *feuilleton* in it; but the upper part of the paper, instead of consisting of editorials, of letters from correspondents, and so on, is cut up into various chapters of what I must call daily gossip. I take a number just before me. On the first page there is an account of a first representation in a small theatre of a new piece called the "Timbale d'Argent." Instead of a review of the play, and a judgment passed on the acting, it contains an enumeration of all the swells and the *femmes à la mode* who were in the boxes. Their names are given in full—Comte d'Hoilly, Comte de Gouy, de la Rochefoucauld, de Chebrillon, etc.—more than twenty of them; and with these Mademoiselle Cora Pearl, a celebrated horse-breaker, Mademoiselle Moïsset, and many others, whose names ought never to be pronounced. Some fragments of conversation are reported—of the conversation which took place in the boxes, in the orchestra, and in the *couloirs* between the acts. Pleasant witticisms, more or less authentic, are placed in the mouths of various gentlemen and ladies. The whole article is, in fact, a succession of *bons mots*, so arranged that you need not read the whole, but can content yourself with a fragment, which is a whole in itself. At the end are three lines on the new piece. Some one of our young swells says to another at the door, "At last the theatre of the Choiseul Passage has got hold of an amusing piece, which will not be a passing one." And on this last joke ends the article. Then comes a new series under the title "Universal Echo." There is the Echo of Marseilles, of Nice, of Lyons. The

Echo of London tells us the story of the murder of a French lady by her cook. Article third, a dissertation on Courbet, the painter. Was the jury of painters right in refusing his two pictures—a picture of rotten apples, and another of a Communist lady undressed? Was the jury to refuse these pictures because they were bad and indecent, or because Courbet was a Communist and upset the Colonne Vendôme? These questions are not at all discussed in a grave and pedantic manner; they are treated in the jocular style, and you see at once that the writer could very well argue on every side. After a Political Chronicle, which has some pretensions to seriousness, comes a new series of Echoes, this time all from Versailles; and there is not much exaggeration in saying that each one of these Echoes is a lie. Casimir Périer is again to be Minister; a portfolio has been offered to him; he refused it; M. de Larcy has given in his resignation, etc. Then comes a series, "Paris au jour le jour." You can imagine what this may be. Every young writer of the *Figaro* can put anything he likes into this *caput mortuum*—the last story he heard at the races, at the café, at the restaurant—always with the proper names. Nothing is too strong, too sensational, too personal. I will cite an extract, to give you an idea of the style: "Painful reflection of a man of the 4th of September, who has just learnt astronomy: How happy the planets! they can make a revolution at least once a year." It is all in this vein.

There are now four papers of this stamp—*Figaro*, the *Paris Journal*, *l'Evénement*, *l'Eclair*, and they are slowly absorbing all the attention of the public and diverting their minds from the more serious papers. They are frivolous even when they are strong partisans. The suppressed *Gaulois* was Bonapartist, the *Figaro* is Royalist; but there is no deep conviction in the minds of the journalists who simply write to amuse the public. The Empire has created a new class of men, who are not at all the poor journalists of old times, living in their dark offices. Any young fellow, without the faintest idea of law, of history, of literature, can enter the staff of the Figaresque papers, providing he is well dressed, knows how to fence, bets at the races, and shows himself in the fashionable restaurants. He must have no opinions, for opinions are a dead weight; he must be very racy, very impudent, and as bold as a young lion. There were once journalists in France, called Chateaubriand, Royer-Collard, Guizot; they were stern, serious men. But "nous avons changé tout cela."

OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

BERLIN, April 8, 1872.

SINCE the retirement of Queen Victoria from the spectacular functions of her station, the displacement of Louis Napoleon from the Tuileries, and the "moral" imprisonment of the Pope in the Vatican, the occasions for royal pageantry in Europe have been sensibly reduced, greatly to the disappointment of travellers and sight-seers, to the annoyance of tradesmen who used to profit by such displays, and to the prejudice of courts themselves, which, in order to retain the veneration of the people, must keep up appearances. But while state spectacles are declining in other countries, the erection of Germany into an empire has served to connect the most progressive nation of Continental Europe with the traditions and ceremonies of the past; and the opening of the Imperial Parliament is made an occasion of exceptional interest. This ceremony took place to-day in the "White Hall" of the old Schloss; and as I had the good fortune to be one of the two hundred privileged spectators, I will briefly reproduce it for the readers of the *Nation*.

The indisposition of the Emperor, and the consequent non-attendance of the court, deprived the spectacle of that imposing effect which last year revived the pomp of mediæval pageants; yet this very circumstance gave to the scene a dignified simplicity, which crowned it with a certain moral grandeur. Long before the hour, the great inner court of the palace was lined on either side with the mounted guard in fine array; then came the long line of carriages with rich trappings and liveries, with officials and officers in brilliant accoutrements, and ladies dressed as for a morning reception. The White Hall is a spacious saloon of vast height, adorned with pillars and carvings of silver, and resplendent with mirrors and chandeliers. It has no furniture except the throne upon one side, on a daïs of purple velvet, and on either hand of this a row of cushioned chairs for the court. At an elevation of forty feet upon opposite sides are balconies, of which one is divided into loges for noble and distinguished guests, and the other is the tribune for spectators. The floor is of fine wood, inlaid in various forms and colors, and the walls and ceiling are richly decorated. A little before the opening, two liveried servants appeared with censers, and perfumed the air with incense. Then one by one, or in groups of two and three, the officers and members of the Reichstag entered the hall; the foreign ambassadors occupied a loge, all others stood upon the floor. All were in full dress—the civilians displaying their orders, and the military officers presenting that rich variety of uniform for which the German army is conspicuous. There was much friendly greeting and animated conversation, and the effect of these highly ornamented figures moving and gesticulating, as seen from the lofty tribune through the glittering pendants of the chandeliers and against the background of silvered mirrors, was like a fairy spectacle.

Suddenly there was a hush throughout the hall, and precisely at two o'clock Prince Bismarck entered, followed by the members of the Imperial Council. The Prince wore a brilliant uniform—blue coat, white pantaloons, high-topped cavalry boots with silver spurs, an orange-colored sash over one shoulder descending to the waist, his breast glittering with decorations. Holding his helmet in his hand, he took his station by the side of the throne, and, bowing to the assembly, he announced his commission from the Emperor to open the Parliament, and then as Chancellor of the Empire read the Imperial speech. At the close of the reading, which did not occupy ten minutes, in the name of the Emperor he declared the Reichstag open. In the name of the Parliament, President Simson then proposed cheers for the Emperor, "Long may he live," and raising his hat led the company in a hearty *hoch*, which was three times repeated. Prince Bismarck then greeted the members personally, and the ceremony was over.

The speech was extremely businesslike and matter-of-fact. In brief paragraphs, it disposed of financial, military, postal, and other internal economies of the Empire for the year, and of the question of taxation, with special reference to malt and beer. It alluded favorably to commercial and postal conventions with other countries, especially with Portugal and the United States. The pregnant passages of the speech were these three: first, congratulation upon the development of German nationality as promising a stable and peaceful future to the newly-founded Empire. Secondly, the assurance that the pacification and reconstruction of the annexed provinces of Elsass-Lothringen were going forward in a most satisfactory manner. Prominence was given to the Strassburg University as an agency of Germanic culture. Thirdly, the announcement that it would be the policy of the Emperor to make the power which Germany had gained through her unification as an empire not only the defence of Germany herself, but the guardian of the peace of Europe.

Having worked laboriously for months in carrying his great measures of reform through the Prussian Legislature, Bismarck must now take in hand other progressive measures in the Imperial Parliament. It is as though one mind should lead both the New York Legislature and the National Congress, and at the same time be the confidential adviser of the President in all weighty matters of internal policy and foreign diplomacy. Bismarck has well earned his honors and renown.

Honorable mention was made of Professor Morse at the monthly meeting of the Geographical Society on the 6th instant, and several journals here have paid brief tributes to his memory.

AUSWANDERER.

Correspondence.

"A BOOK OF NO ORDINARY CHARACTER."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of March 23, in that style which is peculiarly your own—indeed, for which you "may be said to have a genius"—you attack Dr. Elder's "Questions of the Day" generally, but more especially the position therein taken regarding the economic policy of Belgium since its separation from the Netherlands in 1830. However, notwithstanding the fact that Dr. Elder has the misfortune thus to find himself at issue with so high an authority as the *Nation*, he is right, and the *Nation* is wrong. By reference to "Questions of the Day," pp. 239 and 240, it will be seen that the author says:

> "Our whole case might be safely rested upon the facts of the industrial and commercial history of the little kingdom of Belgium alone"; and further, "Her customs system shows how wisely she has guarded all these interests"; and, "She has put herself, through wise and persistent protection, into the list of the nations that no longer need any defences against her industrial and commercial rivals." . . . "I must not detain the reader with a statement of the tariff rates which have secured all these results."

In all of these statements, and in others which might be quoted, it is made clear to every candid mind that he is contemplating *a history* not of one, two, or even three years, but the history of a policy during forty years, and the manner and extent to which that policy has "secured the results" which he claims. [illegible] could hardly have been expected to print all of the tariffs enacted by Belgium during those forty years, and hence he has taken his illustrations from a single one—and that a fair type of the entire class. This one is the tariff of 1850, printed in Newdegate's "Tariff of All Nations," 1855, and was at the latter date—*twenty-five years after the adoption of the protective policy*—the law of the land. The rates given by Dr. Elder are, one and all, strictly correct, even to that of *two cents per ton on raw sugar,* which you consider so absurd that you print it in italics.

But enough of Dr. Elder, his facts and figures—our main purpose being an examination of yours. We would invite your attention to certain items taken from the Belgian tariff of 1865, as published by the United States Bureau of Statistics in 1869-70, and, by that authority, given as "*in force since June,* 1866." The items are as follows:

[Mr. Baird here inserts no small part of the tariff of Belgium, with the expectation that we shall publish it. This we decline to do; but, in order to do him no injustice, we publish sufficient to illustrate his argument.—Ed. Nation.]

Skins, large and small, green, salted, or dry; wool, raw, combed, carded, or dyed; woollen rags and yarns, unfit for manufacture; horse-hair, and all crude animal matter not enumerated; feathers; silk in cocoons; manures; fibrous vegetable materials for spinning, etc.,	Free.
Sugar—Raw,	Free.
" Refined, candy, 100 kilogs. (220 lbs.)	$11 03
" " loaf, "	10 31
" " of No. 19 and above, 100 kilogs.,	10 31
Syrup—For distilleries,	Free.
" Of less than 50 per cent. sugar, 100 kilogs.,	$2 93
Cocoa—Raw, "	2 93
" Prepared, "	5 85
Tobacco—Unmanufactured, not stemmed, "	1 64
" Stemmed, "	2 57
" Manufactured, "	8 10
" Cigars, "	50 31
Salt,	Free.
" Refined, 100 kilogs.,	$7 94
Yarns—	
Cotton Yarns, unbleached and bleached, measuring per half kilogramme.	
20,000 metres or less, 100 kilogs.,	2 93
20,000 to 30,000 metres, "	3 90
30,000 to 40,000 " "	5 85
40,000 to 65,000 " "	7 80
Over 65,000 " "	1 95
Cotton Yarns, dyed or warped, measuring per half kilogramme.	
20,000 metres or less, 100 kilogs.,	4 87
20,000 to 30,000 metres, "	5 85
30,000 to 40,000 " "	7 80
40,000 to 65,000 " "	9 75
Over 65,000 " "	1 95
Woollen Yarns, not twisted or dyed, 100 kilogs.,	3 90
" twisted or dyed, "	5 85
Linen Yarns, of hemp and jute, measuring per kilogramme.	
Not twisted or dyed, 20,000 metres or less, 100 kilogs.,	1 95
Twisted or dyed, 20,000 metres or less, "	2 93
Twisted or dyed, over 20,000 metres, "	5 85
Not twisted or dyed, over 20,000 metres, "	3 90
Silk, spun,	Free.

Will you now, Mr. Editor, kindly inform your readers how a tariff in operation in 1869-70, from which the above items are taken, bears out your very confident assertion, "that so far from the tariff of Belgium being an example of the protective system, the whole policy of protection was practically abandoned as far back as 1855"? We assert, without fear of contradiction, that these provisions, considering the comparative rates of wages, and of the development of the industries here and in Belgium, are more thoroughly protective than a majority of the duties on similar products in our existing tariff. When, too, you say "that with the exception of Great Britain, the tariff of Belgium is now, and for years has been, the most liberal in Europe," we simply point you to that of the Netherlands, not that this latter is by any means the "most liberal" to foreigners, but to prove how utterly without foundation is this other assertion of yours.

Henry Carey Baird.

Philadelphia, 406 Walnut Street, April 17, 1872.

[As it would in general be quite impracticable to admit controversy in regard to facts treated of in our reviews, our giving place to this communication must not be taken as a precedent. It is not clear to our mind that when Dr. Elder stated certain rates of duty as existing in Belgium, using unqualifiedly the present tense in so doing, he was contemplating "a history of a policy of forty years"; and, furthermore, we should like to know what a policy of forty years, or Dr. Elder's private contemplations, have got to do with this sentence, quoted from page 240 of his work, "Questions of the Day": "The differential duties charged upon imports in foreign vessels (into Belgium) are, on the average, quite one hundred per cent.," when the fact is there are no differential duties at all existing in Belgium, and have not been for nearly twenty years. Neither do we think the forty-year policy, even if admitted, will help Mr. Baird or his author out of their difficulty. Thus, from 1814 to 1830—a period of sixteen years—the tariff of Belgium (then a part of Holland) imposed three per cent. duties as a maximum on the import of raw materials, and six per cent. on manufactured articles. From 1830 to 1855—a period of twenty-five years—protective and discriminating duties were imposed; but in 1851 the finance minister, in his place in parliament, declared that if this policy was continued, it would prove the ruin of the whole system of domestic industry; and in 1855 the parliament and the people so fully acquiesced in his opinion that protection was swept away at once and for ever, and the duties on imports arranged purely with a view to revenue. So that when Mr. Baird talks about Dr. Elder's contemplating a policy of forty years, he talks about contemplations which never existed; and when he says he has taken his illustrations from "a single one of the Belgian tariffs, and that a fair type of the entire class," he means that he selected the protective tariffs that prevailed in twenty-five out of the fifty-eight years that have elapsed since 1814, and did not give his readers the faintest hint of the fact that the duties he referred to had not been in existence for a period of seventeen years.

Mr. Baird asks us to publish a large fraction of the Belgian tariff, with a view of showing that where Belgium does impose duties on imports, she grades them, putting most raw materials on the free list, a small duty on the lowest grade of manufactured goods, and higher duties on those of a higher value and elaboration; and then triumphantly asks us if this is not protection. In answer to this we quote again the following extract from the speech of the Belgian finance minister, M. Orban, in presenting the budget of 1867:

> "There is no doubt that very few people could be found who would maintain our customs for the sake of the institution itself. Those who support the necessity of customs do so for the sole reason that it is a means of obtaining revenue. The principal obstacle we meet when we attempt to abolish our customs is the considerable revenue they yield to the State—revenue which we should have to replace by other taxes."

We regard this highest official utterance of Belgium as a sufficient demonstration that the idea of protection has not in any degree entered into the construction of the Belgian tariff. But as Mr. Baird may say that the tariff, as he has quoted it, speaks for itself, and speaks also to the contrary, we will meet him even on this ground.

When a nation decides—as all nations have decided—that it is expedient to collect a part of their revenue from taxes on imports, the imposition of differential duties becomes a matter of necessity and a condition of equality and justice. Thus to illustrate: if Belgium were to impose a given duty on the import of a so-called "raw material," and the same and no higher duty on the articles elaborated from such material, it is clear that the raw material, or the product slightly elaborated, supposing the existence of foreign competition, could not be imported. A system of such duties would, therefore, discriminate against the freedom of trade, and against the industry of her own citizens. It would also violate the fundamental conditions of every system of taxation, namely, equality; for exactly the same tax would be imposed on a small amount of property, or measure of wealth, as was imposed on a larger. Belgium thus simply recognized these conditions in framing her customs system; and the attempt to parade her differential duties in face of the declarations of her finance minister, and in face of the fact that there is hardly a legislator, a newspaper, or an author in all Belgium that is not opposed to protection, is a stale device. As well might Mr. Baird call the Cunard, Inman, or Williams & Guion Companies protectionists because they charge freight on goods transported in their steamers, and discriminate with high rates on goods of high value, and with low rates on goods of low value.

Neither is there the slightest foundation for Mr. Baird's assertion that the discriminating duties of Belgium are as thoroughly protective, when measured by the Belgian rates of wages and her industrial development, as are the duties levied in the United States. Thus, for example, all sugar not above No. 19 is admitted into Belgium free. This exempts from duty nineteen-twentieths of all the sugar used by the people; and imposes a duty only on such of the forms of sugar, including candy, as are pure luxuries. Cocoa and tobacco are also articles of luxury, and the duties levied on them are clearly with reference to revenue; and when we remember that a kilogramme is 220 pounds avoirdupois, it is difficult to see how any less duties than those existing could be imposed and any revenue whatever collected. Cotton yarns being an article of necessity, the illustration can be made more to the point. Yarns of the lowest grade are charged with a duty of seven-tenths of a cent a pound, the cost of the article itself being probably at least 20 cents. The next grade pays 1·7 cents per pound, and the highest 3·5 cents per pound. Now, in the United States, the duties on the import of cotton yarns range from 10 cents per pound and 20 per cent. ad valorem (equivalent to from 15 to 18 cents per pound) to 40 cents per pound and 20 per cent. ad valorem (equivalent to from 56 to 75 cents avoirdupois per pound). We think that neither Mr. Baird nor any one else will have the hardihood to assert that these differences in the customs on the import of cotton yarns to Belgium and the United States represent even approximately the differences existing in the wages and industrial development of the two countries.

In one respect, we will admit that we have committed an error. We said that the existing tariff of Belgium was, with the exception of that of Great Britain, the most liberal in Europe. We should have also excepted Holland, in whose tariff we find no duty, except on spirits, exceeding *five* per cent. ad valorem.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

WE are to have, it seems, Mr. Seward's account of his roundabout tour in a book, "Travels Around the World," of which the Appletons will be publishers.——De Witt C. Lent & Co. announce "The Ministry of Song," a volume of religious poetry, by Frances Ridley Havergal.——Roberts Bros. publish at once Frederic Mistral's Provençal poem entitled "Mireio," translated by Miss Harriet W. Preston; Laurent Laporte's "Sailing on the Nile," translated by Virginia Vaughan; "Happy Thought Hall," by F. C. Burnand; "Six of One by Half a Dozen of the Other," the composite novel by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, Rev. E. E. Hale, and three others; and "Paul of Tarsus," by a Graduate.——"Influence of the Mind upon the Body," by D. H. Tuke, M.D., is in the press of Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.——Richard Wagner's "Beethoven," translated by Albert R. Parsons, will be published by Benham Bros., Indianapolis.——S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, announce "Getting on in the World," by Prof. William Matthews.——A reprint from the "Vermont Historical Gazetteer" of the "Histories of St. Albans and Sheldon," will be issued by Stephen E. Royce, of the former place.——Mr. L. W. Schmidt has received from Frederick Muller, of Amsterdam, Part I. of his "Catalogue of Books, Maps, Plates on America, and of a Remarkable Collection of Early Voyages," including a large number of books in all languages, with biographical and historical notes, and an essay towards a complete Dutch-American bibliography. This catalogue, while having the usual mercantile character, is designed to be worthy of preservation on its own account, and as such merits the attention of all collectors and librarians. It will doubtless prove as good an illustration as need be desired of the truth of the "firm conviction" which Mr. Muller now entertains, that "the antiquarian bookseller can largely serve science—bibliography or literary history especially—without forgetting his own profit."

—T. O. Weigel, a well-known publisher of Leipzig, and the author, with the co-operation of the late Dr. A. Zistermann, of a valuable work on early printing, "Die Anfänge der Druckerkunst in Bild und Schrift," advertises to be sold at auction at Leipzig, on the 27th of May and on the following days, the whole of his precious stock of materials collected for the illustration of the above-mentioned work. To all persons interested in this branch of learning, Mr. Weigel's announcement ought to be of the first importance. To seekers after the few scattered bits of cloth and paper by which alone we track the beginnings of the art of printing—now so common a possession of the race that the time when it did not exist seems as far away as the years when the mastodon grazed in the meadows of Orange County; to seekers after these Sibylline leaves now sick with hope deferred of ever getting hold of any of them—for the few that have drifted down to us have long been garnered into private collections, or have found safe resting-place for years to come in the public museums of Europe—Mr. Weigel's news gives a new hope, and there are already signs of great excitement in the tribe. The descriptive catalogue, of which only a few copies have reached this country, and for an opportunity of examining which we are indebted to Mr. F. W. Christern, is itself a book of value and no mean addition to the library of a student of such matters. Mr. Weigel describes it as, in fact, an abridgment of his larger work, and as capable of being used as an introduction to the study of it. It contains twelve illustrations, and is drawn up with great precision, every piece being minutely described, and all those of remarkable importance marked with one, two, or three asterisks, according to the rarity or other noteworthy feature of each specimen. There are in all 533 numbers, and they are classified under the following heads: I. Impressions upon stuffs, Nos. 1 to 10. II. Engravings upon metal, Nos. 11 to 69. III. Engravings upon wood, surrounded with impression from metal borders, Nos. 70 to 74. IV. Engravings upon wood, Nos. 75 to 232. V. Block-books, Nos. 233 to 302. VI. Playing-cards, Nos. 303 to 321. VII. Engravings in stipple (*en manière criblée*), Nos. 322 to 400. VIII. Impressions in paste, Nos. 401 to 405. IX. Engravings on copper, Nos. 406 to 508. X. Early printed books, Nos. 509 to 533. Besides a carefully prepared index, there is also at the beginning of the book a useful list of forty-one of the most desirable pieces.

—Literary coincidences are common enough, but perhaps when one considers the barrenness of the human mind, and the fewness of the ideas which make up the sum total of its slowly-gathered wealth, it is strange that they are not commoner still. But they are no doubt of commoner occurrence than discovery. Two or three have lately been going the round of the press. One is the coincidence between the recent story called "Poor Miss Finch" and a story contained in Bulwer's "Pilgrims of the Rhine." We dare say Mr. Collins had almost entirely forgotten the "Pilgrims of the Rhine"—as we are sure we had, though we dimly remembered it as something pleasantly romantic and sentimental and impossible—and that he had out-and-out forgotten the tale of the blind nobleman and the two sisters. One cannot imagine a man of his intelligence as wilfully spoiling the pretty little tale for the sake of making it into so stupid a story as "Poor Miss Finch." Mr. Collins, by the way, and another and still poorer English novelist, Mr. Edmund Yates, are coming to this country to lecture this coming season, and, doubtless, to make a book apiece about us, so we may as well all be prepared with some "tall talk" about the indirect claims and the sure advent of the British republic. Another person accused as a plagiarist is "George Eliot," concerning whose alleged thefts Mr. Charles Reade has just been in one of his tantrums. She is also the subject of a communication to the editor of the *Churchman* of this city, the correspondent having found a typical "plagiarism" of the kind most often discovered by the hunters of this sort of game. The coincidence is between a passage in "Middlemarch" and a passage in William Chambers's memoir of his brother. The latter we give first:

> "'My father took the book (the 'Encyclopædia Britannica') off Sandy's hands. . . . I lighted upon the stored book, and from that time for weeks all my spare time was spent beside the chest [containing the book]. It was a *new world to me*.'—'Memoir of Robert Chambers,' 1872, p. 62."
>
> " . . . he took down a dusty row of volumes with gray paper backs and dingy labels—the volumes of an old cyclopædia which he had never disturbed. . . . the moment of vocation had come, and, before he got down from his chair, the *world was made new* to him by a presentiment of endless processes filling the vast spaces planked out of his sight by that wordy ignorance which he had supposed to be knowledge. . . . From that hour Lydgate felt the growth of an intellectual passion.'—'Middlemarch,' book ii., March, 1872, pp. 255, 256."

We have called this a typical specimen of these things because if it were a plagiarism it would be a plagiarism of not the least consequence, the fact mentioned being one which happens constantly, and the thought being perfectly common. The writer in the *Churchman* does not speak of it as a case of plagiarism, but only as a case of striking coincidence; but it is hardly the latter either, and is rather a case of coincidence which is not striking. Still another resemblance which has seemed to some observers very marked is the resemblance between that scene in "The Newcomes" in which the Colonel says "Adsum" and dies, and the scene in one of Cooper's novels, "The Prairie," in which the old soldier and trapper, as he expires, raises his head from the ground and says "Here," as if answering at roll-call. The resemblance is there undeniably, but it is such as leaves each author in full possession of his death-scene, and entitled to undiminished credit for it. Death-scenes and last dying exclamations are anybody's and everybody's property; the skilfulness of the variations which are played upon the main theme constitute the legitimate field for the efforts of each new author, and Thackeray will be held to have been very skilful in the accessories, albeit the pathos of the scene in general rests under the least suspicion in the world of being overdone.

—The *Saturday Review* in noticing a recent American book rebukes the author because she uses the ridiculous Americanism "conjugial." We do not know whether Swedenborgians are more numerous in the United States than they are in England, but unless they are, the word in question is no oftener used in this country than in England. Swedenborg, writing in Latin about the true love of the sexes, describes it by the poetical adjective *conjugialis*, and his translators, English and American, have seen fit to employ this word "conjugial," which may, for anything we know, have in their peculiar nomenclature a peculiar sense and force. It is not really in the language proper, either as spoken in America or across the water. "Walkist" is another Americanism to which the *Review* objects; but we fear this is now so firmly rooted that it will have to be accepted everywhere; it rests on the authority of the late Artemus Ward, and has received the sanction of Mr. Billings. "Scientist," however, we believe this country must plead guilty of having invented, and we fear there are indications that it may in the end prevail. Another word of which we have recently heard mention, and the existence of which has been brought in question, is the verb "to fault," used transitively as meaning "to find fault with" any one. This we take to be all but obsolete in the written language, and rapidly obsolescent in the spoken. As the *Churchman* says, its written use is perhaps now confined to those who are accustomed to the study of the writers of the early English Church. It would be more accurate, we fancy, to say of its general use, written and spoken, that some persons such as those mentioned keep it alive, and that besides these it is kept up by members of somewhat secluded English and Irish communities. It is not uncommon to hear it from an Irish child, and it is used to some extent in the British Provinces, where, indeed, it may either have come from the studious rector of the parish or, more likely, have been handed down by English and Irish tradition from the days of Elizabeth. It is hardly a word that we should like to see lost.

—We do not know if it is ignorance of the warning, or unbelief in it, which disposes people to reject what the scientific men tell them about the poisonous properties of certain wall papers. Whichever it may be, the warnings have to be repeated once in so often, and each time the wonder becomes the greater that house furnishers and house owners are so careless. Take even the case of people so well off and so well informed as to go to the expense of using the so-called Morris papers on their walls—take, indeed, the case of Mr. Morris himself, who is presumably a well-informed and conscientious person—and one finds a careless ignorance or else a want of faith in science which is remarkable. The Morris papers have been popular in Boston lately—the Boston taste in wall paper being at least as good as its taste in poetry, of equal superficial area, by the same Mr. Morris—and many recently built houses have been adorned by the beautiful designs of his invention which he turns out at his decorative workshop or studio in London. It is now found, we are told, that in the coloring of some few of these papers poisonous materials are used in quantities so great as to be dangerous to health, and this not merely in papers of a green color, which is popularly supposed to be the color most dangerous, but also in some others. For Mr. Morris it should be said, if we are not mistaken, that he has hitherto been responsible for nothing but the coloring and patterns of his papers, and that the more mechanical part of the work has been in the hands of ordinary manufacturers. And for Messrs. Bumstead & Co., of Boston, to whose taste we are chiefly, if not wholly, indebted for the introduction of these beautiful works into this country, at their expense, it should be said that since the discovery of the danger to be apprehended they sell only those colors which have been chemically tested, so that they now give the purchaser about the safest as well as about the most beautiful and satisfactory of wall coverings.

—The reopening of the University of Strassburg under German auspices has been heralded by the usual announcement of lectures to be delivered at the university in the summer term of 1872, from May 1 to August 15. The only references in its seventeen pages to the transition from a French to a German university are put incidentally, as thus: The professors of the former Faculté de Médicine and the Ecole de Pharmacie will complete the courses of lectures already begun in the French language, and the lectures of Professor Bergmann, on the Growth and History of the French Language, will be read in French, if desired. The fact that the Faculty is a new one, brought together from other universities and by other than the ordinary influences, is shown in the addition to the name and title of each professor of the university from which he came to Strassburg. There are seven Professors of Theology, and five of them belong to Strassburg, a relic, no doubt, of the old Protestant element there before the war; but the other Faculty, of the Catholic school, will probably soon have its quota of German professors brought together from Catholic Germany. In the Law Faculty, of nine professors, three only are from Strassburg; in the Faculty of Medicine, with nine professors, one only is a Frenchman, and he comes from Lyons; in the Faculty of Philosophy there are sixteen professors, of which number five are from Strassburg; and in the Scientific School, of ten professors, but one is from Strassburg. The university fraternity of the professors thus brought together by the German Emperor from all parts of his Empire and from German schools outside of it, serves to show how the German universities count in their number all German-speaking countries, no matter under what flag or crown. There are representatives in Strassburg University from its elder sisters of Würzburg, Kiel, Königsberg, Prague, Freiburg, Hamburg, Breslau, Tübingen, Dorpat, Bern, Zürich, Lyons, Carlsruhe, Greifswald, Athens, Bonn, Treves, Berlin, Aix-la-Chapelle, Halle, Gratz, Heidelberg, and Oxford, which promises to lend Max Müller for the summer. It is thus seen that besides those from Prussia and even Germany, in its broadest sense, there are German professors from Russia, Austria, Switzerland, Greece, England—and even from America, in the person of Dr. von Holst, professor extraordinarius—brought together to transfuse German blood and learning and science into the reconquered provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. The fact that a Faculty of 51 professors could thus be collected, of whom only 15 belong to the city in which the university is situated, shows how large a force there must be in Germany proper from which the Government is free to draw its supply of teachers for the new school.

—The twenty-eight German universities, indeed, including in the list those of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Dorpat, count nearly 2,500 professors of all grades—that is, the professors proper, who are paid by the Government, and constitute the governing body. The extraordinary, or, as we should say, assistant professors, who sometimes receive a regular salary, but a very small one, and the private tutors, teachers of languages, and other subordinates and their students, count in theology—native Catholics, 1,000; foreigners, 100; native Protestants, 1,400; foreigners, 600. In law, natives, 3,200; foreigners, 875. In medicine, natives, 3,700; Vienna alone has more than 1,300; foreigners, about 1,000. In philosophy and philology, natives, 3,700; Berlin has nearly 1,000; foreigners, over 1,100—in the rough thus:

Catholic Theology	1,100	
Protestant "	2.000	
		3 100
Law		4.075
Medicine		4.700
Philosophy and Philology		4 800
Total Students		16,675

The calendar also notes the fact that Giessen sent 72 students to the army; Jena, 131; Leipzig, 400; and Tübingen, 125—a list that is confessedly imperfect, for Berlin, and Bonn, and Breslau, and Erlangen, and Freiburg, and Göttingen, and Greifswald, and Halle, and Heidelberg, and Kiel, and Königsberg, and Marburg, and Munich, and Münster, and Rostock, and Würzburg, must have their roll of honor too. Besides all these, there are long lists of technical schools in Germany for architects, engineers, business men, soldiers, farmers, musicians, sailors, surgeons, gymnasts, and for mechanics, designers, telegraphers, beer-brewers, book-keepers, chemists, weavers, stenographers, artists, wood-cutters, builders, pharmaceutists, printers, sewing-women, glass-makers, and for women in various useful branches of arts and sciences, mechanical trades and pursuits. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the census of the literary productions in Germany should count over 10,000 works in 1870—1,400 in theology, 100 in philosophy, 1,000 in "pedagogy" (the art and science of teaching), 700 in history, 1,000 in law, 100 in mathematics, 250 in geography, 250 in war, 400 in medicine, 500 in natural history, 300 in modern languages, 400 in technical education, 200 in architecture, 350 in agriculture, 100 in woods and forests, 275 in literature, 800 novels, 350 in fine arts, 275 in popular works, 275 in young folks' literature, 390 mixed works, and 250 maps. The impulse likely to be given to education by relieving it from the hard pressure of church control is pretty sure to be felt throughout the Empire, and the prospect of a sharp contrast between the "reconquered" provinces of France and their neighbors is likely to attract attention and criticism of the comparative merits of French and German systems of government and education.

—As there is nothing which is not amenable to German curiosity and research, a pamphlet has lately been devoted to tracing out the origin of the famous university song, "Gaudeamus igitur" (Studie von Hoffmann von Fallersleben, Halle, 1872). The attempt, however, is not altogether successful. The song, says Hoffmann, is evidently very old, but the music is perhaps older than the words. In their present shape, the latter cannot be assigned to a period earlier than the second half of the eighteenth century. Their first appearance in print was in a little book of student songs published in 1781 by a Berlin pastor, philanthropist, and littérateur, Christian Wilhelm Kindleben. The song is given on pp. 56–58, with the remark, "altered by Kindleben," and a note in which he styles it an "old Burschenlied," and says he felt obliged to recast it "because the poetry, as in most songs of this description, was very bad." However, he kept its antique form, and only omitted some verses which injured the rest, and the singing of which would not have been permitted by academic regulations. Whether this is a true account of Kindleben's relation to the song is not clear. The original, if there was one, has fallen entirely out of sight, and Kindleben's version has held its own in the Commersbücher against all variants. A German translation which he issued at the same time fell perfectly flat, nor will its reproduction now in Hoffmann's brochure revive it.

CHADBOURNE ON INSTINCT.*

WHEN this volume was announced, we looked forward to its perusal with a high degree of expectation. This interest was awakened by the subject, for which we confess a partiality, and by the scholarly attainments of the author, of which we had some knowledge. Having now read the work somewhat attentively, we will endeavor briefly to indicate its principal points.

Premising that metaphysicians have been the nearly exclusive essayists upon the endowments of animals, whilst naturalists, whose studies and means of knowledge would add weight to their conclusions, have rarely discussed the question, we find this work a reproduction of the views of the metaphysicians, with additional explanations and a fuller and more systematic treatment. It displays research, logical acuteness, and a genial spirit in active sympathy with the subject. We commend it, without hesitation, as a readable and instructive volume, however much we may differ with the learned author in his principal positions, and however much we may regret to find what we cannot but regard as a fallacious basis under his entire structure. It was, however, desirable to possess, in a complete form, the views of the metaphysicians upon instinct, considered as the governing power over the lives and conduct of animals; and we think this the most lucid, candid, and ingeniously-sustained treatise which has yet appeared upon this interesting theme. Dr. Chadbourne adopts the "*instinct hypothesis*" to explain the phenomena of animal intelligence, and regards it as adequate to embrace and account for all the facts. Having adopted this hypothesis in the title of his work (which hypothesis it would be pleasant to ascribe to human laziness, if it could properly be done), he was substantially released from the necessity of collecting and discussing the vast and complicated array of facts revealed by the lives of the inferior animals. It thus became his chief object to develop a definition, or a series of definitions, of instinct which would satisfy his impressions of its functions, with illustrations of their interpretation; and after that to explain the office of instinct in the animal kingdom. This, in substance, is the work accomplished in the volume under consideration.

If Dr. Chadbourne had collected a body of facts sufficiently comprehensive to illustrate the phenomena of animal intelligence, as far as the facts are accurately known, and, after enquiring whether they revealed in animals the possession of a mental principle, had succeeded in demonstrating a negative, he might have been justified, at least in the present state of our knowledge, in resorting to the convenient term "instinct" to explain the phenomena, although it would even then drag upon the mind as an unnecessary bestowment upon animals of supernatural powers. After acknowledging the impossibility of making a definition of instinct all would accept, he introduces three which have enjoyed some celebrity, as follows (p. 26):

> *Paley*—"Instinct is a propensity prior to experience and independent of instruction."
>
> *Whately*—"Instinct is a blind tendency to some mode of action, independent of any consideration on the part of the agent of the end to which the action tends."
>
> *Hamilton*—"Instinct is an agent which performs blindly and ignorantly a work of intelligence and knowledge."

If compelled to choose one of these definitions, we prefer the last. It is bold, original, and concise. Whilst Paley conceives of instinct as a *propensity*, and Whately as a *blind tendency*, both excluding the existence of a mental principle from which the "propensity" or the "blind tendency" emanates, Sir William Hamilton conceives of it as an *agent*, and inferentially as a mental principle, although it is not easily perceived how a mental principle, a propensity, or even an agent can "perform blindly and ignorantly a work of intelligence and knowledge." This seems to be the fundamental difficulty with all definitions of instinct. They lead directly to the Cartesian theory that every animal below man is a mere machine—a living machine, it is true—actuated by a power analogous to the mainspring of a watch, over which the animal has no control. Remarks and illustrations scattered through the volume seem to commit our author to this opinion of Des Cartes, although he would probably disclaim such an inference.

Dr. Chadbourne's position upon the material questions can be shown substantially by a few brief quotations, which we will insert together. In several places (pp. 173, 207, 226, 255, 258, 286) definitions are given, one of which (p. 185) is as follows:

> "An instinct is simply an impulse to a particular kind of voluntary action which the being needs to perform as an individual or representative of a species, but which he could not possibly learn to perform before he needs to act. And the general term Instinct includes all the original impulses, excepting the appetites, and that knowledge and skill with which animals are endowed, which experience may call into action, but which it does not give." This definition is not materially different from those of Paley and Whately, and not as far advanced as that of Hamilton, from which Dr. Chadbourne dissents. He takes the precaution, however, elsewhere to state that none of these definitions "cover the whole ground of instinctive action." Our author explains all the phenomena of life among the inferior animals by *structure*, *function*, and *instinct*. He also assigns to them a vegetative life and an animal life, and gives a genesis of instinct in the following language (p. 286): "We find at the basis of all activity in animals and men the *vegetative life* by which the body is sustained and the species continued. Next to this comes the truly *animal nature* as the condition for sensation, reflex action, and sense-perceptions. All these must be common to men and animals, as the condition for instinctive action. In addition to this machinery we want impulse to action. And as the first impulse to instinctive action, or one of the first, we have the appetites which arise from the functional activity of the organs. They belong to the vegetative life, but involve sensations and have no direct dependence upon the will. Next in order we have certain instincts which *minister* to these appetites, or, in other words, the animal has, as an original gift, the knowledge and skill needed to enable him to properly satisfy his appetites, and this original knowledge and skill constitute animal instinct—instinct in its lowest plane of action. . . . Above these instincts is intellect, by which the being comprehends relations and the results of its own acts. In the animal this is so low, or rather so weak, as to be subordinate to the instincts of the body. . . . *Will* in the animal seems to be merely the obedient executive, carrying out the suggestions of the instinctive powers." And elsewhere he remarks (p. 190): "That animals perform acts which seem to imply thought, no one will deny—purely instinctive acts; and even the movements of plants seem to imply thought when there is no sensation even. If we detect intellect in animals at all, then, it will not be because they perform certain acts, but it will be because they perform these acts under the same conditions and by the same means or methods as men perform them." He admits that the higher animals possess intelligence, but without entering into any discussion concerning its nature, extent, or deep significance; thus ignoring substantially, with a stroke of the pen, the entire body of authenticated facts in the lives of the higher animals which must form the basis of any proper discussion of their endowments. Whatever *intelligence* they exhibit is made subordinate to instinct—its *servant* and not its *master*. "In water (p. 208) cohesion is the servant of gravitation; in ice it is the master, though it can never escape wholly from its power. So intelligence in the animal, like cohesion in water, must bend all its energies in obedience to the instinctive principles which control the actions of animals as gravitation does the particles of water."

Even if space would admit further extracts, the foregoing are quite sufficient to indicate the scope of this work and the positions of its author.

Instinctus, from *instinguo*, is a good classical word, signifying *instigation*, *suggestion*, *impulse*. It was originally used in these senses, and in no other sense. When Roman scholars had occasion to refer to the principle of intelligence in animals, they did not use this term, but words of higher import —*sensus*, *mens*, *ratio*, *intellectus*, *memoria*, *cura**—"perception," "mind,' "reason," "understanding," "memory," "care." We are unable to state the precise time when the term instinct, with its present signification injected, was brought into use; but we believe it cannot be traced back much beyond the times of Locke. It is a modern invention of the metaphysicians to dispose of the whole subject of animal psychology by a definition, and to create, by force of a term, a fundamental distinction between the endowments of men and of animals where there is no sufficient reason for supposing that any difference exists except in degree. It is a mere theory or hypothesis, with an object, strange to say, having but a limited relation to the facts.

The term "instinct," as modernized, might serve a useful purpose, up to a given line, to explain certain mental operations, both in men and animals, which are beyond the reach of consciousness. The mind moves with electrical velocity. By means of language or mental symbols it is trained to evolve its processes slowly through the heavy machinery of words or symbols, each of which requires a particle of time in its use. Consciousness is thus enabled to follow and to realize the actuality of these processes, and to know that the mind thinks. But there are many processes of the mind so instantaneous as to elude consciousness, and yet they are followed by acts exhibiting intelligence and knowledge. We are certain that the particular act was preceded by perception, reasoning, and the exercise of the will, although not a trace of either remained to consciousness with the exception of perception. Jumping aside from an object suddenly seen flying toward us through the air is an illustration. Instinct would be a convenient term

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[*] "Instinct: Its Office in the Animal Kingdom, and its Relation to the Higher Powers in Man. By P. A. Chadbourne, LL.D." New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1872.

[*] Cicero, De Nat. Deo., lib. iii. c. ix.; Pliny, Nat. Hist., lib. viii. c. l.; id., xi., c xxxvi.; id., xxix. cc. vi., xxxiv.

to distinguish unconscious from conscious processes of the mind. Beyond this we believe the term should be totally rejected both in relation to men and to animals.

We know nothing of the ultimate nature of mind; neither is it divisible into parts or faculties or organs. "The utmost ingenuity," Abercrombie remarks, "has not been able to advance a step beyond the fact that the mind remembers, reasons, imagines; and there we must rest contented." All we know of the mental principle is the fact that it manifests certain qualities, as memory, imagination, reason, and that it has the power of acting and of being acted upon. These qualities and powers form the legitimate and exclusive subject of investigation in whatever relates to the principle of intelligence. In like manner we know nothing of the ultimate nature of instinct so-called; and since there is no occasion to enquire concerning its qualities and powers, because the definition of the term undertakes to dispose of the whole subject, we must either accept instinct as a solution of the entire problem of animal intelligence, or, rejecting the term altogether, take up the mental principle in animals and enquire concerning the qualities and powers it manifests. This is the precise issue and point of difference, as we conceive, between the metaphysicians on the one side, and the naturalists on the other. Up to the present time the metaphysicians have held the field with the instinct hypothesis, whilst naturalists, such as Agassiz and Wallace, have contented themselves with recording a vigorous protest,[*] without taking the trouble to refute the hypothesis. It is so entirely unphilosophical to attempt the embodiment of a system of philosophy, in fine, to dispose of a body of facts ample and important enough to create a science, in a mere definition, that naturalists must have felt persuaded that the instinct hypothesis, left to itself, was certain to break down from the weight of its own incongruities.

Observations upon the habits and mode of life of the inferior animals have, for many years, been accumulating in number, increasing in thoroughness, and widening in their range. The time is not far distant when these facts concerning the endowments of animals will be subjected to scientific treatment upon the basis of the facts themselves. It may be doubtful whether this knowledge is now sufficiently thorough and minute to establish a science of animal psychology. Very little is known of the habits, artificial works, internal economy, and mode of life of entire masses of the species; and even with respect to those species which have been most carefully studied, the knowledge gained is admitted, by the observers themselves, to be very superficial. Whilst they catch the prominent characteristics of a particular animal, they discover and acknowledge that the volume of facts, with respect to its intelligent inner home-life, elude their grasp. The sphere of existence and of activity to which each is confined by structural organization is so far removed from the sphere of man that it is extremely difficult to study their acts, and to give to them a satisfactory interpretation. Many of these difficulties, however, are being overcome by patient industry and perseverance, thus encouraging the belief that our knowledge will in time be made ample and complete.

We think our information exhaustive with respect to the much-studied honey-bee; but, after all, we know very little about the inner actual life of the insect. It belongs to a different and widely separated branch of the animal kingdom from our own; and when we attempt to penetrate its contracted sphere of action, the coarseness and obtuseness of our powers of observation become apparent. It is much the same with the habits of birds, the nests of which, with the cell of the honey-bee, have so long furnished the staple arguments for expounding instinct. The lives of birds constitute one of the marvels of creation. We are almost tempted to select certain species of birds as the highest type on earth of sensitive, spiritual, imaginative life, and to look precisely here for the most exquisite sensibilities in the entire range of the animal kingdom. As we rise in the scale of mental power, the principle loses in the delicacy of its sensibility; and as we descend there is some evidence that it increases. Birds make nests which are seen and dissected, even the process of construction is witnessed; but how much do these inform us, taken alone, of the processes of the principle of intelligence at work behind the scene? When the building of a bird's nest is explained as the result of a propensity in the animal nature of the bird working blindly and ignorantly, we are offered, as it seems to us, the smallest conceivable amount of information upon the subject. The language itself is the armature of a false logic. In the present state of our knowledge, the attempt to sustain the instinct hypothesis, or to explain the endowments of animals, by arguments and illustrations drawn from the habits of insects or of birds, or even of immense numbers of species of the lower grades of animals, will necessarily be futile, for the want of comprehensive and accurate knowledge of the facts. We take this exception to Dr. Chadbourne's treatise, that its arguments and illustrations are drawn almost exclusively from the lower ranges of animal life.

On the other hand, our knowledge of the higher animals, and especially of such as have been domesticated, is much more ample, accurate, and reliable. Here we can stand on solid ground. By means of thorough and long-continued observation, a large body of facts have been collected and authenticated. More than this, the sphere of activity of the higher animals approaches, and even enters, the sphere of man's activity, so that the human mind has come into intelligent contact with the animal mind, both acting and reacting upon each other. There is a sufficient number of authenticated facts of this class displaying intelligence and reason upon which, as to the higher animals at least, it can, we think, be demonstrated that they possess a mental principle which performs for them the same office in governing their conduct that the human mind does for man. With this proposition first established, the qualities and powers of the animal mind should be investigated in the same manner precisely as we investigate the qualities and powers of the human mind. It will then be seen whether the difference in the principles is one of kind or simply one of degree. We take the further exception to Dr. Chadbourne's work that he did not find it within his plan to present and discuss this class of facts, and show, if it could be done, that they were without significance. His reference to them is incidental, and, for aught that appears, they are mere fictions of the imagination. What should have been made, as we think, the most conspicuous element in his volume is as practically ignored as though no such facts were known or even possible.

Several different positions of the author might be tested by practical illustrations; but the unexpected length of this article must exclude them. A single exception may be made. Instinct is said to be an impulse arising, not from a mental principle, the existence of which Dr. Chadbourne does not admit, but from the animal nature, which, by the bye, it is difficult to understand as the fountain of an impulse able to perform an intelligent, rational act through the physical organs. When an animal act rises to actual intelligence, this intelligence is then said (p. 208) to be exercised in subordination to instinct, and not independently of its control. In other words, intelligence in animals is the servant of instinct, and not its master. The raccoon (*Procyon Lotor,* De Kay) is called the *Washer* (*Lotor*), because he washes his food before eating it. Here the animal would be said, through an impulse over which he had no control, to perform blindly and ignorantly a work of intelligence and knowledge. A raccoon in the Garden of Plants, at Paris, was given a lump of sugar by his keeper, the first the animal had seen. Although white and clean, in obedience to a practice he had found salutary through his whole life, he washed the sugar before attempting to eat it. As a necessary consequence, it dissolved in his paws, and the greater portion was lost. The next time the experiment was tried the instinctive impulse failed to arise, and he ate the sugar unwashed with entire faith in its cleanliness. Are we informed that experience corrected instinct? Such an admission would seem to be fatal to instinct itself, since the act of eating in a particular case without a previous washing reveals the presence of a mental principle before which the so-called instinctive impulse was silent, which principle performed openly and independently a work of intelligence and knowledge. One other slightly similar illustration may be added. A keeper of monkeys in a menagerie was accustomed to give them lumps of sugar tightly enclosed in paper wrappers. The monkeys tore off the ends of the wrappers and ate the sugar. On one occasion the keeper managed to enclose a live wasp with the sugar, which was handed to an unsuspecting monkey. When the latter had torn off the end of the wrapper, the wasp came out with a buzz and stung him. After that, when papers of sugar were given, not only this monkey but every other one in the cage held the paper to his ear to find whether the hum of a wasp could be heard within before he ventured to tear the wrapper. It would seem that this monkey had thrown off the harness of instinct when he came to deal with treacherous man, and gave evidence of the possession of a mental principle which not only manifested the quality of memory, but was also capable of devising an experiment to discover a truth, as well as to draw an inference after the experiment was made.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

THE May *Atlantic* is appropriately fertile in pretty verses infused with poetry, and it is fertile, too, in poetical weeds, the delightful "Gannet," and "Galahad," and "Ancient," and "Zoilus," giving us their charming travesties of such poets as Mrs. Stoddard and the late Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman. The article in which these performances appear becomes quite comical when it is Mr. Howells's turn to be parodied and criticised. He remarks in a foot-note that "all contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly* are aware that the text of accepted articles is never changed, nor is even a sentence omitted without the author's permission. The editor regrets that he is now obliged to violate this rule." The result of the violation is to give us a passage such as the following:

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[*] "Nat. Hist. U. S.," p. 64; "On Natural Selection," p. 201.

> "Galahad. Howells, at least, has escaped some of the troubles through which the older authors have been obliged to pass. His four years in Venice made a fortunate separation between his youthful period and his true sphere of activity. He did not change front, as the rest of us must do, in the press of battle. I was very much puzzled what to select as specially distinctive, and allowed myself at last to be guided by two or three short poems." (Reads his parody, which he calls "Prevarication.")
>
> "The Ancient. 'I think I know what you had in your mind, but I was expecting to hear something in hexameter: you know his— . . . *
>
> "Zoilus. Yes, but— . . . †
>
> "Galahad. It is true to some extent. Still, on the other hand, he— . . . ‡"

The asterisk points the reader to the footnote which states the magazine's rule above cited; the dagger points him to the remark that "this would have given a clue to the preceding passage" (omitted); and the double dagger refers him to a characteristic piece of jocoseness: "The intelligent reader will readily guess why this is omitted." It is a skilful and amusing extrication; but we half believe we should have let Zoilus and Galahad and our dear old Ancient go on to make their perspicacious remarks; they are a wonderful company.

Mr. T. B. Aldrich, Mr. Bret Harte, "Grace Greenwood," Miss Louisa Bushnell, Mr. C. P. Cranch, Mr. G. P. Lathrop, Doctor Holmes, and the anonymous writer of a few rhymed elegiacs, are the poets of this month's *Atlantic*, and all make pleasing enough verses. Doctor Holmes does not shine in blank verse, however; and we, for our part, are not delighted with hexameters and pentameters that rhyme. Why should it be sought to give the added charm of rhyme to the rhythmical charm of this fine variety of English verse—fine, at all events, when written by a poet with a natural ear for music, and not by a precisian? The thought of these lines "In Earliest Spring" is poetical and true. "Grace Greenwood" pays a very nice compliment to some favorite poet of hers, and in so doing puts into diffuse rhymes a touching and beautiful story, which missed its luck in life in not coming under Mr. Longfellow's notice a dozen years ago. It is of an Italian artisan—rather call him artist—who cast in his foundry a wonderful chime of bells, the sweet tones of which ringing in the convent belfry enchanted him with their music, so that he came almost to worship them. A marauding descent upon the coast is made, by English ships apparently, and the convent is sacked, the bells even being carried away. The founder, bereaved of his bells, seeks them everywhere—in Flanders, in Normandy, in Amsterdam, in England, and at last is told that beside the Shannon, in Limerick, there is a chime of bells

> "Fit to ring in the coming of the Lord."

Finding his way there, he dies in hearing once more their beloved voices. Like these to him is the voice of her poet to Grace Greenwood. We hope he will pardon her punning title; the joke is decrepit with age and natural infirmity, but women are not expected to know about jokes.

Mr. Bret Harte, too, is fortunate in point of subject, but his treatment of it is not very meritorious. Rather more than this might be said in commendation if it were not for such lines as these:

> "And the citadel was lighted, and the hall was gaily dressed,
> All to honor Sir George Simpson, famous traveller and guest."

Mr. Harte should change this gentleman into Lord Bateman—say, "Viscount Bateman" for the sake of the metre. Bateman also was a famous traveller; and a "guest" after a fashion; though perhaps not famous in that capacity. The change would necessitate the excision of the next couplet, to be sure:

> "Far and near the people gathered to the costly banquet set,
> And exchanged congratulations with the English baronet."

This is very ludicrous. Yet the poem thus unaccountably disfigured is a good poem, as poems go, and fairly well written. As for the *Atlantic's* other poetry, Mr. Aldrich's and Miss Bushnell's is pretty. So is Mr. Lathrop's; but he will write better, we dare say, when he has forgotten all about Mr. Tennyson, except that Mr. Tennyson has educated his talent with assiduous industry, and, so far at least, is a poet worth heeding. We do not know what to say about Mr. Cranch's poem; we believe it always begets in us a partly unreasonable impatience when a man goes to church as some of our illuminati are apt to do, and comes away condemning the clergyman because his sermon was not lit up with the central truths with which the church architecture and the painted glass window have inspired the worshipper's soul. Herbert is a poet nearer right, we imagine, when he advises the hearer who knows a great deal of central truth and is disappointed in the sermon, to listen to the preacher nevertheless, for, under such circumstances, "God takes a text and preaches patience." Clergymen also, as well as the rest of us, should be allowed occasional lapses into stupidity, ignorance, and spiritual blindness. Mr. Cranch's poem has a fine pictorial image of the sight spread before the vision of Ganymede when the eagle bears him aloft.

Mr. Parton's "Jefferson" goes on; "From Shore to Shore"—a very good article, with "opinions," as all Mr. W. J. Stillman's articles have—describes the last voyage to Europe which that artist made, and compares it with his first; in "French Democracy," Mr. Herbert Tuttle fights well for the republic as the only feasible form of government for France; "Who Won the Pretty Widow?" is the beginning of a story which gives good promise of excellence, and which will tell of the experiences of a Southern lady during the rebellion; "New York Dogs" is by Mr. C. D. Shanly, who is a social observer of some merit and familiar with many of the more superficial phases of life in this city. The departments of criticism are all good so far as we can judge, though we think that entitled "Politics" is somewhat too serenely remote from the earnest work of current politics. It is strongly for reform, however. We observe in the article called "An Opportunity for Aristophanes" what seems to us an error, and one which it is rather curious that the writer should have made. Mr. Thomas Nast last summer made a cartoon entitled "The Tammany Tiger Loose," in which Tweed was represented sitting as imperator with Sweeny and the rest of the gang beside him, and all gazing down on an arena where Liberty lay helpless under the fangs of a monstrous beast. This cartoon should never have been drawn, the writer remarks; it said, as plainly as drawing could, that there was absolutely no help for New York; that the city was to the Tammany gang in the relation of slave to master—indeed, of murdered slave to an irresistible master; but this was not at all the true state of the case, for there certainly was hope for the city, and, but for the caricatured faces, Mr. Nast's picture might almost better have been published for private circulation among the members of the Ring themselves. The point overlooked in this criticism is that, however it may be in Boston, the average Christian *in partibus* no sooner looks at a picture of a Roman amphitheatre than he instantly feels a burning desire to draw the sword and devote to indiscriminate and bloody slaughter the entire audience—imperator, consules, Roman knights, vestal virgins, stage boxes, pit, gallery, lobbies, and all. Mr. Nast had previously worked upon this feeling when, at the time of the New Orleans massacre, he made a cartoon representing President Johnson, as imperator, witnessing the slaughter of negroes, who appeared as unarmed Christians beneath the swords of gladiators.

As usual, the most agreeable reading in *Scribner's* is Mr. Warner's article, which this month is as good as usual and perhaps better. Another article worth a little attention is that by Mr. W. C. Wilkinson, who makes an elaborate attack on Mr. Lowell's prose, and points out some of its faults of matter and manner. Mr. Wilkinson's article is rather ambitious, and now and again it puts on a pedagogic air which would befit a teacher instructing boys in the art of composition and the right spelling of intricate words better than it befits a critic; still he says some things that are true and worth attention. But he should recollect that however it may be with dead languages, there is no one who writes with absolute perfectness a living language vital in the mouths of men, women, and children, high and low, rich and poor. An Addison will have his Hurd, a Gibbon or a Johnson will make correctness intolerable, an angel from heaven would suffer at the hands of a Moon or a Gould. Mr. Wilkinson seems to be hardly awake to this truth that we indicate. When he addresses himself to exemplifying inner faults of style by exposing a diction and syntax indicative of careless thinking or defective art, he is doing something worthy of his theme; but he should consider that to worry a sentence in order to make manifest the fact that one of its relative words has an antecedent unexpressed is very little to any good purpose. This it is worth while to say to Mr. Wilkinson, for he is to return to his theme; and, as we have said, something of what he writes is useful. Had this country, thirty years ago, had either a dozen of exacting and intelligent critics, or four hundred millions of inhabitants, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Longfellow, and all our other men of letters would no doubt have been more finished artists in prose and verse. But, as it happened, they were born into a society so glad to get their good things, and which got good things from so few competitors for its favor, that they were all able to be much lazier and much more self-indulgent than contemporary Frenchmen or Englishmen of genius, and it is largely due to the native superabundance of their endowments which has given them their high rank the world over. Mr. Wilkinson, in the essay before us, expressly devotes himself to criticism of the Aristarchian kind, and we do not know whether he is a writer capable of appreciating at their full value Mr. Lowell's good qualities as a critic. Hardly, we suspect. The essay often betrays a narrowness of critical view which has an inauspicious look; as, for instance, when it labors to defend Milton against the charge of being a poet who must take a place below Shakespeare. It will not do to say in the discussion of a question of this kind that Shakespeare and Milton are simply "two incommensurable magnitudes," the one being the greatest of dramatic poets, the other the greatest of epic poets, and that when this is said it is the end of the comparison between them, because anything further becomes at once "a discrimination and contrast of the epos and the drama." Charles Wesley, let us say, was the greatest of British hymn writers, and Burns of British song-writers; is there, then, no question as to whether Burns is a better poet than Wesley? The truth is, that in the poet's true business—in the endeavor to perceive and to express in audible, articulate, beautiful speech something of the wonderful mystery and the wonderful spectacle which is the life of man in this universe of the visible and the invisible, Shakespeare succeeded more fully than Milton, and Milton, grand as he is, great as was his art, epical as his imagination may have been, must defer to the poet who has somehow succeeded in at once seeing more and saying more of what he has seen than any of the rest of us. We hold that the true way to esteem Shakespeare is Ben Jonson's way, and to esteem him "this side idolatry" rather than to the verge of idolatry and beyond it, which is the way in vogue with some of the devotees. To pretend, as some do, that he was endowed with every gift in larger measure than any of his fellow-creatures; that outside Shakespeare there is nothing; that inside him there are not all manner of faults and mistakes which justify nearly all the bad that has been said about him—to pretend belief in these articles of the true faith is something which we, for our own part, would not ask Mr. Wilkinson or any one to do. And we confess to a great and increasing admiration for Milton; but we confess, too, that to find a man seriously thinking of Milton as the equal of Shakespeare once more recalls for us ancient days, in a distant land, in meeting-houses, where Milton and Mr. Robert Pollok used to be cited as examples of Christian genius applied to the production of "religious poetry," and where the undevout astronomer was shown to be mad on the authority of the great Newton and the admirable author of "Night Thoughts."

So much for the essayist's mode of looking at the higher poetry. As to Mr. Lowell's treatment of Milton considered relatively to Dryden, Mr. Wilkinson appears to be in a confused state of mind, a state for which Mr. Lowell is perhaps responsible, though, if we recollect the Dryden essay and the Shakespeare essay, Mr. Wilkinson has stumbled without much need of stumbling. When Milton is compared to Shakespeare it is necessary to call him a poet of the second class; he is then under trial by a standard which is applied to him in company with Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe; which even to some of these is applied with an effect fatal to their claims, and which in all the ages only some half a dozen poets have undergone with success. But when Mr. Lowell is dealing with Dryden the standard is British, and the trial is to ascertain who is to be held to have come nearest not to Shakespeare and poets of the first class, but what man of signal ability and of poetic performance has come nearest to being a poet of the true strain and yet has not quite established himself among that glorious company. Mr. Lowell has perhaps not made this clear and put it in so many words; but a reader is not a good reader who can so little make it clear to himself that he spends labor and pains in arguing as if its contrary had been asserted. However, as we say, the article if worth little as truly good criticism is worth something as fairly good criticism, and *Scribner's* in printing it sets an example which some other magazines might follow with profit.

Other articles in *Scribner's* are "Draxy Miller's Dowry"; a translated poem of Mistral's; a plea for national control of the school system; an account of travel from Baltimore northward aboard one of those special trains in which only royalty and Americans can indulge, and which have taken many a square mile of the public lands from yielding Congressmen and newspaper writers. Unusual care is still taken with the woodcuts of this magazine, which grows increasingly attractive to the readers for whom it is intended. To all heads of families which eat dinner in the middle of the day, and to all other heads of families, we commend the new department of "Relishes for Tea."

"The Story of Tammany" is concluded in the May *Harper's*, and though it is but a slight affair as related by this author, the reader will be apt to wish that it had kept on and through several more papers. The author had a great subject about which we wonder some of our publishers do not print a volume or two. Perhaps too much of it is secret history; but if it could be brought out it would explain much of our political history that for want of such memoirs will hardly ever be understood. For example, many a living sachem could tell many details of the great fight between Buchanan and Douglas which contributed not a little to the rise of Lincoln. Another article of local interest to New Yorkers is that entitled the Manhattan well murder, which occurred in the Lispenard meadows near Spring Street, seventy-three years ago this December, which was tried before Chief-Justice Lansing, by Aaron Burr, Brockholst Livingstone, and Alexander Hamilton, and which was a legal farce about as bad as if it had been tried last December before one of our Ring judges. The writer of it shows, as more than one reasonably careful writer has recently had occasion to show, the untrustworthiness of much of Mr. James Parton's so-called history-writing. In this number of *Harper's* Miss Thackeray begins her pretty story of "Old Kensington"; Mr. J. W. De Forest has a tale which is neither wise nor witty, and to which we call the attention of the *Catholic World;* Mr. Curtis writes about the libellous character of the American editor and about the Japanese morning reception in March last; the University of Virginia comes in for a description, and there is a small volume of other matter mostly so good in its perfectly well-known way that we need say nothing about it except when there is occasion to point out occasional though rare lapses from propriety. Such an exception "Father Higgins's Preferment" surely is.

Lippincott's Magazine is quite as good as usual. Mr. Black's "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" is a good story told with an easy grace which alone would make it very pleasant to read; the "Sketches of Philadelphia" (illustrated) will please Philadelphians; there is a love story about a French *pétroleuse* who was betrothed to an American youth, and afterwards burnt his house and was tried for it; there is a second notice of the private art galleries of Philadelphia, Mr. Henry C. Gibson's pictures being the topic this time; and there is a well-informed article about "Sisterhoods in England." We have more faith than Mrs. S. B. Wister, the writer of the article last-mentioned, in the practical character of the English, and less than she seems to have in that turn of mind which seems to us a sort of spiritual indulgence which in its extreme form, at any rate, is as much opposed to the divine wish and will as any grosser form of it. The sisterhoods will, we imagine, be found useful aids to the poor and criminal classes according as the sisters care less about saving their own souls while engaged in the business before them, and more about saving the minds and bodies of their patients, and doing this for as long a term of years as they may be able to live in sound health and strength.

The *Galaxy* has for its principal article Mr. Welles's attempt to show that Mr. Lincoln's plan of reconstruction was the same as that which Mr. Johnson afterwards wished to carry out and was blamed for adopting. Mr. Welles appears to forget that Mr. Lincoln was neither a despotic ruler nor a man of unchanging opinions, and, furthermore, that Mr. Johnson, by his incapacity, coupled with his obstinacy, succeeded in playing directly into the hands of the Winter Davis and Thaddeus Stevens extremists. This article is a contribution to history; but, certainly, it is not history. Many a thousand and many a million of Southerners have rued bitterly the day when, at Mr. Johnson's instigation, they rejected the Congressional overtures for peace, and would hear of nothing but that the South should keep her full representation in Congress. With the negro to-day at the ballot-box, in Congress representing himself, managing Southern States, the Toombses and Vances must curse the day when they forgot Appomattox and kicked the Blaine proposition out of court. They have since had about as hard measure as often falls to the lot of a conquered people; but not till after they had rejected about the easiest.

The *Overland* talks about wine-making in California, and informs us that California alone is nine-tenths as large as France, and has a much greater area of soil adapted for the grape culture; there is the last half of a very good account of the second Bull Run, written by a private of a regular regiment; there is an instalment of a readable description of California Indians; and there are several other articles, making a good magazine.

Sing-Song. A Nursery Rhyme Book. By Christina G. Rossetti. (London and New York: George Routledge & Sons.)—To write four lines which shall have in them the measure of a child's brain, the rhythm of a child's temperament, and hold the child's ear by the needful but imprescriptible jingle of rhyme, is possibly a more difficult thing than to write a sonnet as great as Milton's. It is at all events a thing which few have done, though nowadays many people are trying very hard to do it. To folk who are bent on moralizing, and distilling good tenets with doubtful verses, or mere excellent verses and superlative morality, there is no language of discouragement too strong—no bitterness of criticism unlikely to be merited; for sermons in the mouth of the arch-enemy are hardly likely to be less effective, and, therefore, less repugnant to good taste, than in verses for children.

To add one strain to that anthology of the babes, "Mother Goose," would be to some minds as high a claim to deathless memory as to have written the "Star-Spangled Banner," the "Marseillaise," or even the best of the hymns in Dr. Watts's collection.

"Jack and Gill
Went up the hill"

will outlive scores of eminent poets, and we could cite many names bound in russia and profusely gilded, either of which would make a profitable exchange with immortality if they would swap their whole stock in trade for the accredited authorship of those lines, or others which might be quoted, from the immemorial volume which all children who have any intellectual future in them rejoice in.

One of the rarest and truest, and perhaps the tenderest, poetesses of our time has set herself, undismayed by the long list of failures, to write a book of verses for children, and, with her best powers and at their prime, has said some things which we believe child-criticism when codified will permit to pass muster, and will not forget. That all the verses of "Sing-Song" are of this character, no one will believe. Many are too wise and sad for any but those whom life has taught its bitterer lessons, but there are some among the artful-artless rhymes which neither the gravest nor the gayest of little ones to come will lose from their repertory.

Judging, with a limited little jury, of the pages of "Sing-Song," we find some that stay in court, mostly of babies. For instance:

" Love me—I love you—
Love me, my baby;
Sing it high, sing it low,
Sing it as it may be."

" Mother's arms under you,
Her eyes above you;
Sing it high, sing it low;
Love me—I love you."

and another:

" Baby cry,
Oh! fie,
At the physic in the cup;
Gulp it twice,
Gulp it thrice,
Baby, gulp it up."

It needs an English baby to appreciate the following, which has the genuine "Mother Goose" stamp:

" Eight o'clock,
The postman's knock;
Five letters for papa,
One for Lou,
And none for you,
And three for dear mamma."

This next has a touch of hidden wisdom which the babies will find when they come to talk over the woman's-rights question:

" If I were a queen,
What would I do?
I'd make you king,
And I'd wait on you."

" If I were a king,
What would I do?
I'd make you queen,
For I'd marry you."

That beginning "If a pig wore a wig" is quite as good for children who can comprehend the pun in it, and is funny for those who can't, as well as being satirical for their elders. And Miss Rossetti, with all her devotion to the children, cannot refrain from opening now and then the sluices of pathos and wider meanings, to flood the merry rill of "Sing-Song" for babes. In another she touches a minor key:

"If hope grew on a bush,
And joy grew on a tree,
What a nosegay for the plucking
There would be.

" But, oh! in windy autumn,
When frail flowers wither,
What should we do for hope and joy,
Fading together?"

Still sadder is this:

" I have but one rose in the world,
And my one rose stands a-drooping;
Oh! when my single rose is dead
There'll be but thorns for stooping."

It is not easy or necessary, in fact, to say whether or no Miss Rossetti would have done more for the children if she had done less for us, but certainly she has at times forgotten apparently that our children were the objects of her song, and wandered into the more wonted strains; and some of the brief outbursts of pathos—involuntary complaint—will rank amongst the best of her poetry. Her children, perhaps, are angelic, and of all ages at once. We are very sincerely thankful to her for this as for her other poems, and invite our readers to a true pleasure when we ask those of them who do not know her to make her aquaintance in "Sing-Song," and those of them who already have the "Goblin Market," and are aware how sweetly passionate and how musical its poetry is, to get these rhymes in which she often so happily speaks to and for the children.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1872.

The Week.

WE suppose that a greater degree of incredulity and disappointment than was caused by the nominations at Cincinnati has not been felt in this country since the news of the first battle of Bull Run. The country had been led to apprehend that the candidate most dangerous to Mr. Adams, Mr. Trumbull, and the good men of the Convention, was Judge Davis, and almost no one outside the hall of the Convention was fearing that it was to Mr. Greeley and Mr. Gratz Brown that the Convention was to fall a prey. Just that, however, was what had happened to it, and whatever became of the disappointment and the mortification with which the news was received, the incredulity had to vanish. We imagine that the men most severely and permanently disappointed were the circle of politicians immediately surrounding General Grant and attached to his personal and political fortunes. Those who were earnest for Adams found consolation in sources not remote. They had accomplished a great deal, and in a cause of which they were not ashamed. A few weeks of direct appeal to the intelligence and conscience of the country had made it manifest that the candidate most acceptable to the American people is a man of the character and ability of Mr. Adams. And Democrats who had been confidently believing that their party was to be lifted to a higher level by the action taken at Cincinnati, had at least the means of hope which lay in the fact that the party convention does not meet for some time yet, and that meanwhile much may happen. But the friends of General Grant who know how bad the outlook is in Mr. McClure's State and here in Fenton's; who are aware that though Greeley and Brown were to get not a single electoral vote, they will prevent Mr. Cameron's and Mr. Conkling's candidate from getting many—these men the news must very speedily have filled with unrelieved anxiety.

This upshot of the movement in favor of a return to constitutional methods, of good sense and justice in the management of the debt and the tariff, of dignity and statesmanship in the conduct of our foreign relations, of honesty in administration, of relief from hack politicians, is a result which will certainly to most human minds seem, to say the least, curious. The nominations which may be made by the Democrats if they shall nominate, the Reunion and Reform men if they shall nominate, the Philadelphia Republicans when they nominate, will in our judgment have to be very extraordinary nominations if Greeley and Brown are to secure and keep the united support of the best friends of the movement which Mr. Brown represented so much better a month ago than he does to-day. As to the way in which the Convention's ticket has been received by the newspapers, it is early yet to speak. There was at first some of the inevitable semi-contemptuous laughter which Mr. Greeley's name always excites, and there has been some of that rather amusing editorial felicitation of Mr. Greeley, of the editor himself, and of all mankind generally, on the fact that an eminent journalist has been put up for office, and the power of the press recognized once more, and in a way peculiarly gratifying to the editorial mind. The Democratic papers are many of them well pleased at the unexpected prospect of making a fight with a candidate of their own instead of with Liberal Republican leaders. These, however, from the highest to the lowest, take orders from the chiefs of the party, and in general we may say, that the issues to be presented in the coming contest and the men to embody them are not yet fully before the people, and that this fact the press of the country seems on the whole to recognize fully. The sober and deliberate determination is to come later. Of the newspapers which were strongest for the true Liberal Reform movement, some are indicating their intention to support the Greeley and Brown ticket, and a good many of them are on the fence. All such journals have reprobated the abandoned trickery which secured the Convention for these two candidates.

That the nomination, much as it surprised people in general, was, nevertheless, carefully prepared, will no doubt become more and more apparent. Mr. "Rocky" Moore and Mr. Waldo Hutchins did not go out to Cincinnati to look after Judge Selden without having a clear conception of what it was the Judge wanted, and what it was, on the other hand, which they wanted. Nor do we suppose that, a month or so ago, the organization of "Pioneer Greeley Clubs" in numerous wards of this city where our fellow-citizens of Irish descent are active in politics was done vaguely and without consideration. Irish activity in American politics has not, as a rule, been purposeless, whatever may have been the character of undirected Irish politics in general. We see that Mr. Ben. Wood, the owner of the *Daily News* of this city, on Tuesday last organized a very successful Democratic ratification meeting in this city, and patriotically demanded a State convention of the Democracy to urge on the National Democratic Convention the adoption of the Cincinnati ticket. This we learn from the *Tribune*, as also that there is great fear in the minds of the anti-Cincinnati men that this coming campaign will be turned into a shouting and singing and dancing campaign. Going further in pursuit of this song and dance idea, we learn from the same journal that a club in St. Louis has ordered a large number of white hats, and is strong for Gratz Brown and Greeley, while from Louisiana it is telegraphed, we see, the telegram being sent to Governor Warmoth, that white hats are all the rage in that city. We should say, on the whole, as regards the attitude of the press of which we a moment since said something, that one thing about it seems pretty clear, and that is that Presidential candidates at the close of the campaign will have the question to consider whether or not it is better or worse for them not only to own an "organ," but to own it and to edit it.

Since our Cincinnati correspondence was received, word comes from that city that the Reunion and Reform men—who, had they been admitted to the other convention by the leaders of it, would have prevented it from being swamped—have held a meeting, which was an indignation meeting in part, but in greater part was something far different, and have adopted a platform of very great excellence, earnestness of conviction speaking in every line of it, and the principles enunciated in it being the platform of the future, whether they become the platform of to-day or not. The convention, furthermore, resolved to establish a national committee, and go into correspondence with a view to securing as committee-men good names of tried reformers. Judge Stallo and Judge Ranney appear to be its leading spirits.

There was one plank in the Cincinnati platform which we cannot praise as we could most of the remainder, and that is the One-Term resolution, which the *Tribune* affirms to be a principle, and the *Evening Post* declares to be a political fetch, and which we take leave to consider a bit of *ad captandum* that will not meet with much consideration; though we dare say we shall hear a good deal about it for some time to come. It has never seemed to us worth while to argue this question at all seriously, because the country has quite recently had one of the strongest illustrations imaginable of the danger that might attend a change of President at certain crises, and because there is something childish in demanding that a great people shall bind itself not to employ its servants and directors just as long as it finds them useful. To certain eminent offices there is a natural limitation which will rarely be exceeded, and it is not probable that we shall ever see a President of such transcendent merits as to challenge general support for a period of more than eight years. Nevertheless, if the exception arises, it is absurd to say that the country ought not to be allowed to profit by it. Be this as it may, we predict a great deal of discussion before this so-called principle is embodied in the Constitution, and we advise people who meditate discussing it intelligently to study the *Federalist*, and to remember that the Constitution was not adopted until after some years of hard argument from the ablest men in a country whose people had for still more years been obliged to consider what their form of government should be. Mr. Sumner has, we observe, provided a new preamble to his proposed amendment embodying Mr. Greeley's momentary pet principle, but we can see no improvement in it. For our own part, we believe that Mr. Greeley's second term we may perhaps advocate strenuously.

The organ of the Administration has been, within a day or two, giving the Senate and House some very sound advice. What the *Times* would have now is that Congress should compel Mr. Boutwell to cease his obstinate hoarding of gold and paying of debts not yet due; should make an immediate reduction of the burden of taxation to the extent of drawing from the people fifty millions less of money; should include the income-tax and the more oppressive taxes on raw materials and on manufactured articles in the list of taxes to be dropped; should commit itself to the instant reform of the civil-service. Good advice all this is; but it comes late; and we fear the *Times* will find that it falls on dull ears. Congressmen are no longer intent on saving a Presidential candidate whose intimate friends, by their persistency for him and the disgraceful motives for their persistency, have split the party. It was only by a happy accident, which Mr. Dawes had the sharp-wittedness to improve, that the House on Tuesday put itself in a fair way to agree with the Senate on modifications of the tariff which will reduce the duties on pig-iron, and iron and woollen manufactures, by 10 per cent. Mr. Dawes was able to head off the high protectionists, led by Mr. Kelley, who achieved a temporary triumph, and to nullify the recent action of his colleagues of the Committee of Ways and Means in overriding his leadership both in the Committee and in the House. The composition of the majority which effected these reductions was such as to prevent anybody in particular, unless Senator Sherman and Mr. Dawes, from claiming the credit of them; and it is not at Philadelphia that they are likely to be made prominent in the list of the Administration's services to the country.

When the Administration first conceived the notion of attempting a settlement of the *Alabama* claims, General Grant's popularity among the thinking men of the party had disappeared; he had done little or nothing that was hoped for at his hands, and contempt for his capacity in civil life was current. His apparent policy in relation to this quarrel to a great extent rehabilitated his reputation, and he did himself further good when he appointed our negotiators, and again when the Treaty was read by the country and ratified. The negotiation was regarded as the one considerable success of his Administration, and kept him formidable as a candidate for re-election. He may not have been allowed to learn these facts, and to know that the welfare of Mr. Murphy was as the small dust of the balance compared with the real weight of the *Alabama* negotiations, but the fact remains. His conduct of the affair since the preparation of our case was begun has not been such (he should not need to be told) as to re-establish his title to the credit of accomplishing an honorable connection with so great an achievement, and his latest acts in reference to it are not impressing either his friends or his enemies with an opinion of his firmness. Firmness it is which he is said to wish to show, but the late shuffling semi-official document trying to prepare the public mind for a virtual withdrawal and a nominal insistance, and his private consultations with the Republican section of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, have a look the reverse of firm.

The recent remarkable semi-official utterances of Mr. Fish concerning the Treaty are stated to be necessary because the President thinks we cannot withdraw after having formally presented our claim, but must stand by it, while upon Mr. Fish is devolved the task of seeming to insist, and at the same time of seeming to withdraw or really withdrawing, and of doing this before the eyes of an English ministry who dare do but the one thing, namely, insist on a withdrawal that shall be at once a real withdrawal—which we credit Mr. Fish, now at least, with really intending—and one that can by no possibility be mistaken for anything else. It is not surprising that in his endeavors at accomplishing this feat Mr. Fish displays more agility and perseverance than is good for our national reputation, and that he fails. His last attempt is in substance this: "You just go on with the arbitration without making us withdraw from our untenable position, and if you will we will pretend that we put in the indirect claims, not because we wanted anything under them in the way of money, but because we must get such claims pronounced ridiculous and foolish, otherwise America would be ruined in the next war." It is not astonishing that the English say No to a proposal of this description, more especially as they half-believe this is another Yankee trick to get the money, for there in the case is a demand not for "enlightened propositions in international law wanted by the United States," but on the contrary "A Gross Sum of Money." Is not this beginning to look a little shameless?

The Methodist Conference now in session in Brooklyn does not afford to the general public an improving spectacle, and we shall be surprised if it does not by-and-by awake to that fact and come to a proper conclusion in reference to the Book Concern frauds. Certain Methodists would seem to hold the belief that a man may be so very good a Methodist that he may be permitted to be a thief—which doctrine we do not see how any church can, with any safety or any prospect of usefulness, long act upon in a wicked world looking to the church for salvation. The gentlemen who are of this way of thinking have for nearly two years succeeded in persuading their honester brethren to refrain from pronouncing judgment condemnatory of the people whose conduct, since charges were brought against them, has been a confession of guilt. Motions to adjourn, efforts for the appointment of large investigating committees necessarily ignorant of book-keeping and easily misled, artful appeals to the denominational spirit, these are not the tactics which should satisfy the Conference that the Methodists have not been defrauded by their agents, and certainly they will not satisfy intelligent people outside of the Methodist Church, but desirous of its real prosperity. So far as we can see, Judge Reynolds of East New York pointed the Conference to its best and wisest action when he requested it to refer the matter to a committee of business men in whom it has confidence, and to abide by their decision. The decision will hurt somebody, no doubt; but we can assure the Conference that more people are hurt by its failure to take the right course. It is possible, we should recollect, for Christ to be wounded in the house of his well-meaning friends.

In thinking of the monstrosity of our New York frauds, of the little that has been done in punishing them, of the impudence of some of the gang and their apparent impunity, it is sometimes hard to recollect that the uprising has accomplished something, though little of what has been done has been done with heartiness, and that, of the good which really has been done, it may be said that it has in almost no case escaped being accompanied by some additional and concomitant act of infamy. Let it be confessed, however, that Cardozo is off the bench. But let it not be forgotten that this atrocious judge is allowed to resign, is not impeached, goes and unpunished, while one paper says that if he is not disqualified by impeachment "he expects to be re-elected by the Hebrew vote." This must be fabling, but it is a fable adapted to the place in which it arose. As it has been resolved not to impeach Cardozo, so it is "regretted that

Judge Barnard was impeached instead of being removed," and this judge may yet escape. He will deserve it better than the other, for if he was the ruffian on the bench, the other was the robber. The Legislature is making some effort at good work in its last days. The new charter will pass, and will not be vetoed, and there is good prospect that the more insolent projects of Vanderbilt may fail by vote or by veto. Governor Hoffman, so far, preserves his reputation for being good at vetoes, and by some that he prepares he partly atones for some notable occasions when he has failed to perform them.

If a crisis is not approaching in South Carolina, there is no value in signs. The Scott-Parker Ring, as our readers are aware, have saddled the State with a debt from which her honestest citizens see no escape but in repudiation. Since the Legislature adjourned, the public institutions dependent on annual appropriations have found their drafts on the Treasury dishonored, and the alternative forced upon them either to appeal to private benevolence or to succumb at once. Nearly all the free schools were suspended on the first of May. The Deaf and Dumb Asylum is on the point of being closed. The State Lunatic Asylum, with two hundred and ninety-five patients, has latterly been enabled to feed them only by private charity. And finally, even the State Penitentiary is in want, and has been compelled to bring the State Treasurer into court for withholding a large part of the appropriations due to it. All this is symptomatic of a society tumbling to pieces, and good observers predict that the wreck is not far off. The Ring, whose members have a thorough contempt for each other which they scarcely attempt to conceal, will fall as Tweed's fell, when any one of them is fairly cornered. That Mr. Niles G. Parker's turn will come first is not unlikely. Should the superintendent of the Penitentiary be successful in his suit against him, it is understood that the superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum will enter a like complaint, with the schools looming up in the background. What renders the situation all the more intolerable is that the people of South Carolina are almost model taxpayers, and have promptly met every year the burdens thus imposed upon them; and that on January 15 they paid into the now exhausted treasury over a million of dollars, besides what has accrued from the operation of the license law.

Iowa has agreed to abolish capital punishment, and puts in the act the clause diminutory of the Governor's power of pardon, and forbidding the release of convicts except with the concurrence of the Legislature. We have not seen that the arguments were other than is usual in such cases, and we suppose them to be the same, a well-known Humanitarian who is itinerant on this particular subject having been busily engaged in that region for some time back. Usually, these arguments have for their basis the principle of "the sacredness of human life" and the value of the murderer's soul, and some statistical support is usually sought in figures showing that murders decrease when imprisonment for life is substituted for the death penalty. The real statistical question we take to be not this very vague question of whether or not there are "fewer murders," but whether or not in a given place murderers imprisoned for life are after a long term of years found to be in jail, or, if not, to have died in jail, and we imagine Mr. M. H. Bovee himself would not undertake to maintain that they are so found. Imprisonment "for life" in our American prisons has in the average proved to be but short imprisonment, such is the good nature of our governors and legislatures, and their willingness to exercise power, and so true is it that in our newer communities men have counted for more than those rules and laws, stern but not cruel, without which society when close packed must go to pieces. We are still left at liberty, we suppose, to assume that a wilful murderer, if not effectually removed from society in one way, shall be in another, and, that assumption admitted, we should like to have it shown that the statistics are in favor of the Iowa doctrine. The ancient Jews, whatever else may be said or denied about them, certainly had a pretty keen perception of the laws governing the great relations of men in society; and the law which says that God "set the solitary together in families," and that the woman's desire shall be unto her husband, and that right doing exalts men and nations, appointed the solemn deprivation of life as the just punishment of murder.

The Old Catholic movement has made a beginning in France at Bordeaux, where the Abbé Mouls and his colleague the Abbé Jonqua were recently excommunicated for refusing their assent to the infallibility dogma. The former has gone to Brussels to institute worship in accordance with the old faith, while the Abbé Jonqua remains at Bordeaux holding private services for the present. He had continued to wear his priest's costume in spite of the prohibition of his bishop, who had him brought up for it in police court, where in spite of his protestations that he had not departed from Catholicism, but that the Pope and his followers had, with their new doctrines, he was convicted of illegality, and has had to appeal to the Council of State. This verdict is said to be in violation of the provisions of the concordat relative to the official promulgation of Papal decrees in France, those whose promulgation is not authorized being without force in law; and this is the case with the infallibility decree. In other respects, too, the Government has shown itself sufficiently tenacious of its prerogatives with regard to Rome. Lately, it nominated M. Nouvel to the vacant bishopric of Quimper, and, when looking over the Pope's confirmatory bull, discovered a dangerous usurpation in the words italicized in the following sentence: "Cum . . . ipse dilectus filius noster Adolphus [meaning M. Thiers] te *nobis* ad hoc per suas patentes litteras *præsentaverit* . . . ." The French ambassador was at once instructed to enquire at the Vatican if the word "present" was designedly substituted for the word "nominate"; and on Cardinal Antonelli's replying that it was obviously a mistake in the Latin, and promising to give official notification to that effect, the bull was received and the matter smoothed over.

As required by law, Bismarck has made a report to the Reichstag on the progress of the work of reconstruction in Alsace and Lorraine, and the achievements are such as Germany may justly be proud of, considering that they have occurred within the compass of a short year. Such another task, if ever attempted, was never more promptly or intelligently taken in hand, or in more delicate or difficult circumstances. The boundaries between the new provinces and France have been in good measure determined, the religious connection completely severed so far as Jews and Protestants are concerned, the judiciary reorganized and put in satisfactory working order, the schools remodelled and graded and compulsory education enforced, the damages caused by the war ascertained and partially reimbursed, and the savings-banks redeemed from the bankruptcy in which the occupation found them, and set in operation again. The Strassburg University has been created out of the superabundance of German learning, and the restored library already numbers 200,000 volumes. The administrative activity which all this implies is nothing else than prodigious. The difference in language has caused less embarrassment, even in litigation, than was to have been expected. The race difference is still far from being settled, and the determination has not been abandoned on the part of the discontented to make Elsass-Lothringen a German Venice. An ingenious effort has been put forth to construe the article of the treaty permitting a transfer of home and allegiance to France up to a certain date (Oct. 1, 1872) in such a way as to make a plébiscite necessary; and at all events to make the mere option of France (*élire son domicile en France*) equivalent to actual removal (*transporter son domicile en France et s'y fixer*). The French themselves do not quite endorse this view, not only because the language of the treaty is unequivocal and in accordance with common sense, but because they have no desire to assist the Alsatians in absolving themselves from all military duty by living in one country and pretending to be subjects of another.

THE RECENT NOMINATIONS.

THE Cincinnati Convention must, as far as the general aims and objects of those who called it are concerned, be pronounced a failure. They all acknowledge this privately; some of them admit it openly. Those of them who are supporting Mr. Greeley's nomination are doing so simply by way of making the best of a bad job. Not one of them considers him a desirable candidate, or looks forward to his election without grave apprehensions. There are but few of them, if any, who do not feel that, although he may prove an improvement, and a great one, on General Grant, he will not be by any means the kind of President which the Cincinnati Convention promised to present to the country; that his election, however desirable it may be as a remedy for some of the evils which now afflict us, will not work that revolution in politics which we were led to hope from the Cincinnati nominations; that the Convention, so far from taking the Presidency out of the hands of professional politicians, has simply committed it to the hands of a new set of professional politicians; that the nominations were, indeed, whatever their value, effected by a trick of a more than usually barefaced kind, perpetrated by managers of the old type, or of a worse one.

Of the completeness with which the movement had passed out of the control of the original promoters of it by the last day of the proceedings, no better proof could be desired than is furnished by the platform. The greater part of it is excellent, both in matter and manner, but the original promoters were nothing if not "revenue reformers." The Missouri Call, under which the Convention met, contained a downright free-trade resolution. Nevertheless, the Cincinnati platform expressly relegates the whole question of the tariff to the decision of "the people in Congressional districts," in terms dictated by the greatest protectionist in the United States, to whom the delegates thereupon gave the first place on the ticket.

If there was anything the Liberal Republicans promised more solemnly than another, it was the selection of a candidate who should be free from entangling alliances with politicians, and who should enter the White House free from all pledges, traditions, or associations likely to make him an instrument in the hands of the class which has brought the Government to its present low estate. We were to have had a man offered us of whom, whatever else was said, we should not hear the well-worn and dismal tale that "though personally honest, he was surrounded by bad men who imposed on him." Nevertheless, the Convention has offered us a candidate of undoubted personal honesty, who is and has long been associated intimately with the worst set of politicians the State contains—excepting the Tammany Ring—whose supporters at the Convention included some of the worst political trash to be found anywhere, who would in all probability be followed by them to Washington, and who, if left in their hands there, would set up the most corrupt administration ever seen, and that from which least might be expected in the way of administrative reform; who is not more remarkable for his generosity and kind-heartedness than for the facility with which he is duped, and not more remarkable for his hatred of knavery than for the difficulty he has in telling whether a man is a knave or not.

We were promised, moreover, a candidate on whose sound and steady judgment, in sharp and sudden crises, as well as in the strain and labor of everyday life, the country might lean as on a rock. "Three o'clock in the morning courage," Napoleon said, was the only courage he thought much of; that is, the only really brave man is he who, roused from deep sleep, goes swiftly into the fight with nerves unshaken and every faculty on the alert. And in a President, the only sound judgment is that which, based on wide experience of men and affairs, and on the still deeper foundation of an honest, loyal, and self-contained character, finds no sight or sound too novel or too terrible for calm and vigorous action. Mr. Greeley's fondest admirers will hardly claim for him any such judgment as this. Few men are entitled to so much credit as he for a clear perception of slow tendencies, of remote results, of the general drift of opinion and events. The result is that his career as a journalist has been successful beyond example. But few men filling positions so conspicuous as his have made more lamentable mistakes when brought face to face with sudden, sharp, and inexorable demands for prompt decision. At noon he is pretty sure to appear, and appear to great advantage, but if he is called upon at three A.M., the darkness, the cold, the booming of the guns, and the yells of the advancing foe, make him one of the least reliable of leaders. And we ought to add, in spite of his wide sympathies and his close relations with "the masses," and his interest in their condition and devotion to their interests, deeply rooted prejudices have made his social experience singularly narrow, one-sided, and misleading.

In fact, there is no Liberal Republican who recalls the objects with which the Liberal Republican movement was set on foot who can think of the results without mortification or amusement. And it does not, we think, augur well for its effect on the future of politics that some of its foremost advocates should now be engaged in persuading themselves and their constituents that they are satisfied with what has happened. It is a misfortune to have failed; but why add humbug to calamity? Anybody who saw General John Cochrane figuring in the Convention as a "reformer" and a frantic supporter of Mr. Greeley, had some excuse for despairing of popular government; but do not let us make matters worse by pretending to believe that Cochrane knew better than we what was good for the country, and that he was right when (on another occasion) he declared that he "would support the regular nominee if he were the devil himself."

That there is a good side to the matter, however, we do not deny. We consider it a great misfortune that Mr. Greeley was nominated by a body which met with the aims and intentions set forth by the Cincinnati Convention, because we think it calculated to throw an air of folly and absurdity over the very name of reform. But against Mr. Greeley, considered as a candidate now in the field, opposed to the existing Administration and standing on the Cincinnati platform, if we leave out of view the circumstances under which he was nominated and under which that platform was drawn up, we doubt if there is much to be said. He is not an ideal statesman; but he is a man thoroughly familiar, if anybody is, with the constitution of American government and society. What was said of Comte de Morny may be said, *mutatis mutandis*, of him also—"that he has only to interrogate himself to know how Americans feel." He is not a politician of the highest type, but there are few politicians in the country—if there are any—who can look back with as much honest pride to their political career. He is easily imposed on, but nobody can say of him, as may be said of others, that he has profited or profits by being imposed on. That he is personally honest, nobody doubts whose doubts are worth consideration. That he has gained steadily for twenty years, in spite of many errors and many failings, in the confidence and respect of the great body of the American people, nobody can deny, and this alone goes a great way to fit a man to govern them. What kind of cabinet he would gather round him we do not pretend to be able to predict; possibly, and indeed probably, he will during the next six months have his eyes sufficiently opened to know that it ought not to contain Mr. Fenton or his like, and will dissolve all connection with the band of unmentionables who now constitute his most enthusiastic flatterers and supporters in this city and State. His manners—we refer to them unwillingly, but they must be mentioned in all discussions of a President's qualifications—are, as the *Evening Post* says, "gross"; indeed, they might more correctly be termed brutal; and if they can be spoken of as "manners" at all, this is the correct way of describing them; but, then, in the eyes of many people this is no defect, and they are said to improve as he gets older. Retirement from the editorial office, and from the daily pursuit of "lies" of various dimensions, would probably mend them greatly; and it must be remembered that, if not a polished man, Mr. Greeley is a man of sufficient intellect and education to make him enjoy the society of the cultivated men of the country, to make him a sharer in their best aspirations, and to give him a thorough acquaintance with and an honest pride in the national literature. To get this in a President is a gain for "manners" which is none the less real for not being very conspicuous.

Of the chances of his election it is at this writing impossible to speak, because, for one thing, it is yet doubtful whether the Democrats will make a nomination, or will accept Mr. Greeley as they would have accepted Mr. Adams, or will accept Mr. Adams, or what they will do. To the adhesion of a few Democratic papers to the Cincinnati nominations little importance can be attached as long as there is no Democratic candidate in the field. The leaders of the party are now in active consultation, and we shall probably know their decision in a week or two. But we have reason to believe that the temptation to step in and do what the Liberal Republicans attempted, but failed to do—nominate two men whose character and antecedents and attainments would not only command the confidence and respect of all intelligent and thoughtful men throughout the country, and give a feeling of security to business men which Mr. Greeley's nomination does not give, but would help to magnify the Presidential office, rid it of the degrading associations which have of late years clustered round it, give the White House once more an atmosphere not only of purity but of dignity and refinement, and make it a place in which not only the rudest elements of American society would be made welcome, but which the best and most cultivated would be glad to frequent—this temptation, we say, is very strong. Whether it will prove strong enough we shall soon know. If any such nomination is made, self-preservation will compel the Republican party to unite on one candidate, and it is pretty safe to say that candidate would not be General Grant.

On one result of the Convention the friends of reform may heartily congratulate themselves, for it is certain and substantial. The existing party organizations are broken up. We are about to be delivered from the task of "abolishing slavery and suppressing the rebellion." The "great party" is about to be provided with other and more useful work than the care of its laurels. We shall no longer be condemned to the passive contemplation of Leet and Cramer and Casey, lest "the Democrats should get into power." If Horace Greeley does nothing else during the coming summer, his candidacy will drive a great many faithful drones out in search of an honest living; and it will release the public mind from its position of flabby resignation to flagrant abuses, and give it living problems to work upon. Out of this renewed activity, who knows what valuable fruits for reform may yet and soon come?

THE CASS COUNTY MURDERS.

THERE has been published another account of the recent murders in Cass County, Missouri, which puts a new coloring on the event. But the statement is false on the face of it. It is asserted that Cline, one of the victims, ran out of the train and fired into the crowd. That a man would wantonly fire into an inoffensive assemblage of armed and masked men, who he had been told a few moments before were seeking his life, nobody will believe. The facts, no doubt, are substantially as they were at first stated. Still the later statement is signed by a number of men of apparent position and respectability in the neighborhood, and goes to show what appeared pretty certain from the first, that the population very generally approve the act. Here is a case in which a violation of law gratified the passions of men at the same time that it really advanced their interests and bettered their condition. Fortunately such cases are rare. Men whom passion hurries into wicked violence rarely better themselves even so far as the particular crime reaches. If a desperate man makes away with his enemy, he may suffer more at the hands of the state than from his enemy's persecutions were he living. If the crime really serve him, and he escape the punishment society assigns to his crime, he may incur the frown of the community and the aversion of men. But the Cass County murderers suffer in none of these ways. At anything like punishment from the state they may afford to laugh; the same lax justice which protected the unjust judges will protect their cruel murderers. The frown of the community they are in little danger of, for a few bold men have put the neighborhood under obligations by doing what timider and more scrupulous people were themselves unwilling to do, but are not sorry to have done for them. Even if public sentiment in this particular case were hot on the side of the murderers, a strong, desperate man, especially if he have some position, is a formidable object in the West. People respect him and make room for him. To strong and savage men they yield the right to be cruel. They think of them as they think of the elements and the wild beasts of the forests. Sailors do not discuss the justice of the hurricane, nor does a hunter argue with a grizzly. The newer and ruder society is, the nearer its civilization approaches "the old and simple plan," the more are men given to think in this way. As society establishes and defines itself, law will assert its sway, take the weak under its protection, unite good citizens, and teach them confidence against powerful outlaws. The murderers of Cline and Stevenson, whether or no they have accomplished anything, have at least suffered nothing. Whatever they have done they have done with impunity; and we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that they have to all appearances bettered themselves by their act. It is true that the severest lessons are in time forgotten. New judges will arise in Cass County who will disbelieve in the possibility of any violence to themselves, as Stevenson flouted it when counselled to leave the train before running into Gunn City. Murder is always found to be worse than people imagine it will be while the victims are still insolent and alive; and sympathy with the families of the murdered men may bring about a reaction. The effect will at the most be temporary only, but it cannot be denied that for the next few years Cass County will be apt to possess very upright and correct judges. They will "walk before the people" in such a way as to make New York patriots envy Cass County her judiciary. Stevenson's successor will ask a higher price of the Tebo and Neosha Railroad than that corporation can afford to pay him. We do not believe that adultery is more infrequent because public sentiment permits the wronged husband to kill the adulterer, nor seduction because juries acquit women who shoot their seducers; we doubt if people were any less apt to insult each other in the days when a duel was always supposed to follow a quarrel than now. These things are of little importance, because in their inflammable moments men take small heed of consequences. The passion of avarice, though not less strong, is slower and more patient than those of lust and anger; it gives its subjects time to balance drawbacks and advantages. The murderers may say in their cool, retrospective moments that they have done a good thing for themselves. Had they gone to the legislatures, they might have spent years and a larger sum of money than the judges had robbed them of to get through a measure which, when passed, might have been discovered to be without any value. There are cases, it appears, then, where the influences of passion and interest point men to crime, and where they have only their virtue and humanity to hold them in check.

It is, however, in the power of the Western people to help themselves in a more general and permanent and no less effective way. The prompt action of the Kansas Legislature in arraigning Pomeroy and Caldwell for bribery seems to indicate this. An energetic press, courageous and public-spirited leaders, concerted action—these have accomplished something here, and they should do more in Missouri. New York is so rich, and fraud in this State has been on so general a scale, that nobody has been mulcted enough to be very angry about it. Reform here has always found a stronger enemy even than the Ring in the indifference of the people. Manifestly, men who will commit such acts as the Gunn City murder cannot be said to be indifferent. The mere fact that they were desperate enough to kill the judges, and that public sentiment was sufficiently inflamed to approve of the murder, seems to show there was no need of it. The same energy and rage directed upon the legislatures, or in endeavors to reach the robbers through the courts, would have attained results which, though slower in coming, would have been surer and more permanent. One trouble with such work as that of Gunn City is that it must be done over again, that it induces reaction, and alienates the sympathy of men who are not suffering from the same causes. It seems rather to deepen the public enervation and despair in the efficacy of peaceful reform. At best, its effect is only partial and limited. It is not justice, but simple retaliation and desperate self-defence. People are apt to think of it as a rude approximation to justice. But it is merely the angry revenge of men upon those from whom they have received an injury—the last thing a trial by law is supposed to be. Homicide in such a spirit is none the less murder when perpetrated by a thousand than by one. But we say that the salutary effect of the violence is very limited. The oppressors of townships suffer from the vengeance of men whom they have tangibly injured, but State robbers go scot-free, and senators may buy up whole legislatures with impunity. Sooner or later, lynching must disappear in Western Missouri just as the Indian and the buffalo have disappeared. It would be far better for the people of that country to spend all their energies in seeking civil remedies for their grievances. Their progress may be slow, but a step once gained they will not be obliged to retrace. And a movement in the direction of order and purity will help not only the people immediately interested, but will support and encourage purity elsewhere.

Our object in recurring to this subject is not to apologize for an indefensible atrocity, or merely to preach patience and a better way out of their difficulties to a community in such a condition of mind as prevailed, and doubtless still prevails, in Cass County. It is rather to insist on stripping the outrage of its accidents, and to connect it with the general tendency of society in all parts of the country. The fact that it happened in a sparsely settled and somewhat lawless district only disguises the more important fact that the desperate situation of affairs which led to it already threatens and has overtaken much older communities, and that we may be ourselves on the brink of similar disgraces, by forgetting how necessary it is to prove on every occasion that, for the punishment of great rogues and plunderers, not only extraordinary combinations of good men but the ordinary processes of the law are sufficient, prompt, and, above all, certain. As we said last week, the failure to visit upon Tweed and his accomplices the just and full legal penalty of their crimes has done more to hasten the reign of violence than even their lynching would have done.

POSTMASTERS BY ELECTION.

It is curious to observe how our political ideas run in a circle, and how we dodge from one to another of a series of expedients; when one fails, going back complacently to one that failed before, as if it were some new and admirable discovery. It is because we have lost the practice of looking below the surface, and have reduced our notions of political science to a few commonplaces in the way of theory, and a few habits in the way of administration. Several years ago it was decided that pure Democracy required us to give the election of all possible officials to "the people," and that this would secure us a wise, honest, and genuinely popular administration. It was seen, however, in time that the result was something neither wise, honest, nor popular, and it has seemed well-nigh agreed by all thinking men that one of the first things to be aimed at now was to reduce very much the number of persons to be chosen by popular election. This one principle at least seemed fully established by the experience of the past twenty-five years.

Now comes civil-service reform. We find in appointed as well as in elected officials a lack of capacity and honesty, and we set to work to remedy this, the most crying evil of our politics. But all at once, in the midst of an earnest and hopeful effort, we are surprised by the reappearance of this old principle, tried and discarded in regard to one set of functionaries, and now pushed forward as a new idea which will put an end to all trouble in regard to another set. We have just come to the conclusion that popular election is a bad way to choose certain officers, and a fatal way to choose certain others; that it is much safer and better to leave their selection to a magistrate whom we can trust, and who is distinctly responsible. If this is so, what reason is there to think that popular election would work any better for postmasters than it does now for judges and commissioners?

We know very well what popular election means. It means that a set of politicians, a "ring," or a "regency," or, in the best case, a "committee" pick out the one of their own number whose turn it is, and present his name for the party to vote at the polls. When a long list of names is to be voted, this is inevitably and universally the case with all but one or two. With regard to the leading names—the Governor, the Mayor, the Member of Congress—it is somewhat different; that is, with regard to prominent and responsible places, there is a certain amount of popular sentiment to be considered, a certain feeling of the necessity of presenting honorable names, and a certain, if small, power of control at the polls. But with regard to the great majority of names voted, they are as truly *appointed* as if the Governor selected them and sent them in to the council or the legislature for confirmation. The only difference is that they are appointed by irresponsible, instead of responsible, persons. Now the question is whether the postmaster would come under the first head or the second. His is a purely administrative office, calling merely for good business abilities and habits, not at all for political qualities; why should it be filled by a person selected on political grounds any more than a station-master or express agent? In the next place, the office is a lucrative one, and would inevitably be the subject of even greater scheming and intriguing than is the case now. Anything that should add to the present scramble in politics would be a calamity.

We do not think, therefore, that it would be a movement in the direction of civil-service reform to have postmasters elected by the people. We fear that it would result in an even worse state of things than at present, because the scramble for the office would be in an irregular and irresponsible caucus, instead of before an upright and responsible secretary; and because it would be throwing an attractive and lucrative post into the most open competition of common politicians. We choose too many persons now by popular election. Nobody—but the wire-pullers themselves—knows even the names upon the ticket that he votes. This vote is simply the expression of a desire that a certain party may be in power, and of confidence (if it goes so far as this) in the leaders of the party, who have selected the list of names which he puts into the box. This is all very well; in the highly organized and intense life of the present day, we cannot expect more of the mass of voters than just this. But it shows that the way to turn to account this expression of will and confidence is to place before the community only a very few names, and those of well-known persons, as candidates for important and responsible positions. Then voting would mean something; and one who had received this mark of confidence could be left very well to make subordinate appointments on his individual judgment.

We do not say that the proposed change would work harm in the rural districts where towns are small, and where there is constantly operative the restraints of public opinion, each man knowing every other man, and knowing pretty much all about him. But until there is general acknowledgment of a truth which certainly is not now generally acknowledged; until we all agree that large towns must be governed in a way entirely different from that which we invented in the days when the country was a country of villages; until we admit that the method of government proper for New York when New York was half the size of Harlem is not the proper method for the Cincinnati, Chicago, Boston, New Orleans, Baltimore, San Francisco, St. Louis, and Brooklyn of to-day, each of them with its numerous rings—until we admit this, and act upon the knowledge, it will not be time to give the people any more elective offices to fill. It is already the case in small towns that the postmaster is practically elected by the people among whom he lives. He must, as a rule, be of the dominant party, though that is not necessary, and the rule has frequent exceptions, but the men who unite to recommend him, and who may be said to re-elect him, are of all parties. They choose him because they know him to be capable, honest, and obliging, because ever since he was a boy they have had opportunity for examining into his character, and discovering whether he is a person into whose hands they are willing to confide interests so important to them. And we dare say the records of the Department would show that the class of postmasters thus chosen to manage small post-offices, where the emolument is so slight as to be pretty well out of the scramble for political power, have proved themselves as faithful and efficient as any servants the public has in place. They are like the town-clerks of our smaller towns, many of whom have been in office for a long term of years, whose politics are largely matter of indifference to their fellow-citizens, who are subject to the form of election, but who never have the reality, and who serve the public capably and with fidelity. These two classes of officers, the appointed and the elected, are alike good officers; and they both are good for the same reason. They are picked out by their neighbors who know them thoroughly; they are existing illustrations of that reform in the civil service which would give us public servants intelligently selected instead of public servants who are put in office because they have been the private servants of some one who could get higher offices than they, and would put them into the lower.

But apply the rule of election which really or practically prevails in country towns to the postmastership of a city like New York or Boston, and we shall simply offer one more inducement to the politician by trade to continue in business, and have one more election or one more candidate for whom to vote. The present system is bad enough, we all know. It was, we take it, a very true remark made the other day by one Massachusetts postmaster about another one, master of a much larger place—that they gave him so much to do in Washington keeping his office that he had no time to keep the office at home. But at least the postmaster of a city like Boston, for instance, has, under the present system, to secure the names of a good many business men, who judge him carefully and speak of him intelligently, and usually he must have the personal recommendation and endorsement of some Congressman who can in a way be held to account for his behavior. This is not what we have a right to ask, but it is better than the liability of having some such person as "Jimmy" O'Brien, say, or Colonel "Charley" Spencer, demanding the New York post-office and its emoluments as a reward for services rendered, having his name put on the general ticket by the regular caucus machinery, and having him elected by a strict party vote, thrown by voters not one in ten of whom know whether he is fit to be trusted alone in a post-office or not.

THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.

CINCINNATI, May 4.

ONE did not need to see very much of what was going on here during the first two days of this week to be satisfied that those who flattered themselves that the Convention was to be an insignificant gathering of "soreheads," unlikely to exert any influence on party politics, were making a serious mistake. Indeed, of the many follies and absurdities of which the friends of the Administration have been guilty during the past twelve months, their taking this view of the new movement has perhaps been the greatest. For those who took an interest in the Convention mainly with regard to its influence on the cause of Administrative reform, and to the probability of its rescuing national politics, even temporarily, from the control of the regular professional hacks, the question of most moment, last Monday and Tuesday, was not whether it was going to be a success as regarded numbers and strength, but whether it was not going to be a too great success for the objects which those reformers who called it had in view. It was quite plain that, in the West at least, it had enough support at its back to give its candidate a fair chance of the Presidency, and it was plain, too, that as regarded the spirit and character of the delegates, it was likely to make a deep impression on the popular mind. I doubt, indeed, whether a more respectable, honest, intelligent, public-spirited body of men has ever got together for a similar purpose. It was not what is technically called a representative body, for the members were not really delegates. They were nearly all volunteers, who came out because they personally were not satisfied with the condition of public affairs, and were willing to give time and money to the task of trying to improve it. When one saw the strength in which they collected, the spirit by which they were animated, and the complete ignorance of the art of political "engineering" in which the great majority of them were plunged, one was driven to the conclusion that if the fears which so many expressed when the Convention was first called that the politicians would descend upon it and "capture" it, were not realized, it would be owing to a special interposition of Providence. The prey was tempting beyond example, and already on Monday afternoon the news began to spread that wolves had been seen in the neighborhood of the fold. In other words, "professionals" began to make their appearance in considerable numbers in the course of the day, and a tremor was sent through the flock on Monday night by the news that Mr. Reuben E. Fenton, of New York, had arrived, and was engaged, in a secluded room at some distance from the hotels, in "fixing things." He was, it was said, making up a "combination" between Illinois and Pennsylvania, by which Davis and Curtin should appear on the ticket, "control" the whole movement, and send the reformers home about their business.

I see that this story is denied in the New York *Tribune*. The principal friends of Judge Davis assure me that neither he nor they were in any way a party to the arrangement. That there *was* such an arrangement on foot, however, everybody here believed. Several of the editors of the independent daily papers which had been most influential in getting up the Convention were so satisfied of its truth that they met on Monday evening, and agreed to denounce the plot, and warn Fenton that it could not be carried out. They did denounce it, and it was thereupon abandoned; and Mr. Fenton, as if satisfied that his usefulness was gone, returned home. But a great many less conspicuous members of his class remained. Several of the delegations, and particularly that of New York, contained "practical men" of no common ability, and fully determined that, if they could help it, all this enthusiasm should not be wasted on "visionary" projects; and co-laborers kept coming on from various quarters. The "managers" rose in importance all through Tuesday and Wednesday, and the work of "manipulation" went on in a way that would have delighted even Tom Murphy himself. Close on the heels of the "managers" came the crack-brained people. George Francis Train was busy from morning till night in the halls of the hotels. The city delegates whom he buttonholed enjoyed the joke, but the country members took him in solemn earnest; and their attempts to refute him, in the teeth of his constant manufacture of facts, were a source of considerable amusement. He held a "nominating convention" in one of the parlors, which ended in an uproarious dispute over the existence of a God. He was followed by Miss Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Gordon of California, the latter of whom demanded admission to the Cincinnati Convention, and both of whom took great delight in making their way to the platform every day, up the middle aisle, amidst the laughter and catcalls of the audience.

The first and great difficulty of the Convention was the tariff. The original promoters of the movement in the West and Northwest were free-traders. The Missouri platform, on which the Convention was called, contained a distinct free-trade declaration. The New York call, which Mr. Greeley signed, came very near making the same thing. It was felt, therefore, by the revenue reformers both from the East and West, that this platform also would have to contain some distinct expression of opinion on this subject. As the delegates arrived, however, and "conferred," it began to be clear that this would prove well-nigh impossible. As the movement grew in proportions, and success came to look more attainable, the determination to succeed and to cast aside everything that would interfere with success grew stronger. Pennsylvania had to be thought of; Mr. Greeley had to be consulted; and the more the matter was debated, the plainer it became that there was no common ground on which the protectionists and revenue reformers could stand. As the forces of the East swelled, Mr. Greeley grew more inexorable; and the Committee on Resolutions, after sitting up a whole night, were compelled to accept the compromise which he proposed—the reference of the whole matter to the people in the Congressional districts. It is right to add that the sentiment of the Convention was overwhelmingly in favor of this course. There is a touch of absurdity about it, it is true, but it is at least frank and honest, and, at all events, nothing else was possible. Even such outspoken free-traders as Judge Hoadly, of this city, were compelled to concur in this disposition of the question. The delegates were red-hot against the corruption, maladministration, paper-money, Ku-klux laws, and nepotism; about the tariff they were cool and collected.

Adams, I think, gained strength as a candidate all through Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. Davis ceased to be formidable after Monday. Adams was the second choice of nearly everybody, and the conclusion generally reached on Thursday morning was, that after each delegation had made a complimentary fight for its own man, all would unite on Adams, and he would be nominated without difficulty. Several things occurred to disappoint this expectation and bring about the extraordinary result which followed. One was the selection of Mr. Schurz as Chairman of the Convention. Another was the split in the Illinois delegation over Trumbull and Davis. Mr. Schurz was unanimously recommended for the position by the Committee on Permanent Organization; but this, I may be allowed to say, as was evident at the time and as the sequel showed, was a mistake. He was already the most prominent man in the movement. Indeed, he might without much exaggeration be called the father of it; but this prominence had been won by his eloquence and character, and it was not desirable that at this stage it should not seem to rest on anything but his talents and character. It was desirable, also, that other men than he should appear in it conspicuously at the Convention, for its sake as well as for his own. *Diis aliter visum.* He was chosen, and took the chair with an eloquent speech full of the loftiest aspiration, and pointing distinctly to Charles Francis Adams as his choice.

When the news of all this reached Missouri, however, as it did on Wednesday forenoon, it kindled unholy fires in several breasts, and principally in those of Messrs. Frank Blair and Gratz Brown, who saw that Schurz was making too much "capital" out of the thing. On Wednesday morning, I was assured by a person in his confidence that Mr. Brown would not and could not attend. On Thursday morning, it was rumored that he was on his way to Cincinnati; on Thursday evening, that he and Blair had arrived and had concluded a "combination" with the Greeley men, by which Greeley and Brown were to compose the ticket. On Thursday night, the Adams men were filled with gloomy forebodings, and the knowing ones declared openly that nothing but a combination of Adams and Trumbull could beat the new arrangement. Still, strange as it may seem, Greeley's nomination was generally regarded as impossible. I think I am right in saying that nobody outside the circle of his immediate supporters treated it as a serious probability. Men laughed when his name was spoken of; all said he ought to have a good complimentary vote; but nearly everybody talked of his selection for the Presidency by the Convention as an utterly ludicrous thing, which would cover the proceedings with ridicule and contempt. What was feared by the reformers was not this, but some "sinful game" on the part of the politicians which would defeat Adams and deprive the movement of all weight and significance.

My own apprehensions were quieted on Friday morning by the assurance of the chairman of the Davis wing of the Illinois delegation that the whole delegation would vote solidly for Adams as their second choice, in case they found neither of their own candidates had any chance. The division in this delegation had been from the outset fierce, bitter, and irreconcilable. Davis had the larger force, the chiefs of which were highly respectable men, and, they assured me, the whole body also, but the Trumbullites accused them of bringing down a great body of "bummers" from Chicago to outvote them, and "yell" for Davis in the Convention. This split eventually proved the ruin of the Adams cause.

The building in which the Convention was held is immense, seating 8,000 persons, and was on Friday morning filled to its utmost capacity. The steady gain of Adams up to the fifth ballot, and the loud and widespread cheers with which every mention of his name was greeted, showed that whether he was the favorite of Fortune or not, he was generally believed to be. But the gradual narrowing of the contest, Davis and Trumbull dropping slowly out of sight, and the steady descent of the vote on Adams and Greeley alone, was fanning the excitement into anxious heat, when a small piece of paper was carried up to the chairman, on reading which he was visibly disconcerted. He announced with a somewhat faltering voice that a gentleman was in the hall who had received a large number of votes for the Presidency, and who desired to make a communication to the Convention; courtesy required that they should hear him. The balloting was suspended; and up the platform stairs slowly mounted Mr. Gratz Brown, the sun from the upper windows striking with a fierce light on his red beard and hair and pallid features. There was an exchange of ghastly greetings between him and the chairman, and then, turning to the audience, he commenced a performance of extraordinary effrontery. How much effrontery there was in it cannot be understood without knowing that a resolution had been passed the previous day forbidding the formal presentation of the names of candidates by speakers. He made the usual acknowledgment of the honor he had received in having so many votes cast for him, gave some account of the virtuous and unselfish condition of his heart, declared that he withdrew from the contest, that he desired the nomination of the man most likely to win, and that in his opinion that man was Horace Greeley. Thereupon the "practical men" of the New York delegation rose in their seats and gave three cheers; the Southerners, Vermonters, and the New Jersey men took up the cry, and shouted themselves out of breath. It was plain to everybody that we were witnessing the working of the "combination." Brown had done his part; but not well. The Greeley managers were dissatisfied. "Brown," said one of them near me, "has spoiled that whole thing. He ought to have stopped with his own withdrawal."

The Convention was by this time in a state of great nervous exaltation—the state in which panics come, and in which frantic resolutions are taken. The great body of them were in complete uncertainty as to the game of the leaders, and ready for any burst in any direction. The appearance of Brown satisfied them that the arrangement of which they had heard the day before was working, and that a rush for Greeley might occur at any moment. Adams had reached 325 of the 358 necessary to a choice. Had the Illinois delegation gone over to him on the previous ballot, as was expected, before the wavering had begun, he would now have been nominated. After Brown's appearance they retired for consultation, and their return was waited for with intense anxiety. In view of what had occurred, it was doubtful whether it was not now too late for them to save Adams, even by a solid vote. But when they came back with the announcement that only 27 were for Adams, and that 15 had actually gone over to Greeley, there was a general *débandade*. All the outlying delegations, and the gushing ones, at once began to change to "the friend of humanity," as some called him, or "the philosopher," as others called him; and he was nominated in a scene of the wildest confusion. The Illinois delegation had been unable to agree—were too much exasperated even to consult amicably; and finally a part of the Davis men had deserted to Greeley, apparently in order to spite the Trumbull men. Brown got his nomination for the Vice-Presidency in due course. As a "reformer," however, it may be safely said he has left the stage.

The result was so unexpected that it confounded nearly everybody here. It leaves the revenue reformers in a pitiable condition. They have not only been shut out of the platform, but they have helped to nominate the greatest living champion of protection. Worse than this, after spending months in the preparation of a great movement for the overthrow of politicians, they have been made the victims of one of the paltriest political tricks ever executed, and this at the hands of a professed and rampant friend of honest government. Last evening, they did not know what to say. This morning, they are more cheerful, and disposed to believe that Brown and Blair might have done worse things than give us Greeley for a President. On one thing I find that there is a general agreement among the shrewdest observers, and that is, that Greeley will be elected, so that the Administration will do well to employ its most expert "managers" at the Philadelphia Convention.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, April 19, 1872.

THE only thing that can well be said about the political situation is that the state of affairs would be anomalous if it did not bid fair to become chronic. A government with a large majority and little prestige; general discontent which stops short of a desire for absolute change, are the prominent symptoms of the day. The Geneva Convention just now occupies a good deal of attention, but in the absence of any precise information as to the policy adopted by our own Government and yours, it is difficult to say more than that there is a certain amount of rather vague inanity. The papers which systematically oppose Mr. Gladstone try to make out that we have every reason to infer that he is betraying our interests, and is urgently in need of such an inducement to speak out plainly as is supplied by Lord Russell's motion. The Government, it is urged, have not said unequivocally and distinctly the one thing that ought to be said, namely, that we cannot under any circumstances permit the arbitrators to decide upon the indirect claims. From day to day we may be more clearly informed upon the subject; and it is useless to enquire whether these suspicions are better or worse founded than the enthusiastic faith of the *Daily Telegraph* in Mr. Gladstone's infallible wisdom. Somehow or other Mr. Gladstone always creates more than the ordinary warmth of party feeling on both sides, which renders it more difficult than usual to judge of any matters in which he is concerned. I may, however, venture to describe the general feeling as compounded of a strong suspicion that English diplomats are always in a muddle, whilst American statesmen are supernaturally and discreditably acute, and of a doubt whether our rulers are not rather more clever than they ought to be. We are somewhat in the position of a rough country squire who is represented in a lawsuit with a shrewd antagonist by counsel whom he fancies to be too eloquent and cultivated and altogether too highflown for their work. He would like something more after the good old style of homespun Palmerstonism. This uneasiness about our representatives rather hinders speculation as to the probable fate of the Washington Treaty. The general impression is that it will not be carried out unless your statesmen make unexpected concessions, or ours allow themselves to blunder into some delusive compromise. However, it is plain that Government must in this case speak the voice of the nation on penalty of complete party ruin.

Meanwhile Parliament pours out its usual abundance of talk. It talks about all subjects in earth and heaven; about foreign policy, about the ballot, about liquor laws, about contagious diseases, about Epping Forest and the Thames Embankment, about the propriety of eating veal and lamb—a practice which one gentleman wishes to discourage by royal proclamation; about Irish, English, and Scotch education, about the burial of Dissenters, about local taxation, about dozens of other subjects, and, last but not least, about its own talking. For an impression has somehow got abroad that there is something in Mr. Carlyle's favorite maxim as to the relative values of speech and silence, and some vague attempt has been made to induce our great manufactory of talk to turn over part of its duties, those mainly which are concerned with private business, to another tribunal. Hitherto the attempt has failed, and the current of debate flows for the present in a torrent as copious as ever. Some staunch Conservatives have been delaying business by obstructing the Ballot Bill as much as possible. As that unfortunate measure had the most important place in the Government strategy for the present session, it was generally assumed that an obviously hopeless battle would be abandoned, and that Conservatives would be rather glad than otherwise to get the question out of the way. A rather singular incident, however, has just happened, which seems to show that, if not defeated, the measure may be seriously mutilated. The Government measure included a proposal to inflict certain penalties upon any voter who should "wilfully" expose his voting paper. In fact, secret voting ceases to be even in appearance an effectual guarantee against corruption or intimidation if the constituent may convert it into public voting at his option. The man who had received £5 or been threatened with the loss of his farm would be able and therefore would be forced to satisfy his briber or his landlord that he had complied with their wishes. A good deal of indignation, however, was expended upon this proposal, and it was moved to substitute for "wilfully" the words "with corrupt intent." A voter could only be punished under this law if it were proved that he had been guilty of voting under bribery or intimidation. Now, as it is already very difficult to detect the ingenious practices which have been generated under the old system, and as the Ballot Bill was advocated expressly on the ground of that difficulty, it follows that the corrupt intention of displaying a vote could rarely be detected. A man, for example, is afraid of losing a renewal of his lease unless he votes with his landlord. If the voting were strictly secret, the landlord would have no hold upon him; but if there were a tacit understanding, the existence of which it would be practically impossible to prove, that the man should display his vote, it is plain that the intimidation would be precisely as easy as before. I should beg your pardon for insisting upon so evident a point; but two or three Radicals appear not to have noticed or not to have been convinced by what seems a very obvious argument. Mr. Vernon Harcourt and Mr. Fawcett both declared themselves against the Government proposals. Both of them are Liberals of that type which considers the treacherous leadership of Mr. Gladstone to be worse than the open enmity of Mr. Disraeli. Mr. Fawcett is as honest a politician as any in the House, and was no doubt convinced by his own statement that an Englishman ought not to be prevented from discharging a public duty publicly. For my part, I entirely agree with him; but because I agree with him in this I differ from him in objecting altogether to the ballot, and it is in my opinion unlike his usual straightforward common sense to approve of secret voting and yet disapprove of what certainly seems to be an essential part of the machinery. Be that as it may, the change was carried against the Government by a majority of a single vote in a full house. Probably some means will be found of circumventing this awkward decision, otherwise the session will be even less creditable to the ministry than we had reason to expect. They proposed at least to carry the Ballot Bill, a measure which, if regarded with indifference by most intelligent politicians, is part of the regular Liberal platform, and which would therefore entitle them to a certain amount of party gratitude. If the gap now caused be not in some way patched up, they will simply have carried a measure for enabling those people to whom it is a matter of no consequence to conceal their votes; but they will have given the very smallest amount of protection conceivable to the classes which require artificial aids to their independence.

The fact is that the agitation about the ballot has a factitious character. Nobody really cares about it very much, except a few politicians who live on the traditions of the past, and nobody is sanguine or despondent enough to think that it will make any great difference. When the most intense Radicals are ready to sacrifice the stringency of the measure—and largely, as uncharitable people may suppose, in order to have the pleasure of embarrassing their own leaders—it is manifest that the pressure from outside cannot be very powerful. Meanwhile, if anybody cherishes the opinion that the ballot is all that is wanted to destroy the power of the English aristocracy, I can only recommend him to study the *Daily Telegraph* of two or three days back. There he will find a large part of the paper occupied with glaring descriptions of the extraordinary manifestations of delight exhibited by a large population in England, Wales, and Scotland; of parties of London tradesmen dining together in a rapturous state of mind, making speeches, composing addresses, and overflowing through all the established channels of enthusiasm; of the inhabitants of a Welsh seaport town turning out into the streets in a condition of excitement which the pen of the reporter utterly fails to describe; and of the sturdy farmers in Scotland rivalling the warmth of their more excitable Southern fellow-countrymen. What was the cause of this passionate emotion? If the *Telegraph* be right, even the recovery of the Prince of Wales, or the speech-making of Mr. Disraeli at Manchester, did not so stir the popular bosom. Well, if the truth must be told, it was that a young gentleman was about to be married. That happens, it may be said, every day; but this young gentleman was a marquis. Even so, the marriage of a marquis, though doubtless calculated to convey a thrill of sympathetic joy to the plebeian breast, is not a quite unprecedented phenomenon. This young marquis, moreover, had committed the one fault to which the middle-class Englishman has—and, in my private opinion, with much justice—the heartiest aversion: he was a pervert to Popery, and had been chiefly distinguishing himself by presenting a capful of jewelry (I don't know whether I am precisely right in the nature of the present) to poor old Pio Nono. What, then, was the amazing merit which atoned for this enormity and made the marriage of the marquis an event to be commemorated with as much bell-ringing, speech-making, address-delivering, as many special trains, and as many columns in the *Daily Telegraph*, as would suffice to celebrate a national victory? Simply this: that the Marquis of Bute is about the richest man in England. He almost rivals our excellent friend Lothair; and even Popery, which is detestable in an ordinary form, gains a kind of aristocratic grace which makes it rather ornamental than otherwise when accompanied by vast rentals, sumptuous palaces, and an indefinite amount of cash balances. The worship of the dollar is, I believe, known to exist occasionally in the United States; I will not ask whether the combination of this peculiar cult with the worship of rank makes it more or less respectable. But this much I may safely say, that there is an amount of fine unadulterated snobbishness in certain social strata in this country which makes one long for a touch of Thackeray, or, in more vulgar language, would suggest the wish that some thousands of persons were so united that a single kick could do summary and simultaneous justice to all. Whilst the aristocracy excites such keen emotions in the breast of the British Jeems, it does not seem as if the ballot would destroy its power. The feeling is too deeply seated and too evidently unaffected. Luckily, there are limits beyond which the mob religion becomes powerless, and feelings which on occasion can get the better of it. For the present, however, I must lay down my pen, lest I should be hurried into some remarks not suitable to the respect with which every true Briton should regard the peerage of his country.

Notes.

B. WESTERMANN & CO., German booksellers, have removed from the west side of Broadway to No. 524 on the east side, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.——The *Week* has passed into the hands of Holt & Williams, and will undergo a change of form with other improvements of a literary character.——A complete edition, in three volumes, of the "Dramatic Works of Richard Brome," will be shortly published by J. W. Bouton. The author wrote in the time of Charles I., and this reprint is one of the John Pearson series, of which Mr. Bouton is the agent.——J. B. Lippincott & Co. have in press "A Boy's Book about Indians," containing a brief history of the leading tribes and their customs, sketches of prominent chiefs, narratives of adventure, etc., by Rev. E. B. Tuttle, chaplain U. S. A.—a work which can hardly fail to be interesting, though not likely to surpass in this respect Mr. Catlin's two volumes prepared for the same class of readers, and of which it is singular that a popular American edition has never been attempted ("Life amongst the Indians," and "Last Rambles amongst the Indians of the Rocky Mountains and the Andes"). The same firm announce "Wesley and Swedenborg," a fraternal appeal to Methodist ministers, by Rev. E. R. Keyes, of the New Church; "The Ten Laws of Health," by J. R. Black, M.D.; and Prof. Haldeman's "Pennsylvania Dutch."

—The *Popular Science Monthly*, edited by Mr. E. L. Youmans, and published by D. Appleton & Co., begins with this month what seems likely to prove a useful career. Its purpose is, not to give a mere summary of scientific facts diluted to suit the capacity of the general reader, but to furnish thorough and comprehensive discussions relating to the most interesting and important topics of scientific enquiry. In realizing this conception the opening number is very fairly successful, giving a large variety of entertaining and instructive matter, though much of this is taken bodily from foreign sources. By far the best article in the number is that on "The Study of Sociology," by Herbert Spencer, the first of a series by this able writer, which is to extend through the year. By including such papers as this, and also Mr. Pike's, on "Woman and Political Power," the *Monthly* shows that it has outgrown the vulgar conception of science as restricted to the describing of sea-shells and experimenting with air-pumps, and recognizes the fact that the domain of scientific enquiry is coextensive with the number of problems in which effects are traced to their causes. The new *Monthly* will undoubtedly do good service in diffusing an interest in science as understood in this wide sense.

—Mr. John Fiske, of Cambridge, a gentleman whom most of our readers know as a learned and acute student of philosophy, and in whom some of the most distinguished philosophers of our day recognize an independent and valuable critic, and a kindred explorer, is at present in this city delivering a course of lectures, to which we are glad to invite attention, and to which, but for an oversight, we should have called attention before. The second of the course is to be delivered this afternoon in the rooms of the Geographical Society, at the Cooper Union, and this evening in Room 24 of the same building, the lecture being given in the afternoon to suit the convenience of ladies, and in the evening for gentlemen. The lecture is in each case the same, and the same in substance as the lectures which Mr. Fiske has been giving at Harvard in the University course. The subject of the first lecture, delivered last Tuesday afternoon and evening, was "The Nebular Hypothesis"; that of the lecture of to-day, and of next Tuesday, is "Darwinism"; and to any one who wishes to know what this much-discussed "ism" is, and what it is not, we can promise in Mr. Fiske a clear expositor, who will not make too great demands on his hearer's knowledge of scientific and philosophical names and things, and who may be depended on for perfect candor. Mr. Fiske is not a man of science in the worse sense of that term—a sense which implies a man who busies himself in some department of the natural sciences, and has a mind as much ridden by his mere facts, and as little capable of comprehension and candor, as ever any Scotch elder's was, or any Scotch minor poet's; he is a man of science in the better sense, a man of a just and comprehensive mind, well trained, well informed, and kept well in hand. Persons interested in speculative questions, and who dislike to see them handled without as constant a reference as possible to facts apprehensible by the understanding, will find in Mr. Fiske an engaging lecturer. Messrs. Holt & Williams and Messrs. Appleton sell tickets to this course, the Messrs. Appleton, as is well known, making works in science and philosophy a marked feature of their bookselling business, and Messrs. Holt & Williams having been Mr. Fiske's publishers when he has made ventures in authorship.

—Mr. Page, Mr. Ward, Mr. Perry, Mr. La Farge, and the rest of the Council of the National Academy of Design, having ordered that the gallery should be opened on Sundays, their action has provoked in some quarters the remonstrance that the question should have been submitted to the whole body of academicians, and not settled by the Council. The reason given for this remonstrance is that many of the artists and many of their patrons are opposed to the Sunday opening, and think the dissidents should have been allowed an opportunity to express their dissent. This view we have seen expressed in the columns of the *Evening Post*, a journal which is the time-honored organ of the elder artists of this city; but there is another view, which seems to us more reasonable. Among the academicians are many men who sincerely believe their works to be as capable of doing people good as most sermons preached on Sunday, and think that, for a part of the day at least, they should have a chance to be seen by people who rarely see a decent work of art. Of these artists there are many whose patrons, men of wealth rather than of discernment, are not up to the level of popular feeling in regard to the observance of Sunday, and who might possibly have resented a vote in favor of the new plan. In view of the situation of such artists, the Council's course seems to us to have been so considerate and judicious as to merit gratitude and commendation. If the convictions of the remonstrants are opposed to the Sabbatical observance of Sunday, or if their opinions are undecided, we should suppose the Council's action in taking the responsibility of deciding the question must really have their entire approval. If, on the contrary, their objection proceeds upon principle, or rather, let us say, if it springs from a rooted and resolute conviction, or if from any circumstance a protest should seem desirable, of course a decided expression of disapproval can still be put forth; but we doubt if any is heard. We, for our part, wish all the proceedings of the Academy authorities were as judicious as their proceeding in this instance. We wish, for example, that they would take counsel of their courage and invention, and contrive some more efficient sort of committee on the reception of pictures. Surely, if the committee could be so constituted as that its doings should be secret and irresponsible, some of the pictures which disfigure the walls of the Academy would have been instantly sent back to their owners, instead of being received and exposed. We have heard it said of a certain magnificent work now on exhibition in the Academy, that it is there because its author can "command the columns" of some of the cheap newspapers, of newspapers so cheap, too, that—to say nothing of the duty of all men of mature years to discourage them—even the Arcadian innocence and inexperience of the artistic understanding might have been expected to laugh at their pretence to influence anybody's opinions.

—The month of May appears to be a bad month for conventions. They are numerous, but the wisdom with which they are conducted is not seen to be remarkable anywhere, and in this city we are having some deliberations that are even wondrous. The American Labor Reform League is holding its sessions at the Cooper Union, and on Sunday last "Mr. Hanson said he had been trying for six months to solve the problem of the cause of the involuntary misery of nations." It is needless to say that his labors have been crowned with perfect success: "As talents, like natural elements, are the gift of nature to the race, nothing should be charged for their use," and it follows that "no human being can rightfully obtain an income of ten dollars a day." Mr. Heywood agreed with Mr. Hanson apparently, and stated that "the right to an income is purely imaginary," an opinion in which Mr. Brisbane seemed to concur. Mr. Brisbane remarked further that "the kitchen was woman's hell," though he did not say whether she was there as tormentor or as tormented, and that "it took railroads to stop the wickedness of the old stage-drivers." The old stage-drivers were like Saurians, "who had to take in a good deal of carbon to stand the rack of their inclement surrounding." This, we take it, means that the old stage-drivers drank spirits when the weather was wet, and forgot to leave off that practice when the weather was perfectly dry or otherwise clement. In view of these remarks and those of Mr. Hanson and Mr. Heywood, Mrs. Daniels said it must be acknowledged that woman is inferior to man in her reasoning powers. Mrs. Daniels gave it as her conviction that the true course for the Government to have taken at the beginning of the late war was to have submitted to the popular vote the question whether or not the people wished to have their money spent in the bloody struggle. The response would have been in the negative, and, this being so, the debt was unauthorized, and should be at once repudiated as unjust. Mr. Heywood thought, with Mrs. Daniels, that the debt ought to be repudiated, "its principal having been paid in the form of interest." Mr. Hume said that the agricultural laborers in England were, at the present time, "on strike" for the following reason: the peers became angry with Gladstone because he would not allow their sons to buy commissions in the army, so they conspired with the skilled mechanics to ruin Gladstone; then Gladstone, not liking to be ruined, got angry with the peers, and sent his agents down into the country, where they stirred up the soil-tillers so as to give the peers "something to do at home." The Labor Party, which has nominated Judge Davis, was condemned, and of course the Democrats, the Republicans, and "the Liberal Nondescripts headed by Greeley," all and sundry, came in for an impartial and complete denunciation. On the whole, it is an extraordinary gathering this Convention, and, with its outrageous pretensions and its silliness, together with its sincerity and its handling of topics destined to grave discussion at no distant day, it raises once more the question how it is that great reforms and revolutions attract in their first stages all the scatter-brained incompetents and half-crazed enthusiastic imbeciles in the community. We suppose there is no doubt as to the fact; and an explanation of it would be curious. It would be a handy thing to have, too, because when the imbecile or idiot comes forward with a reform which is his own private, proper, personal idiotism, and that unadulterated, pure, and simple, he always says to you, by way of offering his credentials as prophet and seer and inspired reformer, that he was intimately connected with the last Great Movement, whatever that may at the time chance to be. It would, as we say, be more convenient then to have at hand a philosophical explanation such as we have mentioned, because while it would not convince the idiot at all, it would convince the bystander, the third party for whom all argumentation is carried on, just what was the idiot's real connection with the last Great Movement, and make it plain that it was he and the wheel together which made so much dust, and not the idiot, or fly on the wheel, alone. It would be invidious in us, we fear, to point these remarks by naming individual ladies and gentlemen. We wish it would not, as we need not say that we have a great longing to mention the names of some distinguished residents of Boston "in this connection," and also some leading citizens of this city.

—It is well known what facility our troops acquired during the rebellion in throwing up entrenchments, and that anything and everything, from a tin cup to a belt-plate or a broken canteen, was used in digging when the proper tools were not at hand. A distinguished officer once told us of a feat of this sort performed by his command in face of an advancing enemy, when, having ridden at a smart pace down the line, giving the order to entrench, and returned to his starting-point in the course of fifteen minutes, he found already a fortification perfectly made as regards slope and thickness at top and bottom, more than breast-high, and impregnable even to artillery assault. We believe we do not overstate the performance, which of course had the aid of the proper tools methodically distributed at the right moment. The Rice trowel-bayonet, which seems likely to be adopted for our service to the exclusion of the more soldierlike but less useful pointed bayonet, promises to supply every man with a shovel which will be handy on all occasions, but invaluable in certain emergencies, such as having to hold an advanced position in the midst of an engagement. The trials made with this ingenious instrument at some of our Western posts seem to have given universal satisfaction. Had our fathers been provided with it at Bunker Hill, they would have had a substitute for their poor shelter of fences and stone heaps that would materially have altered the fortunes of that famous day. The story of the battle, we may remark, has just been retold in a perspicuous manner, and without embellishment, by Mr. David Pulsifer, whose little pamphlet, containing a fac-simile of a contemporary map of Boston and Charlestown, is published by A. Williams & Co., of the former city.

—The revised edition of the Catalogue of Harvard University for the current year, and the announcement of studies in the college proper for 1872–73, remind us that the elective system of that university, the recent extension of which has excited much interest among friends of learning through the country, is every year acquiring a firmer hold and a more comprehensive and permanent form. It is, indeed, a serious error to regard the changes made a few years ago in the light of *experiments*. They were the well-considered results of a discussion which has been going on at Cambridge for nearly half a century, and were made by a generation that has received its training while that discussion has been pending. Their whole function, moreover, has been to develop the elective system, and that has been fully enough in operation at Harvard College for a long series of years to make its practical character perfectly understood by those who advocated and have sustained its extension. There is, therefore, no reason to be surprised that the new plan of studies adopted two years ago, though it may have seemed revolutionary to those not intimately acquainted with the movement of thought that has been going on in the college circle, has, so far from losing any of its adherents when put to the test of practice, constantly gained new support in the Faculty, among the undergraduates, in the body of alumni, and in the general public. A steady increase has been taking place in the number of students ever since the election of President Eliot gave assurance that liberal and modern principles were henceforth to control the university; and a continually larger proportion of the students make their election of studies with intelligence and pursue them with the earnestness of real scholars, and with success of a higher order than is possible under the old lesson-learning system. The Announcement of Studies for 1872–73 is a highly creditable document, and one that we believe cannot be paralleled by any other university in America. The elective studies, which now constitute more than two-thirds of the instruction of the last three college years, are arranged in eight classes, namely: I. The Classics; II. Modern Languages; III. Philosophy; IV. History; V. Mathematics; VI. Physics (including chemistry); VII. Natural History; VIII. Music. In the first of these classes there are offered in Greek nine studies, occupying in all twenty-five hours of instruction a week, and in Latin seven studies, occupying eighteen hours a week. Instruction is also offered in Hebrew and in the elements of Sanskrit. In modern languages, English, German, and Italian have each three studies, occupying eight hours a week; French has four studies, occupying eleven hours a week; Spanish one study, occupying three hours a week; the philology of the Romance languages, the same; and instruction is also offered in Icelandic and Gothic. In philosophy there are six studies, occupying eighteen hours a week; in history there are six studies, occupying seventeen hours a week; in mathematics there are eleven studies, occupying twenty-four hours a week. In the sixth class, physics proper has four studies, occupying twelve hours a week, and chemistry four studies, occupying eleven hours a week. Natural history has seven studies, occupying twenty hours a week. Lastly, music has two studies, occupying five hours a week. These last studies are open only to students who are already familiar with the elements of musical knowledge, and they are constituted of such subjects as harmony, counterpoint, canon, fugue, and free composition—the instruction being given by one of the few really learned musicians in this country, Mr. Paine, whose university lectures on the history of music have been so favorably received during the last two winters. This programme indicates, as will be most clearly seen by those who will take the pains to scrutinize it in its details, that the extension of the elective system at Harvard College means not only that a greater proportion of the student's time can be disposed at his option, but also that a far wider and more satisfactory range of studies is presented to his choice; that, in short, thorough and advanced instruction is offered in every prominent department of liberal knowledge. Meanwhile, those students who prefer the regular curriculum usually prescribed in a college to any other arrangement of studies can obtain it by a suitable choice of electives. It is interesting to observe that the modern method has by no means had the unfavorable effect which some have feared on the old scholastic studies and especially on the classics. The greatest provision is made and the greatest numbers elect in that department, and instruction of a far higher character can now be given there, as in all other branches of learning, than the old required system rendered possible. Mathematics loses in numbers, but gains vastly more than it loses in the extension and solidity of its courses. The provision in physics, in the programme before us, seems meagre as compared with that made in other subjects; but in the strong corps of professors in that department attached to the university we have assurance that the deficiency is temporary. The system of honors is supplementary to the elective system, but we cannot now enter into the particulars of that scheme. We will only add that the elective studies of the college proper have recently been thrown open to graduates of any college on the payment of certain fees. This is likely to have the ultimate effect of extending the elective system still further, and of attracting to the university a continually increasing body of that serious class of students whose presence gives a high character to any seat of learning and has always honorably distinguished Cambridge. We observe that some improvement has been made in the practical instruction in English composition among the required studies, and a more important step has been taken in providing an elective study in the same subject, though we regret to see that a part of the philological study of English has at the same time been abandoned. We hope that this is only the beginning of an extensive elective course of instruction in English literature and style, in which, as in other subjects, the best work will certainly be done by elective sections.

—M. Emile Ollivier has never given us, from his retirement in Italy, that justification of his ministry which he so promptly promised the world before his blunder, worse than a crime, had borne its perfect fruit. But Benedetti has published his "Ma Mission en Prusse"; and the Duc de Gramont undertakes, in "La France et la Prusse avant la Guerre," to prove that the Emperor had been anticipating the war for three years, and was not the aggressor at last, without explaining why, if that were the case, he precipitated hostilities when he was so wofully unprepared for them. The documents which accompany this defence greatly outweigh in value the evasive arguments they are designed to bolster up. Jules Favre, meantime, still continues his apology of the Government of the 4th of September. The first part ended with the issueless negotiations for an armistice to permit the calling of a National Assembly; the second closes with a narrative of the arrangements at Versailles for the surrender of the city. Prof. J. Chautard's "L'Incendie Moderne" and A. Dupaigne's "Le Pétrole: son histoire, sa nature, ses usages et ses dangers," treat more or less directly of the Commune, which, according to the former, found in the discoveries stimulated by the siege of Paris an arsenal of destructive material of every kind, and ready to be turned on the city itself after it had proved unavailing against the enemy. Two other works touch the political side of the present state of France: "De l'Enseignement public comme principale Cause de la Crise actuelle," by M. Gainet; and a translation, by Louis Régis, of Lord Brougham's "Democracy and Mixed Governments," with an essay on Brougham by Viscount d'Haussonville. In the following there is a look backward: "Un Séjour en France de 1792 à 1795," letters by a witness of the Revolution, translated by H. Taine, in singular ignorance of the writer's sex and real character; "Le Directoire et les Origines des Bonaparte," in Michelet's "History of the XIXth Century"; and the first part of a "History of the Revolution of '48," by Henri Gradis. The interest attaching to Zanzibar, from the recent appearance of Capt. Burton's work on the city, island, and coast of that name, as well as from Dr. Livingstone's connection with it, will secure readers for "Voyage à la Côte orientale d'Afrique pendant l'année 1866," by Rev. Père Horner, missionary to that region and superior of the Zanzibar mission. We mention finally a work of high character, the late Louis de Carné's "Voyage en Indochine et dans l'Empire Chinois," which first appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1869.

—More amusing than any of the foregoing is "L'Allemagne aux Tuileries de 1850 à 1870," by Henri Bordier, honorary librarian of the National Library—a book of upwards of 500 pages, containing the whole or parts of 1,821 letters addressed by Germans to Napoleon III., mostly with the view of begging, and variously servile, impudent, or simple. The Emperor's experience might possibly be matched by Mr. Beecher's, but in some respects was of course unique. As representing France, he was called upon to redeem the old French assignats, even (by the less modest) with interest; as the nephew of his uncle, to bestow his bounty on soldiers of the First Napoleon; as reigning sovereign, to award, in numberless instances, the cross of the legion of honor. If he fell sick, a host of sycophants sent him infallible remedies—specifics and panaceas, salves, balsams, talismans—or offers to visit him in person if the expenses of the trip were paid, or a certain fee guaranteed. One Baurath, in Leipzig, solicited a subsidy of 20,000 francs per annum, to help establish a periodical devoted to religious song. Letter-seals and rare postage-stamps were some of the humbler and more preposterous objects of these petitions. But there was some giving as well as taking, or, at least, a pretence of *quid pro quo*. In this way the Emperor became the recipient of crabs for his table, boots for the young prince, and the confidential communication of all sorts of useful knowledge, political, financial, agricultural, mechanical—a new variety of potatoes, a contrivance for perpetual motion—together with endless quantities of verses on all the marked events of his career, from his marriage down to the Orsini attempt and the plébiscite. A composer of Gotha sent a symphony for the wedding festival, but, hearing nothing of it, asked if he should send a duplicate copy, and then got 100 francs, which spurred him to forward a second part of the symphony, but without result. An original MSS. of Humboldt's "Kosmos" was presented by Professor Buschmann, of Berlin, in return for the honor which he obtained by a little judicious flattery. This was the perfect draught with the author's latest additions; and the mortifying discovery has been made that the same Buschmann presented the rough draught to the Royal Library in Berlin, with a dedication to the King couched in very nearly the same terms as his dedication of the better copy to the Emperor, by whom it was deposited in the Imperial Library.

YONGE'S ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

THE steadily increasing attention paid to the study of English has had the effect of causing a large number of text-books to be prepared within the past few years for the purpose of furnishing instruction either in the language or in the literature. No one will pretend that the quality of these manuals has borne any sort of proportion to their number. As a general rule, it may be said that each one published has seemed the worst possible one until its successor has appeared. Accordingly, as this is the last, it is probably the poorest. At any rate, whatever may be its relative rank, there is no question at all as to its positive worthlessness. It is faulty in its facts, feeble in its criticisms, and absolutely abominable in its style. Professor Yonge's thorough unfitness for the task he has undertaken is manifest from the very outset. It is certainly proper enough for any one to select as his subject, if he so chooses, any three centuries of English literature, and to begin with any author he pleases, as has been done in this book with Shakespeare. But to assign as reasons for such a course those here given, such as that young men should not be recommended to devote their attention to writers of an earlier date, that the study of Chaucer belongs rather to the antiquary than to the modern scholar, that Spenser's works are shut out from ordinary readers by his perverse adoption of archaic forms—these, and statements like these, give ghastly glimpses of the future of instruction in our tongue, if leaders as blind as this are to lead the blind.

This book professes to furnish an account of the lives and writings of the English authors of the past three centuries, together with criticisms upon and illustrative specimens from their works. For this purpose it divides these authors into the seven classes of dramatists, "general" poets, lyric poets, historians, essayists, orators, and novelists, and takes up the members of each class in chronological order. A sort of sop is thrown to Cerberus by putting in at the end an account of Chaucer and Spenser. We do not object to the work that it is incomplete, as it manifestly is, but that it is grossly inaccurate. The list of blunders which a hasty inspection of the book shows reveals an amount of ignorance on the part of the author, which could have been due to no hurried investigation or chance misinformation, but must rather have been the patient accumulation of years. Not only probabilities, but likewise possibilities, are put down as certainties. Errors once prevalent, but along ago abandoned, are carefully revived, while a plentiful addition is made to the already existing stock. Chaucer is said to have been born in 1328, and to have been educated at Cambridge; both of which statements are uncertain, not to say untrue. He is represented as having joined the army of Edward III. on his arrival at man's estate, and as having been taken prisoner by the French a little before the battle of Poictiers. We have Chaucer's own deposition, made in the year 1386 in the trial between Richard Lord Scrope and Sir Robert Grosvenor, that he had borne arms for twenty-seven years, which would fix the date of his entrance into military service as 1359. As the battle of Poictiers took place in 1356, this would seem to indicate a difference of opinion on this point between the poet and the professor. He is also declared to have been a member of the first parliament in the reign of King Richard II. Richard's first parliament met in 1377, the year of his accession, and it was not until 1386, and after the intervention of many parliaments, that Chaucer was elected knight of the shire for Kent. And here again turns up the old story of the poet's flight and imprisonment. As Sir Harris Nicolas thoroughly exploded this more than twenty years ago, it seems to us that it is now nearly time to drop it from our manuals of English literature; more especially as the *Testament of Love* out of which it was concocted is pretty generally conceded to be not the poet's production. Indeed, Professor Yonge's whole account of Chaucer proves conclusively that he himself has followed the recommendation spoken of above which he gives to young students, and that he clearly looks upon himself, to use his own distinction, as a "modern scholar" and not as an "antiquary." He states that our language began to be called English in the fourteenth century, being clearly unaware that it has always been called so by the men who have spoken it, though for the sake of convenience we apply to it in its ancient forms the designations of Anglo-Saxon and Semi-Saxon. He speaks of the very earliest dramas in our tongue as having been composed after the accession of Queen Elizabeth, and specifically mentions "Gammer Gurton's Needle" and "Gorboduc" as being the first. Obviously he has never heard of Udall's comedy of "Roister Doister," which appeared certainly before 1553. The traditional stories of Shakespeare's life are here treated as being not in the least doubtful; and some new facts are furnished, especially in regard to the poet's private opinions, which are unquestionably important if true. He gives extracts from the drama of "Much Ado About Nothing"; but his comments upon it prove that he has either not read the play through, or has not read it intelligently, for many of his statements in regard to it are blunders of the most disgraceful sort. He repeats with childlike simplicity the stories current some fifty years ago of Ben Jonson's special malignity towards Shakespeare, and also remarks that the former conceived that his genius lay more especially in the tragic delineation of character. As out of Jonson's seventeen dramas fifteen are comedies, it is apparent at a glance upon what a firm foundation this assertion rests. In his account of Chaucer Professor Yonge says that that poet seems to have introduced into the language the ten-syllable couplet; in the account of Dryden we are told that to him we owe the introduction of the ten-syllable line. But we must stop somewhere.

In the critical remarks there is something more than mere feebleness; there is frequently an absolute fatuity which defies description, and can be but imperfectly appreciated by detached quotation. In his very opening page the author declares that history must be accounted the most important of all branches of literature; as if, by any possibility, the literature of knowledge, to use De Quincey's distinction, could be placed on a level with the literature of power; or, not to state it abstractly, that Hume, Gibbon, and Macaulay could ever be regarded as the equals of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton. Towards our early authors Professor Yonge uses a most condescending tone. He patronizes them, declares that they did very well considering the circumstances, but that really they cannot be looked upon as models any longer. It would be a waste of time, we are told, to leave late writers and go back to the works of these, "which, however curious and interesting as indications of the gradual growth and progress of the language, and however admirable as proofs of the power of genius to surmount the greatest difficulties and hindrances (for Chaucer and Barbour lived before the invention of printing, and therefore knowledge had unrolled for them but few of her stores), are nevertheless not examples of English as it exists now." Saddest of all words, the poet tells us, is what might have been. What woe must then be ours when we think what Homer and Virgil and Dante would have accomplished if they had only lived after the invention of printing, and had access to the ample stores of knowledge deposited in Queen's College, Belfast. Spenser is declared to be a far greater genius than Chaucer; and this judgment is to a certain extent entitled to respect as regards each poet, because it is dictated by that thorough impartiality which springs from ignorance of both. On Southey, however, our author is thoroughly up. "Roderick" and "Kehama," he assures us, have always had readers and admirers, and he doubts not will a hundred years hence be far better known than the generality of the poems of the present day. This is certainly the gloomiest prophecy that has yet been uttered as to the intellectual condition of the twentieth century. With such sentiments as the foregoing, the manner of expressing them fitly corresponds. The style is vicious in the extreme. The sentences have no organic unity, but are of that involved and cumbrous kind caused by allowing a fact or idea contained in any one clause to suggest the topic spoken of in the one following; and as there is really no limit to this process of tacking clause on to clause, it is purely an act of grace on the part of Professor Yonge that he ever condescends to end a sentence at all. Certainly he who trusts himself to one of them never can predict when or where he will be likely to come out. To call this manner of writing tedious, or crude, or obscure, is putting it mildly. Compared with it, acts of Congress are entertaining, and *Alabama* treaties unambiguous.

In general, we may say we have no admiration for books of this kind, highly praised as they are in certain quarters. When well done they are doubtless of some service; and they are perhaps a necessity till the time comes when men learn that a knowledge of English literature can be got by reading the literature, and in no other way; that to understand Shakespeare, for instance, one must read Shakespeare's writings, and not what other people have said about them. We have given to this work far more space than its intrinsic importance warrants; but if books of this poor kind are to be used in our schools, the least we can do is to insist that they shall not be poor of their kind; that certainly no such dish of skimmed milk as this shall be set before students under the pretence that it is either palatable or invigorating.

A PROTESTANT "SISTER OF CHARITY."*

THE subject of this memoir, Agnes Elizabeth Jones, was the daughter of an English army-officer, and born in Cambridge in 1832. Her history was very uneventful. She enjoyed a careful English education, and made the usual European journeys, learning several of the modern languages, apparently with ease. Miss Nightingale speaks of her as "beautiful, rich, attractive, and witty." In her country home, in the North of Ireland, she early showed her extraordinary sympathy for the sick and unfortunate. Her composure and nerve, which she so frequently manifested afterwards, were strikingly exemplified in very early life.

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* "Three Centuries of English Literature. By Charles Duke Yonge, Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

* "Una and her Paupers. Memorials of Agnes Elizabeth Jones, by her Sister. With an Introduction by Florence Nightingale." New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1872.

Amid her earnest religious efforts and her serious and solemn contemplations, a bit of human "common-sense" comes in refreshingly, as where she prays, in her diary, just before going to a social party, that her labors among the poor may not make her "narrow-minded" when in company with people of the world. The most striking thing in her record of her early labors is the joyfulness of them. "How the heart leaps with joy," she writes, "to see a look or smile of welcome from the poor much more than at a warmer reception from the rich!" And, again: "A blessing to-day from old Mrs. W. warmed me so that I felt not the cold; she said: 'The Lord love you, for I love you'" (pp. 48, 49). Her labors around her country home, at Fahan, among the poor Irish peasantry, were incessant, no storm or disagreeable weather deterring her from walks of miles through the hills and lonely moors to give medicine and sympathy to the sick and religious instruction to the ignorant. Throughout her life she felt a special sympathy for the depressed and ignorant peasantry of Ireland. In view of the peculiar calling she had marked out for herself—the nursing of the sick—she early determined to secure a preliminary training in the Institution for Deaconesses, at Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine. The principal benefit, however, she derived from the year spent here, as she avows, was "the habit of implicit obedience." Her duties in the hospital were often of the most menial and revolting nature, but she performed them without reluctance, and even cheerfully. On the whole, the impression left by her brief journal of this famous institution is somewhat depressing, and she seems herself, in her subsequent life, to question the utility of such schools of training, or of these Protestant "Orders," believing that without the dress and the name a lady could often do the same kind of work among her poor neighbors or in the low districts of a city. This impression, from so sensible and devoted a worker, is valuable, and should affect in some degree the increasing tendency of the Episcopal Church, both in Great Britain and the United States, to form distinct orders of female ministers of charity and religion.

After the year in Kaiserswerth, Miss Jones gave herself for a time to the labors of the "Bible-women" among the poor of London; and then, with a view to her especial vocation, accepted Miss Nightingale's proposition to enter, as a "nurse-probationer," St. Thomas's Hospital, in London, for a year's training. We gather incidentally from her journal that at one season here she did not sleep at night in her bed for six weeks, probably doing night-nursing. If this is the preliminary training to which refined young ladies are summoned from their mothers' luxurious homes by Miss Nightingale, we can hardly wonder at her complaints that the women of England do not respond. A refined class cannot step at once into such severe labors without breaking down, while a lower and more vigorous class cannot be much stimulated by an offer of "$50 per annum, with board."

The effect on this sensitive and highly-wrought girl of such efforts was just what any prudent mother would expect—she nearly broke down, and laid the foundation of a weakness which afterwards exposed her to fatal disease. The great work of her life now began to press itself upon her—the proposition to take charge of the nurses and paupers in the immense Workhouse Hospital in Liverpool. These touching passages will show her feelings at leaving home for these new duties:

> "I dare not think of that last morning—must not others have thought me cold? Yet I felt it was almost an eternal farewell to Fahan, a final and deliberate renouncing of home, a going forth, indeed, on a way I knew not. I dared not think almost, dared not cry, and could only occupy myself with the present, and meet the future with 'Lord help me.' J. says I brought sunshine home, which seemed to vanish when I left it. Yes, I was happy; and yet there were times of agony. Mother, sister, home—when ever so dear? I never felt what a life home-life was before; the contrast with the other, and yet that other was very happy; and so I will only think of this, and thank my God, who has hitherto helped, and believe he, who changes not, will surely continue to do so" (pp. 272, 273).

The following description from Miss Nightingale's vigorous pen will give a succinct idea of her work in the Liverpool hospital (pp. 12 and 13, Introduction):

> "All the last winter she had under her charge above 50 nurses and probationers, above 150 pauper scourers, from 1,290 to 1,350 patients, being from two to three hundred more than the number of beds. All this she had to provide for and arrange for, often receiving an influx of patients without a moment's warning. She had to manage and persuade the patients to sleep three and four in two beds; sometimes six or even eight children had to be put in one bed, and, being asked on one occasion whether they did not 'kick one another,' they answered, 'Oh, no, ma'am, we're so comfor'ble!' Poor little things! they scarcely remembered ever to have slept in a bed before. But this is not the usual run of workhouse patients. Among them are the worn-out old prostitutes, the worn-out old thieves, the worn-out old drunkards. Part of the work in workhouses is to see that the dissolute and desperate old sinners do not corrupt the younger women—fallen, but not hopeless; to persuade the *delirium tremens* case, wandering about in his shirt, to go quietly into his ward and his bed. Part of the work is to see that the mothers of the sick children do not quarrel, ay, and fight, and steal the food of one another's children. These are among the everyday incidents of workhouse life."

She herself felt most keenly the discouraging, debauched character of those large English workhouses (pp. 354, 355, 356):

> "I was one day coming in at the gate, and admiring the beautiful bread and plentiful supply, when, just because a bit of crust was burned—I should have liked it to eat—a woman began railing against the food provided. So it is often with our patients. There have been some fearful scenes in the oakum sheds lately, rivalling the 'prison matron's' revelations. You remember our visit there, and the woman who accompanied us. On Saturday the women in the sheds attacked her, threw her down, tried to run hair-pins into her eyes, and, when assistance arrived, were pounding her all over. . . . More and more I come to the belief that *these large institutions, grouping together such numbers, are the ruin of the inhabitants.* One would blush to tell the knowledge and practice of the vilest sins among the children, girls of seven escaping to be brought back from the vilest houses. On Wednesday we had a patient brought in who had gone out well a few weeks ago; he looked more like a wild beast than a man; he said he had not had his clothes off for three weeks, nor 'seen his legs,' deeply ulcered as they were. He had been drinking freely, and was on the verge of delirium tremens, of which he died that night. I sometimes wonder if there is a worse place on the earth than Liverpool, and I am sure its workhouse is burdened with a large proportion of its vilest. I can only compare it to Sodom, and wonder how God stays his hand from smiting. Then, so little effort is made to stem the evil. All lie passive, and seem to say it must be. The attempt at introducing trained workers has certainly not met with any sympathy from clergy or laity. In the nearly ended two years of our work, how few have ever come for the work's sake to wish us God-speed in it! I do not mean to say that I am discouraged . . ."

No labors which a friend of humanity can perform at this day are so utterly depressing, disheartening, and without external reward, as those for the semi-criminal pauper class. Yet for years this gentle and refined woman, with scarce a look of sympathy to encourage, ministered to the bodily wants, afforded her rich sympathy to the sorrows, and brought her religious inspiration to reform the vices of these ruffians, vagrants, harlots, and beggars in the Liverpool Workhouse. From five o'clock each day till eleven at night, with scarcely a half-hour for repose or reflection, with no congenial society or books, her only pleasure the few flowers sent in by a friend, she labored and toiled among these outcasts, not even allowing herself recreation at her meals, but taking them with the nurses, that she might influence them even then. All this done, as Miss Nightingale says, utterly without consciousness or vanity, simply from love for humanity and for her ideal "Friend." Her business and executive faculty seems to have been equal to the religious inspiration which filled her, so that everything under her charge flowed calmly and evenly. Her influence over the nurses and the sick and criminal was of course deep and pervasive, and she seems to have given an unaccustomed tone of humanity even to that dreariest of all administrations, the poor-law system. In such labors as these, an organization so delicate and highly strung as hers naturally soon gave out. Her health gradually failed, and in the third year of her work she contracted typhus from an assistant whom she had placed in her own bed, and died as joyfully and sweetly as she had lived. The light from her faith illumined the great darkness beyond. It was a fitting close that the tears of the pauper and the outcast she had labored with fell upon her coffin, and that the wild flowers she so much loved were scattered over her grave by crowds of poor whom she had befriended.

This little memoir will undoubtedly affect very profoundly great numbers of the young, both in England and America. But the question must be raised by every judicious mind, "Was this life wisely guided, and was it spent for the best purpose?" It is invidious to object to any deed of humanity. He that "giveth the cup of cold water" to the pauper and vagrant shall have his reward in his own consciousness and the gratitude of mankind. But here was a woman evidently of uncommon moral power; here was a country filled with startling evils, some of which might have been reached in their source. Would not Miss Jones's work have been a deeper and more lasting one had she devoted herself to purifying the springs of pauperism and crime instead of cleansing the full stream in its later and more powerful course? Would not these "women of England" whom Miss Nightingale so eloquently summons, be better employed in teaching the children of the poor, in promoting popular education, in elevating the working masses, in drying up the source of crime and poverty, and in solving some of the social problems which have created all these paupers and outcasts, than in despairing and exhausting efforts for the old vagrants and prostitutes and beggars in workhouses and hospitals?

Moreover, if our ladies undertake such labors, they must do them as men are accustomed to perform them. They should have time for recreation and variety; they should enjoy their proper rest; they should "organize" thoroughly, and learn to make others work for them; menial labor should be given to those trained for it, and the brain should take the place of the hands. With benevolent labor systematized in this way, the laborer in this field may work healthily a lifetime, instead of breaking down or spending himself in three years.

SOME RECENT NOVELS.[*]

THE principal objection, though by no means the only one, to Mrs. Spofford's story is its immorality. It is simply a very poor story of adulterous love. The heroine, Catherine Stanhope, while yet a girl, goes out on what is called in Boston the "North Shore" to gather samphire—in other novels it would have been sea-weed or clams, but Mrs. Spofford must have samphire—and, being overtaken by the tide, is in danger of getting her feet wet, when one Beaudesfords, a man quite as elegant as his name, happens to be passing in his sail-boat with his friend, Major Gaston, of the United States Army, and takes Catherine and her younger sister, Rose, ashore. It was here that the harm was done. As for the passionate love that instantly devoured these two men, who can chronicle it? "One not sooner than the other was wild with love of Catherine Stanhope."

> "'Beautiful, by God!' exclaimed Gaston.
> "'By all the gods!' cried Beaudesfords, turning on his seat.
> "'When was such a group seen before—two such women'—
> "'Ah! I saw but one,' said Beaudesfords.
> "'And yet the picture would be incomplete without that carnation on the darker cheek.'"

Could there be a better beginning for a love story? A samphire gatherer, "a fair, white woman, with hair of palest tint—so white was she that you saw the tracery of blue veins upon her temples and her throat: the large eyes were scarcely bluer. Though dark brows and darker lashes lent those eyes shadow and depth, they had an inner splendor of their own, a light that seemed to burn from the brain; they were strong and searching eyes, rejoicing eyes, that said, although the heart should break, the spirit would be glad and safe. But the mouth was another thing; for albeit its lips were like some pulpy fruit, yet the smile that played around its corners was full of melancholy." As for the men, Beaudesfords was a "millionaire from his cradle, his profile like that on the coins where the conquering Alexander had his own likeness struck in the name of Apollo." But what are those advantages compared with those of Gaston—debt-ridden poverty, a scar received in frontier service, and a habit of intense reserve and desperate mooning? Gaston and Catherine fell in love with one another in a gloomy way, Gaston's part in the flirtation consisting in being very strong, ugly, reserved, bitter, and generally offensive, while Catherine gushes and snubs Beaudesfords, until at length for the sake of "comfort for Caroline, peace with her mother, a future for Rose, the wealth and splendor that she loved, sumptuous ease, the certainty of honoring, the possibility of more, since life was so arid, since he was so kind," she marries him. Of course, she does not like him—what can be expected of women who gather samphire? She grows pale at home, and Beaudesfords takes her abroad. On his return he meets Gaston on his threshold, and the story fairly begins. Gaston is persuaded to stay with them while he oversees the building of some water-works in the neighborhood. The husband, as is usual in such cases, is good-natured, innocent, and madly devoted to his wife, who lies awake half of every night crying. Gaston stands in dark corners, leans on mantelpieces, and glowers. Of their calm domestic life we may take this as an example:

> "Gaston had just given his cup to the servant, and was standing before her' leaning one arm on the mantel; perhaps she did not care to dwell on the sight. Ere he could offer to conduct her, a scale ran up the keys of the piano; she had seated herself and commenced playing. 'Frost-bitten,' said Beaudesfords. 'The tones tinkle like icicles as they fall from your fingers.' He lay in the great cushions of the lounge, their soft carnation lending his face a flush and deepening the tints of his yellow curls. Catherine looked at him a moment, and thought of some of the richly-colored canvases she had stood before in Europe. His head was something superb; it had the look of some Capitolean god's; such youth and beauty had a kind of majesty next to immortal majesty. Then, the piano facing down the room, she raised her glance. Gaston still stood against the mantel, surveying her with his darkening eyes—the plain face, with its scar, its ruggedness, its gloom; and the other went out like a star in the night."

So they go on, Catherine feels herself "drifting," Gaston plays the mysterious, until "Candlemas," which is celebrated in the good old-fashioned New England way, with the guests, "tenants," and servants out-doors, "circling and recircling, and weaving a tracery of brilliant flourishes till the whole field was brocaded with trailing lines of light." Catherine and Gaston are watching this sight with a pardonable curiosity, when he asks her if she is cold, and, in his impetuous way, tries to pick up a fur cloak that had slipped from her shoulders. A little girl, the gardener's daughter, happened to be standing on it, and she is hurled over the balcony upon the ice beneath. This little incident arouses in her mind a not unnatural prejudice against Gaston, and, at last, she tries to think better of her husband. She determines to write to Gaston and ask him to go away. Her husband gets the note instead, takes to his "carved mother-of-pearl bed," and, to oblige his friend and wife, cuts his throat. The opening chapter of the novel represents him lying there, and the reader is started off on the false scent of his wife having murdered him. Gaston enters the room where Beaudesfords is lying in his gore, and with rare tact chooses that time and place to make hot love to Catherine. She refuses him; the husband revives, recovers; Gaston becomes an acknowledged maniac at first, and then again a prominent engineer in possession of his reason and so freed from this passion. Catherine loves her husband, and all is peace, and morality, it will be said, is triumphant.

The impression that this novel makes is a very curious one. The author sins against reality both by improbabilities of fact and impossibilities of sentiment. There is a misplaced splendor about it, a tawdry elegance, in which our own New England "Ouida" delights, which is as incongruous as a masquerade dress in a horse-car. The characters flaunt about in brocades and silks and satins; they dine off of gold, and never speak without alliteration. They are as elegant as the ladies and gentlemen on tailors' pattern sheets, but look to see what they really are, and you find something equally offensive by reason of its silliness and its wickedness.

The next of the volumes on our list is a very interesting sketch by the author of "High Mills," which we had occasion to review a few weeks ago. This story shows, to our mind, a greater degree of the same power which was to be seen in that novel, the power, namely, of a conscientious and thorough treatment of a severe plot. This story is a painful one. It is a study of a morbid character, but the work itself is far from morbid, it is intense. It is a book which can be rather admired than liked, for its grimness is a quality that is exceedingly prominent. On this account, it, like the "High Mills," may perhaps be found of less interest to the ordinary novel reader than to the by no means small class of those who are writing novels. In these days, when one sees so many stories in which the interest is so cheap, the attractiveness so flimsy, one cannot be too grateful for a novel which shows that the author is not above real and serious effort in her work. Of the sketches in the other volume this can hardly be said. They are good, although not of equal merit, and may very well be more popular than the rest of her work. They are all serious, and even pathetic; the quality most noticeably lacking, especially in comparison with the similarly unambitious work of Mrs. Parr, the author of "Dorothy Fox," is humor. But both of these ladies understand very well how to represent the poverty-stricken life they so often choose for their subject, without the sickly sentimentality that often mars such sketches of "still-life."

"A Crown from the Spear" is a novel of France of the Empire, but one that, were it not for occasional references to cigars, the railroads, etc., would seem to refer to, say, the middle of the sixteenth century. Not because it contains any such accurate study of human nature as is true of all ages and in all places, but on account of that vagueness of outline, that lack of sympathy with any human feeling which we generally find in melodramatic romances where descriptions of lofty castles, prancing steeds, and restless drawbridges lull the reader into forgetfulness of better work. We have in this story a cool-headed villain, who talks to himself as follows:

> "How I have delved, how I have dug into the mines of knowledge, that I might find the rare gems below the ken of the superficial seekers! I have explored the mysteries of the Cabala; that wonderful science has been my study day and night; the Zohar is my code; the languages of the past, most hidden among the things hidden, are as familiar to me as household words. Alchemy has revealed to me its secrets and its marvellous laws. Metaphysics have become to me but a repetition of commonplace dogmas. I have analyzed all, and each particle is before me separated from all foreign matter. I can weigh them in the minutest scale, and my nice balance is my judgment. The ignorant look upon me as a sorcerer. I am a sorcerer, for knowledge is sorcery. Fabien, the canon, at twenty-five, has more within the circle of his brain than the oldest doctor of the schools. *Laus Deo* for such power. My peers look upon me with amazement. Honors are being heaped upon me," etc., etc., etc.

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[*] "The Thief in the Night. By Harriet Prescott Spofford." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

"Gideon's Rock. By Katherine Saunders." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

"The Haunted Crust, etc. By Katherine Saunders." New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1871.

"A Crown from the Spear. By the Author of 'Woven of Many Threads.'" Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

"Righted at Last. A Novel." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

"Fair to See. A Novel. By Lawrence W. M. Lockhart." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1872.

There are maidens distraught with love; there is the active villain who accomplishes the wiles of the crafty and conceited soliloquizer; there are separations, suicides, prison scenes. The hero wanders through France with a trusty hunchbacked servant, like a knight-at-arms, and, with the singular incongruity that perpetually surprises one in reading the novel, writes for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and is imprisoned for violating the laws about the press in his newspaper articles. The result of this combination is that we have both a poor romance and a poor novel. In the romance, one is willing to allow almost any use of machinery, provided the story is interesting; and in the novel we demand, as a basis, a resemblance to life as it is seen about us. While this is easily said, it is seldom attained. Novel-writing is like any other art: the end is clear enough before us, the means of attaining it are obscure. This story fails from its coldness. It is as artificial as a panorama, and moves in very much the same way. Different scenes are presented to us, but the characters are all in one position as long as we see them. In the extract we quoted above, does our author find any touch of nature? Rather, is it not the conventional soliloquy of the conventional villain? And that is the fault of the whole book. The author writes smoothly and has some power, which we trust to see in the future applied to less artificial stories.

"Righted at Last" is another American novel. It is the autobiography of a pauper girl who, after some years of harsh treatment, is taken from her squalid home by a rich young woman, who adopts her. She is sent to a school, in which she in time becomes a teacher, and afterwards, of course, she is found to belong to a high-born family, and she marries her aristocratic and wealthy lover. Every novel-reader knows the calm dignity that heroines display under the jibes and sneers of the cold world, how their acute conversation with the rather jaded hero shows immense reading, profound thought, and in time excites a tender interest even in his cynical heart. The retorts she makes to the fashionable people who snub her are very cutting, but at the end all are forgiven who have done wrong and the others are made happy. In short, the author has found it necessary to write a novel. But we cannot help thinking that she would do herself more justice if she would write simple sketches without the formality of a threadbare plot, would describe the characters with which she is familiar; we recommend as a model the second and third volumes of our list. Her novel is not without a certain modest merit, which, however, is more negative than positive, for it consists in the avoiding of certain common faults.

"Fair to See" is an exceedingly readable novel. It is an English story, The characters are two officers, one an enamored youth, the other a friend; two Scotch girls, one a flirt, the other sincerity itself. It is a very simple tale of a certain passion not wholly unfamiliar to the novelist, and it is very well told—in fact, it is just what a novel that is to be read once ought to be. At times it is very amusing, and it is never dull.

South-Sea Bubbles. By the Earl and the Doctor. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.)—When an author tells us that his work is made up of sketches from a log-book saved from a wrecked vessel in a moist and unpleasant condition, he at once disarms criticism as to the style, manner, and arrangement of his notes. That he was "persuaded to publish them" is a touch of nature which makes us (book writers) all akin, but it is, nevertheless, a feeble excuse worn so threadbare that it adds no force to the penetrating plea of pervading dampness. We read of Tahiti mountains, of every shade of blue, pink, gray, and purple, towering up from the bright green ocean, grand palms and cocoanut trees, huts peeping out from among the forests, soft summer seas stretching over dark water caverns where your gaze goes dreamily down among great fans of crimson coral and tufts and mounds like unto chased and carved ivory, amid which dart and shine fishes of wonderful shape and exquisite color—red, golden, orange, and cobalt-blue! How all this vividly recalls pleasant recollections of what in younger days we read of Typee, Omoo, and Mardi, and, although our respect for a live earl is very great, we still desire nothing better in the way of pictures of South-Sea scenery than those of Herman Melville, and, indeed, could not find them if we wished.

A wealthy and titled young English gentleman, with his own yacht floating in the bay, plenty of money in his pocket, and the object of the profuse attentions of foreign dignitaries and of all the natives from Queen Pomaré down to the scantily attired little boys and girls, needed no aid nor incitement from the exquisite scenery of Tahiti, Eimeo, and Huahine to see everything through a roseate tint. Of this state of things the picture of an earthly paradise is the inevitable result. The natives appear to have nothing to do but catch fish in picturesque attitudes, walk among orange groves with beautiful wreaths of *seva-seva* on their heads, eat bananas when they are hungry, and recline in slumber, fanned by balmy breezes, when they tire of doing nothing. An impatient foreigner is made to complain to our author that these happy people won't work, saying: "They've got their grub hanging over their heads, and their water at their feet; and when they want fish, they can go out and get it as soon as they like. If I could only get two nights' frost to make them work for their breakfast, I might do what I liked." But full well we know that through this Garden of Eden creep very many forms of the serpent, to say nothing of a multitude of small snakes; that the houris smell very strongly of sour cocoanut oil; that many of the lithe-limbed, bronze Apollos are swollen with leprosy; that the Elysian swains get unmanageably drunk on vile fire-water, and beg tobacco and old clothes; that vice and disease and improvidence embrute the father and mother and kill the child; that the paradise is to be depopulated. Even our enthusiastic bubble-blower unconsciously recognizes their presence in such unintentional admissions as these: "The natives suffer much from cold and rheumatism" (p. 23). "The chief occupation of the natives is gambling" (p. 29). "Elephantiasis is fearfully common both among the whites and natives, and is an intermittent disease" (p. 111). If we cared to do it, we might materially swell this list of infelicities, more especially under the medical rubric.

Our author is evidently a young gentleman—quite young, we should say—upon whom neither the anxieties nor the responsibilities of life have weighed very heavily; and he disposes of the knottiest problems of cosmogony, ethnology, theology, morality, and social existence with a *disinvoltura* quite charming. The ardency of the Southern suns has proved too much for the coolness of his blood, and we might almost apply to him his own words about his Otaheitans, and say that his pages reflect rather shamelessly, if we must use a harsh word, "the sublime innocence of perfect immorality." There is also a sublime impudence of imperfect morality, we must remind him. As we have been so easy on his sinfulness, we will say nothing of his syntax and his slang. Both are good enough for a peer of the realm.

Vollständige Sammlung der geltenden Wechsel- und Handels-Gesetze aller Länder. Von Dr. S. Borchardt, Geheimer Justizrath, Ritter, etc. (Berlin: R. v. Decker; New York: B. Westermann.)—This is a work of truly German industry and research—an essay toward an international and uniform code of exchange and trade. The first step toward a consummation so devoutly to be wished being the analysis of existing codes, with a comparison of their differences and possibilities of adjustment, the commercial codes of all countries in which laws or usages having the force of laws exist are brought together in their original texts—Spanish, Danish, French, Greek, English, Dutch, German, Italian, Portuguese, Hungarian, Roumanian, Russian, Turkish (through the medium of French)—and are also presented in a uniform German dress. As yet only the first division of the work has been published, the Laws of Exchange, making two volumes of 608 and 520 pages large octavo; the second containing the original texts, and the first the German translation. Not only the great commercial nations are represented, but all the Governments of Central and South America, Hayti, San Domingo, the Sandwich Islands, Malta, and Monaco.

The first impression of these multifarious codes is that their diversities are beyond the reach of adjustment; but Dr. Borchardt has reduced them to a systematic classification under two general groups: those which follow the French commercial code of 1807, and those which follow the German exchange laws of 1848 and the commercial code of 1861. To the first belong Belgium, Egypt, San Domingo, Greece, Hayti, Holland and her colonies, the British possessions of Lower Canada, Malta, and Mauritius, Italy, several Swiss cantons, Serbia, Turkey; and substantially in the same category are Spain and Portugal with their colonies, and the states of Central and South America.

The second or German group embraces as yet only Germany and Austria, with the exception of Hungary, under the commercial code; but the German laws of exchange are followed also by Finland, Sweden, and sundry Swiss cantons. Outside of these groups, Russia has a complete code of her own; Great Britain with her colonies and the United States of North America have sundry particular commercial laws and usages, which, especially in regard to exchange, agree in essentials, and have found acceptance in the Sandwich Islands and the colony of Liberia. The French laws of exchange obtain over an area of 507,500 square miles (German), with a population of 233,700,000; the English and American over 509,400 square miles, with a population of 252,300,000; and the German and more modern rules of exchange over 32,130 square miles, and 71,600,000 inhabitants.

After a critical specification of the main points of distinction in these several systems as to value, recourse, endorsement, etc., Dr. Borchardt emphasizes the newer legislation which is gaining ground in France, Germany, Austria, England, Sweden, Switzerland, Chili, and the United States, by which the once universally-allowed immediate execution against the person of the debtor is no longer permitted.

Such diversities in the laws and usages of exchange as present themselves in the codes compared in these volumes, are not founded in the nature of exchange itself, nor are they the necessary result of local circumstances; they are far more likely to proceed from some preponderating notion or doctrine of the science of rights current at the time of such legislation, or from a regard to the growing necessities of an increasing and ever-expanding commerce, which now spreads itself over the whole world without respect to the boundaries of nations. And hence, in view of the cosmopolitan character of exchange—the chief medium of commerce—the attempt should be made in the common interests of trade to set aside these diversities, and to merge all codes and systems in one international code of exchange. The bare suggestion of such a code reminds us how far our] age has advanced from feudal times; and the feasibility of such a code, as demonstrated by Dr. Borchardt, gives hope of a millennium of political economy. His work is a valuable study for statesmen.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Alexander (S. D.), Princeton College during the Eighteenth Century	(A. D. Randolph & Co.)	$2 50
Anderson (J. J.), United States Reader	(Clark & Maynard)	1 50
Bent (S.), The Thermal Paths to the Pole	(St. Louis)	
Brill (F.), Farm-Gardening and Seed-Growing	(O. Judd & Co.)	
Burke (S. H.), Men and Women of the English Reformation, 2 Vols.	(Cath. Pub. Society)	4 00
Cornell (J. H.), Congregational Tune-Book	(Pott, Young & Co.)	$1 25
Clarke (Dr. E. H.) and Amory (Dr. R.), The Bromides of Potassium and Ammonium	(Jas. Campbell)	1 50
Coleman (Mrs. C.), Life of John J. Crittenden	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Cupples (Mrs. G.), Singular Creatures, and How they were Found	(Lee & Shepard)	
Day (Prof. H. N.), Science of Æsthetics	(C. C. Chatfield & Co.),	2 25
Drew (B.), Pens and Types	(Lee & Shepard)	
Dobbs (A. E.), General Representation, swd	(Longmans)	
Dix (Rev M.), Lectures on the Two Estates	(Pott, Young & Co.)	1 25
Dupuy (Miss E. A.), The Cancelled Will	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	1 75
Fargeon (B. L.), Grif: A Story of Australian Life, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	0 40
Fretwell (J., jr.), Volkswirthschaftliche Perspectiven in England, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)	
Fontaine (Rev. E.), How the World was Peopled	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Forster (Dr. W.), Johann Kepler, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)	
Hickok (Rev. L. P.), Creator and Creation	(Lee & Shepard)	
Henry (Rev. C. S.), The Bishops' Declaration on Baptism, swd	(Pott, Young & Co.)	
Hoffman (M.), The Ritual Law of the Church	" "	4 00
John (Dr. R. E.), Ueber Geschwornengerichte und Schöffengerichte, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)	
Lanman (C.), The Japanese in America	(University Pub. Co.)	1 50
Legal Tender Cases of 1871	(New York)	
Lay (Rev. H. C.), Studies in the Church	(Pott, Young & Co.)	1 25
Little Pierre, the Pedlar of Alsace	(Cath. Pub. Society)	1 50
McElrath (T.). Dictionary of Words and Phrases used in Commerce	(Taintor Bros.)	7 00
May (Sophie), The Doctor's Daughter	(Lee & Shepard)	
Meyer (Prof. J. B.), Arthur Schopenhauer, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)	
Meibauer (R. O.), Physische Beschaffenheit des Sonnensystems, swd	" "	
McClintock (Rev. J.) and Strong (J.), Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature, Vol. IV. H, I, J	(Harper & Bros.)	
Notes, Questions, and Answers on the Collects, bds	(Pott, Young & Co.)	0 20
Nicholson (Prof. H. A.), Manual of Zoölogy, 2d edition	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Ormathwaite (Lord), Astronomy and Geology Compared	" "	
Roscoe (Prof. H. E.), Chemistry (Science Primer)	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1872.

The Week.

IT is almost impossible to form as yet an idea of much value as to the political prospect. But it is pretty certain that Greeley has gained steadily during the week, that much of the ludicrousness of his nomination has worn off, and that the feeling in favor of his adoption at Baltimore grows apace among the Democrats. In fact, the Southern Democrats have been laboring incessantly, and with considerable success, ever since the Convention, to create an opinion favorable to him which by the 9th of July would be strong enough to make his adoption seem a necessity. The unknown element in the problem is the extent to which the Democratic Convention can command the allegiance of the rank and file when the ticket is no longer regular. The calculation of the best judges is that twenty-five per cent. at least will wander off and follow their own sweet wills when the chiefs give up the game, and of these of course the great mass would go for Grant. Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, who is, if anybody is, in good and regular standing in the Democratic church, has declared his sentiments on the subject of Greeley in a speech which was what the reporters call "excoriating," and doubtless was a very good statement of the reasons which will operate most powerfully against Greeley at the Convention. It was the more significant as it took the form of a comparison between Greeley and Grant from the Democratic point of view, and the result was altogether in favor of Grant—Greeley having to bear the burden of the Ku-Klux law and the Election law, to say nothing of his abuse of the Democrats from time immemorial. Against his bailing Jeff. Davis, Grant has to show *his* preventing the arrest of Lee, Johnston, and other Southern leaders after the surrender, and he has advocated amnesty if not as *often* as Greeley, as much in proportion to his means. But all the indications we meet with go to show that Democrats of the Voorhees way of thinking are in a minority, and that Greeley will be nominated and heavily supported by the party.

How Greeley gets on in the Republican ranks is more difficult to determine, as there is here much greater silence, and probably far more doubt and uncertainty. But he certainly does not lose ground, and this fact alone helps to demoralize the Administration men. As against them, he has been aided powerfully during the week by the "Treaty muddle," as it is now the fashion to call it. There is some slight talk, which however gains but little ground, if any, of Grant's withdrawing at Philadelphia. There are various small signs of a diminution of confidence among his friends, but not a few of them, and by no means the least sagacious, still maintain that the sober common sense of the people is at work on Greeley's case, and not in his favor, and that he will be repudiated by an enormous but *silent* majority in November—the "average man," however much he may enjoy the *Tribune* and admire its editor, being by no means prepared to hand the Government of the Republic over either to "honest Horace," or "honest old Horace," or "the Sage of Chappaqua," or "the later Franklin," or "the typical American," or to take it for granted that anybody who wears a "white hat" or "white coat" must be a statesman. "People say a great many wild things," said a very shrewd politician to us the other day, "but they do not say them in court with their right hand up, and there will be a great deal of admiration expended on Greeley's old clothes and 'big brains' between now and November by men who will take care not to show it at the poll." In other words, the greatest blatherskite among us has a little property and loves his country, and will feel that, good a man as Greeley is, he wants that fundamental title to human confidence which consists in furnishing by his daily conduct trustworthy materials for a judgment as to what he will do next.

Greeley's greatest embarrassment has threatened to be the *Tribune*, his connection with which he has just suspended. That he has not suffered from it seriously thus far must be ascribed to the singular discretion and fairness with which it is managed. A large portion of its space is given up to the comments of papers hostile to the Cincinnati nominee, and its articles on delicate questions are models of temperance and good taste. Indeed, the most wonderful decorum has settled down on the whole party press, owing to the dreadful uncertainty which prevails as to the future. It will hardly do to call men "dogs," or propose to "tie their legs to chairs," or accuse them of stealing sacramental plate, when half a year hence you may have to act with them, and find yourself in cordial agreement with them. Accordingly, the "organs" are all playing simple and soothing strains calculated to allay bitterness.

In spite of appearances, the nominations made at Cincinnati were essentially Western and not Eastern. Mr. Greeley, though born in New Hampshire and identified in his manhood with New York, would never have been deliberately chosen with a view to the vote of this section of country or of New England. Nobody will pretend that in either he could command a majority of Republican votes against the regular candidate. In fact, if New England had entered into the Liberal movement with anything like the zeal manifested in other States, there can be no question that Mr. Greeley would never have come to the front in the Convention. And it may be well for the better class of New England Republicans to reflect that if we are fated to exchange Grant for Greeley, it will be due to their timidity or indifference, to their studious contempt, in fine, of an honest effort at reform, for which they must suffer in common with the rest of us, but without the consciousness of having merited a different dispensation. When we turn to other sections, it does not appear that in Pennsylvania Greeley's protectionism is so much superior to Grant's as to invite a change, and it is not till we get to the West and South that there are very decided manifestations, if not of personal devotion to the editor of the *Tribune*, at least of great willingness to accept him as a relief from Grant. Even here, we believe somewhat without certain evidence. Of the South—the white South, of course, speaking through the Conservative press—we consider it fair to say that it is perfectly ready to support Mr. Greeley, but without enthusiasm. Its support, if largely due to his position in regard to amnesty, and to recollection of his services to Jeff. Davis, is also, we think, based upon an unsentimental calculation of chances; and would have been given quite as freely—perhaps with less reluctance—to some other equally promising candidate.

There could hardly be more striking evidence of the extent of the present political disorganization than the contest in Connecticut over the senatorship. Senator Ferry, whose term is expiring, is a very respectable and able man, but is open to the objection of feeble health, and leans toward Liberal Republicanism, or, rather, towards discontent. His re-election has been contested by General Hawley, also a respectable and able man with a brilliant war record, who is strongly devoted to Grant, and was nominated by the Republican majority in caucus. But Ferry led off enough discontented Republicans to give him, in combination with the Democrats, sixteen majority in the House, and to promise him at this writing ten majority on the joint ballot. The contest has been very exciting, and will probably lead forthwith to the formation of a Greeley party in Connecticut, and furnishes another sign to all whom it may concern that the work of "abolishing slavery and suppressing the rebellion" is ended. It was embellished by the appearance of a protest against caucus nominations, signed by Doctors Woolsey, Bacon, and others in New Haven, taking the ground that caucus dictation or selection of candidates in cases like this, in which no principle was involved, was improper, dangerous, and hostile to the spirit of our institutions, which rest on the independence of the individual judgment. This told against General Hawley, and is somewhat bitterly resented by him as (sarcastically) "a highly moral movement." The "moralists" are having a hard time in politics just now. If they produce any effect, they are set down as canting hypocrites; if they produce none, as harmless visionaries.

Mr. Gladstone has made a speech in the House of Commons, which throws some and much needed light on the transactions of the last fortnight regarding the "consequential damages," but is not likely to improve the position of the Administration here, as it is triumphant in its tone, and has even been accepted by the Opposition as a vindication. It appears from it, barring some errors of detail, that the proposal to add a supplemental article to the Treaty, explaining to the arbitrators that the United States expected no award of money under the claim for consequential damages, and that they (the arbitrators) were not to make any, came from General Schenck, and has been accepted by the British Government as the condition on which the claim will be allowed to stand in the American Case. The President has sent the additional article to the Senate to ascertain in advance the disposition of that body, and to solicit advice, and Mr. Sumner has attempted, but, we are sorry to say, failed, to get it discussed in open session. It will probably be approved now and ratified shortly, and, if it is, the troublesome business will be at an end, after having disgusted and wearied the entire population of the United States, except the Indians not taxed. Earl Granville's draft of the new article rehearses, on the part of England, her contention that the indirect claims were not included in the Treaty, and should not be admitted in principle as growing out of acts committed by particular vessels, in consequence of imputed negligence; and makes the President of the United States, while adhering to the opposite contention, consent to "adopt for the future the principle contained in the second of the said contentions, so far as to declare that it will hereafter guide the conduct of the Government of the United States"; and agreement thus having been reached, the President "will make no claim on the part of the United States in respect of indirect losses as aforesaid before the Tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva."

If the Senate ratifies this, there is hope that all will now be well, and the important doctrine will have been incorporated into international law that no nation will have to pay all the cost of its neighbor's fighting after the escape of a privateer from its ports to take part in the contest. This mode of settlement is ingenious and respectable, but why not lay the civilized world under still further obligations by another article, providing that personal vituperation and profane swearing shall in no case hereafter be permitted at any diplomatic conference, and that in all cases where the furniture is broken in personal encounters between high commissioners and envoys-extraordinary, the damage shall be paid by the powers by which the actual combatants shall be accredited, and shall in no case be levied upon *all* the negotiators present, unless all shall have taken part in the fray? The absence of any settled rule of international law on this point is a source of considerable anxiety to some minds, and the existence of the Geneva Conference seems to promise a happy opportunity for supplying one.

We shall be sorry to have the matter pass away, however, without some of those who have so vehemently opposed the withdrawal of the claim for the expenses of the war after Gettysburg telling us where they got the notion that when two disputants agree to leave the matter in dispute to arbitration, either party can submit whatever points he pleases, whether the other party agrees to them or not, or is willing to be bound by the award on them or not? In what year of what era was arbitration of this sort in vogue? Is not the consensus of the parties upon the points to be submitted the very essence of the whole process? Is it not as ridiculous to talk of arbitration in which this consensus does not exist, as to talk of steam-power without steam, or water without moisture, or fire without heat? If Mr. Fish has made a mistake, is that any reason why the rest of us should take leave of our senses? Is it not plain as a pikestaff, that though the British have no right to object to any arguments we may choose to employ in our case in support of our claims, and to dictate what claims we shall make, the agreement of the British as to *the claims to be submitted to the Board* is absolutely necessary to save the whole performance from being a silly farce?

The President has at last, on the strength of the Congressional report, removed Casey, his brother-in-law, from the collectorship at New Orleans. The principal offence with which Casey is charged was improper interference in State politics, which he carried to the length of using the United States revenue cutter for ten days, to carry several State Senators out of the reach of the sergeant-at-arms, and thus prevent the formation of a quorum in the Senate. This offence was about as notorious as the sun at noon; Casey has never been foolish enough to deny it, and it was committed months ago. To wait for a Congressional investigation to convict him of it, before ridding the service of him, therefore seems a singular mode of discharging the duties of the Executive. The delay has been rendered all the more unfortunate by the fact that, in the meantime, a great storm has arisen against General Grant, and his re-election has been seriously endangered. Moreover, to the best of our knowledge, not one word of remonstrance in this Casey matter has ever issued during all this time from any of the newspapers which defend the President most stoutly. Indeed, one of them proclaimed, even after the State Republican Convention had been held in the Custom-house, that Casey had "taken the Custom-house out of politics." The prospect opened up by these things of "reform inside the party lines" was not very promising, and they make "the Cincinnati Convention and its consequences" comprehensible enough.

The adoption of the eight-hour rule by the Government in its arsenals and workshops has made it almost impossible for private employers to resist a similar demand, and the strike of carpenters, painters, and others in this city, which occurs regularly every year, has this year met with prompter and more complete success than ever before. It is interesting, therefore, to read the report of the Commandant of the Springfield Armory and of the Rock Island Arsenal, upon the working of the Eight-Hour Law, which the Secretary of War has just transmitted to Congress. The Rock Island report says it has proved in practice that it was a mistake to suppose, as was maintained, that the men would do as much work in eight hours as in ten. They have not done so. Moreover, they have not turned their leisure time to good account, in "reading and study," as was expected. The carpenters and mechanics have done so to some extent, but the masons and stone-cutters have hardly done so at all; and to the laborers the increased leisure has been a positive injury, as they spend it in carousing and other mischief. The Springfield Commandant reports a "saving" in gas and coal, through the law, of about $2,000 a year, but can say little about the comparative amount of work done under the two systems, owing to the frequent changes in its character, as many as sixteen different kinds of breech-loaders having been put into the men's hands since the change. In short, it seems, as might have been expected, that the advantage of leisure to a man depends on the extent to which education has prepared him for its use. It is safe to say, that to nine out of ten ignorant laborers two hours' diminution in their day's labor would prove an unmitigated curse, and bring them nothing but more drink and gambling and fighting. The natural man does not, as our Sentimental friends would have us believe, long for Plato, or even for Dickens, as soon as he lays down the spade or axe. You have to get him ready by an artificial process, even for harmless repose.

The majority of the Committee to investigate the sale of French arms have made a report which is very far from being a model of good taste or temper. They petulantly say of the resolution under which they were appointed, that it "was based upon one falsehood, one misapprehension, and one unfounded suspicion"; accuse the Marquis de Chambrun of being "the source of all the aspersions which have been thrown upon our Government, and the suspicions which have been cast upon its officials"; denounce Senators Sumner and Schurz for refusing to answer certain interrogations, and express their astonishment that so conspicuous an advocate of the abolition of all caste should have sheltered himself behind his privileges and immunities as a senator; acquit the War Department of everything but "a mere error or irregularity" in the "manner of the sale"; acquit also Gen. Rufus Ingalls and the Remingtons, of whom they say, "our country may justly be proud of such citizens." They find that the sales were made "according to the settled construction of the statute of the War Department," with the single view of getting the highest possible price for them; that the prices received were higher than could have been expected; that the money was duly covered into the Treasury; and that the arms could very well be spared. They state further that at the time of the sales the Remingtons were not the agents of France, nor suspected to be; but that, if they had been, it would have made no difference:

> "The Government being engaged in such sales prior to the war between France and Germany, had a right to continue the sale during the war, and might, in the City of Washington, have sold and delivered any amount of such stores to Frederic William or Louis Napoleon in person, without violating the obligations of neutrality, provided such sales were made in good faith, not for the purpose of influencing the strife, but in the execution of the lawful purpose of the Government to sell its surplus arms and stores."

The minority report by Mr. Stevenson alludes to an expense of $219,634 47 incurred in selling the arms, of which the items had never been furnished; to the absence of any previous inspection of the arms sold, as required by law; and to the fact that the Judge Advocate-General's opinion, given in 1869, did not warrant Gen. Schofield's construction of the law of 1868, which has ever since prevailed at the War Department. He pronounces the sales of breech-loaders wholly without warrant of law, because there were left in the U. S. arsenals, and in the hands of the militia, arms inferior to those sold, thus impairing the defensive capacity of the country. He holds that the sale to the Remingtons, after their real character was discovered, should have been rescinded, in order to be consistent with the Secretary of War's order of Oct. 13, 1870, and that to consummate it was an open and flagrant violation of that order. The Ordnance Bureau is blamed for an appearance of connivance with the purchasers, both in the case of breech-loaders and of Gatling guns. The report acquits the Government officers of corruption, and Senators Sumner and Schurz of a want of patriotism.

The Legislature of this State, two-thirds of it Republican, and known (as it now appears, facetiously) as the Reform Legislature, has adjourned this week amidst general expressions of rejoicing from the reform press. It has been in all respects a most remarkable body. It is not encouraging for the friends of "reform inside the party lines" to be told, as they are told on the best authority, that it has been as corrupt as any Legislature we have had. It has, nevertheless, done some good. It repealed the Erie Classification Bill, but not until there was nobody left in the Erie Board who was opposed to the repeal. It passed, in its last days, a charter which the Governor vetoed, and prepared another and simpler charter, which is now in the Governor's hands, and it has ordered the impeachment of two of the corrupt judges, and will probably remove a third. Most of the other crying evils of the State government, including the system of taxation, it has left untouched. Cardozo has escaped trial by resignation. Barnard is going, however, to face it out, his friends maintaining that he is not "corrupt," meaning that his rascalities were committed gratuitously. In the meantime, the "Murphy Wing" or "Custom-House faction" of the party is profoundly disgusted by the prodigious elevation of Greeley, their old enemy. Should he be elected, "Tom" will have to "take to the woods." No "primary" will shelter him, and, in any event, the spectacle of Greeley "controlling primaries" and distributing "plums" would be more than he could bear.

The labor controversy has entered on one of its most singular phases in Dundee, Scotland, where the servant girls have formed a trades-union, binding themselves to insist on certain privileges, such as that of seeing company, or, in other words, being courted, which is, in Northern Scotland, sternly denied them, and of having their working day limited in length, and to make enquiries as to employers' characters, a provision called for by the fact that most of the Dundee servants are maids-of-all-work, and find that being shut up alone in the house with a "nagging" mistress is slavery in one of its worst forms. Should the movement succeed, it will certainly spread, and, if it spreads, it will infuse a new bitterness into the life of the large class in every country which, in order to be free to take charge of the higher interests of civilization, pays for having its household drudgery done for it. When one considers the enormous and, indeed, unbearable inconvenience which servant girls have it in their power to inflict, if they choose to combine, one cannot help feeling surprised that they have not combined before now, if not of their own motion, under somebody's instigation. Should they learn the tricks of the trades-unionists, they would precipitate some tremendous crisis in domestic life, such as the importation of coolies in good earnest; and when one sees with how much patience and fidelity they make an honest effort to do as well as their capacity will permit, we cannot help wondering at their forbearance.

In addition to the case of the Abbé Jonqua, convicted at Bordeaux of illegally wearing the priest's costume after excommunication by his bishop, the French Government has now a still stronger inducement for making up its mind in regard to its dealings with the Old Catholics and the Papacy. One ground of appeal from the above decision lay, as we mentioned last week, in the fact that there had never been any official (civil) promulgation of the infallibility edict in France, as was required by the concordat to give it validity. Since the Bordeaux incident, however, the Archbishop of Paris has on his own responsibility promulgated the Council's decrees, and the question now arises, what will the Government do about it? Consistency would require that its protest should be at least as sharp as in the case of the altered formula confirmatory of bishops, and as much sharper as the breach is a larger and bolder one, indicative of a settled purpose to take advantage of the anomalous condition of France to recover lost privileges. Moreover, in the present instance, even if the Archbishop's action is condemned, its effect upon the faithful cannot be recalled or scarcely neutralized. It is reported, indeed, that censure has been privately administered, with a warning against a repetition of the offence; but this only reveals the Government's embarrassment. Whatever else happens, the occasion will probably not be improved to disestablish the church, as some Protestants recommend.

SOME LESSONS OF THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.

THERE are three or four facts brought out, perhaps not for the first time, but with unusual clearness, by the Cincinnati Convention, which we would commend to the serious attention of all friends of good government of all parties. Whatever one's opinion may be of the proceedings of that body or its results, they have a genuine importance, if not as agencies, at least as symptoms. The first thing in them which strikes one is something which everybody has long known, but which was perhaps never before presented to the public mind with such force and clearness, viz.: the completeness with which nominating conventions have ceased to be, what they profess to be, deliberative assemblies. In theory, they are composed of a body of delegates who meet for the purpose of exchanging opinions, and coming to conclusions with regard to platforms and candidates by the ordinary and time-honored parliamentary process—open debate—or, in other words, oral statement and counter-statement, argument on one side and argument on the other. The increasing changeableness in the composition of all deliberative bodies in the country, from Congress down, during the last forty years, and the consequent growth in the number of totally inexperienced and even ignorant persons which all such bodies contain, have, however, been gradually making debate seem unprofitable or worse, and have finally led to its almost total disuse as a means of bringing large assemblies to conclusions. The well-established practice now, in and out of Congress, is to transfer the whole work to committees, composed of a small number of knowing men sitting and discussing in secret; and the sole use of the larger body outside to which they make their report is the adoption of the report—as it is called—that is, giving a loud yell when the chairman asks for a vote on it. Any man who attempted to discuss it openly after the hurried reading of it has closed would be treated as a fool, or worse, and groaned down. Nothing can be more pitiable in one of these bodies than the spectacle presented by the ambitious local notable or "independent thinker," who occasionally rises and offers a resolution of his own manufacture on matters of doctrine, or on any matter having no relation to procedure. The fate which overtakes him reminds one forcibly of that which befalls hogs in the great slaughter-houses. The last word is hardly out of his lips when "the rules" take hold of him and fling his resolution into the committee-room, and shoot the author down a well-greased plank, at the bottom of which he is cut up and salted away in the densest obscurity and oblivion, amidst the ridicule and contempt of the bystanders. The Cincinnati platform, for instance, which was considered of so much importance, inasmuch as it promised to furnish the foundation of a new party, and which forty astute gentlemen labored over for twenty-four hours, was first heard by about 650 of the 714 delegates composing the Convention just one minute by the clock before the chairman declared it adopted. We doubt very much whether, when the affirmative yell died out, five per cent. of those present had any clear idea of what it contained. It may be true, and it doubtless is true in practice, that if a whole convention were allowed to discuss a platform, no platform could ever be adopted, and that the only way to "despatch business" promptly is to do what is now done. But this is simply saying that conventions, as now constituted, are absurd and cumbrous machines, which pretend to perform work which they do not perform, and furnish a cover under which those who really do not work escape responsibility to the public.

The worst result of the arrangement is, however, that it not only puts general discussion out of use, but creates and fosters a sort of contempt for it as a mere waste of time. This feeling, perhaps, found its strongest and most ludicrous expression in some of Thaddeus Stevens's performances in the House in the latter years of his life, particularly on one occasion when he, in perfect simplicity, demanded the previous question on the final reading of an important bill, and refused to allow any debate on it, on the ground that "he had private reasons" for wishing it to be passed that day. It is hardly necessary to point out the danger of this scorn of debate in any country in which debating machinery forms the most prominent portion of the government. It not only tends to get people out of the invaluable, indispensable habit of thinking and understanding before voting, of insisting on knowing what it is they pass on, and what will be the exact effect of their decision, but it fosters the influence of what is called "enthusiasm," which has its value in politics on some occasions which we cannot stop here to describe, but which at nominating conventions is as much out of place as it would be at a meeting of directors in a bank parlor. In its best and proper sense, enthusiasm is the overflow of generous emotion, but the thing which goes by that name at conventions, and which finds expression in what is called "acclamation," and which the "managers" sedulously encourage by every device within their reach, is simply a readiness to act without reflection and without caring what the results of action may be. What is most alarming and repulsive, indeed, about political "management" at conventions, is that it consists largely in the production, by various little arts, of this state of mind amongst the delegates, so that when the desired scheme is finally ready, they may be got to dash at it like a pack of hounds on the appearance of the game. There was nothing more comical as well as melancholy at the Cincinnati Convention than to see the activity of the old and wily chiefs, who never lose their heads for a moment, and who probably had not in thirty years known what it was to feel the thrill of a noble and self-forgetting impulse, in stimulating the enthusiastic way of looking at things among the rank and file of their delegates. Their hats were always in their hands ready for a "hurrah"; their tears were always on tap, and their hearts, to use the homely saying, always in their mouths; and they, who never act without the deepest and closest calculation, were bent on having everybody else do things by "acclamation."

The disuse of open debate and the great and unwieldy size of the body of course also greatly encourage all the covert modes of influencing the result, and so far increase the power of professional politicians and magnify their art. The process known as "manipulation," by which nominations are prepared, is a game in which politicians by trade beat everybody else, and in which hardly one of the qualities which make a man a valuable citizen of a free country is of the slightest use; and one of the saddest things one sees at conventions—the most ominous thing, as regards the future of the government—is the pride the younger men take in being good "manipulators"—that is, dexterous and adroit users of secret, corrupt, and base influences on individuals in hotel bedrooms and lobbies, and the contempt they feel for ideas or principles, and for open persuasion based on ideas and principles, or, at best, their want of all faith in its force and efficacy. This is not a pleasant subject to contemplate, and it would bear a great deal more discussion than we are able to give it. The only remedy we can suggest, and we do not offer it as one likely to be practical as yet, is the disuse of large, excitable, frantic, ill-governed mass-meetings as even an ostensible means of selecting candidates or drawing up platforms, and the reduction of conventions to the forty or fifty men who would do the real work, as they do it now, but who ought to be made to do it with greater publicity. Such a body would not, we sincerely believe, have made the preposterous nomination with which the proceedings at Cincinnati closed.

When we call Mr. Greeley's nomination "preposterous," we mean simply that it was a preposterous nomination to emanate from the body which made it. It furnished a final illustration of the utter and ludicrous uncertainty which attends the working of the machinery of nominating conventions as at present organized. Their size and composition and mode of procedure put them completely into the hands of professional managers. The result is that nobody can predict the result of their labors, though political traditions and the rules of party organization require men to abide by the decisions of conventions which they have helped to get up or in which they have taken part. It is true, where a party is already formed and its general course traced out, its leading ideas defined, and its prominent men already in charge of the machinery, one can make some approximation to accuracy in predicting what it will do. When the Chicago Convention, for instance, nominated Mr. Lincoln, it did something very unexpected, but it nevertheless did not commit any violation of the laws of its own existence, and did no violence to the aims and convictions of the great body of its members. Lincoln was a tried Republican, in full sympathy with all the party ideas, and already distinguished in their defence and propagation. But if, throwing Seward, and Chase, and Sumner, and Wilson, and Trumbull, and Lincoln overboard, the Convention had nominated Bell of Tennessee, or Davis of Mississippi, on a platform which relegated "the discussion of slavery to the people in the Congress districts," it would have done something not unlike what the Cincinnati Convention did the other day in nominating Mr. Greeley. The movement which brought the Convention together grew out of widespread dissatisfaction with the conduct of the party in power and of the executive. It came together under a call issued by certain persons in Missouri styling themselves "Liberal Republicans." That call was printed verbatim, in books prepared for the Cincinnati Convention, and every delegate who entered that Convention and took part in its proceedings, was compelled as a condition precedent to the receipt of his ticket to write his name in the book in token of his adhesion to its sentiments. It contained the following separate resolution:

> *Resolved,* That no form of taxation is just or wise which puts needless burdens upon the people. We demand a genuine reform of the tariff, so that those duties shall be removed which, in addition to the revenue yielded to the Treasury, involve increase in the price of domestic products, and a consequent tax for the benefit of favored interests.

Revenue reform was in fact the only question to which the Missouri platform afforded a separate and distinct plank, thus making it a "main question." Could anybody of ordinary credulity have imagined that a Convention meeting under this platform, and every delegate of which had signed it, would deliberately throw the tariff overboard as a thing with which it had no concern? Supposing, however, that there had appeared to be good reason for leaving the tariff untouched, as something on which agreement was impossible, what are we to say to their going to work and nominating on it the most open, determined, distinguished, and oldest champion of protection the country contains? Granting the truth of all that can be said against what is called "revenue reform" and in favor of protection, what name can be given to a transaction of this kind which would not be used in private life to characterize a fraud? If such things as this can be done with impunity, if candidates so nominated, on platforms so constructed, can be elected, will not all conventions become simply gatherings to witness the tricks of a parcel of impudent jugglers?

But this was not all. The Convention owed its existence in part also to dissatisfaction with General Grant's choice of his advisers and associates; it nominated a gentleman many of whose political associates, if transferred to Washington, would make Morton, and Conkling, and Cameron, and Leet seem tolerably pure and disinterested. It owed its existence in part to dissatisfaction with the ease with which General Grant allowed bad men to influence his judgment and get favors from him; it nominated as a successor to General Grant a gentleman whom we might almost call notorious for the facility with which he is imposed on by adventurers and schemers. The call contained a strong protest against the military government of the South under the Force Bill, and against the impetus which that bill gave to centralizing and despotic tendencies; the Convention nominated the most ardent and emphatic advocate of the Force Bill the country contains, so ardent and emphatic that he has never given himself the trouble to answer the arguments against its constitutionality or those drawn from its remoter effects on the structure of the Government and the habits of our public men. The call contained a loud demand for civil-service reform, and this the Convention had the decency to embody in its own platform, but it nominated on it a gentleman whose whole nature revolts against tests, who hates the very name of "discipline," who despises all training and has a low opinion of experience, and whose life has been in a large measure devoted to the glorification in all human concerns of the Rule of Thumb.

THE "TREATY MUDDLE."

THE Washington Treaty, it now appears, is to escape destruction by the addition of a supplemental article, in which both parties ask the Geneva Commission not to award "consequential damages," and bind themselves solemnly to each other in the presence of mankind never to ask each other for consequential damages again, and to treat all such claims as inadmissible. The affair, let us say in all seriousness, has been a sorry farce, on which nobody concerned will ever look back without a certain amount of shame and humiliation. It was discreditable to the Commissioners on both sides to have so conducted the negotiations, and so drawn the Treaty, that a claim of such gravity, which had undoubtedly been talked of, and much talked of, before they met, should neither have been expressly barred nor expressly admitted; it was discreditable to the American Minister to hear it spoken of by the English officials in the House of Lords as barred without ever uttering, or causing to be uttered, a word of protest; and it was discreditable to the English Premier to receive the first mention of it with a burst of passion. It is not to the credit of the press here that our Government should have received so little assistance from the press or public opinion in settling it. Mr. Fish was perhaps to blame for leaving the drawing of the Case which has caused all the trouble to a gentleman of so little experience, and apparently so little discretion, as Mr. Bancroft Davis; but, then, we can hardly doubt that Mr. Fish felt himself secured by the knowledge that Mr. Davis submitted his work, as he went along, to the leading publicists of the country. We know that he did submit the proofs to such men as Judge Hoar, Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., and President Woolsey, but we know, too, that none of these gentlemen saw, or at least have any recollection of seeing, the claim for the expenses of the war after Gettysburg. Nay, we venture to assert that this gigantic absurdity was inserted, in the case of some of them, after their revision had taken place; and we believe they all disapprove of it.

But, then, the mischief done, the spirit in which the negotiations were entered on, which was, on both sides, one of frankness and loyalty, and which produced its first and noblest fruit in the English apology, demanded that it should be repaired in the simplest, speediest, and most straightforward way. If, on calm consideration, it was the opinion of the people and leading lawyers of the country that the claim for consequential damages was just, and money was really expected under it, why, the press and the public ought to have supported Mr. Fish in urging it and in resisting to the last all attempts on the part of England to gainsay it. But if, on the other hand, it was the general opinion that it was untenable, the State Department ought to have had the assistance of the country in abandoning it. But no assistance whatever, or next to none, was rendered the Secretary in dealing with it in any way whatever. For some weeks there was what seemed to be a conspiracy of silence about it. The newspapers kept quiet as mice, and the lawyers imitated them—all leaving Mr. Fish to get out of the scrape as best he could, some hoping he would get the better of the British, others hoping that the British would get the better of him, but none apparently bold enough and honest enough to throw passion and prejudice aside, and urge him to do the fairest thing, the thing most beneficial to civilization, whatever that might be, and no matter how it might look. The consequence has been that he has literally had to grope his way to a conclusion, and this on the eve of a Presidential election. One comical feature in the performance, which has given it the air of a gigantic game of brag, has been that while Americans insisted that Gladstone was resisting the claim solely to meet the exigencies of English politics, Englishmen were equally well satisfied that General Grant was making the claim solely to meet the exigencies of American politics; and each side proclaimed from week to week, that the other would soon "cool down" and give in. What gave the joke the finishing touch was that it was acknowledged on all hands that not one cent of money was at stake in the controversy.

It must be admitted that, on the whole, the affair is not likely to raise the character of American diplomacy in the eyes of foreign nations. That a claim so enormous as that covered by the term "consequential damages" should not have been expressly and without any manner of doubt provided for in the Treaty will reflect little credit on the ability of our negotiators, if it be true that we always had it in mind to urge it as a just claim. People will not unnaturally regard our failure to speak of such a demand in terms of unmistakable clearness as not unlike Commodore Vanderbilt's inability to remember whether he gave Fisk a check for a million of dollars. A debt of fifteen hundred millions of dollars, more or less, is not a sum which even the richest people in the world can afford to collect by inuendo or implication or "understanding." If, on the other hand, the claim was certainly not contemplated by the Treaty, its insertion in the Case, which might, if at once repudiated by the Government, have passed as the mistake of a subordinate, will, when upheld by the Government and connived at by the people, look very like sharp practice. What to call its insertion for the mere purpose of rhetorical embellishment, and without the hope or expectation of getting a cent under it, we confess we hardly know. To us it has always worn the appearance of one of those bits of absurdity which illustrate the small difference there is, after all, between men and boys.

We take leave to add that the position the *Tribune* has always taken in the matter, that, the claim once inserted in the Case, "dignity" requires us to keep it there, at whatever cost, seems to us to heighten this absurdity. If this negotiation had been conducted on the basis of "dignity," in the feudal sense of the term, no treaty would ever have been framed. The British apology was the strongest possible proof that the treaty was to be based and construed on principles of common sense and common honesty and fair play, or, in other words, on the understanding that everybody who felt he had been acting in a foolish or improper manner was to stand forward and say so, and endeavor to make amends for it. Mr. Fish is now trying to do so. It is not a brilliant performance, but it is a highly respectable one, and he ought to be treated with a reasonable amount of fairness while engaged in it. He is entitled to this treatment all the more because, as we have said, he has been sedulously let alone through the whole transaction—that is, left in a position of exemption from popular influence in which no minister of a constitutional government ought to be placed. The history of the transaction furnishes a striking illustration of the impropriety of the secresy with which we allow our foreign affairs to be managed, and of the indifference with which the public regards their management. There has been nothing more curious in the English treatment of this matter than the faith of the English press in the theory that General Grant and Mr. Fish had at their backs a howling, excited people, urging them on to the adoption of all sorts of "dodges," and sternly barring their retreat from any position once taken. The fact is that the Czar could hardly have enjoyed greater freedom in the conduct of a negotiation than the President has enjoyed in this one; the people have looked on in what may almost, in view of the present complication, be called guilty silence and acquiescence. We are learning several things from the muddle: one is the value of Mr. Sumner's proposition that an end should be put to the secret discussion of treaties in the Senate; another is the injury done to the national character by the silence of the press and public when important negotiations are pending with foreign powers. We have no right to leave our relations with the world without to be shaped by any one man or half a dozen men. Our leading publicists and politicians have no right to treat all bargains with foreigners as a kind of dicker carried on by the Secretary of State, in which bystanders are bound not to interfere lest they should spoil his chances. All agreements into which we enter with foreign powers are, or ought to be, great contributions to the work of human civilization, to which every one of us should offer something, the wise their wisdom, the simple at least their good wishes. To make the globe a happier abode, not for Americans or Englishmen or Frenchmen only, but for man, is the great object for which all Departments of State and all Ministries of Foreign Affairs ought to exist.

TURNER AND LIEBREICH.

LONDON, April 26, 1872.

IN the *Nation*, No. 354, occurs a note on the lecture by an eminent German oculist, in which the peculiarities of Turner's art are set down as the result of a malady which puts his pictures "out of drawing." If Dr. Liebreich were even correct in his diagnosis, it would not be the first case in the history of medicine that an unusually developed faculty had been treated as a disease; but to any one who has given Turner's art as much study as is needful to obtain a just appreciation of it, the phantasy of the speculative philosopher is simply so absurd as to make only merriment. That Prof. Ruskin's appreciation of Turner's work is in all particulars demonstrably correct is more than any one will maintain; in my humble judgment, it is in several points demonstrably wrong; but his system of criticism is, as compared to that of orthodox Teutonism, as the system of Copernicus compared with that of the Egyptians—the one has got at a central truth of criticism, and the other is still in the delusions of rules and laws on detail. It is useless to extract from the German intellect any appreciation of the ultra-academical qualities of painting, and even in the case of masters whose authority they admit as indisputable, as for instance Titian and Correggio, they are absolutely blind to the highest and most individual qualities of the painter. In everything but music they are tied to nature's apron-strings, and they set at painting like composers who should make an opera out of bird songs, utterly ignoring the capacity of art for rising above its themes.

Dr. Liebreich makes two enormous blunders—one of fact, in assuming that there were any such abrupt changes as he supposes in Turner's work at about 1831 or any other year, or any changes different from that which takes place in the style of all men of high power when they begin to feel the freedom of art, and get command of power of expression as contradistinguished from power of imitation; and one of theory, in supposing, as do all Germans whom I know anything of, that the realm of pictorial art is limited by facts and details. These are universal errors in the art-philosophy of the German painters, of whom I have yet to learn of one since Albert Dürer who has escaped from his model.

From the time when Turner began to feel his individuality in art, and throw off the excessive reverence of previous masters which appears to have held him in a not unprofitable training for many years, there is one characteristic which every year is more and more marked in his painting, and especially in the oil pictures—a sense of the value of indetermination in execution as the best expression of the infinite variableness of the appearance of detail in nature. What is called want of drawing is simply the result of a perception that any drawing of detail which was decided and definite was incompatible with that truth of nature greater than any definition, the infinitude and infinitely subtle modulation of all facts in open nature. Added to this was his dominant passion, the love of light, which in itself confuses all definition, and the steady development of these two motives made his execution always more and more mysterious, and his drawing always more and more accidental, until the facts of nature melted out in the fusion, and we have only the motives left—a soul of picture with just enough body to hold it together.

I am speaking now of Turner's art, and make no allusion in this connection to his intense imaginative vision, which delighted in the obscure and mysterious; but perhaps even in this latter might be found some root of the obscurity and mystery inherent in his methods of execution. All this is, I conceive, to any mind of purely scientific qualities, and certainly to any German savant, mere whim and phantasy, no part of art properly considered, and it is natural that a pure materialist in art should set it down to a diseased eye, as, to another type of positivist, art itself is only the vagary of a diseased mind.

But, Liebreich and his disquisitions apart, the question becomes one of as much importance as any question of art can be, involving as it does the problem whether a painter should, as the Germans advocate and practise, study to represent what he *knows* of a thing, or, like Turner, what he *sees* of it. Although Turner constantly violated minor laws of nature, as in putting a rainbow at right angles with the sunbeam—putting the color which nature only gives to a sky after sunset to one where the sun is still high above the horizon—taking the extreme of liberties with the features of a landscape, he has represented more of that higher class of truths which may be called qualities rather than facts, than any other painter; and his pictures, from the period when he began to follow his own bent, will be found a series of studies of the visible qualities of landscape, the laws of light and color, and of the largest relations of form and space, such as not only no single painter, but no school except the Venetian, ever embodied. He is the supreme painter of light and space, and these the German philosophy would have effectually debarred him from; he is also the great, and the only great, master of orchestration of color, which is to German painting what Beethoven is to a brown thrush.

Dr. Liebreich knows that there is no vertical streak proceeding from the sun, and when he puts on black glasses, he sees the sun as a clear, round disk. Perhaps he never looked the sun square in thefa ce to see what it is like to the eye without the spectacles or the scientific consciousness. I have, many and many times, and can assert that to an eye sufficiently closed to endure the glare of direct sunlight, the visible phenomenon is that of a double streak of light proceeding up and down from the luminary, as positive and palpable to the vision as the rays around a star—equally unreal, it is true, but just as much a fact for the painter or the poet; and that Turner is just as true to the effect of intense sunlight, especially with vapory and tremulous surfaces, as a Düsseldorf painter is to the texture of old stuffs. No painter who ever studied water carefully will hesitate to tell the learned doctor that there are myriads of cases in nature in which the object and its reflection are so mingled and confused that the keenest eye cannot draw the line between them, and the more brilliant the illumination, the more confused is the vision and the more unable to perceive the distinction between substance and shadow.

With regard to Mulready, I can speak with less knowledge or sympathy. The change in his color is certainly marked, and I should say not at all in the direction of matter-of-fact nature; but all colorists, even Turner and Titian, exaggerate more or less, as they progress, the tendencies of their color-feeling, and develop their contrasts and relations to greater degrees. There is a tendency to this in painters quite irresistible if they once give up to painting away from nature. The sense of color requires continually more and more force to produce the same pleasure, and so long as the relation of tone is right, the picture can by no means be pronounced bad or even diseased in color. No colorist, properly so called, aims at giving the relations of color as they are in nature; no picture would be counted good color which simply succeeded in it; but whatever the absolute departure from it, if it be kept within the laws of those harmonic relations which are as absolute as those of music, it cannot be set down as bad color. It may be agreeable or not—Mulready's is not to me; but if yellow or blue, or any other colors in the crystalline lens, will make a colorist like Mulready, it is a pity nature has not provided some way of injecting our colorless lenses.

W. J. STILLMAN.

LA VIE PARISIENNE.

PARIS, April 26, 1872.

I ATTEMPTED in my last letter to make a survey of the French press, as far as it has characteristics which are original. I believe that the genus *Figaro* does not exist yet in any other country; but my review would not be complete if I did not speak of another genus, which thus far is only represented by a single weekly paper, called *La Vie Parisienne* (Parisian Life). The originality of this magazine lies in the fact that it combines artistic and literary merit. You may, perhaps, think that I attach too much importance, in a social point of view, to a single paper; but I believe that there is not one which is more completely *Parisian*. The *Vie Parisienne* was started during the later years of the Empire by an unsuccessful painter, named Marcellin, who has not merit enough to make himself a name in art, but who has considerable cleverness, a great love of extravagance and of color, and who has naturally become the great *dessinateur* of our theatres. For you must know that whenever there is a new ballet at the opera, or a new pantomime, the question of the costumes becomes a very important one. Marcellin is now always consulted; he studies the piece or the libretto, and he makes a series of painted costumes, which are copied by the dressmakers of the theatre. His reputation is now so extended, and the love of extraordinary dresses is so intense, that Marcellin is even consulted for plays where the actresses appear in everyday costumes. He has, in fact, become a universal dressmaker, and as he entered the profession as an artist, with great powers of imagination, he has certainly succeeded in adding a new interest to most of our pieces. He has found a rival in the celebrated Worth; but the field is quite large enough for two such geniuses. It is not at all uncommon to hear ladies say of such or such a piece: "It is very dull, but I went to see it on account of the costumes." The *Vie Parisienne* has not, however, subsided into a dull and ridiculous journal of fashions. Marcellin and some of his friends make the drawings, which are certainly often remarkable for invention and executed in an off-hand, elegant style; and the articles are quite as interesting as the drawings—painters and writers complete each other. It is rather difficult for me to explain what their object seems to be; the paper is not only purely worldly and fashionable—it knows no man who does not belong to the Jockey Club, no lady who has no coronet on her carriage—it is what the English call *fast*, and, to use plain Saxon language, it is indecent. Not so much indecent in words as in ideas; it is the glorification of elegant vice; it begins invariably with some small story, as dramatic as possible, where the ingenuity of the writer is spent in the most sensual descriptions and the cleverness of the *dessinateur* in fitting illustrations.

The writer who invented this genre is named Droz; he was for a long time the principal writer in the *Vie Parisienne*, but he did not sign his articles. His reputation was made by a work called "Monsieur, Madame et Bébé," which has reached an incredible number of editions, and which is one of the most extraordinary books of the present time. It was quite symptomatic of the state of things which had been created by the long corruption of the Empire; it pointed, indeed, to a new sort of corruption—not plain, and, if I might say so, honest corruption, old-fashioned corruption, which does not pretend to take the place of virtue; but a new sort of corruption, the most revolting of all—conjugal corruption, corruption in love—a certain perversity of manners, of fashions, of ideas which effaced all the old limits of virtue and of vice. At the risk of seeming too grumbling a moralist, I maintain that the worst novels of the end of the last century, that the *Contes* of La Fontaine and of Voltaire, that even the stories of the light writers of the end of the eighteenth century, that in our time the disgusting stories of Pau de Kock, are far less immoral than this book of Droz, which has been read by all the ladies of society. I have heard women and men—perfectly well-behaved people—speak with praise of a work in which I saw only the worst form of immorality. There are scenes in "Monsieur, Madame et Bébé" which are truly revolting, as they surround conjugal and maternal life with all the associations, ideas, and images of vice. The immorality is never in the words; there is, through the whole work, an affectation of purity, of sentimentality, a studied attempt to give to vice all the *agrémens*, all the charms of virtue. Droz is a very able writer; he has a fertile imagination, a great command of the language, and, sometimes, a great sense of humor. The story he wrote in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "La Source," showed no ordinary talent. He had found a new vein, which he might have used with great advantage in ridiculing worldly religion. I remember, for instance, a very amusing piece in the style of Lucian, where a great lady, of the Faubourg St. Germain, has a conversation with St. Peter in Paradise. The great lady, who was in her lifetime very fast, but a great patron of religious societies, discovers to her horror that, owing to her own exertions, her coachman has found a place among the seraphim or the cherubim, and that *she* will not be quite so high in heaven as the man who used to drive her. Her remarks to St. Peter are quite amusing, and her disgust is painted in the best manner. This may be thought on the dangerous limit of profanity; but there is nothing to blame in a desire to show the folly and the vanity of the religion of some great ladies who would like to patronize St. Peter in heaven as they do the church on earth. But Droz has, unfortunately, often overstepped the limits of good taste; and when he is on the subject of love he seems absolutely ignorant of good and evil, and only desirous to appeal to the most natural instincts of humanity.

With his talent, and aided by the pencil of Marcellin, it is hardly to be wondered if the *Vie Parisienne* became rapidly successful. I shall perhaps astonish you if I tell you that Taine himself became desirous to write for it; he published in it—of course not under his name—various parts of the book afterwards published under the title of "The Opinions of Grain d'Orge," which is a description and a satire of Paris. This book is certainly the one which does the least credit to the character of Taine; there runs through it a coarse admiration of money, of fine clothes, of all the pomp and circumstance of wealth. It is too materialistic; there is no delicacy of feeling. When Taine speaks of women, he becomes instinctively somewhat indelicate. It may be that the atmosphere of the *Vie Parisienne*, which he breathed for some time, affected his delicate lungs. There is another writer who for a long time was a contributor to the *Vie Parisienne*, under the name of "De Podestal." His real name was Delprat; he was a young lawyer of much talent, who, three years ago, began to show signs of madness, and has now for two years been shut up in a lunatic asylum. He published his essays under the title of "La Comédie au Boudoir," a book which is likely to become very rare, and which has some *eaux fortes* by Delprat's own hand. I have a copy of it, which Delprat gave me. He was of a very good family, and he was very respectable himself. I did not hesitate at the time to tell him that I did not approve of the employment he made of his talent. He was also a poet, and wrote a very curious imitation of Victor Hugo, called "La Passe d'Armes du Roi Jean," which is really marvellous, for there is as great a command of words and imagination as in Hugo's greatest pieces. To give you an idea of Delprat's book, and, in consequence, of the style of the *Vie Parisienne,* I will only notice that the last chapter of the "Comédie au Boudoir" is called "La Vague et la Perle." The scene is in the water, at Biarritz, far away in the sea. The Marquis explains his love of swimming: Was not Venus born from the sea?

The war was a great blow for the *Vie Parisienne;* it had to turn all the powers of its mind to the question of uniforms; it made uniforms for the national *vivandières,* for the *francs-tireurs,* etc. But it revived very soon after the siege and the Commune; every hero now must be an officer of the Mobile, some young nobleman of the legion of Charrette. Civilians are at a discount; even the attachés at the embassies are disdained. The Empress, at the time of her glory at the Tuileries, was very fond of the *Vie Parisienne.* Princess Mathilde, who is herself an artist, patronized it. The paper has preserved an Imperialist character, but, whatever happens, it means never to quarrel with *society;* it is still, and means to remain, essentially fashionable. It cares little for politics, except as they affect the theatres, the promenades at the Bois de Boulogne, the races. It describes the fashions, not as Balzac, minute as he was, described dresses, but in the very style of a milliner. It speaks of horses in the style of a jockey; it speaks of life in general as if life was a very amusing joke, which requires only money, dash, large stables, a good tailor, and many theatres. So far, nobody has been bold enough to start a rival to the *Vie Parisienne.* It stands alone in its glory on the table of every club, and, I am sorry to say, on the tables of many ladies who think that they owe it to fashion to receive it. I wonder how long its reputation will last. I sometimes hope that the vein found by Marcellin and Droz must soon be exhausted; but they go on, and their fertility has as yet found no bounds.

It would not be fair to judge of French society by such a paper as the *Vie Parisienne;* in a city of two millions of inhabitants, frequented by so many rich foreigners who understand the French language, there will always be a public prepared to accept such a paper. But it cannot be denied that the lines between right and wrong are somewhat defaced and uncertain. Curiosity lost Eve; the modern Eve is still curious; she is not over-censorious, and she does not like to be deprived of amusement. But the spirit which inspires such works as the *Vie Parisienne* cannot fail, in the long run, to have a bad influence—even on the best of people. I firmly believe that, taken as a whole, there is not a more moral class than the middle-class of Paris. But its morality has more resemblance to that of *Philinte* than to that of the *Misanthrope;* it does not feel what Molière calls

> "Ces haines vigoureuses
> Que doit donner le mal aux âmes généreuses."

Our rich *bourgeoisie* has adopted the German motto, "Leben und leben lassen"; it is not austere, though it is well-behaved. It is very artistic, and what it would not receive in a coarse or brutal shape it is ready to receive when presented in an elegant form. This extraordinary admiration for whatever has any æsthetic value, even of the frailest sort, has often deceived foreign judges; the French often sacrifice the *fond* to the *forme,* the inside to the outside. They cannot bear dulness, what they call *ennui;* and perhaps the world owes enough to this idiosyncrasy not to be too severe upon it.

THE POPE'S RIGHT OF ASYLUM.

FLORENCE, April 14.

THE Italian newspapers for the last week have been and are still full of a deplorable event which took place on Sunday last in Rome, outside Porta Cavalleggieri. After all, the fact is of small importance in itself, especially in a country like Italy, where the *reati di sangue* (crimes of bloodshed) amount to some thousands annually, and among a population so fully deserving of the epithet *manesco* (ready with their hands) generally applied to them. One row and one case of manslaughter more in the suburbs of an Italian city would hardly be worth mentioning; but in this case the city in which it took place happens to be the capital of Italy and of Catholicism also, the murderers Italian National Guards, and the victims Pontifical Gendarmes; and these circumstances alone are sufficient to make an event of it. It is, moreover, one of those cases too easy to foresee not to have been foretold, which are calculated to put the famous Papal Guarantee Law, and the arduous task undertaken by the present ministry of a cohabitation of Tycoon and Mikado, to a dangerous test.

I need scarcely, I think, relate the simple facts, as they will, no doubt, have already reached you on the other side of the Atlantic by telegraph. Three National Guards, returning home from practising at a target, entered a public-house situated outside the gates of Rome. They there found a dozen Pontifical Guards, already busy drinking the dark-colored wine of Velletri, and engaged in animated conversation. It was not long ere the two parties began to exchange indirect provocations by pronouncing loud speeches of praise and blame on the past and present governments. From these they soon passed to direct invective and insults from one table to the other, whereupon the National Guards deemed it prudent to effect a Xenophontian retreat from the enemy's territory and overwhelming numbers. They had, however, not proceeded far from the tavern when they were overtaken by three of their adversaries who were imprudent enough to follow them. This time the proportions were apparently more nearly balanced, but apparently only; for the Papal Gendarmes had no arms about them but their knives, whilst the National riflemen were armed cap-à-pie, like Hamlet's father. Very soon a quarrel ensued, one of the unfortunate gendarmes was killed, and his two comrades lay weltering in their blood, severely wounded. The noise of the affray having alarmed the others who were still in the tavern, they rushed out to the rescue of their comrades, whereupon the brave descendants of Romulus took to their heels, and the remaining Pontifical Guards hastened to carry their three companions to the asylum of the Vatican.

It is easy to imagine the language of the papers after this occurrence. From the sentimental and resigned *Armonia* down to the wicked and ironical *Unità Cattolica,* from the vulgar *Voce della Verità,* Cardinal Nardi's clamorous organ, to the perfidious paper of the Jesuits, *L'Osservatore Romano*—there is but one outcry of rage, indignation, and alarm in the whole clerical press. The event of Sunday last is declared by them to be "a sanguinary *pronunciamiento* against civilization, church, and liberty"; Italy never witnessed "a crime more atrocious and more horrible"; . . . . "the blood of the faithful was only shed in order that some of its drops might spurt to the august forehead of the Holy Father"; and the murderers are far worse than those of the Paris Commune, "who at least allowed their victims to send for a confessor before expiring." One of these papers even affects to think that it is no longer safe for its editor and contributors to show themselves in the streets of Rome. With the papers of the radical party, all the fault evidently lies with the Pontifical Guards, who wantonly provoked the strife out of sheer religious fanaticism, and with the Government, who are to blame if these guards are still allowed to exist.

It is but natural that the moderate liberal press should strive to diminish the importance of the whole fact and give it the proportions of a common street row. They will, however, be obliged, by the consequences of the lamentable event, to view it in a less light and frivolous way. Justice is bound to clear up the case; but if the police found no difficulty in arresting the guilty National Guards in their homes, their bayonets stained with blood, it was a different matter to get at the Pontifical Gendarmes behind the doors of the Pope's "prison." Now, it is clear that the trial can give no result without the evidence of the two still living victims; and it is quite as sure that the jury—an Italian jury!—will never be found to condemn the murderers, unless the trial be a fair one. And thus we have before us the curious fact that the liberal party, the very first time a serious complication arises out of their famous Guarantee Law, are themselves the first to infringe it and force upon Pio Nono the extradition of the witnesses of their wounded comrades. Their argument is that either the men are innocent, in which case nothing will be done to them, or they are guilty, and then it is in the interest of justice that they should meet with the punishment they have deserved; to which fallacious reasoning the Vatican answers: "Supposing them to be guilty, we have still in our palace a court of justice of our own, nay, we have even a prison for the culprits. We do not know what your juries may be capable of, under the menaces of a miscreant government and passionate mob, while we do know that our own justice, dispensed as it is by priests who are directly inspired by the Deity, is incapable of being intimidated by any such reason. And besides, if you are determined to have these men, come and take them." Nothing can be objected to language such as this, and it is clearly attributable to the policy of the liberal party alone if things have come to this crisis. No statesman can serve two causes at the same time with impunity. Had the Italian Government followed a bold revolutionary policy whilst the great powers were still engaged in their mortal struggle and unable to interfere with them; had they simply reduced the Pope's position to that of a bishop like any other bishop, there would have been no pretext for such collision of jurisdiction. Or had they, on the contrary, been content to make of Rome a sort of a show-capital—like Moscow or Königsberg—and themselves remained quietly at Florence with their offices, their houses of parliament, their press, and all the necessary paraphernalia of a real capital, patiently awaiting the solution of the question from religious reform, not from political laws, nothing of this kind would have happened. But instead of a really conservative or decidedly revolutionary policy, what has been the line of conduct they have chosen to adopt and follow up? The present case shows it clearly with all its consequences. They have introduced modern laws and institutions of very doubtful value into a country in which they become absolutely mischievous. They have tried to resolve the most delicate and complicated problem of all human history by abstract bills, a compound of generous feelings of equity, false theories, and patriotic apprehension. They have left a city and a population eminently adapted for the seat of government, in order to transfer the capital to the very place which is least fitted for it in the whole world.

It would carry me too far, however, to demonstrate the folly of that institution called national guard which has become the hobby of all newly emancipated nations, and especially in Italy. This most puerile of all the *desiderata* and most dangerous of all the conquests of the revolutionary party, alike powerless for good and powerful for evil, has indeed proved utterly useless, both in face of internal and external enemies, in France as elsewhere. It has proved most perilous to order and security in Paris and in Vienna, the most tiresome of playthings in all countries, and has everywhere been given up at last, *de facto* or legally, after some years of existence. But if there is a country where this fatal institution is more particularly dangerous than another, it is among an irascible people like the Italians, especially when allowed to carry arms even when out of service. The only wonder is that more such accidents like that of Sunday last do not occur. I am afraid, however, Italy will have to empty the cup even to the very dregs, before she will do away with exotic institutions like national guards, juries, and municipal self-government, imported into this country in the Pandora box which seductive and irresistible Revolution offered her as a reward for all the hardships she had undergone to conquer independence and unity. Again, the Italian Parliament tried last year to resolve a great historical problem by the amplification of a phrase. Count Cavour had launched before his death one of those dangerous *mots d'ordre* and war-cries, so easily caught up by superficial minds, so likely to be upheld by absolute and narrow intelligences: *libera chiesa in libero stato*, he said, and never was a more fatal legacy bequeathed to a nation by a great man. It is, indeed, and will prove every day more so, the magic broom of Goethe's apprentices; it needs the skilful hand of the master to wield it; in the awkward fingers of schoolboys—and what else are our statesmen compared to Cavour?—it can only do harm. It was this famous principle—and, by the way, I think I am doing it great honor in calling a principle what in reality will never be anything beyond a sentence in our old European states—that was the Deity invoked to inspire Italian legislators when the law on the Papal Guarantees was framed; in reality, it was Fear, pale Fear, which alone presided at the making of that law, and which pervades every line of it. It was, in fact, never intended to be put in practice, but merely to prevent the calamity of foreign intervention. It now exists with all its dazzling points and its ingenious little invocations, and, ere a twelvemonth has elapsed from its promulgation, we have already hurt ourselves by coming in contact with its sharp though brilliant ornaments—the right of an inviolable asylum granted to the Vatican. Will our present statesmen have the boldness to break the very law they themselves framed? Will they find means to elude it? or will they really sanction by fact and right that enormous mediæval monstrosity of a whole category of subjects escaping not only criminal but, indeed, all law whatsoever?

And last, though not least, our politicians have insisted upon exchanging the quiet banks of the Arno, and its mild and pacific population, for the dangerous vicinity of the Tiber, and the hot-tempered, irascible inhabitants of the Seven Hills—which is just the same in fact, in spite of all classical reminiscences, as if you Americans were to abandon quiet Washington and its calm serenity, and transfer the seat of government to the turmoil and restlessness of your New York rings and city mobs. They have had already more than one occasion to repent this choice. But a very few days ago, on the same Sunday when the above-mentioned affray took place, for instance, on the occasion of the royal couple of Denmark and the Prince and Princess of Wales going to visit the Colosseum illuminated with Bengal fire, the band was obliged by the mob to substitute the Garibaldi hymn and the *Camicia rossa* (a sort of *Ca-ira*) for the Hymn of Savoy, the Danish national march, and the "God save the Queen" they had been ordered to execute. The conductors of the band—consisting of the Firemen of the National Guard—have been dismissed in consequence, it is true, but not without violent opposition, nor should I be in the least surprised if similar breaches of tact were frequently to happen after this first success. How elated the Italians were when they at last took possession of the Eternal City, that imperial *urbs* which ruled the world; how fascinated by words, or, even less than words, by mere letters—the magic letters of S. P. Q. R., indeed! I fancy they already begin to perceive that among the Quirites there are quite as many descendants of the Gracchi—nay, of Clodius and Catiline—as of Scipio and Cincinnatus. If the laws of political economy and the moral necessities of modern society were less strong, less invincible, our statesmen, of course, might ultimately succeed in checking the progress of Italy altogether; at any rate, they are doing all they can to achieve this desirable object, and it will not be their fault if the country continues steadily marching forwards.

April 16.

A letter has just reached me announcing that the Cardinal Prefect of the Vatican has allowed the witnesses of the row before Porta Cavalleggieri, who had taken refuge within the precincts of the palace, to give evidence before the Italian court of justice; and that the two wounded men are also to be put at the disposal of the royal tribunal as soon as they have sufficiently recovered. Thus, this time, at least, the right of asylum has not yet led to those unavoidable collisions to which it must sooner or later give rise. This victory over the ardent Jesuits, who would have gladly taken advantage of this very first occasion to come to a conflict, is undoubtedly due to Antonelli's influence, and still more to the representations of the foreign diplomatists. The Holy Father, in spite of the excitement and the palpable falsehoods and gross exaggerations of the clerical press, which spoke of a premeditated plot and six victims, could not help discovering the bad impression which his refusal to deliver up the witnesses, and the consequent frustration of the ends of justice, would have made. It is, however, doubtful whether he would have acted in the same way had his defenders been the aggressors and authors of the crime, instead of being the victims, and the perils resulting from this right of asylum are none the less serious because this time they have been averted.

Notes.

IT is an ill wind that blows nowhere. Mr. Greeley's nomination has brought joy to the hearts of a great number of deserving persons who, a month ago, would hardly have reckoned among their assets sundry stereotype-plates, steel and stone portraits, and wood-engravings, in which the Cincinnati candidate had been made familiar to the public as one of the celebrities of the day and as editor of the *Tribune*. All these articles have now a value which may prove to exceed the original, and when we think of the photographers as well as of the publishers and print-sellers, it is clear that a positive addition has been made to the capital of the country long before the first official act of the great protectionist, or his first recommendation to Congress, has revived industry, brought about specie payments, and restored the financial equilibrium. The Oneida Community is among the gainers, we observe. The last number of the *Circular* says: "Greeley's nomination to the Presidency brings Socialism to the front; for Greeley was and is the real father of Socialism in this country." It then proceeds to recommend Noyes's "History of American Socialisms"—a very creditable piece of workmanship—as a campaign document, inasmuch as "it is the only book that gives a full and authentic account of Greeley's career as a Socialist;" and luckily, Lippincott & Co. have recently reduced the price to $3, at which rate, or even at still lower figures, Greeley Clubs can now supply themselves. The *Circular* gives the following extract from the index:

> "Greeley, Horace, introduces Fourierism, pp. 14, 201; acknowledges the success of the religious Communities, 138; treasurer of Sylvania Association, 208, 233; toasted by Brisbane, 226; his position, 229; pledges his property to the cause, 232; relation to Ohio Phalanx, 356, 358; letter to Cincinnati Convention, 366; address at N. A. Phalanx, 463; offers a loan to N. A. Phalanx, 501; controversy with Raymond, 562; pronounces the Oneida Community a trade-success, 510; summary of his socialistic experience, 653, 655."

We must warn our readers, however, that these references will not in all cases repay research. Those, for instance, who turn to page 366 hoping to find an historical coincidence in the "letter to Cincinnati Convention" of twenty-eight years ago, will be disappointed to find a mere allusion to "interesting letters read from Horace Greeley, Albert Brisbane, and Wm. H. Channing." "Relation to Ohio Phalanx" is another misleading rubric, suggestive of the irreconcilable attitude of Judge Hoadly and his colleagues, but really concerning a Fourierite association of which a Mr. Grant was president. To him and to Messrs. Greeley and Brisbane "applicants for admission or stock were referred," and at their Fourth of July picnic in 1844, "the volunteer toasters liberally complimented each other and the socialist leaders generally, not forgetting Horace Greeley." The other references we must leave the curious to hunt up for themselves.

—In the *Nation* of 2d inst., we gave our readers some details touching the opening of the University at Strassburg under German auspices, and mentioned the appointment of a professor extraordinarius from

America, in the person of Dr. von Holst. By private advices from Strassburg we now learn that the professorship to which Dr. von Holst is appointed is that of American History. The suggestion as to the advisability of founding such a chair appears to have come originally from Dr. Friedrich Kapp, well known to our readers as an author of distinction in the field of American history. Baron Roggenbach, the Curator of the Strassburg University, to whom the suggestion was made, laid the matter before Minister Bismarck, who at once approved the idea and authorized the appointment. It is understood that Dr. H. von Holst will enter upon his duties on the 4th of October next. He is a German scholar of high merit, who has spent four years in the United States, devoting himself to the study of American history. Shall we by-and-by have a similar chair endowed in some American college?

—We learn from the *Renaissance* of April 20 that the letter in which our Paris correspondent lately described the condition of Protestantism in France, was copied more or less fully by some of the English journals, and among others by the *Unitarian Herald*. To this paper M. Réville subsequently addressed a correction of what he deemed to be errors in our correspondent's statement, of which the *Renaissance* cites but one, and that not very important. More than by any inaccuracies of detail, however, offence was given by the "couleurs très-sombres" of the picture, and the writer's depreciation of the vitality and influence of the Protestant body; and on this point also M. Réville has something to say. He indicates the important part which Protestants play in politics, in the army, in literature, and in business; and the *Renaissance* adds that they number seventy in the National Assembly—an enormous representation when compared with the slender ranks of the Protestants in the country at large.

—That part of the revenge of France on Germany which consisted in learning the difficult language behind which Bismarck and Moltke masked their odious plans of conquest, has proved quite as formidable as a military assault. The French Minister of War has had to complain that out of 100 officers who began taking lessons in German, only nine have persisted in this course —and perhaps the end is not yet. It is to be hoped that the army mapmakers have not also neglected their chance of improvement. They are old offenders, it seems. Some one has just unearthed the following passage from the "Mémoire statistique du département de Rhin et Moselle" of Prefect Boucquéau, a Belgian appointed to that department by the first Napoleon when consul, in the year XII. of the Republic. M. Boucquéau had this story to communicate:

> "In 1688, Marshal Boufflers besieged and bombarded the city of Coblentz without being able to take it, but Little Coblentz (Lützel-Coblentz), situated on the left bank of the Moselle, was totally destroyed. Although it has never been rebuilt since, it continues to figure in large letters on the geographical maps, and when, in 1794, the French seized Coblentz, they made a special requisition on the Little Coblentz which they had destroyed a century previous. This mania of our modern maps, which are always copied after older ones, for designating as important places localities which are only ruins, has often been the cause of like mistakes: sometimes a quartermaster, map in hand, has assigned lodgings to a battalion which, after having marched a league, found nothing but ruins, or an old tower in the city or chateau allotted to it for its winter quarters."

—Prof. Höfler, of Vienna, read a paper last May before the Imperial Academy of Sciences, upon "The Avignonese Popes," the object of which was to correct a common error in regard to this series of Pontiffs. It is a commonplace of history that Clement V. removed the Papal See to Avignon in 1305, and that during the seventy-two years of the "Babylonian Captivity" it was the submissive tool of the Court of France. This view overlooks the fact that Avignon was at this time not in France but in the Empire, and Prof. Höfler further points out that it was not Clement but his successor, John XXII., who commenced the line of Avignonese Popes, both in residence and in policy; further, that so far from being a period of Papal weakness, there was never a time when the Popes carried things with a higher hand. The residence at Avignon indeed was only an incident; for more than half a century the Popes had, as a rule, deserted Rome, residing for the most part at Viterbo, Anagni, Perugia, Naples, and Lyons, in order to avoid the seditions and conspiracies of the Eternal City. The great triumph of the Avignonese group was in realizing the arrogant claim of Boniface VIII., that all earthly power was united in the Pope, and in completely severing the Empire from the German kingdom. Here is a point in which this paper will help to correct, or rather to supplement, Mr. Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire." One does not gather from this work how completely the Empire was in abeyance during the period in question. It was *vacante imperio* that Boniface VIII. issued his famous bull, *Unam Sanctam;* and it is a striking fact that this abeyance lasted more than a hundred years, from the deposition of Frederic II., 1245 (or at least his death in 1250), to the coronation of Charles IV., 1355 (with the exception of the year's reign of Henry VII.) The bitter and violent contest of John XXII. and Lewis of Bavaria ended in the complete triumph of the Pope and of the doctrines of the bull *Unam Sanctam;* and when at last the Empire was revived in Charles IV., it was recognized distinctly and formally as subordinate to the Papacy. The popular view is right in one point: the policy of the Avignonese Popes (Frenchmen every one), if not distinctly *French*, was at any rate distinctly *anti-German*—and France was just now taking the place which Germany had vacated as the head of the European states.

—Another more elaborate paper by the same distinguished scholar is entitled "Anna von Luxemburg, Kaiser Karls IV. Tochter, König Richard II. Gemahlin, Königin von England"—Anne of Bohemia, as Miss Strickland's readers know her. In this queen began the connection between England and Bohemia which bore such fruit in the teachings of Huss as the pupil and follower of Wiclif. It was connected, too, with the important fact that England and Germany took the same side—the Roman—in the great Papal schism which began just at this time. And it is further significant of this important epoch, that nearly every great throne in Europe was vacated in a very short space of time—that coincident with the great schism we have a minority in England, France, and Germany, a female succession in Hungary, Poland, and Naples. Prof. Höfler aims to bring into notice the influence of Queen Anne and her Bohemian attendants upon the intrigues and party contests of Richard's reign, an aspect which has been hitherto overlooked. As to Richard himself, he attempts, with some success, to vindicate his character from the aspersions of the Lancastrian writers. Certainly he excites sympathy for the unfortunate and not unamiable prince, and appears to show that he was more sinned against than sinning; particularly, he brings into prominence the real excellence and prosperity of his reign while William of Wykeham was Chancellor, and in the years following. For all this, his narrative shows an arbitrary and despotic spirit in the king, which, as he remarks, belonged to the great development of monarchy at about this time in the various countries of Europe; he does not, however, appear to recognize fully the difference between the English liberties and those of other countries. England was not yet ripe for the policy of the Tudors. A large part of the paper is devoted to Wiclif, whom he judges, if we are not mistaken, from the point of view of a liberal or "Old" Catholic. He pays a high tribute to his character, aims, and ability, but certainly rates his influence less high than we are accustomed to do—for example, hardly giving him any of the credit of the anti papal (genuine Catholic, as he pretends) policy of 1393. The importance of this event he by no means underrates. England, he maintains, was legitimately a fief of the Holy See—one of that group of fifteen crowns depending upon the Pope, which was more than a balance for the smaller but more compact group which depended upon the Emperor. (Here again is a point of view which will be instructive to Mr. Bryce's readers.) The statutes of provisions, of præmunire, etc., which are so abundant throughout the fourteenth century, are the foreshadowing of this great act, which, at a time when the Papacy was hopelessly at variance with itself, was a severing of the feudal tie and a declaration of English independence. This important discussion cannot but modify some of the current views of English history, and must, we should think, be indispensable to any student of this period.

—The Historical Commission of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences, in its twelfth general meeting, held at Munich last October, announced the completion of its arrangements for a German Biography, which will be, when completed, a most extensive and valuable work. It is to be in twenty volumes, and to contain 40,000 articles, lives of rulers, statesmen, artists, scholars—all classes of men, in short, who have influenced the development of the nation. Liliencron of Munich is to be its editor, and the first instalment is to go to press next fall. This Commission, by the way, besides Bavarians like Döllinger, Giesebrecht, Hegel, and Von Maurer, contains distinguished scholars from all parts of Germany—Von Ranke and Pertz of Berlin, Waitz of Göttingen, Von Sybel of Bonn, Dümmler of Halle, etc. It is worth while to notice its wide and varied activity, and the results of co-operation and organization in this field. At the above meeting it was announced that nine works had been published by it within the year: 1. The Recesses, etc., of the Hanseatic League, edited by Koppmann (recently noticed by us). 2. Documents of the Thirty Years' War, by Ritter. Vol. I. (1598-1608). 3. History of the Sciences in Germany. Vol. IX. Germanic Philology, by Von Raumer (the last volume was "Sprachwissenschaft," by Benfey). 4. Chronicles of German Cities. Vol. IX. Strassburg, by Hegel (the last was Magdeburg.) 5. Annals of the Frankish Empire under King Pippin, by Oelsner (the last volume was of Charles Martel). 6. Bavarian Dictionary by Schmeller, new edition. 7. Forschungen zur deutschen Geschichte. Vol XI. Other works, in former years, have been collections of popular songs and of proverbs.

MR. ARTHUR HELPS.*

When Mr. Helps, twenty-five years ago, published "Friends in Council," he founded a school of essayists who undertook to apply what—to use one of their favorite expressions—is called "thought" to all the minor affairs of life. The school has notoriously flourished, and now boasts representatives in every magazine and newspaper, who teach the public how much thought may be expended on all those topics, down from the making of marriages to the arrangement of dress, which the uneducated fancied could be managed without the necessity for forming any abstract theories. The school has, in fact, become so large that it has split into various branches, and consists of the two great bodies of cynical essayists who instruct the public through the columns of the *Saturday Review*, and of genial essayists such as Mr. Helps and his disciples, "A. K. H. B." and "Timothy Titcomb," who pour forth truths or platitudes in books and magazines. Of the whole class of writers, whether cynical or genial, who handle "social topics," Mr. Helps is indubitably the leader, though A. K. H. B. is their most popular and their most influential representative. "Thoughts upon Government" seems intended to sum up the results of its author's experience and teaching, and the appearance of the book affords a fair opportunity for weighing the character of the school which Mr. Helps has created, as well as the position occupied by Mr. Helps himself as an essayist.

Mr. Helps and his immediate disciples have nothing cynical about them, and are, or intend to be, emphatically genial and benevolent writers. With the cynical branch of the school we shall, therefore, in the present article, have no concern, and we shall confine ourselves to Mr. Helps and those whom we consider to be, like A. K. H. B., his legitimate disciples. It is worth, however, pointing out that one great doctrine unites all writers on social topics, whatever may be the other differences which divide the school into sects. This doctrine is the supreme importance of little things. It is, as it were, a fundamental article of faith, for no one who did not hold it could bring himself to write, and write with ingenuity, on the subjects—such as "worry," "dress," "misunderstandings," "friendship," and so forth—with which modern essayists generally deal. The tenacity with which Mr. Helps, for example, believes in the great importance of minor matters is nowhere more visible than where, as in his last work, he takes as his ostensible theme a matter, such as government, which is in itself a topic certainly of sufficient magnitude; for throughout the whole book government is treated of in its very smallest aspects. Mr. Helps confesses, with a certain *naïveté*, that what he cares most for is "improvement," in contrast with "reform," and though his painful candor makes it difficult to draw any definite result from his carefully limited assertions, in which one truism is always balanced against another, so that the result of his reflections amounts to zero, yet the most definite lesson he insists upon is that "statesmen of almost every country might afford to despise the efforts of the most democratic agitators if the welfare of the common people in what are regarded as comparatively minor matters had been sufficiently attended to." In precisely the same spirit he dwells pathetically on the number of letters which overworked statesmen have to answer, on the mass of useless speeches made in Parliament, on the mistakes engendered by hurry, and on the evils ensuing from want of candor in the press and want of outspokenness on the part of ministers. The general impression, in fact, that his essay leaves is that it is not so much a collection of thoughts upon government as of hints how to avoid or lessen the minor difficulties of administration. These hints are in themselves often of value, but they imply the view that the great object of thought ought to be how to adjust and arrange a great number of petty matters—that on the whole the machinery of society and government is extremely good, and would go perfectly well if only the machine were kept properly oiled, and a little wheel here and there were occasionally mended and improved. Now, of the merits of this teaching we for the moment say nothing; what we do point out is, that it curiously exemplifies the great dogma of the importance of little things.

The view that all would go right in the world if only there were a little more organization and a little more active practice of all the minor virtues, such as candor, politeness, punctuality, and so forth, is closely connected with another doctrine held by Mr. Helps and his disciples, which is, that in England, at least, all things are arranged, if not perfectly, yet with a very near approach to perfection. Mr. Helps does not perhaps go quite as far as the great Dr. Pangloss, but certainly he leads one to the belief that all things are arranged for the best in the best of all possible constitutions, which, we need hardly add, is the English constitution; and that if it be possible to improve perfection, all that is necessary is to add power to that superexcellent institution, the Privy Council, of which Mr. Helps is, if we mistake not, the distinguished clerk. This optimism of Mr. Helps is indeed so excessive that we occasionally entertain a hope that it savors of irony. He, for example, though the most modest of writers, does not think "that it is too boastful to say that the British people and our near relations in America and the colonies are the most governable people on the face of the earth." Though "it may seem arrogant to enumerate our good qualities in this respect," he proceeds to run through a catalogue of merits which a Fourth of July orator would blush to put forth before the most patriotic of audiences. How high the praise is piled may be gathered from the one fact that Mr. Helps, who, whatever his defects, knows history, exclaims, apropos of the two English revolutions, "How dignified for the most part was our conduct in these crises. They exhibit a certain magnanimity of which every British reader must be proud." Certainly we had never hitherto thought that the Revolution of 1688, beneficial as were its results, was an occasion in which either the dignity or magnanimity of the British people was very conspicuous. But the most astounding and most obviously sincere piece of optimism is Mr. Helps's expressed conviction that modern English ministers never perpetrate a job. "I have served," he writes, "under many political chiefs. I suppose I must have been very fortunate, for if I were put in a witness-box, and asked upon oath to disclose any particular instance of jobbery of which I had been cognizant, I should be unable to name a single one." It is, we confess, so absolutely incredible to us that men should, the moment they enter the cabinet, exhibit a conscientiousness which is certainly quite unknown to persons occupying other positions of influence, that we are forced to conclude that the noble virtue of the author of "Friends in Council" abashed even the least scrupulous of his chiefs, and that they either committed no jobs whilst under his influence, or, what is perhaps the same thing, took care that if a job was done Mr. Helps should never hear of it.

Mr. Helps and his disciples owe their influence in part to the zeal with which they inculcate the importance of little things, and to their optimistic view of English society; but the school is, after all, distinguished rather by the mode than the matter of its teaching. A first principle of every popular essayist is never to follow out any subject to its end, or, in other words, to think about many things, but never to think *out* anything. Mr. Helps, for instance, publishes "Thoughts upon Government." The topic is one on which a man of the highest ability might well employ any amount of thought or reflection. It is, further, one on which clear thought is peculiarly necessary at the present day, for the least observant person must notice that a radical difference of view as to the extent to which government may and ought to intervene is gradually dividing English opinion, and will probably ultimately divide English parties. No one knows this better than Mr. Helps, yet, consistently with the practice of his school, he simply plays with the subject in hand. His general tone implies that he inclines to side with those who would extend the sphere of government interference; but he never argues, or attempts to argue, out this or any other point. Even when he comes to narrower questions, as, for example, to the functions of local government, he does nothing more than throw out hints as to the proper division of duties between the local and central authorities. His work is at least as long as Mr. Mill's "Essay on Liberty"; but while Mr. Mill really gives his whole mind to the subject, and produces, therefore, a treatise which, though open enough to criticism, represents with incomparable force one side of a great question, Mr. Helps only adds hint to hint; and while contriving, whether intentionally or not, to leave an impression that he could say a great deal if he would, ends by saying very little indeed to the purpose. This practice of trifling with everything may not raise our respect for Mr. Helps as an author, but, we believe, greatly increases his influence as an essayist, for ordinary readers dislike the trouble of consecutive thinking, and feel a sort of reverence for a teacher who seems always to hint at something great which he could say if only he chose to follow out the thought which he thinks it better merely to suggest.

The perpetual assumption of this half mysterious, half modest attitude of a teacher who simply hints rather than asserts is closely connected with the second characteristic of the school's mode of teaching. "Above all things," writes Mr. Helps, "I am anxious to take my readers into council with me." In other words, Mr. Helps and his disciples make it a point of conscience to establish a sort of personal relation between the writer and the reader. The mode in which this is done depends of course upon the particular author's sense and taste. A. K. H. B. narrates anecdotes about his little girl, his fireside, his sermons, and, if our memory does not deceive us, his gloves. Mr. Helps writes like a gentleman, and does not fall quite so low as this; still he is pleasantly confidential, and, as he says, wishes to bring himself and his readers "into closer contact." With a view to this result he gives the following pleasing details of his own life. "I sincerely think," he writes, "I have some especial claims to be heard upon questions of government. I entered the public service immediately after leaving the university. I held in succession several offices which ought to have given an observant man great opportunities of remarking the conduct of business in various departments. When I ceased to be actively employed in the public service I was frequently still obliged to entertain grave questions relating to government, being honored from time to time by having such questions sent me for consideration. I have since re-entered official life," etc., etc. "Nothing," he adds, a page or two later, "is more odious to me than dogmatism in matters which admit of much discussion and in which vast numbers of people are interested. I would even have my readers remember that I am an official man, and may have all the prejudices belonging to my calling." Now all this is inexpressibly sweet—what young ladies, we believe, call "nice." Youthful readers especially, just beginning to like speculation and not perhaps very fond of thinking, must find it unspeakably delightful to learn all these details about the great Mr. Helps, and to feel that the man who has been honored by having grave questions sent to him for consideration is so good and kind and considerate that he wishes to take Master Brown and Miss Jones into council with him, and wishes them to remember that he too is a man and may have all the prejudices of his calling. It seems almost cynical to suggest that such personal statements are at the best irrelevant, perhaps just a trifle vulgar and possibly delusive, for, though we are perfectly willing to believe that Mr. Helps possesses all the many virtues to which he lays claim, it is as well to bear in mind that a man's own testimony to his own merits is not always considered conclusive proof of their existence.

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* "Thoughts upon Government. By Arthur Helps." London. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1872.

We have, however, no doubt that the personal tone introduced into modern essays—this bringing the reader into contact with the writer—has much to do with the influence of modern essayists. It gives the public the same sort of pleasure which is given in another form by having a good stare at a well-known author under the pretence of hearing a lecture or a reading. It is easy enough, in fact, to account for the influence of Mr. Helps and his followers. It is not quite so easy to answer the question whether this influence is in reality beneficial. We are compelled to say that we consider it, on the whole, bad. Mr. Helps, and still more his disciples, have done the best they can to stimulate two of the worst tendencies of their readers. The first is the tendency, which at any rate is very marked in modern English society, to turn the mind towards little, trivial interests. All this thought expended upon the petty matters of life is not only so much thought wasted, but is a direct encouragement to consider little things as great, and as a consequence to consider great things as little. The second evil tendency is the tendency to vulgarity which more or less besets all societies. A writer who teaches his readers to delight in personal anecdote—to think rather who the teacher is than what it is he teaches—to interest themselves, for example, in the anecdotes of A. K. H. B.'s fireside or the details of Mr. Helps's life, rather than in the worth of the arguments put forward by the person or the official, distinctly stimulates a vulgar curiosity instead of exciting intellectual interest.

Of Mr. Helps's school we confess we cannot with honesty say much good. Of Mr. Helps himself we gladly speak with considerable respect. He has, as an historian, produced works which place him high among historical writers of the second class. His earlier essays were graceful and intelligent, if not very profound or vigorous. There was a time when he wrote somewhat above the level of his readers, and strove rather to bring them up to him than to descend to their capacities. The candor, moreover, he claims he really possesses, and we suspect he might still as a critic produce works of considerable value. We greatly hope that he may cease to write vaguely on things in general, and produce once more works on history worthy of his considerable reputation. As an historian he has one great merit. He is one of the few men who still believe in moral force, since, in England at least, the limited number of persons who did not bow down and worship force when represented by Louis Napoleon, began to adore it when represented by Bismarck. From this passionate admiration for successful violence Mr. Helps is entirely free. Both his equity and his critical power are shown in the following tribute to a body of politicians who, with all their defects, receive at the present day little justice even from men who greatly resemble them:

> "If I were," writes Mr. Helps, "asked what would be the most fruitful subject for study which could be devised for giving foresight in political action, it is the history of the Girondins. There never, perhaps, was an instance in the world in which so many good men, having really great designs for the welfare of mankind, were so utterly deluded and deceived."

BROUGHAM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—III.*

THE last volume of Brougham's autobiography describes the busiest and most conspicuous years of his life, between the ages of fifty and sixty, ending with the close of his official career in 1834. His highest honors were crowded into that short period. Even without the reputation gained by the incessant work of the years that preceded and followed it, a man less restless and vain might have been satisfied with the fame especially deserved by the leader of Parliamentary reform and the Keeper of the Great Seal, and with the credit, shared by his colleagues, though claimed for himself, of prudent, if not brilliant political management. What he had done before taking his seat for Yorkshire in that which was to become the Reform Parliament, was largely set forth by Henry Cockburn, who presided at the dinner given to him in Edinburgh on the occasion of his installation in 1825 as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. His nine hundred entertainers of all sects and parties were flattered by the persuasion that the Scotch system had fitted him for achievements described as greater than had ever been attained by the intellectual powers of a single and unaided man. His labors for popular education, declared to be his most appropriate and enduring monument, perhaps deserved this praise. But his fame as the Queen's advocate and the opponent of slavery had been won quite as much by the help of others as by his own genius or its northern training. What higher flights his ambition might dare in those troubled times, or what wayward courses his growing eccentricity might dictate, neither his Scotch friends nor his enemies could foretell, though all believed that he would go far, and feared lest he might go astray.

On his return to London he watched complacently the perplexities of Wellington's administration, harassed by the chronic trouble of Ireland, and weakened by dissension. "Very comfortable in his situation of spectator," he passes lightly over his difficulties in wavering between the support he was disposed to give the government and the perfect freedom he retained to oppose it at any time if he saw fit. The temptation to strike was strong, while the ministers were at the mercy of any one or two men of weight who might choose to make a run at them. The Duke's reticence, amid the passionate excitement of the Catholic question, justified the attacks invited by his allowing men who held his best places to take open part against him, and embittered by what the opposition called his "degrading aid-de-campish dictatorship." The situation deserves study as a precedent. A military clique held the government in the name of an illustrious soldier, unable or unwilling to pacify a turbulent province, and obstinately deaf to the demand for reforms sure to be won through their expulsion. It is not fifty years ago, but, slightly varied, the proverb fits, "Tempora mutantur, nec nos mutamur in illis."

Emancipation was yielded at last, in time to prevent civil war, but too late to save the minstry, not so much because it alienated the ultra Tories as because it came upon the country already aflame with a fresher and more general excitement. Before the next election, the fever of revolution broke out again in Europe, and the infection spread over England in the milder and more manageable type it always there assumes. Brougham stood for the great county of York, the prime constituency of the kingdom. The honor was unprecedented. Hitherto, Yorkshire had been represented only by its great landholders or their dependants—all other candidates, if not rejected through tradition, had been deterred by the expense of a contest, which, four years before, it had cost the sitting member twenty thousand pounds merely to prevent. Brougham, then employed at the assizes in an unusual number of heavy cases which he could not neglect, was astonished at a proposal that might well teach him to trust his lucky star. He was elected by a very united vote, without a penny of cost, after a three weeks' canvass, filled, night and day, with the hardest work he ever went through. He considered his return for the county of York his greatest victory and his most unsullied success. In Parliament it was regarded as the highest compliment ever paid to a public man; and it added greatly to his weight with the Whig party and his influence in the legislature. Both were soon to be put to the test; for although in the canvass the chief stress was laid upon the candidate's services to slave emancipation and education, yet representative reform had long been almost a kind of local question with Yorkshiremen, and it was felt that the future, more than the past, had occupied their minds and guided their choice. So that Brougham entered Parliament, in 1830, pledged to the support of that peaceful revolution which his abilities, his convictions, and the admiring confidence of the country called upon him to conduct. The principles of the subject were more familiar to him than to mere party men, though he declared as to its details that no Whig but Althorp, and no Tory besides Croker, understood them. Very early in life, as a student of history, he learned that the transition of real power from the sovereign to the great noble houses, and from them to the elected branch of the legislature, had not been attended by a corresponding change of formal authority, and that the time was coming to limit the peers who had limited the monarchy. Twenty years before, while sitting for a pocket borough, he had written temperately in favor of parliamentary reform, opposing universal suffrage and the extinction of boroughs, and had inspired the *Edinburgh Review* with a moderate tone on the subject. The perils and the passions of that contest are too familiar to be dwelt upon, and, indeed, little new light is thrown by this volume on its public aspects. When carried at last, after two years of stormy debate, after the suspension of the Whig ministry for five days, and the Duke's failure to replace it, among threats and preparations of insurrection, a dissolution only stimulating popular zeal, and a revolutionary plan to swamp the obstructive Upper House by a new creation of peers dismaying its opponents into silence, the Reform Bill was worth all the labor and danger it cost, and brought to Brougham all the fame he could desire. It added more than half to the existing number of county members, extinguished fifty-six boroughs and more than twice that number of borough members, created new and great town constituencies, destroyed the freeholders' monopoly of votes in counties, and extended the suffrage to tenants paying yearly ten pounds rent. Brougham often afterwards said that the reform went too far; but its whole course was implied in the first step. The spirit he raised proved too strong for the magician, and can do its work nowadays aided only by such clumsy adepts as Dilke and Odger.

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* "The Life and Times of Henry, Lord Brougham. Written by himself. Volume III." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1872.

The gestation of the Reform Bill so far impaired the constitution of the Grey Cabinet that it could not long survive. Brougham is undoubtedly right in attributing its short lease of power to the unreasonable disappointment and attacks following upon unreasonable hopes. They expected from popular gratitude a long continuance in office, but they forgot to reckon with popular impatience. Reform was neither a finality nor a panacea, and its authors were deposed for not performing what they never had promised. They did accomplish a great deal in the four years during which they controlled a moderate and rational reformed House, with the peers generally hostile, and a king whose support was not always to be relied on. They removed the abuses of the Irish Protestant Church, and lessened its cost to the people. They seized the opportunity of renewing the East India Company's Charter to reduce that imperial monopoly to a proper political subjection. They transformed the poor laws and abolished slavery. The measures for which Brougham deserves particular credit were the complete and important reforms in municipal corporations, and the improvements and retrenchments introduced in the courts. He made haste to propose a sweeping measure of amendment in Chancery procedure, before, as he said, his good intentions should be paralyzed by routine, and proved his sincerity in the cause by pressing legislation for abolishing many sinecures in his gift, and reducing his own salary and retiring pension. Law reform continued throughout life to be his crotchet, as education was his hobby. So long as any work remained to be done in drafting codes or patching statutes, he was prompt to find it, or, if there was none, apt to make it.

It is certain that Brougham's abilities and passion for work did a great deal to keep the Grey Cabinet together. The interesting letters from his colleagues and from the king, largely cited in this volume, prove their sense of his importance and their respect for his character. Those from William the Fourth show sincerity and comprehension of his duties as a ruler, with a natural jealousy for prerogative, a natural anger at popular menace, and a troublesome desire to unite all men of ability and position in the conduct of the government. But the correspondence shows also that the Chancellor must have done a great deal to break the Cabinet up, by his domineering and egotistic temper. His assumption of authority is amusingly described in making all the state preparations required by etiquette for the hasty dissolution of Parliament, and ordering an escort of troops without warrant. He relates, without seeming conscious that they are at all extraordinary, many instances of strong measures and urgent pressure exerted upon the king. After wringing from him a verbal assent to the creation of new peers, he shocked and amazed Lord Grey by asking the royal promise in writing. And again, after Grey's resignation, while the king still hoped that a coalition ministry might be formed, he took the positive step of announcing in the House that the Government had not resigned, and thus forcing the king against his will to call in Melbourne. "He yielded a sullen compliance," the memoir says, "and never more smiled on me while he lived." All this kind of arrogance must have been very galling to his colleagues, especially to Grey, who, with high courage, discretion, and practical sense, had a morbid feeling as to his age, an occasional depression, and what his friends blamed and he himself admits as a want of executive coarseness. As the strongest unit in the Cabinet, Brougham was among the last to leave it. "The Whig ministry," Sidney Smith says, "were nearly dissolved before the king put them to death—they were weakened by continued sloughing, and the king put them out of their misery, in which I think he did a most foolish thing."

This volume gives a satisfactory explanation of some passages in Brougham's life which his enemies were never tired of misrepresenting. His candid narrative of the hesitation with which he took the great seal, at a sacrifice of profit and influence, disposes of the charge that he sulked like Achilles in his tent while the cabinet was forming. He needed to make no conditions, for the Whigs confessed that without him they could not go on at all, and his bitter complaint of their subsequent ingratitude is not without reason. He has been blamed for boldness in urging a new creation of peers to save the Reform Bill, and for timidity in not completing it. The truth is, he was both bold and cautious at the right time. The mere project gained its result. If it had come to the actual measure, he owns that both Grey and himself would have faced any risk rather than make so revolutionary a step a party precedent. On two occasions he was accused of ambitious intrigues unworthy of a man of honor or prudence—once during the five days' suspension of the Whig ministry, and again when Grey resigned, four months before its dismissal. But the memoir details the conversation after the first of these events, in which the king urged him in vain to form a cabinet himself, and gives letters written by Grey after the second one, disproving any charge of treachery towards him. These calumnies are embellished and embalmed by Lord Campbell in his Life. Brougham takes a just and clever revenge, by printing some of Campbell's begging letters, which go far to account for Sidney Smith's belief that the most delicate and sensitive turpitude is always to be met with in Scotland. Of the way in which his judicial duties as chancellor were discharged, Brougham says briefly and fairly: "There was never yet an instance of so few decisions in any court being appealed from or changed, or of so much business being disposed of in the time." As to the thirty-three years of restless and by no means fruitless activity that followed his retirement from office in 1834, linking him, the contemporary of Pitt and Canning, with the men and the interests of our own day, the memoir is silent. It abounds in anecdotes of famous people and events of the last generation, and contains generous and discriminating sketches of his contemporaries in Parliament and at the bar—of Lord Holland, Palmerston, and Grenville, Scarlett, Plunkett, Lyndhurst, and many others, all of whom, when he wrote, at the age of ninety, the pathetic words of his conclusion, were dead: "There was not left one single friend or associate of my earlier days whose recollections might have aided mine." It is but just to his memory to add that no one of those who have gone before him has left a name more conspicuous for the devotion of genius and energy to the interests of mankind.

STILL'S "UNDERGROUND RAILROAD."*

To readers of this work fifty years hence, the events with which it deals will scarcely seem more remote and improbable than they already do to us, at a distance of only a dozen years. It is not merely or principally the gulf between slavery and freedom which our imagination finds it difficult to bridge, but that between the North of 1850-60 and the North of to-day. There is still enough to remind us that slavery once existed at the South, but the traces are nearly obsolete of its invasion of the North, with the sanction of Federal law, prior to the armed invasion known as the rebellion. The Personal Liberty Laws of that period; the Jerry rescue, the rescue of Shadrach, the Oberlin "riot," the carrying off of Sims and Burns, the imprisonment of Passmore Williamson, the bloody sacrifice of Margaret Garner; ruffians fit for the penitentiary, but openly justified by the clergy and the press, stalking our streets in search of fugitives to reclaim or freemen to kidnap, filling peaceful communities with mingled terror and indignation, and calling to their aid all the resources of the State and of the Government; judges making haste to consign their victims to slavery on testimony that would not have sufficed to convict for theft; the warning placards of the Vigilance Committee; mass-meetings to denounce the decision of the court; the sometimes tumultuous, sometimes funereal aspect of the streets through which the military escorted the fugitive and his captors—all this, we repeat, has vanished not only out of sight, but almost out of mind. It is, nevertheless, a chapter in our history which cannot be skipped or obliterated, inasmuch as it marks one stage of the disease of which the crisis was passed at Gettysburg. It is one, too, for which we ought not to be dependent on tradition; and, all things considered, no one was so well qualified as Mr. Still to reproduce that phase of it with which he was so intimately concerned, as chairman of the acting committee of the Vigilance Committee of Philadelphia.

Of all the Border States, Pennsylvania was the most accessible to fugitives from slavery; and as the organization just named was probably the most perfect and efficient of its kind, and served as a distributor to the branches in other States, its record doubtless covers the larger part of the field of operations of the Underground Railroad, or, in other words, of the systematic but secret efforts to promote the escape of slaves (commonly to the British provinces). That by far the greater number of escapes narrated in this book were from Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia is not surprising, since only an imaginary boundary separates these States from Pennsylvania, while numerous water-courses connect them closely, as well as the South Mountain, that romantic highway for fugitives for half a century, which John Brown selected for his track into the heart of slavery and place of refuge against assault, and whose beautiful heights have been made for ever famous as the scene of the decisive conflicts of the rebellion. That the prominent actors in this work of Christian charity were to a considerable extent from among the Quakers, is partly explained by their being in force in Southern Pennsylvania. The best known of them, however, Thomas Garrett, who in the course of a long life had assisted upwards of two thousand fugitives, lived in Wilmington, Delaware, and practised his beneficent profession without concealment and in spite of the heavy disaster which it brought upon him. It may also be remarked that the limited area from which escape into Pennsylvania was practicable, was that in which slavery prevailed in its milder forms. We say this without forgetting the peculiar distinction of Virginia as a slave-breeding State, and without pretending that the superlative cruelties of the system were never developed in the regions in question. Mr. Still's readers will, we think, be struck by the paucity of harrowing accounts of slave life taken down from the lips of the fugitives who passed through his hands. This is all the more striking because they might naturally have exaggerated their sufferings for the sake of enlisting sympathy. Not a few had absolutely no complaint to bring against their late owners except of being their owners. In one instance, "the fugitives themselves innocently stated that one of the masters, who was in the habit of flogging adult females, was a 'moderate man.'" Even when fault was found with the master or mistress, the phrase was apt to be that he was a "mean" man, or that she had a "very mean principle." Sometimes, too, it would appear that the master's station was a grievance to his bondman, over and above the discipline which he meted out; that it was, for instance, an additional degradation to be the single slave of a poor white trying to change his caste by becoming a slaveholder. "They were about second-class in society," was Cornelius Henry Johnson's remark concerning the owners of a hundred head of chattels, who, for the rest, had treated him not badly.

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* "The Underground Railroad. By William Still." Illustrated. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. Pp. 780. 1872. (Sold only by subscription.)

Experience amply proved the general sincerity of the fugitives, and these three causes, above all others, seemed potent in determining them to take flight: the knowledge or apprehension that they were to be "sold South"; the breaking up of estates, which rendered their future uncertain; and some special outrage which passed endurance. The last straw that made a runaway of Lewis Jones was: "When my aunt died—all the kin I had—they wouldn't let me go to the funeral. They said 'the time couldn't be spared.'" Greater hardships than this, however, were commonly alleged; and while Mr. Still's book is not crammed with horrors, but, on the contrary, exhibits a scrupulous restraint in introducing them or expatiating upon them, it nevertheless contains narratives that would properly supplement the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin." Perhaps the most pathetic story in the whole volume is the one with which it opens, and which is entitled to this position not only on grounds of literary art, as containing all the elements of romance, suffering, vicissitude, heroism, and tragedy, but (the real motive in this case) because the author's own family is involved. It is of a white man, Seth Concklin, who "had read how, on arriving in Philadelphia, after travelling sixteen hundred miles, almost the first man whom Peter Still sought advice from was his own unknown brother (whom he had never seen or heard of), who made the discovery that he was the long-lost boy whose history and fate had been enveloped in sadness so long, and for whom his mother had shed so many tears and offered so many prayers during the long years of their separation; and, finally, how this self-ransomed and restored captive, notwithstanding his great success, was destined to suffer the keenest pangs of sorrow for his wife and children whom he had left in Alabama bondage." Concklin, who was a plain man, of strong sympathies and wholly insensible to fear, "volunteered his services, without pay or reward, to go and rescue the wife and three children of Peter Still." After a preliminary visit to them from Peter himself, who "proposed to Vina that she should give him certain small articles, consisting of a cape, etc., which he would carry with him as memorials, and, in case Concklin or any one else should ever come for her from him, as an unmistakable sign that all was right, he would send back," Concklin set out on his perilous undertaking. With the utmost prudence and daring, the rescue was effected, and the party arrived safely in Indiana, *en route* for Canada, when they were apprehended and lodged in jail. Almost immediately they were hurried back to the South; and while passing down the Ohio River Concklin was in all probability murdered and thrown overboard, for his body was afterwards found with the hands and feet in chains, and the skull fractured.

We must neglect many topics which invite remark, in order to find room for a general account of the work before us. It is an unpretending compilation from a diary kept by Mr. Still both before and during the existence of the Vigilance Committee, in which he noted down everything that would serve to identify the fugitives whose histories were related to him. "It seemed reasonable to hope," he says, "that by carefully gathering the narratives of underground railroad passengers, in some way or other some of the bleeding and severed hearts might be united and comforted; and, by the use that might be made privately, if not publicly, of just such facts as would naturally be embraced in their brief narratives, reunions might take place." Accordingly we have a series, in chronological order, of condensed notices of arrivals, varied here and there by episodes of some length, such as the Christiana (or Gorsuch) tragedy, the case of William and Ellen Craft, the trial of Euphemia Williams, etc., and the occasional insertion verbatim of correspondence had with fugitives after their arrival under the British flag. In view of the sameness of the experiences of these hundreds of slaves, it was no easy task to make the notices readable; but we must award high praise to the literary sense, not to say the literary skill, which has contrived to tell the old story again and again without staleness, almost without repetition, and with a pleasant humor predominating the seriousness of the subject in hand. That the record will have a genealogical value we do not doubt, though an index of names would greatly have increased it, and we should have been glad to see evidence of the author's having consulted a rather juiceless work of a similar nature, published some years ago by a missionary among the refugees in Canada. It may well be honorable hereafter to trace one's descent from some one of those whose brief biographies are here entered. "It scarcely needs be stated," says Mr. Still, "that as a general rule the passengers of the U. G. R. R. were physically and intellectually above the average order of slaves." This was long ago conspicuously shown in the case of Frederick Douglass and others, and is here illustrated once more. Abram Galloway, who escaped from North Carolina to Canada in 1857, went back there as a Union soldier, and, after the war, became a member of the State Senate. John Henry Hill, who broke loose from the very auction-block in Richmond, in 1853, is now a justice of the peace in Petersburg. Thomas Bayne returned as a doctor in good standing from New Bedford to his old home in Norfolk, soon after the Federal reoccupation, and became a nearly successful candidate for Congress. And these are but samples.

Partly as rounding out his subject, and partly as a contribution to the history of the anti-slavery movement in this country, Mr. Still has procured from several coadjutors sketches of the lives of a number of the "officers" of the Underground Railroad (though one looks in vain there for the names of Dr. W. W. Rutherford of Harrisburg, or of Francis Jackson of Boston) and of other leading abolitionists. We may say of this portion of the work that it is wholly interesting, though in a single instance a writer has made the mistake of patronizing the anti-slavery cause by dwelling on the social respectability of a by no means indispensable adherent. The accompanying portraits are less praiseworthy as works of art than as likenesses, being fairly good presentments for wood-cuts.

The Mother's Register. Current Notes of the Health of Children. I. (Boys.). II. (Girls.) From the French of Prof. J. B. Fonssagrives. (New York: John Ross & Co. 1872.)—The systematic disposition of the French mind has here been employed to very good purpose in preparing a series of tables covering the whole period of growth, from birth to manhood, and designed to furnish a physiological record of the highest character and, while it is forming, of great practical importance. "The mother records for the physician to interpret," says the motto on the title-page, but this is only a part of the story. The mother records for her own sake, to guard against the defects of memory, and to have at hand a tell-tale by means of which a disease once met with may be recognized on reappearing, and thus, perhaps, timely prevented, even without the aid of the doctor; by means of which, also, the constitutions of her children may be compared with each other, and which will early lead her to study the peculiar temperament of each, with the result of both governing and educating them more judiciously than she would otherwise be likely to do. The author doubtless did not expect that even the most intelligent mother would carry out his scheme in its minutest details; but he has nevertheless framed his forms on "Descent and Consanguinity," "Nursing," "Vaccination," "Weight," "Sight and Hearing," "Susceptibility and Resemblance," "Accidents and Operations," etc., etc., with scientific completeness, knowing that attention to even a small portion of each one will produce substantial fruits. He has, in fact, abridged the labor of making this sort of notes when attempted without system. "What I propose," he says in his preface, "is not a health account difficult to keep: only a word every three or four months, and one has orderly notes capable of usefully informing the physician, and the benefit of which may extend from infancy over the whole life." The possible effects of this practice faithfully carried out are perhaps hardly exaggerated by the author, and the best recommendation of his little work may be a partial enumeration of them:

> "The increase in families of the sense of the real value of health, and of the care which it demands; traditions established and preserved in matters which are commonly entrusted to recollections necessarily fallible and incomplete; the mitigation, as far as is possible, of the inconvenience of a constant change of physician—the regrettable consequence of our cosmopolitan habits; the possible proof of connection between two sicknesses, remote from each other in point of time, but associated by a common nature or a common filiation; hereditary resemblances between children of the same family, brought to light where they had not been suspected; individual peculiarities of susceptibility to this or that medicament, to this or that hygienic condition, brought to the physician's attention; exceptionally valuable deductions drawn from the inheritance, nursing, growth, diseases, and indispositions of infancy—in a word, from the *tout ensemble* of the previous life of the little invalid."

The World before the Deluge. By Louis Figuier. Newly edited and revised by H. W. Bristow, F.R.S., F.G.S., with 235 illustrations. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.)—It is gratifying to see some recognition of the need of qualifying and diluting "Figuierism" for English and American readers. The last dose, "Primitive Man," though gilded with gorgeous illustrations, was a bitter pill for those who regard the origin and early condition of mankind as a subject of serious scientific investigation, and who are therefore distressed by the verbosity and loose reasoning of this wholesale manufacturer of popular science. We have to thank the English editor of the present work for the valuable "table of British sedimentary and fossiliferous strata," etc., as also probably for the index, the appearance of which in one of Figuier's works is equally gratifying and unexpected. But while there can be no doubt as to the value of his other additions and alterations, it is to be regretted that the text affords no certain clue as to where Figuier ends and Bristow begins.

Of course, the former must be the author of the paragraph at the top of p. 297. He alone could locate the pouch of marsupials "in the *neighborhood* of the abdomen" (p. 244), or say that they are supported by the marsupial bones (p. 245), which all anatomists now agree have nothing to do therewith. No other could cover three pages with a sensational account of Pterodactyle (p. 233) before alluding to its chief characteristic, the elongated fourth digit; or speak of sigillaria and stigmaria as distinct plants upon one page (130), state that the latter is merely the root of the former upon another (137), and repeat the first inaccuracy upon p. 158 only to correct it again on p. 162; or represent a calamite with its root in the air, as in Fig. 64. None but Figuier could have given such a representation of the Asiatic Deluge as Pl. xxxii; the intense originality of which is somewhat marred, however, by the reappearance of the identical pair of nearly parallel zigzag lines which had already done duty as lightning in Plates vii. and xii. And surely only the genius which can produce half a dozen works upon as many branches of science at the rate of one every two years, and which, therefore, has no time for such trifling incongruities, could quote as equally graphic and correct the literal Mosaic account of the Deluge (p. 481), and then omit from both text and illustration all sign of the ark, with its anxious living freight. Indeed, we are rather surprised that his imagination did not lead him to supplement the narrative with an exact statement of the proportions of the vessel, and the amount of provision required for man and beast.

But while some, though not all, of the above-mentioned are matters which the English editor could perhaps not alter without "wholly changing the character of the book," he must be held responsible for some serious omissions. No allusion is made to the heterocercal tails of Devonian fishes (pp. 125, 126); and the Placoids and Ganoids are frequently mentioned (pp. 187, 217) with no reference to the existing forms which would give the unscientific reader some idea as to the peculiarities of those groups. Nor would it be out of place for the editor to give us some aid in a choice between the various views respecting the thickness of the earth's crust enumerated on pages 86–89; for while, according to one high authority, it is only 30 miles, others make it 200, 600, and 1,000 miles, and others maintain that the earth is a solid ball; the one view exciting our fear of a sudden and general incremation, which is hardly relieved by the assurance given by the other of the non-existence of "eternal fires."

We venture here to make an enquiry respecting the "genesis" of the present volume. The title-page and preface allow us to infer that it was originally translated from the French, and first issued in English by the present New York publishers. If this is the case, then there is no apparent excuse for the absence of a table of American geological equivalents and of references to some American authorities, as, for instance, Brigham on Hawaiian volcanoes, and Packard on fossil insects, with many other matters which an American public has a right to expect, and which a native geologist could have supplied. But if the above inference is not correct, then it would be proper for either title-page or preface to state from what English edition, and by whose authority, the present is reprinted; and we should be glad also to know who wrote the preface, since it either tells too much or far too little. It only remains to add that with all the faults and deficiencies above-mentioned, the present work may be very useful either in awakening an interest in the subject among general readers, or in supplying the beginner in geology with tolerably correct figures and descriptions of fossil remains in the order of their appearance; and in so far as it does this, it may be held to attain the object stated in the preface, "to trace the progressive steps by which the earth has reached its present state, and to describe the various convulsions and transformations through which it has passed."

Church Architecture. Illustrated with thirty-five lithographic plates from original designs by H. Hudson Holly, architect. (The Church Press, Hartford: M. H. Mallory & Co. 1871.)—This book is to a certain extent a contribution to the small stock of published thought upon subjects connected with building. There is in the text a great deal of good sense, and what seem to be the results of experience in planning churches, and supplying the needs of congregations in villages and in the country. The thought in it is not orderly or consecutive; symbolism and common building materials, ventilation and Christian iconography, are found in close juxtaposition—overlapping, as one might say. But the knowledge and insight that have gone to make up an unsatisfactory result in this case might, if the same matter were to be recomposed in a pamphlet not weighted down with pictures, and the quarto-form rendered necessary by them, aid the advancement of building art. Every attempt by an American architect to speak to or for his profession is to be welcomed, and criticised sympathetically, for there have been few intelligent utterances hitherto in this department of thought, and few men in the country capable of them. Books whose sole object, however, is to advertise their authors as practising architects, can of course not be brought under this category. The first impression made by "Church Architecture" is, that it is but another such advertisement, like a dozen that have gone before; but examination proves it to be something more than that, and better than that, as we have said above. Still, inasmuch as the designs for churches offered are all by our author, and as his business card and schedule of charges occupy the first page of the advertising sheets at the end of the book, his work appears rather as one to be sent to a building committee as a "feeler," than as one which an architect or a student of architecture could buy. And here we have a touchstone by which this class of publications might be tried: Would an intelligent student of the subject ever think of buying it?—the book in question, whatever it is called. In the instance before us, the answer would hardly be favorable.

The illustrations to this book are not admirable; for, though there is merit in some of the designs, as we understand them, there are none of very great interest, or that show much novelty of conception or originality of treatment, and the rendering is very poor. Moreover, the book is disfigured by an advertising sheet of illustrations of gas burners and the like, got up for sale by an enterprising New York firm, but of about the usual ugliness for all that; by a commonplace design for a stained-glass window; and by a colored title-page in not very good taste as regards design, and most execrably printed. In fact, all the photolithographs in the book are poor enough, and certainly do Mr. Holly's designs injustice.

Annual Record of Science and Industry for 1871. Edited by Spencer F. Baird, with the Assistance of Eminent Men of Science. (New York: Harper & Bros. 1872.)—The specialist must go much further than this volume takes him in his own department, though it places him abreast of collateral literature; the general reader, desirous of knowing the leading scientific discoveries of the day, will find it extremely useful and convenient—in fact, all he could reasonably desire. It reflects the present status of scientific enquiry in a double sense, not only showing what has just been done by the workers themselves, but also indicating a healthy state of the public appetite for what they have to teach—demand regulating supply, as usual. The "Record" is a digested abstract of such of the more important discoveries of the past year as are of general interest, or likely to prove of lasting importance to science, pure or applied. Aside from its comprehensiveness—a quality that a glance at the table of contents shows that the work possesses—the most satisfactory feature of the present volume is its thorough reliability. It is prepared, we hardly need say, by one of the leading men of science in this country, who possesses in a high degree the peculiar tact, as well as the knowledge, required for excellent work of this kind, and who enjoys unusual facilities for its successful accomplishment. We have here the cream of the regular publications of all the leading scientific bodies in this country and Europe, and of some sixty scientific or semi-scientific periodicals besides. The compilation might seem easy for one who is thus thoroughly conversant with current literature, but a moment's reflection makes it evident that just here lies the source of much embarrassment, the difficulty being, what to rule out. Opinions will differ according to individual bent of mind, but it will doubtless be generally conceded that the author has weighed fact against fact, appreciated their relative value, and made his selections with praiseworthy care and skill.

Much of the "Record" will be recognized as the scientific intelligence that has lately appeared in *Harper's Monthly* and *Weekly*, systematically rearranged according to subjects. Considerable new matter is however introduced, consisting of "original ideas, unpublished elsewhere, and derived from personal investigation, or else supplied by collaboration" with various eminent scientific men. Upward of two thousand items are given, accompanied in most cases by reference to the publications in which the articles of which they are abstracts appeared. A copious, well-arranged table of contents, with a complete index, makes the information given upon any particular subject readily accessible; whilst the tabulated list of periodicals consulted points the way to further research. The necrology of the year embraces forty-four more or less distinguished names. The "General Summary," although necessarily very brief, is a valuable essay, and gives a good idea of late progress. Professor Baird finds that "the year that has closed has not been remarkably fruitful in the way of great discoveries in science, although much progress has been made in filling out gaps in our knowledge of many subjects" (p. xvii.)

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—*	*Prices.*
Abbott (Rev. L), Laicus	(Dodd & Mead)	$1 75
Auer (Adelheid von), It is the Fashion	(J. B. Lippincott & Co)	1 50
Byles (J. B.), Sophisms of Free-Trade	(H. C. Baird)	1 25
Baird (S. F.), Annual Record of Science and Industry, for 1871	(Harper & Bros.)	
Christianity and Modern Thought	(James Miller)	
Collyer (Rev. R.), Nature and Life, A Man in Earnest, The Life that Now Is, 3 vols.	(Lee & Shepard)	4 50
Cooper (J. F), The Deerslayer, swd	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Dana (Prof. J. D.), Corals and Coral Islands	(Dodd & Mead)	6 00
Dunglison (Dr. R.), History of Medicine	(Lindsay & Blakiston)	2 50
Der Kindergarten in Amerika, swd	(E. Steiger)	
Dupuy (Miss E. A.), Who shall be Victor?	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	1 75
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Freeman (E. A.), Growth of the English Constitution	(Macmillan & Co.)	2 00
Fullerton (Georgiana), Constance Sherwood	(Cath. Pub. Soc.)	2 00
Gardner (F.), Phædrus, Justin, Nepos	(Lee & Shepard)	1 25
Hinton (J.), The Mystery of Pain	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Hutchings (J. M.), Tourists' Guide to the Yo-Semite Valley	(A. Roman & Co.)	3 00
Joynes (Prof. E. S.), Le Misanthrope, swd	(Holt & Williams)	
Lyell (Sir C.), Principles of Geology, 11th ed., Vol. I	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Mulock (D. M.), A Brave Lady	(Harper & Bros.)	
Morris (Rev. R.), Historical Outlines of English Accidence	(Macmillan & Co)	1 75
Maurice (Rev. F. D), The Lord's Prayer	(Hurd & Houghton)	1 25
Mill (J. S.), Principles of Political Economy	(Lee & Shepard)	2 50
Mahan (Rev. M.), On Confession, swd	(Pott, Young & Co.)	
Olrig Grange	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	1 50
Pulsifer (D.), Account of the Battle of Bunker Hill.	(A Williams & Co.)	0 50
Pelletan (E.), The Pastor of the Desert	(Dodd & Mead)	1 25
Rolfe (W. J.), Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar	(Harper & Bros.)	
Ralston (W. R. S.), Songs of the Russian People	(Ellis & Green)	

"One has to wade through so much that is useless to get at anything really worth reading." This is the complaint of those who try to read many papers. Why not have somebody else do the reading and pick out what is valuable? This is done by the Editor of "The Week." Specimens sent free on application to HOLT & WILLIAMS, Publishers, 25 Bond Street, New York.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1872.

The Week.

GREELEY has not, we think, gained during the week at the North, though this is a point on which it would of course be absurd to speak with any confidence, the gain or loss of a candidate in popular estimation during any one week being too vague and ill-defined a thing to be weighed. But the sober second thought is, we believe, telling heavily against him among all the more influential friends of the Liberal Republican movement. The Springfield *Republican* and Chicago *Tribune* are the only two influential papers which were instrumental in getting up the Cincinnati movement which make even a pretence of warmth in supporting him, and we suspect in both cases it is done with much heaviness of heart and bitterness of spirit. We doubt if a single prominent originator of the movement will appear on the stump for him; and we venture to affirm that there is not one of them who does not regard his nomination as a national misfortune, of which we have yet to see the worst fruits. The question whether it is irretrievable, whether something cannot yet be done to carry out the true object of the Cincinnati Convention, and offer the country a candidate for whom all honest and conscientious men can vote with pride and respect, and a platform which all could understand and most men could adhere to, begins to be asked with a good deal of earnestness, and the *Evening Post* suggests a decided effort in that direction. There ought not to be any great difficulty in getting together a convention of forty or fifty representative men, who would do what it was hoped and believed the Cincinnati Convention would do. The helplessness with which at this moment all classes lie at the feet of a gang of wretched politicians, whom nobody respects or believes in, is most discreditable and disheartening; and we include under this characterization many of the Grant "workers" as well as those of Greeley.

But it must be confessed that without some violent interference with him, Greeley is pretty sure of a strong following at the South. All we see and hear of the state of Southern feeling goes to confirm the belief that Adams was the first choice of Southern men; that he would have carried the South triumphantly; that Greeley's nomination was received with surprise, but that it has gained favor, and is gaining favor every day since; and that in all probability the Southern white vote will have all but escaped completely from the control of the Baltimore Convention by the time that body meets, and that nothing but a display of unprecedented wisdom will save the Convention from having to accept Greeley as a necessity. There appears to be no doubt whatever that the Northern Democrats have completely lost the confidence of the Southern men, and that one of the regular Democratic nominations, such as Seymour's, would do Greeley little harm. He will be supported, if nothing better offers, by the better class of Southern whites, as a means of breaking up the existing party organizations, in the hope of securing the support of the Federal Government against the carpet-baggers; and by the old, virulent, and "unreconstructed rebels" as a means of bringing the Government into contempt and ridicule. They look on him as a ridiculous old fool, and for that reason will do their best to install him at the White House, as a bitter, revengeful joke. What the negroes will do appears to be still a mystery, but the chances seem to be that they will stand by the man with the soldiers.

There is also talk from Cincinnati of a renewed attempt on the part of the Reformers in that region to get before the public a candidate for the Presidency who shall either stand on the Missouri Platform, or, at all events, be a person who can reasonably be supposed to hold the opinions set forth in that document. They feel that at present the Liberal Republicans are somewhat in the position of the Brahmin who, when preparing to sacrifice, had a mangy dog passed off on him by some unholy wags as a fine sheep, and who, having offered up the unclean beast, was smitten by the gods with disease in all his joints. To avoid an analogous fate, the disappointed brethren now propose to hold another Convention, or, in other words, to assemble once more in the Cave of Adullam. They have our best wishes, but we urge them to be sure this time, as one of our correspondents suggests, to have entire control of the Cave, and let nobody in whose antecedents and appearance do not inspire confidence. Readiness to sign papers is evidently no true test of trustworthiness.

Both the Republican and Democratic Conventions of this State have been held, and they seem to us to go far towards making the result at Philadelphia and at Baltimore sure. The Republican Convention was for Grant; the Democratic was, we take it, quite as decidedly for the Greeley and Brown ticket. Although there was, of course, a far greater degree of apparent unanimity among the Republicans than among the Democrats, it seems plain that the earnestness and confidence were to a great extent monopolized by the latter. We assure the President's confidential friends that these gentlemen certainly seem to think that they smell the offices—State and Federal, but especially the State offices. What other business was done in the Conventions besides giving each party delegation the required direction was of no importance. The Tweed wing of the Democracy are stated to be in good spirits.

Mr. Greeley has accepted the nomination in a letter which is mainly devoted to a reproduction of the Cincinnati Platform (as he understands it) in slightly altered phraseology. He agrees, with somewhat comical solemnity, to leave the mode of raising the revenue to the people, and, we are glad to see, declares himself in favor of the regular payment of the pensions of the soldiers and sailors. The depraved persons who have for years been trying to get those pensions stopped, must by this time be growing tired. Mr. Greeley also bids defiance to the Administration, believing that "in vain do the drill-sergeants of the decaying organizations flourish menacingly their truncheons, and angrily insist that the files shall be closed in and straightened; and in vain do the whippers-in of parties, once vital because rooted in the vital needs of the hour, protest against straying and bolting, and denounce men nowise their inferiors as traitors and renegades, and threaten them with infamy and ruin." We do not believe the "drill-sergeants" will wince or hide their "truncheons" before this. Mr. Greeley's English manifestly declines sadly when he is writing cautiously. His supporters ought to have got him into a towering rage before setting him down to prepare his answer, and then let him loose.

The members of Congress have no doubt been this week giving their earnest attention to politics, but Congress has been ostensibly busy, so far as the House is concerned, with the Tax and Tariff Bill, and, so far as the Senate is concerned, with the Ku-klux Bill. We give up the attempt to account for the tactics of the Administration senators. Whether their insolent domination for so long a period has blinded them to their real situation we do not know, but that would seem to be the likeliest explanation of their course. Their Ku-klux Bill no one can expect the House to pass. The representatives showed their state of mind very plainly when, the other day, they very emphatically stamped out General Butler's attempt to have a "recess" instead of an adjournment. This device—and, by the way, it is not so long ago since it would have been perfectly successful, and various gentlemen whom we could name would have been hurrahing for it—this device was intended to keep in force the present Ku-klux Act, which expires at the end of the session. Butler's recess would have set the end of the session after the Presidential election. It was a sufficiently shallow scheme, but Mr. Conkling, Mr. Morton, and Mr. Edmunds appear to be not yet out of conceit of it. As for the House's action on the tariff, we may say in general that it was hasty, ignorant, and ill-considered, but that it shows the representatives to be at last awake to the fact that the country demands lower taxes, and that the bill, as got through the House by Mr. Dawes, is an immense improvement on the law as it stands. We suspect it is idle to hope that the Senate will make it into a law, yet it could do nothing more generally acceptable. The shipbuilding interest and the book-buying public have particular cause to be grateful to the House; but the bill as passed was a measure of general relief—estimated at $45,000,000. The last forty pages of it, relating to internal taxes, were rushed through—there is no other term to use—with the utmost precipitancy and heedlessness. Mr. Dawes saw by a vote on an adjournment resolution that everybody was anxious to get home. Seeing this, and not being crazy with enthusiasm for the success of Mr. Conkling and Mr. Morton, and being desirous of getting his bill through, he proposed to the House to pass it in a lump, and the House actually did so.

The Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate have agreed by a majority of five to two to recommend the ratification of the supplemental article, with certain modifications of form designed to render it more palatable. There can be very little doubt that the ratification will take place. The pressure of the financial world in its favor is very strong, the imbroglio having thus far exercised a very serious influence on business, and the point in dispute being in itself in the highest degree ridiculous. The termination of the affair is not gratifying to the national self-love, but the final touch of absurdity is put to it by treating this termination as "a surrender to England." By the Treaty, as it will now stand, the United States gets (1) an apology; (2) the adoption, with retroactive effect, of three rules of international law which contain all she ever contended for in this controversy in the matter of neutral duties; and (3) the reference to arbitration under these rules of all claims for damages which any jurist of standing, native or foreign, has ever maintained had any solid foundation, or which in any court of law would receive five minutes' hearing. The "surrender to England" is very like a declaration on the part of a gentleman who has expressed, in a moment of heat, his intention of pulling an adversary's nose, of his willingness not to pull it in case the whole matter in controversy is left to the arbitration of a common friend. What should we say of a counsellor who should maintain that, his principal having once said he would pull the nose, he was bound—not to pull it, that would be undignified and absurd—but to persist in threatening to pull it until the arbitrator had rendered his decision, and to insist that the arbitrator should pass also on his right to pull it as part of the controversy, and who should fall to wailing and weeping over his friend's disgrace and overthrow because the latter had promised on reflection that he would not hereafter pull that nose or any other nose, the owner of which agreed reciprocally not to pull his nose! And yet we think boys are so silly and adults so wise.

We are assured by very good witnesses that Liberal Republicanism, or "Greeleyism," had nothing to do with General Hawley's defeat in the late senatorial contest in Connecticut; that personal devotion to Mr. Ferry played a large part in it. This was aided by the dislike of others than his personal friends to seeing an officer whose capacity, fidelity, and honesty no one questions turned out of his place merely for the sake of change and at the dictation of a caucus. But the fact remains that the Democrats have given practical proof of their willingness to act with any portion of the Republican party which chooses to revolt, and the importance of this fact it would be impossible to overrate, no matter by what name it is called. It, indeed, took three hours of severe labor in caucus to bring over all the Democratic members to the support of Mr. Ferry; but most of the labor was expended on a very small minority—at the last upon one obstinate man, and he from a hopelessly Republican county—and the large majority at once, and without difficulty, showed themselves ready to do anything to win.

We advise people who have been throwing up their hats, white or colored, over this election to think once more before they ascribe it definitely to any one cause. The causes were several, and some of the most operative were strictly personal to Mr. Hawley, Mr. Ferry, Mr. English, Mr. Sperry, and other influential gentlemen, and have no significance outside of Connecticut, nor much important political significance inside of Connecticut, now that the election is past. Nevertheless, the original inventors of the scheme were Democrats little more friendly to Mr. Ferry than to Mr. Hawley, and not personally hostile to either, who feel that after years of defeat there is now a chance of victory. Then, again, the protest of President Woolsey and his friends against the caucus dictation is a sign which may be pondered with advantage. Clearly, revolt is in the air; and although we dare say Mr. Ferry is as much a Grant Republican as he is a Greeley Republican, and is not a Democrat at all, and although it is difficult to say just what the meaning of his election may be, it is a thing certain that party lines are breaking up. It is, by the way, rather curious to reflect that General Hawley might perhaps to-day have been in Mr. Ferry's place, and Mr. Ferry in his, had the General, at the beginning of the Cincinnati movement, put himself frankly on the Liberal Republican side. Personal reasons might have ensured his defeat; but, again, Democratic partisan reasons might well enough have overborne these. As it is, he has spent much good labor, and it is to his conscience alone that he can look for recompense.

It is an actual fact that the Hon. William M. Tweed will be a part of the tribunal which is to try the Hon. Judge McCunn for corrupt conduct in office. This, on the whole, is one of the most striking achievements of the Reform Legislature, and we request for it the attention of all kinds and conditions of men. We wish the pure-minded Greeley and Fenton man, and the incorruptible Conkling man, and, in general, all men who are warm partisans of any of the candidates who are to be voted for this year, would unite to tell us how valuable would be "a new deal" in this State and in the nation at large, it being provided that our new deal is to be made by our well-known old dealers on the one side or the other. In the proceedings against a judge whom it is sought to remove from the New York bench, it is requisite for success that a two-thirds majority should vote for the removal, and this majority must be a two-thirds majority of the full number of senators, and not of those who may happen to be present. The absence of a senator from his seat is, therefore, equivalent to a vote for acquittal, and Tweed, still a senator, is safe to be absent in a case of this kind, where for a wonder his room is quite as useful to the cause of rascality as his company used to be.

This is a striking but fair example of what it is in general that Fenton-Greeley Republicanism and Conkling-Murphy Republicanism have brought upon the State of New York, which last November had such fair hopes of relief and help. The whole wretched winter's work has been done just as certain other things have been done later in the year, that a faction in this State might get the better of another miserable faction. An "inside history" of the struggles of Conklingites to pass innocent emigration bills which would give them the control of railroads and enable them to influence the Presidential campaign; of Fentonites to get control of the speakership; of Conklingites to get control of the elections in this city; of Fentonites to screen the corrupt judges; of Conklingites to save a bribed senator—an inside history of all these things, of which the public knows too little, would be of wonderful instruction and profit. Some member of the Bar Association should write it. In case McCunn and his friends are left on the bench, some of the members of that body will have to turn their attention to literature. Mr. Conkling may get his re-election as senator next winter, but we confess we shall live in hope.

They have been having a terrible time in England over the Athanasian Creed, with which few American Christians are familiar, and which may be briefly characterized by saying that it consigns to everlasting damnation, article by article, all persons who fail or neglect or refuse to believe a long string of propositions about the Trinity which, as the *Spectator* says, "no two of those who defend them understand in the same sense," and which no clergyman now ventures to teach his flock. The Creed has long been an offence to the laity of the Established Church, a reproach and absurdity in the eyes of the Dissenters, so a desperate attempt has been made to have it at least revised. In the Convocation of the Irish Church, which since the disestablishment, as in the American Church, contains a lay representation, the revision was carried by a majority of 192 to 106, 67 clergymen and 125 laymen voting aye, and 80 clergymen and 26 laymen voting no. In the Convocation of the English Province of Canterbury, no laymen being present, a similar proposition has been rejected by a vote of 62 to 7, Dean Stanley contending for revision eloquently, but almost alone. Some of the arguments used in defence of the Creed were in the highest degree diverting. One minister said the Duke of Wellington, who was a far higher authority than Lord Palmerston, had, "after a careful examination," satisfied himself that the Creed contained the true Christian doctrine.

The Woman's Rights movement, which a year ago seemed to enjoy a fair prospect of success in England, has just received a terrible blow in the House of Commons by the defeat of Mr. Jacob Bright's bill for extending the suffrage to female householders. It was lost by a majority of 222 to 143. This is not a very formidable majority on the surface, though greater than that of last year, which was only 63, but it is formidable in reality, inasmuch as it contains some prominent men who voted for the bill last year, but confess they are now sorry and disgusted, and a large number of distinguished Liberals, who, if the movement were making any progress, would by this time be won over. Moreover, the debate showed that the matter had lost all seriousness in the eyes of both friends and foes, both treating it very much as a huge joke, the public out-of-doors apparently taking little interest in it, the women even less than the men. This reaction is due somewhat to the reform movement, or desire of change, generally having lost much of its force; but in the main to further consideration of the real character and probable consequences of such a revolution as female suffrage, even in the modified shape in which it is presented in England, would work. One argument which seems to have had a good deal of weight is that it will never do to make it possible to separate the preponderance of physical force from the majority in numbers, which would be the case if the women, who are in nearly every state a majority, should pass any measure over the heads of the men. Considerable influence adverse to the bill has also been exerted by the experience the community has had of the performances of even the very clever and very well-meaning Englishwomen who have already plunged into politics in advance of the suffrage. No Woodhull has appeared amongst them, and yet their methods, manners, and spirit seem to have shocked the public considerably and to have repelled large numbers of their own friends.

The temperance men in England have been making a desperate effort for some time past to get what they call a Permissive Bill passed, giving the majority of ratepayers in each parish the right to prohibit the sale of liquors absolutely within its limits. The bill has been killed, mainly on the ground that it would be wrong to allow the majority in any one parish to prohibit the doing of things permissible elsewhere, and which the legislature, by refusing to prohibit them generally, clearly considered neither good nor bad, but indifferent. But the debate produced a speech from Mr. Healey full of curious and instructive statistics, in which he showed conclusively, and contrary to all received opinion, that the number of public-houses in a place has no necessary connection with the amount of drunkenness in it, which seems to depend on a variety of other considerations. For instance, a poor neighborhood will be a drunken one, no matter how few the taverns; so will a neighborhood inhabited by the men of certain exhausting trades; so will an Irish neighborhood. All this goes to show that there is no middle course between permission and prohibition.

The most interesting question of French politics at this moment is the proposal made by the Government to revive the "Council of State," one of the most efficient and famous pieces of despotic machinery. The Assembly agreed to revive it, but wishes to elect the twenty-eight members itself, while M. Thiers wishes to appoint them all, but to this the Assembly has by a small majority refused to consent, and the Executive accordingly is once more, as the French say, *en délicatesse* with the Legislature, but the latter will probably give way. The Council of State, under the Empire, drafted all the laws submitted to the Corps Législatif, gave or withheld—in practice always withheld—the permission to sue public functionaries, controlled absolutely the conduct of the prefects, and indeed the whole internal administration, and was, to all intents and purposes, the private council of a despotic monarch. No institution in Anglo-Saxon political history can be compared to it except the Star Chamber, which it resembles also in forming in certain cases a court of last resort. Should M. Thiers carry his point, and appoint its members, the farce of calling the French Government republican would have received its finishing touch; and what is most curious in the debates is that Gambetta and his friends heartily support the Executive. They hope to get into power yet themselves; and the more absolutist tools they find ready to hand, the better they will be pleased. The Assembly has passed laws prohibiting public meetings; the police arrest on political grounds wholesale and ransack houses on mere suspicion; newspapers are suppressed and punished with greater arbitrariness and severity than under the Empire; there is no habeas corpus, no decentralization, no freedom of speech; and all the tendencies of legislation and opinion are apparently in the other direction; and yet, as long as "the chief of the state" is not called a king, the Radicals are perfectly happy.

Marshal Bazaine, after much investigation, is awaiting his trial by court-martial for his conduct in surrendering Metz and the Army of the Rhine. By way of stemming the tide of public opinion, however, which runs strongly against him, he has published a book giving his own version of the affair, which, whatever it may do for him morally, is likely to damn him politically, if not legally, as it reproduces the document from his pen in which he gave the reasons which led him to offer to capitulate in case he were allowed to preserve the army, and these were none other than that the army was necessary to "save France from herself," or, in other words, to restore "order." This took very much the form of an appeal to German forbearance, and acknowledged his incapacity for further resistance, and, in short, after Bismarck had seen it—and he *did* see it—made the surrender at discretion only a question of time. The book goes far to justify the charge made against Bazaine of having been influenced in his strategy by "dynastic considerations," and will thus probably ruin him, though it is but just to remember that he had no communication with the Government of Paris or of Tours, both of which, at the distance of Metz, must have seemed utterly absurd and contemptible.

FOR WHOM SHOULD ONE VOTE?

WE publish elsewhere a letter which gives utterance to a doubt into which the performances of the Cincinnati Convention have plunged thousands of voters all over the country. We do not flatter ourselves that we are competent to remove it, and hardly feel called upon to institute a formal comparison between General Grant and Mr. Greeley until they are both fairly in the field as opposing candidates. But it is not by any means too early to consider Mr. Greeley's absolute fitness for the office to which he aspires. Whether he is more or less fit to be President than somebody else is one question, which is hardly yet ripe for discussion. Whether he can fairly be considered fit at all is another, which he and the Convention which nominated him are vehemently asking the public to discuss now. On this point there is a great deal to be said, and unfortunately nearly everything that is said on such a subject must be personal, and must, because personal, look somewhat rancorous. But there is no escape from it. A candidate for the Presidency, when he accepts the nomination, challenges every species of investigation, and agrees not to get angry, no matter how far it is pushed.

What Carl Schurz said at the Convention—that "anybody to beat Grant" was not the watchword which called it together—was perfectly true. We took the liberty before it met of warning it that the country would not be satisfied with a mere change of Administration; that in order to get it to repudiate Grant, something not only confessedly better than Grant, but plainly good, would have to be provided to take his place; that the gentlemen who went there would have to go there for some better purpose than "to win."

Now, we think the first disappointment experienced by those who looked for anything in the shape of reform from the Cincinnati Convention came from the early and outspoken declaration of many of the "managers," that "they came there to win" and for nothing else, and were ready to swallow any platform or accept any candidate that seemed likely to render most efficient service in defeating the Administration. What was to follow the defeat of the Administration was something about which they apparently gave themselves no concern. The steady preaching of this doctrine did much—nay, did more than anything else to prepare the way for Mr. Greeley's nomination. What was said in his favor oftener than anything else was that he would secure more support from the Democrats, and carry off more votes from the Republicans, than any other person recommended to the Convention. No attempt was made to promise in his behalf any serious or marked improvement in the conduct of the Government, more wisdom in council or vigor in action. That his methods would be purer or his ends loftier, nobody, so far as we know, ventured to assert at the Convention, and nobody, as far as we have seen, has ventured to assert since the Convention. We hear a good deal about his hold on "the people" in the country districts, about his popularity among the negroes, about the likelihood that the Democrats will endorse his nomination, about the warmth of his heart, the bigness of his brains, his love of agriculture, his extraordinary success in life, and his singular independence of character, and about the manly oddity of his clothes; but none of his friends say anything or say much about the policy he will pursue, the councillors he will call around him, or the changes he will introduce into the Administration. The Springfield *Republican* has indeed given a sort of hint that he will offer places in his Cabinet to Mr. Adams and Mr. Trumbull; but this, we suspect, was a purely gratuitous suggestion, and one, for reasons we shall give hereafter, unlikely to be adopted.

We can only think of two reasons which seem to us strong enough to induce any honest man to vote for Greeley. One is that his election would break up what we believe to be the thoroughly corrupt and time-serving Ring which has for some time past been managing the present Administration, and which, by connecting itself in the popular mind with "the results of the war," and by playing on General Grant's ignorance of affairs and desire for re-election, has made it all but impossible to turn the virtue and intelligence which exist in the Republican party to any account for purposes of general reform. By steadily preaching the horrors that will ensue from any renewed participation of Democrats in the management of affairs, they have managed to get the mind of the public into a purely suspicious and defensive attitude, which makes all demands for change or improvement, or even investigation, wear the appearance of treason, and which, by maintaining and prolonging some of the precautionary measures growing out of the wear, threatens to introduce into the very structure of the Government, and into the political habits of the people, dangerous and even fatal modifications. Greeley's election would put an end to this state of things. It would release the public mind from what we may call the military spell, and, by clearing the political field of the existing organizations, would call into activity once more the old American idea that improvement, and not preservation simply, is the proper work of Government, and that no improvement can be thorough or enduring on which the whole people have not had their say, and have not taken an untrammelled part either in supporting or opposing.

This leads us to the second reason, which is, that as Greeley's election is only possible by a combination of Republicans and Democrats, it would operate as a veritable burying of the issues of the war, and the release of the Democratic party from the old pro-slavery traditions, or, in other words, its extinction as a political organization, and would bring the South back again into cordial political relations with the North; which, every one must see, is a condition of all real national progress. It would put an end to the sectional divisions which have for the last thirty years been the curse of American politics, and would make it possible for Massachusetts and South Carolina to act together once more on national questions. We have been so long accustomed to look on harmony of this sort as necessarily the result of some base compliance or sacrifice of principle on one side or the other, that it is difficult to get men to think of it as under any circumstances a blessing; and yet a blessing it would be, and one of the greatest that could descend upon the country. If Greeley's election helped us to it, we should so far gain by Greeley's election.

It will thus be seen that our gains from Greeley's success would be to our mind wholly indirect and incidental. They would be gains to which Greeley's character or capacity would contribute nothing whatever. He would play the part in the matter of a natural agent clearing the air of pestilential vapors. Anybody else whom a combination such as would elect him could be induced to put in Grant's place, would serve the purpose equally well. When we come to consider him by himself, as a man or politician, with opinions, powers, antecedents, we know of nothing to entitle him to the place for which he now aspires, and we should look on his election as likely to do good only on the theory that no radical improvement can be looked for until things have reached their worst. We think there is a fair chance that by making the bad ridiculous as well as intolerable, he would create a reaction that would initiate an upward movement. It may be that four years of Greeley is a necessary preparation for an era of statesmanship, dignity, and decency; but we confess we have a profound distrust of the theory that you must get to the bottom in politics before you can hope to begin to ascend; that plan has been pretty thoroughly tried in this city and State, and we know with what result. We let things go down here till we had apparently reached the lowest depth. We then found that the healthy public hatred of wrong, and public shame at the sight of wrong, were so eaten away by long use that it was with difficulty that even Cardozo and Barnard were brought to trial; that we could not secure the expulsion of even Tweed and Fields from the Legislature; and that even the "Reform Legislature," which was elected in what was supposed to be a storm of popular indignation, proved to be a body which the *Tribune* described in this way (all other respectable papers concurring) on its adjournment:

> "A large and corrupt lobby has been actively at work throughout the winter and spring, and current opinion is very much out of the way if nearly half the men who pretend to serve the State for three dollars a day have not handled

> more or less money which came from other sources than the Treasury. This is plain truth, and it ought to shame those constituencies who are content to be represented here year after year by men alike destitute of character, talent, and honorable ambition. The absence of this latter quality is one of the most deplorable signs of the disease which infects both State and nation. It is high time the honest citizens of the Empire State realized the disgraceful and perilous position in which they are placed by a stupid and almost universal indifference to local politics. It is not here asserted that the present Legislature is absolutely more corrupt than its predecessors, but, if it fairly represents the character of the people, then the Republic has seen its best days."

Now what bearing has this on Greeley? Do we mean to compare "Honest Horace" to "Bill Tweed" and "Tom Fields"? By no means. We have already done full justice to the good there is in Greeley's character and career. In the position which he has occupied for thirty years, it is not possible for any man to belittle him or degrade him. He has played a leading part in one of the greatest philanthropic movements of the age; he has founded a great newspaper possessing enormous influence; and has induced a large body of his countrymen to admire and love him. He has many able and honest men now supporting him. But his election to the Presidency would none the less, in our opinion, be the triumph of the combined forces of corruption and folly. Our firm belief is that there is not a political knave in the Union who has failed to get what he wants from Grant who is not at this moment "working" for Greeley heart and soul, and for obvious reasons. There are probably not ten per cent. of his supporters who expect good government from him on his own motion. What they look for at his hands are facilities for attaining their own ends through some one or other of his many weaknesses. That worthless men would surround him, influence, deceive, and use him, is a legitimate deduction from his whole career which worthless men have not been slow in drawing. That he would take into his councils men of mark, and weight, and character is a presumption which that same career goes far to rebut. His vanity and love of flattery, his confidence in his own opinions, and his childlike brutality in asserting them, would disincline him to draw about him those who would consider themselves, and whom he would suspect of considering themselves, his superiors; or, if he did, would make it well-nigh impossible for them to act harmoniously with him. With his habits of mind and his opinion of the value of his own ideas, it is difficult to conceive of his allowing his judgment to be affected by what any man in the nation could say to him on any public question. What confusion and uncertainty this would foreshadow, one can hardly conjure up without recalling the multitude of wild, startling, and utterly absurd opinions which he has during the past thirty years upheld with the greatest vehemence.

But the strongest objection to him is that he is, as a Presidential candidate, the final attempt of that large class of quacks, charlatans, ignoramuses, and sentimentalists who are engaged in every civilized country to-day in trying to substitute "the heart" for the head—or, in other words, to make singing, weeping, and wailing do in politics the work of memory and judgment—to get possession of the government of the United States. They have succeeded in ruining one great and noble nation; their fondest desire and proudest hope is now to ruin this. They attain their ends by steady war on nearly all the methods, practices, principles, and ideas which have raised man from the condition of a naked savage to that of a civilized citizen of a free state. They have no faith in any training; they despise all education beyond what fits a man to read their own speeches and articles; they treat the experience of the human race as a mere collection of fables; they delight in the abasement and overthrow and destruction of everything that most stimulates human endeavor in the way of honor or reward. Their ideal of human society is one in which there reigns the equality of the herd on the prairie, in which a life of instinct is passed under the partial guardianship of a few noisy old bulls, whose sole duty to the state is to bellow. We should be sorry to see them installed in Washington, playing tricks with the great fabric which has thus far defied them, which, "defended by reverence, defended by law, a fortress at once and a temple," and resting on the solid rock of popular common sense, it is not in their power to bring to naught, but which they might sadly deface, and might even for a brief period bring into contempt.

WORKINGMEN'S LEISURE.

WE are witnessing in this city what we may consider the final triumph of what is called "the eight-hour system" in all or nearly all the trades, and this without compromise of any kind; that is, without either reduction of wages, or division of the day into hours, or payment by the hour. Owing to the fact that the summer is the busy season for building, house-carpentering, painting, and so on, the mechanics have for a long while past made a practice of waiting till the bosses had made their contracts, and then striking for an advance of wages. Resistance under these circumstances would, to many employers, be total ruin; so the men have almost invariably carried their point. This year they have struck, and with unusual unanimity—not for an advance of wages, but for a reduction in the hours of labor without a reduction in wages—and the bosses have again yielded, but not without publishing a melancholy and unavailing protest. The press, they say, panders to the workingmen's indolence and unscrupulousness; so do the politicians. The Government has, without a particle of justification, introduced the eight-hour system into its arsenals and workshops, thus throwing its weight into the scale against private employers; and the men of business with whom builders and carpenters have contracts refuse to make any concessions as regards time. There is, therefore, nothing left to employers but to submit. They cannot submit, they say, without serious loss. They deny utterly the correctness of the current notion that the average workman will do as much in eight hours as in ten, and laugh at the idea that he will turn the two hours of leisure to good account in self-improvement. They maintain that he will, on the contrary, at best pass them in loafing, and, in a large majority of cases, pass them in drinking or some other form of vice. Moreover, they add that even if he did do as much in eight hours as in ten, in the large shops, where there is a heavy investment of capital in machinery, a diminution of two hours in the day's labor means a loss of twenty per cent. in the return on the investment.

The first and most marked effect—the only one, indeed, which for some time will be sensible of this movement—will be a retardation of the growth of New York. The city, as everybody knows, has been for the last ten years falling back in the race in which it has ever since the opening of the canals distanced all competitors. Year by year, down to 1860, it steadily drew off their commerce from Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Since 1860, it has not grown in the same ratio. Indeed, it has only held its own by submitting to inconveniences in the shape of dirt, and defective house accommodation and sanitary arrangements, to which other cities did not expose themselves, and by the accumulation of an enormous debt, which enabled it temporarily to keep down the taxation, and, though last not least, by having been the first city to become possessed of a fine park, which made it very attractive as a place of residence to people of large fortune. But these devices have not been sufficient to prevent manufacturers from stealing away to a greater or less extent, or to prevent the partial transfer of some branches of commerce to Boston and Philadelphia and Baltimore, and, above all, to drive out into the country districts and into New Jersey, in greater and greater numbers every year, that large middle class on which, rather than on the very poor or very rich, every city must rely in the main for its growth and prosperity. These losses are, of course, not the result of any one cause. The thefts of the Ring and other abuses of the municipal government have had much to do with them, but the cost of living in New York has much to do also, and this cost is of course greatly increased by the inefficiency of labor in all branches. Printing, to take one instance, is, we believe, done where the nature of the work will permit, more cheaply out of New York than in it, and furniture costs less out of New York than in it. Houses of course have to be built by New York mechanics, but once it becomes well settled that capitalists are at the mercy of New York mechanics, and that these are not troubled with scruples or industry, people will more and more prefer building their houses elsewhere.

It may be asked, however, whether the reduction of the day's labor to eight hours is not, on the whole, a good thing, and cheaply bought, should it become general, by the decline of any or all great cities; whether the intellectual or moral improvement of the workingman is not a consideration superior to all considerations of pecuniary profit or loss? This is a serious and important question, and it is one on which there is so much wild talk that it can hardly receive too much attention. Whether the shortening of the hours of his labor is a benefit to a man or not, depends partly on the means by which the shortening is procured and partly on the man's own character. In the not very encouraging account given the other day, by the commandant of the Rock Island Arsenal, of the result of the eight-hour system there, it appeared that the extent to which the men turned their increased leisure to good account depended on their moral and mental training. The higher classes of mechanics profited by it; the masons did so to some extent; but to the common laborers it was simply a source of injury both to health and morals. Therefore, before we can tell whether a man's condition is likely to be improved by having his day's work shortened, we have to find out what kind of man he is; and if we test the value of the success of the movement in this city in this way, we fear the prospect will not be found to be very cheering. The great body of the younger mechanics who are foremost in the agitation have not received the kind of training, and are not in the state of mind, to make them very likely to use the newly-acquired two hours for their own real benefit. The present writer had occasion, a few months ago, to witness the working of two elderly carpenters, bred in the old American school, on a very nice job, side by side with two younger ones of the new, noisy, rhetorical, agitating school. The seniors were model workmen, faithful, punctual, and industrious, although working under a boss's contract, at a distance from the shop; and keenly interested in their work, and sensitive to the last degree about its excellence. The juniors came an hour later than they every day, and went off to the nearest grocery every day, some days as many as five times, to get drinks, and were invariably fretful and querulous, disgusted with the job, and anxious to quit it when it presented difficulties which only seemed to rouse the older men's ardor. On enquiry, we found that the latter belonged to no union, never had, cared nothing about the eight-hour movement, and did not believe any first-class carpenters were in it; while the juniors were apparently leaders.

Now, we think it may be laid down as a rule, that repose which a man extorts or gets for nothing is, if not hurtful, of little benefit to him. Inherited leisure is generally a curse, which only strong characters can escape, and so is leisure won by gambling or lucky speculation. "Well-won repose," as it is called—that is, the repose earned by hard work, or taken, as the vacation of most workers with the brain is taken, simply as a means of qualifying one's self to work more effectively thereafter—is, indeed, on the whole, the only repose by which the race has gained anything. If the workingmen sought leisure for these reasons and in this spirit, society would undoubtedly gain by their having it, and so would they themselves. If, for instance, carpenters were as deeply interested in carpentry, or masons in masonry, as lawyers are in the law, doctors in medicine, and ministers in the ministry, and longed to excel in it and perfect themselves in it more and more, it would not be possible to lengthen their evenings and diminish their purely muscular toil by two hours without greatly increasing their power of doing good, honest work. They would use their leisure to perfect themselves in one way or another in their trades. But if it be true, as we believe it is, that the great body of those engaged in this movement look on their callings as simply repulsive forms of toil, to which stern necessity compels them to submit, but which every man is justified in escaping by any means within his reach, and in putting out of his mind as well as out of his sight as soon as he lays down his tools, it would be very rash to look for any better results from it than a diminution of production, a transfer of industry to other places, and an increase of extravagance, drinking, and other forms of demoralization among the workingmen.

In fact, we have no hope that the eight-hour system will be of any value to the workingmen, except under the co-operative system. As long as it comes in the form of a victory won over the greedy bosses, with huzzas and waving of hats, it cannot do permanent good. When it comes by the deliberate resolution of the men themselves, after mature consideration of what it will cost *them* in production, and with full knowledge that it will cost them something—as it *would* come if it came through the vote of a co-operative society—it is pretty sure to result in better work, better health, better morals, and greater happiness. No man who sees these wretched conflicts between labor and capital called strikes in their true light, can hope for any good to the laborer to result from them except increased skill in combination. To suppose that the laboring class can make real moral and mental progress as long as it looks on the daily work of its hands not as one of the social functions and its contribution to the general civilization, but as a sort of exaction inflicted by another hostile and selfish class, which it is lawful to evade as one would the demands of a robber or a slaveholder—is to suppose something for which nothing in human nature affords any warrant. If education has lost its power of making men faithful in the discharge of their daily duties, self-interest must be called in to do the work.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A PUBLIC LIBRARY.

I.

At a club dinner in Boston not long since, at which the company was made up of middle-aged professional men, men of business, and *littérateurs*, most of whom were Harvard graduates, the conversation turned upon the current literature of the day. The popularity of various authors was incidentally discussed, when suddenly one of those present, who had taken a prominent part in the management of the Boston Public Library, rather startled the rest of the company by intimating a decided doubt whether any person then present could give the names of any one of the three most popular authors of the day. In saying this, he explained that by the expression "most popular authors of the day" he meant those for whose works the most frequent and eager demand existed at the desks of the public libraries. The challenge was rather derisively accepted, and the most familiar names in our literature, from Shakespeare down to Tupper, were one after another mentioned. After each had been met by a more or less decided negative, those present were duly impressed with a becoming sense of their own ignorance by the information that, judged by the standard referred to, Mrs. Southworth, Caroline Lee Hentz, and Maria J. Holmes stood at the head of all those who ever had written or now were writing in the English tongue.

To those best calculated to judge, and who have any acquaintance with the works of these gifted authors, such a statement may not appear very encouraging; it is, nevertheless, decidedly suggestive. If nothing more, it at least shows what a vast capacity for improvement as regards literature must exist in the average American mind even in the most generally educated parts of the country. And yet it would hardly be safe to draw too decided an inference from such a fact as here stated. It is to be remembered that, while some books are bought which are not read, very many books are read which are not bought. There be books and books—books, as Charles Lamb said, which are not books, and books which no gentleman's library *should* be without, and yet again books which no circulating library *can* be without. Now the works of Mrs. Southworth and of Mrs. Hentz may well belong to the class last referred to; it may well be that they are immensely sought for at the desk of a city library which may contain twenty dilapidated duplicates of them, not one of which is allowed to rest twenty-four hours on its shelf; and yet the class of readers from whom this demand originates probably are not the book-buying class. After all, the true test of popularity in authors is not found among readers of this class. It is and always will be evidenced by the dog-eared volumes of Shakespeare, or Bunyan, or Defoe, or Dickens, which turn up generation after generation in houses where no writer of the day ever penetrates. Where the works of Mrs. Southworth and of Mrs. Hentz do go, other and better books can be made to go, and to make them go there and thus get control of this potent engine of popular education, is the real mission of public libraries. These are indeed the necessary complement to our system of common-school education, and now that they have ceased to be an experiment—now that in many cities and towns, especially in Massachusetts, libraries which ten years ago were beyond the reach of the best educated of their citizens are thrown open to every inhabitant—the single wonder is that such an indispensable concomitant to any tolerable popular education should have been forced to await its development in our times. Through this agency, in fact, we are only just now beginning to popularize literature. The experience of one community as regards these institutions will probably be found to be the experience of all, and the subject is yet sufficiently novel to give it a general interest. We propose to take a New England suburban town, in no respect apparently different from most others, and say something of its experiment with a public library, as showing what a New England community reads and how as yet it reads it.

The town of X. is situated in the vicinity of Boston, and contains, scattered more or less densely over rather large territorial limits, a population of about 7,500 souls. They are mainly native Americans and Irish, while the occupations of the inhabitants, except in so far as they are workers in stores, in no respect differ from those of the residents of any other large town in close proximity to a great city. A movement in favor of a public library was organized in X. in the spring of 1871, and by midsummer the necessary amount, $5,000, had been raised, half by public and half by private subscription. It took a longer time to procure this small sum, as the persons having the matter in charge deemed it very expedient that those for whose benefit the library was intended should feel that they had contributed to it, and so, declining to allow a few wealthy persons to make up the amount by large subscriptions, the town was districted and actively canvassed until the necessary sum was contributed in amounts ranging from ten cents upwards, but only in a single case exceeding fifty dollars. A suitable library room was offered free of charge by the liberality of a seminary established in the town.

The issue of cards upon which books could be borrowed free from the library began on December 11. Every inhabitant of the town over fourteen years of age was entitled to one of these cards, upon registering his name and address, and at the end of six weeks 1,320 cards had been issued, upon which over 7,000 volumes had been borrowed from the library. This was an average of nearly 200 volumes a day, and afforded some indication of the intellectual famine which must previously have existed. At the end of five months the number of cards issued had increased to 1,750, while 24,000 volumes had been borrowed upon them. Of this great number no book had been lost, and only one bore marks of having been intentionally mutilated. Saturday evening was uniformly the busiest of the week, when, not uncommonly, the library room would be oppressively crowded with persons of both sexes and all ages waiting for their books, giving the two young women who constituted the entire librarian force of the institution all and more than they could attend to. Sometimes as many as one hundred persons would be waiting at once, and the number of books delivered in any one day has even exceeded four hundred.

What are these books? What is the class of literature in such great demand? At first blush the answer to this question is a little startling—perhaps even somewhat calculated to appall. Of every hundred books taken out there will, upon an average, be 45 works of fiction for adults, 35 of fiction for juveniles, and 20 volumes of every other description of literature. This library does not happen to contain the works of either Mrs. Southworth or of Mrs. Hentz, which would undoubtedly be in as great demand here as they are found to be at the City Library in Boston. Meanwhile, in their absence, the three writers whose works are most eagerly sought are Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Whitney, and Miss Alcott, while the most frequently read books are "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Miss Cummings's "Lamplighter," and, strange to say, side by side with "We Girls" and "Little Men," and in close competition with these modern favorites, come the literary offspring of good old Misses Roche and Porter—"The Children of the Abbey," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and the "Scottish Chiefs." Meanwhile the great Sir Walter, the world-renowned contemporary of the last-named two excellent ladies, lingers far behind them in popular appreciation; he is, in fact, clean distanced in the running. At first he could not be forced upon the market at all, and the modern boy even seemed to have lost all relish for "Ivanhoe." Of late, however, the public has given signs of an improved education, and Sir Walter is looming up in the distance, ranking, perhaps, among favorites of the third or fourth class.

Indeed, if the writers of fiction in most popular demand were to be roughly classified, it would be somewhat as follows: In the first class, after the various chief favorites already mentioned, would come Mayne Reid, Charles Reade, Dickens, Cooper, Charlotte Brontë, A. S. Roe, Miss Muloch, Wilkie Collins, M. J. Holmes, T. S. Arthur, and, pleasant to add, good old Miss Austen. The works of these writers, and a few miscellaneous favorites, such as "Robinson Crusoe," "The Arabian Nights," and "Gulliver's Travels," are almost never on the shelves; as the copies are read to pieces they are replaced by others, but the demand does not stop. In the second class, popular, but not nearly so popular, would come Marryat, Disraeli, Anthony Trollope, Lever, Dumas, Hawthorne, Bulwer, Thackeray, Mrs. Charles, Mrs. Walker, Miss Douglas, Walter Scott, Miss Kavanagh, and Miss Edgeworth. It is useless to go into details as to the works of the authors thus miscellaneously jumbled together; it may be enough to say of the three probably greatest masters of contemporary English fiction, that the "Old Curiosity Shop" is the favorite among the productions of Dickens; that not many books are more read than the "Scarlet Letter"; and that Thackeray is confined to a comparatively limited circle, which is chiefly addicted to "Vanity Fair." One little circumstance connected with the circulation of Thackeray's works would, however, have excited the most intense humorous gratification in the mind of that gentleman could it but have come to his knowledge. A very considerable demand for all books upon Ireland, or Irish subjects, exists among the foreign-born citizens of the town. From the life of St. Patrick to the stories of Gerald Griffin and Charles Lever, and beyond these to the ballads of Ireland and the memoirs of Sir Jonah Barrington, nothing comes amiss. Into this category the "Irish Sketch-Book" and, better yet, the famous "Luck of Barry Lyndon" have found their way, and of all possible Saxons Thackeray enjoys a species of Celtic vogue as a chronicler of Ireland's fame and a depicter of Irish character.

There is not much to say on the subject of juvenile fiction. Oliver Optic, Mayne Reid, Baker, and Kingston occupy the field, and their productions, as they seem to satisfy all youth indiscriminately, leave the critic of a public library in much the same situation, so far as food for reflection is concerned, that he would be in as regards adults did they all demand Victor Hugo or Charles Reade, and were all equally satisfied therewith.

Such is eighty per cent. of the literature which goes out of the institution; and, upon the whole, can it be said that it is otherwise than a healthy average? That the appetite is a natural one no one can deny, for the first intellectual demand of human beings, whether in the infancy of the race or of the individual, is for the story-teller. Homer was only the most popular and brilliant story-teller of the Greeks; the Book of Ruth was evidently regarded as the choicest novelette in Hebrew literature; the Arabian Nights are as old probably as the Koran. A certain class of sentimental and professional philanthropists love to depict the son of toil, as they designate him, returning from his legal day's work of eight hours, eager to revel in some treatise on political economy, or, perhaps, the correlation of forces. One workingman in fifty may indeed be equal to that heroic treatment; but it is the business of public libraries to supply the world as it is, and the two in a hundred do not constitute the world. A few giants among toiling men—George Stephenson, for instance (whose biography, by the way, is far less read than it might be)—a few like Stephenson are equal to an evening's work with the brain succeeding a day's work with the muscles; well, it is the special vocation and pride of the public library to supply every man who has a glimmering of Stephenson's power and ambition with everything in the way of books that money can buy. Having done this for the two in the hundred, and practically for these two alone, it seems but right that the weaker brothers and sisters, who, after all, do and must exist, and who are and will comprise the vast majority of the race—it seems but right that these should be gratified in their taste for story-telling, and through it for amusement and distraction of mind, even though their taste does incline to nutriment of a rather feeble character. That as many as one book in five is of a solid or useful character should be the true subject of surprise, and probably so high an average could be found nowhere out of New England, at least in America.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, May 3, 1872.

IT is sometimes said, I know not with what truth, that women are likely to obtain the right of voting in England sooner than in the United States. Certainly any one who had been present at the meeting held in St. George's Hall on Monday last would have been inclined to augur favorably of their prospects. Not only was the room so crowded that many speakers had difficulty in obtaining admission, but the overflow was so great that a second meeting was improvised at some other rooms in the neighborhood. The eloquence was of the most enthusiastic kind, and all the stock arguments were applauded to the echo. I shall not attempt to philosophize upon the causes of this vigorous agitation. One thing, however, may safely be said, namely, that it owes a good deal to the character of the feminine leaders. Two of the most conspicuous agitators are the sisters, Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Fawcett, the last the wife of the member for Brighton. Mrs. Anderson has a high reputation as a physician, and Mrs. Fawcett has assisted her husband in setting forth the principles of political economy. Both of them, if I may be permitted to venture so far towards personality, are of thoroughly ladylike appearance and manners, and they have considerable talents as public speakers. They owe a great deal of their success to avoiding the danger into which feminine advocates of Radicalism are too apt to fall, of adopting extreme and, if one may now be permitted to use the word in any but a complimentary sense, womanish views of political questions. Indeed, if one were inclined to find fault with them, perhaps one would be disposed to say that they were rather too obtrusively masculine and unsentimental. Mrs. Fawcett, for example, is an ardent advocate of the Malthusian doctrines. She has lately published a volume of essays in conjunction with her husband, of which it appears to be one main object to attack what used in old-fashioned phraseology to be called the divine law about increasing and multiplying. She vigorously attacks the movement for gratuitous education, because she thinks that if children could get their schooling for nothing there would soon be more children than we could feed. In all this there is a good deal of sense, which is put forward in a rather hard and uncompromising manner. If we might judge from such specimens, we might be disposed to think that the most conspicuous result of admitting women to the franchise would be to give new currency to the driest and severest rules of political economists. However, as we ought to be all aware, though I cannot say that reformers generally seem to have laid the lesson to heart, the motives which dictate the choice of a particular bit of political machinery are generally quite different from the purposes to which it is directed in practice. The emancipated part of the sex is of course that which clamors most loudly for the removal of the present restrictions: but it is quite another and a very difficult question whether they would be allowed to guide the force which they seek to put in action. However that may be, the meetings of which I have spoken were roused to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and went far to justify the opinion of those who took part in them that the agitation now fairly launched is one of those which may be expected to gather strength as time goes on.

A certain chill was cast over the enthusiasm when the House of Commons was invited on Wednesday to pronounce its verdict on the proposal. The debate was a dreary one on both sides; but two or three members have been converted backwards since last year, and the proposal was cast out by a larger majority than before. The numbers were 222 to 143. The more prominent leaders, as, for example, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, abstained from recording their votes, and the composition both of the majority and minority was rather curious. Thirty-five Conservatives voted for the bill, whilst it was opposed by a considerable number of Liberals. The present Attorney-General, Sir J. Coleridge, and Mr. Disraeli's Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Ward Hunt, voted for the women, whilst several Ministers voted against them. Probably a good many members were determined by a consideration the relevancy of which is energetically disputed by the agitators. It can hardly be doubted that the first effect of the measure would be to increase the power of the clerical and Conservative party, whatever might be its consequences in the long run. We are of course informed that it is opposed to all principles of justice to consider which way people are likely to vote before entrusting them with the franchise; but practical men will insist upon taking that consideration into account; and it is not unreasonable to suspect that Mr. Disraeli, who almost avowedly admitted the lowest classes to the franchise because he thought that they would be more accessible to the influences of rank and property than those immediately above them, may have a similar project in his mind when he abstains from opposing this concession to women. However that may be, the arguments on both sides avoided this delicate topic, and ran through the ordinary platitudes about human rights on one side and about the sphere of woman on the other.

Meanwhile, a good deal is being made by the ladies of a couple of practical arguments. One is that several women were elected upon school-boards, and, though I fear it can hardly be said that the school-boards have discharged their duties in a manner calculated to awaken the admiration of the universe, the female members are supposed to have shown as much capacity as their male rivals. The other argument which has lately received some practical illustration is derived from the manners and customs of our laboring classes. The husbands have a decided mode of expressing their views of masculine government which is not exactly creditable. Lately, for example, a miner knocked down his wife for no particular reason, and proceeded to kick her to death in the presence of her children and of several neighbors who had not the courage to interfere. These brutalities, it is assumed, would disappear, or would at any rate be more severely repressed as soon as women received votes. A gentleman who had knocked out the eye of his wife or mistress (I forget which) was punished by three months' imprisonment, whilst seven years' penal servitude were not thought too much for a less aggravated assault upon a man. Probably the judge might have some justification for an apparently preposterous decision; but several such events which have occurred lately have been turned to great account by the advocates of women's rights. On the other hand, there is apparently a slight reaction in a conservative direction. Concession to any popular cry has become so much the rule lately that there is a strong *prima-facie* presumption that any proposal to abolish anything will sooner or later meet with success, and a temporary defeat will by no means damp the spirit of the assailants of any privilege. Just for the time, however, it seems to have occurred to a few people that we are asked to take rather a leap in the dark, and that a little hesitation is permissible before admitting a principle which might not only upset the existing balance of political power, but lead to an indefinite series of important social changes.

With the exception of this little episode, Parliament has been staggering on pretty much in its old ruts. Three severe defeats in one week lately showed how much the influence of Mr. Gladstone's Government has declined; and yet it is also incidentally clear that nobody wishes to get rid of them at the present moment. The most significant passage of arms was that which took place between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Fawcett. Mr. Fawcett had succeeded, contrary to the general expectation, in securing another hearing for his bill upon Dublin University. It leaked out through the *Daily News* that Mr. Gladstone was prepared to treat a vote in favor of Mr. Fawcett's bill as a vote of want of confidence. According to the usual parliamentary etiquette, precedence should have been given over all other measures to Mr. Fawcett's motion. When, however, the critical evening arrived, Mr. Gladstone explained at his usual length that, although the Government would certainly not continue in office should such a measure be passed, he did not consider its proposal as amounting to a direct vote of want of confidence, and accordingly that he did not feel bound to provide a day for its discussion. Translated out of parliamentary language, this simply means to say that Government is determined to shelve the question for the present session. They are determined not to show their hands or to announce any definite line of policy. They will not say whether they are carrying on a flirtation with the priests, and ready in one form or other to give in to the demands of the Roman Catholic hierarchy; though of course they assert in general terms that the course which they intend to adopt will be thoroughly satisfactory to everybody, and especially to their own party. And on the other hand, Parliament is not disposed to press them. So soon as it was known that Mr. Gladstone was ready to stake the existence of the Government on the fate of Mr. Fawcett's motion, everybody, with the exception of one or two ardent radicals, was only too glad to smother up the question for the present. The secret is a very open one. A great many Liberal members have no desire to encounter the risks and expenses of another dissolution, which must follow the unseating of ministers. On the other hand, the Conservatives are by no means anxious to press for a speedy decision. They have a confident expectation that if Mr. Gladstone has rope enough he will succeed in hanging himself. The tide of discontent has been gradually rising, and they do not wish to spoil their game by snatching prematurely at the fruits of victory. On the two last occasions of their coming into office they were merely on sufferance, and they would prefer waiting until their opponents have accumulated a sufficient load of odium to give a decided Conservative majority, and to promise them a more or less durable tenure of office. They have, moreover, been expecting to find a more favorable battle-ground in the American negotiations. We now, I am thankful to say, have hopes of a satisfactory solution of the difficulty, and if the United States withdraw the indirect claims, the result of minor importance will be that Mr. Gladstone will have extricated himself from a very ugly scrape. I am afraid, indeed, that under any circumstances there is not much cause for boasting as to our mode of carrying on negotiations; but one may say with some truth that in such matters all is well that ends well. If, after all, the Treaty should break down, Government will be exposed to a very serious attack, and there will be no longer the motive for keeping them in office derived from the necessity of allowing them to conclude the transaction.

And meanwhile there is something not very pleasing of contemplation about the general aspect of our politics. The Ballot Bill has at last been got through committee, though, as some people maintain, with very serious mutilations. Whether mutilated or not, I do not suppose that any reasonable person who has not been getting up the subject for hustings speeches cares one farthing about it, or believes that it will make the very smallest difference one way or the other, or, in short, considers it from any other point of view than that of a crotchet which has somehow got embodied in the recognized list of orthodox liberal measures. Government finds it a cheap and easy mode of advertising its own heartiness in the cause; but one is inclined to wonder, after the old-established precedent, how any two of its energetic advocates can look each other in the face without laughing. Indeed, I suspect they sometimes cannot. Yet the whole session has been devoted to endless twaddle about this sham bit of liberalism, and will probably be fruitless of all other results. We are going through a period evidently like that which succeeded the Reform Bill of 1832. The first impulse produced by the extension of the franchise has been pretty well exhausted by the Irish Church and Land Bills, and it is being succeeded by a general indifference, due to the discovery that we have not yet entered the millennium. At any rate, one result is that we are just now uncommonly dull.

ARMY REORGANIZATION IN GERMANY.

BERLIN, April 30, 1872.

"THERE is no Germany but Prussia," said a proud official the other day, "all else is *Schwindel*," which, being interpreted, signifies "humbug." Such, however, is not the tone of the Prussian Government, whether of the king or of the Ministry. It is now generally believed that the Emperor refrained from opening the Reichstag in person through a delicate regard for the standing of the sovereigns of the smaller states, whose choice had designated him to the headship of Germany; he would not impart a personal character to an occasion the dignity and interest of which should centre in the affairs of the nation. He would not monopolize for Prussia the honors of the Empire. In the same spirit the Chancellor of the Empire, Prince Bismarck, in a speech before the Reichstag, advocated an adjustment of times and topics between the national and the local parliaments, which should ensure as far as possible their working together toward a common end. As it now is, the session of the Reichstag in Berlin comes in conflict with the protracted sessions of the Landtage in Würtemberg and in Bavaria, so that many members of those local parliaments, who are also members of the national parliament, are not in their places here. The Prussian Government is careful to magnify the national parliament, so far as this can be done without prejudice to the internal economy of Prussia herself. For though Prussia has been the making of Germany, and is and must continue to be the leader of the Empire as now constituted, he would not use the Empire as a tail by which to fly her kite, but would feel the Empire behind her as a well-articulated and firmly-compacted body, of which she is the proper and the guiding head. For, if this now incorporated unity of Germany shall endure, the whole body must be fashioned substantially after the model of Prussia; and that is the question which just now absorbs the attention of Parliament and of the press through the discussion of the code of military uniformity. If Prussia has made Germany, the army has made Prussia. That army is the product of long and careful study in the science of organization, and especially of the combination of intelligence and discipline. Bull Run taught the North how little intelligence, patriotism, and enthusiasm could avail in battle without military discipline; Sadowa taught Austria that a merely tactical discipline must yield to a discipline guided by intelligence; and Sedan taught France and the world that *prestige, gloire, élan,* were nothing when both intelligence and discipline were wanting.

Now, if Germany would hold the position she has gained in Europe, she must for many years keep her army up to the Prussian standard of numbers, intelligence, and discipline. This I say with all deference to the Peace Society, and in the interest of the peace of Europe. A proposal from Germany for the joint reduction of the military force would be met by France with scorn or with treachery. For a whole generation the motto of every political party in France will be "Revenge upon Germany"; Austria may not long submit to be overawed by Prussia, nor Russia admit that she is overmatched by her Teutonic neighbor, without a trial of strength; and the Pope would not scruple to stir up a war in any quarter which might promise him a restoration of the tiara. For her own existence, therefore, as well as for the stability of peace in Europe, in our day at least, Germany must be a military nation. But for her efficiency as a military power, uniformity of organization and of discipline must be secured throughout the Empire. The Prussian type of organization and drill is now provided for through the training-schools for officers, of which that at Potsdam is a model. To these schools under-officers are sent from all parts of the Empire, in a certain ratio for every regiment; and these students become allied to one another as comrades, and carry back the same regimen to their several barracks. It remains, however, to bring the whole army under a common discipline, and for this the Government has introduced a military code which now agitates Parliament. The army of the Empire on a peace footing consists of infantry 259,216 (of which Prussia furnishes about 180,000), cavalry 65,296 (Prussian, 46,000), artillery 41,759 (Prussian, about 29,000). Add to these some 15,000 pioneers, etc., and in the total peace army 383,899, Prussia is represented by about 260,000; and in the war-footing of 1,117,000 combatants she furnishes even a larger ratio. Prussia, long ago (at the instance of Stein), abolished from her army corporal punishment, running the gauntlet, and other cruel and degrading penalties; but her military code still retains severe punishments, such as imprisonment in a dark cell, without fire or bed, and with only bread and water. Deputy Lasker made a long and eloquent speech against such punishments as degrading to the person of the citizen, and inhuman upon physiological grounds. He would have the army governed by intelligence and by moral motives, and would reform it into an institution of philanthropy. The conservatives are aghast at this as foretokening the breaking down of all order in the state, and introducing an era of social democracy; and many liberals feel that their champion is going too fast and too far. The comic papers picture jolly soldiers petting the little figure of Lasker, and calling him a nice boy. When we consider that compulsory military service brings together all grades of intelligence and all sorts of character, it can hardly seem safe to dispense with all physical rigor in the discipline of so vast an army. Just now the bill is so encumbered with amendments that it is difficult to foresee its fate; but the prevailing feeling is that there must be but one army, in training, in spirit, and in discipline, throughout the Empire, and that the Prussian system has proved itself the best. The philanthropy of peace must wait a little longer upon the discipline of danger.

AUSWANDERER.

Correspondence.

IS THERE NO REMEDY FOR THE CINCINNATI NOMINATIONS?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is to be hoped that you will ere long consider in your paper the question which is just now perplexing many minds—whether it is better, as matters now stand, to support Grant or Greeley.

At least a portion of those who went to Cincinnati and those who at home were in favor of the movement desired to wage war, not upon a man, but upon a system. As Mr. Schurz said, "anybody to beat Grant" was not the prime idea of the Liberal movement. Horace Greeley was beyond question one of the last men whom a person not "inside politics" would have considered the best exponent of the reform idea, and it is also beyond question that he owes his nomination, at least in part, to the efforts of shrewd politicians who did believe in the "anybody to beat Grant" doctrine.

Will it not be really more dangerous to the true cause of reform that Greeley should be elected rather than Grant? It seems to be generally admitted that Greeley is a man who, though honest in purpose, is easily "befooled" and misled by those in whom he places confidence, and that he does place confidence in some of the worst of the tribe of "Toms" and "managers" to be found in the country—men who have no more real sympathy with any reform that would deprive them of place and patronage than have Carpenter, Butler, and their like.

But in the one case there is no pretence that the candidate represents reform. He asks to be re-elected because things as they now are are on the whole satisfactory. Should he be re-elected, and should many things which we consider abuses be continued, at all events we should not be responsible.

If the next four years are to be like the last two, they will not bring discredit upon those who have dared to demand a change, but will so teach the people the need of a new order of things, that in 1876 there may be an uprising such as took place in New York last November. But can we have confidence or hope that Greeley and his advisers will heal the foul sore in the body politic from whence these abuses come; and, if not, if these things continue under a nominally "reform Administration," will it not have a tendency so to disgust and dishearten the honest supporters of the movement, and afford such opportunities for animadversion on the part of its enemies, that real reform will be postponed for years?

P.

NEW YORK, May 14, 1872.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There were many who, thinking the Cincinnati movement merely a disaffection among the Republican politicians, and expecting little from that class, took no interest in it until the name of Charles Francis Adams was broached for the nomination, when it became a thing of life. My own interest thus awakened, I made it a point during the month of April—spent in travelling through several States, North and South—to discuss the prospect freely; and the satisfaction with which his nomination was expected of the Cincinnati Convention was so widespread that it astonished as much as it gratified me. It is no idle assertion to say that three-fourths of all with whom I came in contact accepted his probable nomination as the harbinger of better things in our political life; and these expressions were not passively given, but earnestly and with evident conviction. Nor were these sentiments confined to members of any one party; they were common alike to Democrats and Republicans—accustomed, heretofore, to work in the party traces, and accept the dictum of their party leaders. There were Republicans who had striven for, because they believed in, the doctrines which their party advocated, but who now feel that if it has not "achieved its mission," it has at least outlived its usefulness; that while it has wrought much good in the past, it falls short of the demands of the future; that it seeks to rest from its labors, and trade on the glory of its traditions. This will not do. In our country, we cannot sit down and content ourselves with what has been done. When any party shows that disposition, its vitality is on the wane. The motto of the Republic is ever "Excelsior." We must go on; and those who cannot lead must stand aside. There were Democrats, too, anxious for the opportunity that Adams's nomination would afford, to bring about a better order of things—men strong in their party discipline, but satisfied by successive defeats that their party has lost its hold on the people's confidence.

To learn that this is the actual condition of things, it is not necessary to go far from home. Within the circle of one's own friends and acquaintances they exist. Men who have been associated together, as well as those who have been separated by party lines, find a singular harmony of views as to the ends which need our best efforts in the coming years. There is no real difference between us as to the vital matters to be secured, and we are only kept apart and working at cross purposes by the politicians. We are under the whip of the "ring-masters"—men who consider many things besides the wants of the national life; men with whom the paramount consideration is what will catch the popular fancy, and best secure their own control of the vast patronage which our unfortunate system renders possible; men who look to "availability," and are too short-sighted or too wilfully blind to know that the most *fit* is the most available. It was these men who crowded and choked the Cincinnati Convention to such inadequate expression. The Liberal Republican movement, which promised so well, is only a partial movement, a half-way step; and, as organized, gives no assurance of anything new save in the way of party leaders, trained in the same school with those who now rule the nation for their selfish ends. Are we, who wanted not only a change of men but a change of means far more, and who looked to Charles Francis Adams's character and record as the realization and embodiment of our best aspirations—are we to be thwarted thus? Must we accept the "lame and impotent conclusions" of the Cincinnati Convention? Is there no remedy? Shall we quietly fold our hands and see the politicians twist us to their own uses?

There were enough good men at Cincinnati, there are enough to-day in the Democratic and Republican ranks who seek something higher, to form the nucleus of a national party that shall send the nation forward with new impetus along the ever ascending plane of civilization. Why cannot such a party be organized—free from the shackles of old party traditions, and seeking only the welfare of the Republic? Good men and true from all sections and from all parties are eager to lend themselves to the good work if it be once fairly started. Can there be a time more propitious than this, when there are so many who realize and regret the failure of the political conventions to respond to the spirit of the people?

Very respectfully, etc., S. W. Edgar.

Wilmington, Del., May 14, 1872.

Dear ——: I suppose we agree in the opinion that the Cincinnati Convention is a failure. The question is, What next? I do not pretend to be a politician, but I think it was a mistake to call a convention. Some wise man—I forget who—said he never asked advice unless he was prepared to follow it when given, and I do not think that Wells, Trumbull, and Schurz should have run the risk of consulting with such men as McClure and Scovell. The convention necessarily was, to a great extent, a self-appointed body, and nobody would pretend that some of the delegates—those from Pennsylvania for instance—at all represented the body of respectable citizens who are disappointed with Grant's administration. I know that a political party cannot be altogether composed of wise and pure men, and the cave of Adullam is often cited as an instance in point; but there David was on the ground first and master of the situation, and whatever the rest were, he was wise and good, and had control of the others.

Now, if I am right so far, what is the remedy? I think I will offer a suggestion, though it may be too late now, and might not have been practicable at any time.

In a Democratic country, it is of no use to try to force any measures, however good, upon the people before they are prepared for them. But they are the wise leaders of the people who are able to give shape to a growing sentiment, and to present it to the people in such a form that they recognize it as their own. I think Wells, Trumbull, and Schurz might interpret the feelings of a large part of the people. Now let them, with such others as they may choose to consult with, frame a platform—a platform broad enough for a number to stand on, but distinctive enough to make it worth while to get up a party to maintain, giving no uncertain sound about free trade and reform, asking for amnesty for the South for the same reason that Lincoln would have given—"Charity for all, malice towards none," and for the same reason avoiding anything like unkind personalities towards other men and parties. It is hardly likely that after the failure at Cincinnati a nomination on such a platform could be now made, even if it was desirable. But let the men who start the movement, keeping the reins in their own hands, see whether good men cannot be found in each State—men of standing, whose wisdom and disinterestedness were generally acknowledged, who would be willing to run as electors for such a party. It might be that some States could be carried for the principles—not men—of the party, and that when the electoral college met there would be in it some men, unpledged to any candidate, who could influence, if not control, the election. I think it would be a move in the right direction to try to return to the original idea of electoral colleges, composed of the best men of the country, to whom the selection of President and Vice-President was entrusted. It would at all events be a "new departure," and that in the present state of the Reform party would be something.

All this may seem very visionary, but I dare say the *Nation* will have divers suggestions equally crude made to it, and while I do not wish to address any "communication" to that paper, I thought I would take an indirect way of letting the editors have my thoughts. If it shows nothing else, it does this: that there are some men who had hoped something from the Reform movement, who would still like to see some other course open to them than to support Cameron and Forney.

Very truly thy friend,

—— ——

Philadelphia, 5th month, 6, 1872.

[The above was not written for publication, but it is too suggestive to be withheld from the public.—Ed. Nation.]

MR. DANA, AND THE AMERICAN CASE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In your paper of the 16th I see the following statement:

> "We know that he [Mr. Bancroft Davis] did submit the proofs [of the American Case] to such men as Judge Hoar, Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., and President Woolsey; but we know, too, that none of those gentlemen saw, or at least have any recollection of seeing, the claim for the expenses of the war after Gettysburg."

While it is true that Mr. Bancroft Davis did pay me the compliment to send me the printed Case for criticism, I wish to add that I did not examine it. I returned it to him with the seals unbroken, for reasons conclusive to my own mind, and to which Mr. Davis took no exception, although he politely expressed his regret at my determination. I ought to add that the request to examine the argument was not made to me by the Government or by the Department of State, but by Mr. Davis, as a personal and private matter.

Yours very truly,

R. H. Dana, Jr.

Boston, May 20, 1872.

Notes.

THE Palestine Exploration Society, recently organized here with a view to maintaining the high reputation of American scholarship in that Oriental field, has selected for special investigation the country beyond the Jordan—the Moab, Ammon, Gilead, and Bashan of old—and purposes a complete examination of the meteorology, topography, archæology, geology, zoölogy, and botany of the region in question. As an historical scientific undertaking, it may properly enlist the support of Jews, Christians, and Gentiles generally, and contributions from any source will be welcome. Rev. James H. Dwight, 26 Exchange Place, is the General Agent; Mr. James Stokes, Jr., 104 John Street, the Treasurer.——Lee & Shepard republish Tylor's "Researches into the Early History of Mankind" and "Primitive Culture," and announce also the following American works: "Autobiography of Amos Kendall"—Jackson's Postmaster-General, and the man who permitted the grossest violation of the mails ever tolerated in a civilized country—edited by Wm. Stickney; a "Handbook of English Literature" (American authors), by F. H. Underwood; Vose's "Handbook of Railroad Construction," together, says the publishers' advertisement, with railroad maps and plans never before published, “and which eminent engineers have, for the purpose of examining, crossed seas and continents”; and “Stories and Poems by Mother and Daughter,” who are Mrs. Caroline Gilman and Mrs. Lewis H. Jervey, respectively.——A good many interested readers should be found for “Autumnal Catarrh, commonly called ‘Hay Fever,’” by Dr. Morrill Wyman, of Cambridge, announced by Hurd & Houghton.——Turnbull Bros., Baltimore, will publish a “History of Annapolis and the U. S. Naval Academy,” by Owen M. Taylor.——“Monarchy in America under Louis XIV.,” by Francis Parkman, is to be the fourth volume of this author's invaluable series called “France and England in North America,” and bears, like the preceding, the imprint of Little, Brown & Co., who also publish a new edition of Richard Frothingham's “Siege of Boston”—an exhaustive monograph—and “The Rise of the Republic of the United States,” by the same writer.——Dodd & Mead, 762 Broadway, have become agents for the sale of the publications of the American Naturalist's Agency and Peabody Academy of Science, at Salem, Mass.——The second annual meeting of that prosperous organization, the American Institute of Mining Engineers, is now in progress in this city, the proceedings being held in the rooms of the Geographical Society at the Cooper Union. To-night and to-morrow night will be the last opportunity of listening to the papers, discussions, etc., the daytime being given up to excursions to various points of professional and scientific interest in this vicinity. The rapid growth of this society is as remarkable as it is encouraging, and at Wilkesbarre, Bethlehem, Troy, and Philadelphia it has met with decided social successes.

—Mr. Robert Morris Copeland, a landscape gardener of large experience, has been making a contribution to the great-city problem in an “Essay and Plan for the Improvement of the City of Boston” (Boston: Lee & Shepard), which will be found worth reading even by those who fancy that they have no interest in this particular application of a general principle. That such a notion is a mistaken one we need not labor to prove. It would be none the less mistaken if Boston were not “the most beautiful city in America,” and capable of being made still more so. Mr. Copeland approaches the subject, in the first place, from the side of sanitary, commercial, and other economical considerations, but is most at home when urging his strictly professional view, with a sort of fervor which only a Bostonian could feel, and with an intimate knowledge of those delightful suburbs which, sooner or later, are destined to be wholly absorbed by the city. We regard his main proposition as entirely correct, and almost self-evident: that the nature of the ground indicates a series of verdant preserves, embracing the numerous heights which encircle the city, and knit together by a system of highways of a more or less sylvan character. One great merit of this design is that each quarter of the future city would have a breathing-place of its own, distinctive in its special attractions, accessible without long journeying, and still forming part of the net-work of drives and walks. Another is that the public would retain its rightful hold on eminences affording such a diversity of prospect as is seldom witnessed, and which are already in danger of being lowered into the plain by the remorseless steam-shovel. Whether the public has not as good a right to the Charles River front and sunset, is a question on which we should think there would be a difference of opinion between Mr. Copeland and his fellow-citizens. They will probably accept, too, with difficulty his ingenious proposal to run a freight railway between the Common and the Public Garden, as part of a system of railroad communication between all the depots. Perhaps he is too confident in anticipating, as one of the consequences of that system, the withdrawal of all wholesale business “from the narrow and crooked streets of old Boston.” In New York our experience is, that this business prefers the narrow streets, even with horse-cars running through them, to the broad ones; and we believe that no one expects that the next removal up-town will make Canal Street the centre of the wholesale trade, but rather Grand or Broome Street. To catch a customer, or to visit a great number of dealers before purchasing, is much easier in an alley than on an avenue; and Mr. Copeland would, we apprehend, find a similar contentment with their crowded locality on the part of the wool-dealers on Federal, Channing, and Congress Streets, in Boston.

—Mr. Thomas Buchanan Read, who died in this city last week, was one of the better representatives of a class of American literary men whose day is now pretty much over. He flourished as a poet in a time when to have written smooth verses, to have had them praised in an English review as very good for United States verses, and to have had them judicially considered in the *North American Review*, was to have secured a title to be called a poet of distinction. As we have said, Mr. Read was better than many of the men who thus had fame thrust upon them, and he cannot, as some of his contemporaries can, be made to look ridiculous by simply collating their works and the praises which were heaped upon them by a generous public. Nothing that he has written will live, but he had true poetic feeling, he worked conscientiously, and his poetry is better than most of what is produced for the magazines. We do not think it is much better. Besides being a poet, Mr. Read, who began life as a sculptor, was a painter in fair repute, though about his painting, as about his poetry, there was something very amateur-like. As in the case of Mr. Story, another American genius of all trades, his work better expressed a general æsthetic turn than any marked bent in a particular direction, and he had still less than Mr. Story's intellectual power. Mr. Read was born in Chester, Pennsylvania, in 1822. His best known productions are a picture and a poem both of which have for their subject General Sheridan's action at the battle of Fisher's Hill. Neither the picture nor the poem has other than extremely popular merit, and neither can be taken as of historical fidelity.

—The treeless plains of the West are about the only portions of our country where the cultivation of timber is pursued, and there the sole aim seems to be to procure material for fencing the land. In our wooded districts, the timber is either entirely removed, or else only the worthless trees are left standing, and nothing is done to prevent the supply of useful wood from becoming exhausted. A very good opportunity is now offered to show to the community the value of care in this important matter. Some large corporations in the Eastern States have lately acquired large tracts ot mining land, much of which is fit only for the growth of timber. The forests that once covered the land are gone, and the soil is either barren or is producing stunted trees and useless shrubs. By planting such trees as are best suited to the soil and climate, these corporations would, in a short time, be able to supply themselves with much of the timber which they are now compelled to bring from a distance, and the rapid growth of the cultivated trees would soon convince the landholder of the advantage of a little care and intelligence in dealing with our forests. Meantime, our agricultural colleges and our Agricultural Bureau (if the right sort of man were at the head of it) might give to arboriculture something of the attention which it merits, and which it has obtained in other countries, as, for instance, in Germany, whose schools are visited by students from all countries. According to a Blue Book on forest conservancy in India, only ten years ago railway sleepers had to be imported from Norway, for though the forests renewed themselves by seeding, the jungle choked the new growth wherever the good timber had been entirely cut away. A German arboriculturist, Dr. Brandis, was appointed to organize a forest department in British Burmah (that province furnishing the chief supply of teak), and in 1868 there were fifty conservators in the one province in Bengal, all Government officials, chosen by competitive examination, after having received a training in the forest schools of France and Germany. Norway and Sweden also have profited by these institutions, saving many a copper and iron mine from enforced idleness; and even Spain is resorting to them, in spite of the proverbial hatred of a Spaniard for a tree. The good results produced in France, in preventing floods and devastating torrents, by scientific forest culture, are notorious. To awaken an interest in this subject in the United States, we have only to spread the necessary information; and happily we have for this purpose one of the best works in any language. Mr. Geo. P. Marsh's “Man and Nature,” circulated as a whole or separately in tracts, would both interest and enlighten our farming population. Cannot Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. give them a cheap edition, of the handy size of the Italian version published in Florence? and could the *Tribune* render a greater service to its country readers than by making some arrangement for the sale of this admirable work?

—A new edition of his “Rob Roy on the Baltic” gives Mr. Macgregor an opportunity of stating that the lectures he has delivered regarding his several cruises have produced nearly $33,000, which has been paid over in full to churches, schools, hospitals, and societies; and further that all the expenses of these cruises were amply covered by the sale of their “logs.” Other books of travel that have recently appeared or will shortly appear in England, embrace Payton's “Diamond Diggings of South Africa”; “Modern Turkey,” by J. Lewis Farley, Consul of the Sublime Porte at Bristol; “Thirty Years in the Harem,” by Madam Kibrizli Mehemet Pasha; Captain Burton and Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake's “Moabite Cities”; “In the Morningland: Travel and Discussion with the late H. T. Buckle,” by J. S. Stuart Glennie; the late Captain John Wood's “Journey to the Source of the River Oxus”; “Life in India,” by E. N. C. Braddon, of Lucknow; the third volume of the Marquis de Beauvoir's “Voyage round the World,” treating of Pekin, Jeddo, and San Francisco; “Very Far West Indeed,” telling of rough experiences on the N. W. Pacific Coast, by R. Byron Johnson; and “The Great Lone Land,” by Captain Butler, of the Red River Expedition of 1869–70. In biography we have the peculiarly English “Life of Thomas Cooper, the Chartist Poet,” by himself;

a "Life of Captain Marryat," by his daughter, Mrs. Ross Church; more "Letters of Lord Byron," leaving none to come after that have not been already in print, and "entirely free from scandalous matter"; the "Letters and Journals of James, Eighth Earl of Elgin," Viceroy of India, Governor of Jamaica, and Governor-General of Canada, and one of the very best characters among modern English administrators; the "Diaries and Letters of Sir George Jackson, from the Peace of Amiens to the Battle of Talavera"—another capable though less famous official; and Mrs. Oliphant's "Memoirs of Count Montalembert." With these may be mentioned "Alexis de Tocqueville—Correspondence and Conversation with Nassau W. Senior," edited by Mrs. M. E. Simpson; and another posthumous work, "Notes of Thought and Conversation," by the late Charles Buxton, M.P.

—"A History of the Church of France," by W. Henley Jervis; "A Catechism of English History," edited by Miss E. M. Sewell; and "The History of Modern Serbia," by Elodie Lawton Miyatovics, are the only historical works that need mention. The following titles we give without formal classification: "A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities and Biography," edited of course by Dr. William Smith; the "History of Creation," by Prof. Ernst Häckel, which we can hardly follow the *Bookseller* in putting under the head of "religious" announcements; "A Manual of Palæontology," by Prof. H. Alleyne Nicholson; "Elementary Lessons in Anatomy," by St. George Mivart; "The Forms of Water in Clouds, Rain, Rivers, Ice, and Glaciers," by Prof. Tyndall; "Contemporary English Psychology," from the French of Prof. Ribot; "An Essay on the Culture of the Observing Powers of Children"—a promising title, surely—by Joseph Payne; "The Rise and Development of Mediæval Architecture," lectures by G. G. Scott; "Prospective," by Lieut. W. H. Collins, R.E.; "A Volume of Emblems," illustrated, by Mrs. Alfred Gatty; "Memorials of the Dead," by F. and M. A. Palliser, a selection of epitaphs "for general use and study."

—The physical explanation offered by Mr. Stillman in our last issue, of Turner's so-called astigmatic representations of nature, is corroborated by Mr. W. Mattieu Williams in a communication to *Nature* of April 25. This writer is the author of a work called "Through Norway with a Knapsack," published in 1859, on page 67 of which he said, speaking of the peculiar midnight sunset effects of the North:

> "Turner, like an eagle, has dared to face the sun in his full glare, and to place him in the middle of his pictures, showing us how we see a landscape with sun-dazzled eyes, when everything is melted into a luminous chaos, and all the details blotted out with misty brightness."

And he now adds:

> "In all these peculiar pictures that I have seen the sun is thus placed in the middle of the picture, and just sufficiently above the horizon (from about 10° to 20°, or at most 25°) to pour his rays about perpendicularly to the curvature of the eye-ball, when the face is in position to contemplate a landscape. I have frequently repeated the experiment of contemplating a landscape under such circumstances, and on every occasion of submitting to such torture have seen all the effects of even the most extravagant of Turner's later pictures, which are so well described by Dr. Liebreich. I have seen the 'vertical streakiness, which is caused by every illuminated point having been changed into a vertical line,' with an 'elongation, generally speaking, in exact proportion to the brightness of the light,' and that 'there proceeds from the sun, in the centre of the picture, a vertical yellow streak.'"

He explains the vertical streaks by reference to the flow of tears caused by the dazzle, producing on the lower eyelid a little pool "the surface of which has a considerable vertical curvature," and in that direction "must act as a lens of very short focus," and "produce a vertical magnifying effect, the definition of which will of course be very confused and obscure on account of the irregular curvature, and the fact that the eye is focussed to the distant objects." As for the other phenomena represented by Turner, they are, in Mr. Williams's opinion, "simply a faithful copying of the effects of glare and suffusion produced by painful sun-gazing, and the looking at a landscape where the shadows are, so to speak, nowhere, or all behind one's back." So it would seem as if the Turnerites might breathe again, for whether or not an artist had best look at landscapes with tears in his eyes, it seems to be a fact that so looking he may see what Turner's pictures record.

—Particular accounts of the recent fire at Düsseldorf show that it broke out on the morning of the 20th of March, at three o'clock, in the Academy, and a great portion of the old building was destroyed. Fortunately the valuable collection of drawings, etchings, and engravings by the old masters were saved, also the wing of the Academy containing the old picture-gallery, and in which was Rubens's "Ascension of the Virgin." The collection of pictures by the modern Düsseldorf school is safe, having been removed from the academy building some four years ago to a suitable gallery built expressly for it. The remnant of the once celebrated Düsseldorf gallery was also saved, although there are but few pictures among them of any great merit. The good ones were all removed some years ago to Munich. These, with the elementary and antique class-rooms, together with the library, are all that was saved: the rest, which was nearly two-thirds of the whole building, was entirely destroyed. Certain artists who had their studios in the part of the building that was burnt suffered losses of considerable importance. Professor F. Müller lost an altar-piece on which he had been working for four years. It was a commission from an American, and was valued at 10,000 thalers. Müller's pictures are very much admired by the lovers of high finish, and of motives imitated from the early pictures of Raphael, Perugino, Gentile da Fabbriano, and others of the mystic Umbrian school. But few of them have been brought to this country. In part of the building the Rhenish and Westphalian Kunstverein had its offices, and all the books, records, plates, and engravings belonging to the association were totally destroyed, including among the plates Professor Keller's engraving of the "Disputa," on which he had been at work more than ten years, and from which but few impressions had been taken.

—The sale of the pictures, water-colors, studies, and sketches left behind him by the late Henri Regnault, the young artist—one of the directors of the porcelain manufactory at Sèvres—whose name was suddenly made famous by his "Salome," exhibited in the Salon of '70, and who was killed in the last sortie from Paris in the opening of the next year (19th January, 1871), proved extremely successful. There were nineteen pieces in oil, for which 75,860 francs were obtained; twenty water-color drawings, which fetched 44,260 francs; one hundred and twenty-five studies, sketches, pencil-drawings, pen-drawings, and other slight matters, which brought 20,911 francs, making a total of 141,031 francs. Something of this result must be attributed to the enthusiasm for Regnault's memory, but by no means all. He was a painter of no ordinary power, and if he had lived would have made a great impression upon French art. The sale took place on the 5th and 6th of April. On the 4th was the sale of the pictures belonging to the late Duc de Persigny, when was seen the fate that waits on an amateur with slim knowledge and a well-filled purse. The pictures went a-begging, although the late duke's galleries were believed by himself and his set to be rich in "Raffaelles, Correggios, and stuff." Among a crowd of copies, and pictures wrongly ascribed, were a few genuine and valuable works which went for far less than their real value, owing to the general belief that had got abroad that the collection was wholly worthless. Among others, says the *Chronique des Arts*, was a picture attributed to Velasquez, and which was probably painted by one of his scholars or followers, Mago, Pareja, or perhaps Carreño de Miranda. This picture, remarkable in itself, was sold for 750 francs—a price far below its value. It is on such occasions—and they occur more often than might be supposed—that the real connoisseur comes sailing in triumphantly and bears off his prize; the amateurs, and make-believe knowing-ones, discovering too late that a thinker has been let loose among them.

DEAN STANLEY.[*]

I.

DEAN STANLEY is the most popular English writer on ecclesiastical history. He has engaged in all the theological controversies of the day, and is the leader of the "Broad Church." Yet he can hardly be called an historian, and is certainly not a dialectician. His influence as a writer, a preacher, and a party leader is due in part, no doubt, to his high personal character, but mainly to the fact that he is, though an inaccurate historian and a loose thinker, an almost unrivalled rhetorician. His rhetoric, which owes a good deal of its power to being probably unconscious, can be traced in every page he has written, for in every line you will see the true rhetorical power of presenting facts so as to strike the imagination and to suggest conclusions which are hardly stated, combined, it must be added, in many cases with a rhetorician's weakness for warping facts which do not bear out his views. In no book which the Dean of Westminster has written is the rhetorical character of his mind and of his works more manifest than in his recent lectures. Readers who look at the book as an historical sketch will feel equal amazement and disappointment. As a history it is absolutely worthless, and this not because of the small size of the work, for a writer of much less than Dean Stanley's skill might easily within the space at his command have given a clear outline either of the external or of the dogmatic history of Scotch ecclesiastical institutions. Dean Stanley presents us no history either of the church or of its dogmas. He commences with a sermon about the new commandment; he then gives a sketch of the church before the Reformation, which seems to have very little bearing on the development of the modern kirk; and then, when, after apparently wasting the limit ed space at his command, he at last approaches his subject, he pours forth throughout the remainder of the book a mass of anecdotes which are always interesting and frequently amusing, and a mass of reflections which, if never profound, are often striking. Of Scott, of Erskine, of Burns, of David Hume, of Dean Stanley's personal friends, we hear a good deal (and indeed of the friends perhaps a little too much); but of the history of the Church of Scotland, of its growth and development, of the dogmas for which it fought, of its triumphs and defeats, of its numerous disruptions, and of the causes from which they arose, we hear from next to nothing, and any student unfortunate enough to purchase the book hoping to find therein such a sketch of Scotch ecclesiastical history as, for example, Mr. Freeman has given of the English Constitution, would no doubt feel that he had utterly wasted his money, and wonder how a man so able as Dean Stanley could have thought it worth while to use so much ingenuity in avoiding the subject on which he professed to lecture.

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[*] "Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland, delivered in Edinburgh, in 1872, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster, Corresponding Member of the Institute of France." London: John Murray; New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1872.

But though it would be very natural for the purchaser of a work entitled “The Church of Scotland” to fancy, after reading the Dean of Westminster's production, that the author had, from some inscrutable cause, utterly failed in telling the history he had undertaken to narrate, such an idea would be in truth without foundation. Dean Stanley is, above all things, a skilful writer, and has produced exactly the work which he always intended to produce. As a history the book is without value, simply because the author never intended to write a history. As a rhetorical essay, of which the Church of Scotland is the text, but of which the views of English Broad Churchmen are the theme, the lectures are as artfully written a composition as any one need wish to read. “I appear before you,” says the author at the commencement of his first lecture, “as the representative of a prelatical hierarchy, as an *Erastian of the Erastians*.” “I come before you,” in other words he might have said, “to show you how the history of the Scotch Church confirms the truth of the views held by Broad Churchmen. To do this I shall occasionally refer to the history of your church; but an indirect defence of certain political and theological doctrines is the real object of my address, and to the attainment of this object, and not to the narration of history, my lectures will be directed.” It is almost a pity that some distinct statement of this sort was not made, for, by setting forth the real aim of the lectures, it would, we suspect, have saved them from a good deal of irrelevant criticism. Looked at, at any rate, as a rhetorical essay in favor of the opinions now prevailing among liberal churchmen, they exhibit in the strongest light the strong and weak points of the Dean of Westminster and of the party to which he belongs. Of the position of his party we have in this article nothing to say; our object is to point out some of Dean Stanley's merits and defects as a rhetorician.

He nowhere throughout the work states what precisely are the principles which it is his object to defend, and in this omission follows a perfectly sound rhetorical instinct; but a careful reader soon perceives that the Dean is bent upon maintaining, or rather upon enforcing, two doctrines which may be described as the fundamentals of the Broad Churchman's creed. The first is the supreme advantage of maintaining a church establishment kept up and ruled by the state. The second is the unimportance of theological dogmas, at any rate, as compared with what, for want of a better term, may be called religious morality. Now, at first sight, a Scotch lecture-room seems about the last place any man would choose for propounding these doctrines, for the two most marked features of Scotch ecclesiastical sentiment have been a rooted dislike to any control of the church by the state, and a rooted belief in the supreme importance in certain very definite, very stern, and, as opponents would say, very narrow theological dogmas. Dean Stanley, of course, well knew the difficulties of his position, and probably a temptation to deliver the lectures was a keen sense of the humor involved in making Scotland bear witness to the truth of Erastianism. Whatever judgment one may form of the ultimate success attending Dean Stanley's efforts, no one can read his book without a feeling of amused admiration at the skill with which he avails himself of every point in his favor, and contrives, whilst virtually contradicting every principle for the sake of which the Scotch Church has existed, to enlist in favor of his argument various sentiments and prejudices likely to exist in a Scotch audience.

The subject of the connection of church and state is approached with some caution. The first lecture forms a sort of prelude to the discourses which follow. It is, among other things, an attempt to hint rather than show that the Scotch Church is not a body created by the Reformation, but in some sense the representative of the earliest national ecclesiastical establishment. When the Dean has accustomed his hearers to look on an established church as a thing to which Scotland had always been accustomed, he then proceeds a step further to point out that on the subject of establishments the modern Broad Church and the Scotch Church had always been at one “Many of the Scottish sects,” he writes, “have in later times drifted into the doctrine of an imaginary separation between church and state. Nothing can be more unjust to themselves or more untrue to history. Their independence is as secular, as political, as national, as ever was the compliance of the most latitudinarian of Erastians.” Now the point in which we most admire the Dean's art is that he has here found a point of sympathy between himself and the founders of the Scotch Church. These reformers, like all the reformers of their age, no doubt held that the church and state ought to be one, and it is also perfectly true that in Scotland “each separate communion maintained that it and it alone was the true Church of Scotland.” The Dean, therefore, and John Knox, and John Knox's successors may each, argues the lecturer, in substance be considered as holding the same view of church government, because they are, each and all, opposed to modern voluntaryism. “English nonconformists,” he adds, to clench the matter, “pride themselves on their nonconformity, but Scotch nonconformists pride themselves on their churchmanship.” The unimportant fact which he omits to notice is that Scotch reformers and their followers held that the church should rule the state, whilst Dean Stanley and his friends mean that the state should rule the church. However, by omitting this trifling circumstance and by hinting not obscurely that at the disruption of 1843 good men made themselves martyrs by mistake, and a suggestion that the disruption itself was caused by Christian men misunderstanding the effect of an obscure law point, he certainly leaves the impression that a keen sympathy in the union of church and state makes a bond between Scotch Covenanters and English Broad Churchmen, who are only divided on this matter by something hardly more serious than a misunderstanding.

He, however, relies comparatively little on general arguments. His real defence of the Established Church of Scotland is one which, though not easily put in an argumentative form, is practically very effective; and lies in the description and eulogy of the numerous great men who have formed part of that church. The learning of Blair, the statesmanship of Carstairs, the genius of Burns, the fame of Scott, are all indirectly but none the less effectively brought forward to the glory of the Established Church. In the third lecture, Dean Stanley reaches what is really the culminating point of this part of his argument. That lecture is an elaborate eulogy of the “Moderates” of the last century; a party in whose tolerance, liberality, learning, and, we fear we must add, want of religious enthusiasm, can no doubt be traced a strong likeness to the ecclesiastical liberals of modern days. “Not till quite our own generation have poetry, philosophy, and history found so natural a home in the clergy of England as they did then in the clergy of Scotland. Robert Watson, the historian of Philip II.; Adam Fergusson, the historian of Rome; John Home, the author of the tragedy of ‘Douglas’; Hugh Blair, the author of the celebrated sermons and the lectures on rhetoric; and, lastly and chiefly, William Robertson, the historian of Scotland, America, and Charles V., were all ministers of the Church of Scotland.” By the time the speaker had conducted his audience to the point at which they and he could both thoroughly sympathize in the eulogy of that branch of the Scotch clergy who probably most nearly resembled the clergy of the English Establishment, Dean Stanley for the moment, at least, achieved his first great rhetorical triumph, and worked his audience up to the feeling that to have had an establishment had been, is, and would be the great blessing of Scotland.

The recommendation of the Dean's first thesis was, however, a comparatively easy matter, for he had this circumstance in his favor, that the history of the Scotch Church lends no more countenance to voluntaryism than does the history of the Church of England. The much more difficult and important achievement was to persuade Scotchmen to entertain at least the idea that dogmas might be altogether unimportant.

FREEMAN'S NORMAN CONQUEST.*

THERE seems to be some fatality upon historians who publish by instalments, which brings to naught all their calculations as to the compass of their works, so that they either make more volumes than they planned, like Mr. Bancroft, or stop at an earlier date than they intended, like Mr. Froude, or swell their later volumes out of all proportion. This last is what Mr. Freeman is doing. His volumes have steadily increased in bulk from 650 pages to 827; and the next volume, one would think, must be the thickest of all, for he has reserved for it a great deal of matter which was designed for the present one, but shut out for want of room. Probably the truth is that every zealous student finds his work grow upon his hands as he becomes more at home in it; and events which had seemed of trifling importance now appear in his eyes so characteristic and instructive that he cannot bring himself to pass them cursorily over. Of course, in one sense this is just. The most commonplace incidents have a high value when the period is distant and our information scanty, because of the occasional and incidental light they throw upon the life of the time. But we need only a moderate amount of this; more than enough is wearying. So with the personalities whom Mr. Freeman brings before us. He can hardly place Lanfranc and William Fitz Osborn too vividly before our eyes; but many names pass like the kings of Banquo's race, and are named and described only to be forgotten.

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* “The History of the Norman Conquest of England, its Causes and its Results. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., late Fellow of Trinity College.” Vol. IV. The Reign of William the Conqueror. New York: Macmillan & Co. 8vo, pp. 827.

The present volume is superior to any other in smoothness and evenness of style, and is inferior to none in sustained interest. There are some most graphic passages—for instance, the account of the death and funeral of the Conqueror is a remarkable piece of narration. After all, however, the volume is too large. It contains detail which can be skipped without in the least interfering with one's enjoyment or understanding, and which, if read, cannot possibly be remembered—matter which belongs to the chronicler rather than the historian, and which really throws no light on the character of the times. The chief reason why we object to this fulness of detail is that it makes it necessary to omit some matter that one naturally looks for in these pages. Not only is the whole subject of the social condition of England, as affected by the Conquest, left for the next volume, but the treatment of contemporary European events and international relations is far less satisfactory than one would expect from Mr. Freeman.

The special point in which Mr. Freeman is pre-eminent as a historian is his power of presenting the age of which he treats vividly and distinctly before the eye; the personality of the leading characters, the actual working of the institutions, and the exact territorial relations. He is an earnest believer in the importance and efficacy of these things, as well as an unusually accurate student in their details. His aim is to present the age as it knew itself, so that the reader shall see it as an intelligent contemporary would have seen it; or, if this is not a conscious aim, it is, at all events, the result accomplished; and one is disposed to welcome his pure objectiveness as a reaction from the excessive disposition of some writers in late years to assign historical events to *general* causes almost exclusively, disregarding the influence of personal character and special circumstances. Mr. Freeman does not strive after picturesqueness; his aim is, first and last, accuracy—a quality which is apt to be neglected when picturesqueness is the chief thing. But he is the master of a vivid, animated style, and has a generally excellent judgment as to the relative importance of facts, joined with that invaluable faculty of investing the dullest statistics with a certain liveliness and instructiveness which results from this very practice of pointing out their practical bearing, and their relations to everyday affairs. Now, seeing that his chief merit is in presenting an epoch with great life and distinctness before his readers, it seems a pity that in the important period covered by this volume he has been obliged to omit or slight certain points of the greatest value in such a view, and thus make the view somewhat incomplete.

So far as it goes, however, the view is very distinct, and complete to a certain point. The subject of the present volume is, strictly speaking, the conquest of the island; for it is shown that the battle of Hastings was only the first step to this, or rather, perhaps, only made it possible. The gradual steps of the conquest, its thoroughness, and the influence of this upon the unity of the kingdom, are made very clear, especially by the aid of a map, which shows, by colored lines, its successive steps. A map like this is, he says, "as far as I know, a new attempt." The plans of the chief cities as they existed at this epoch are also an original and most serviceable feature. By the careful narrative it is demonstrated that England was very far from being subdued by the one battle; and it seems to have been only the lack of a competent leader of the English that made a complete conquest possible. Mr. Freeman emphasizes, however, the important fact that William was now, by whatever means, the legitimate King of England, formally elected, and duly consecrated; so that all future resistance was, in point of law, rebellion against the legitimate authority, not resistance to an armed invader. To get the letter of the law on his side was the first and greatest step in the conquest after the victory which gave him a foothold in the land.

In his subsequent actions, in the gradual subjugation of the kingdom, nothing is more striking than the slow and solid progress of each year, the thoroughness with which each new acquisition was made fast, and especially the sagacity with which the tenure of land was made an instrument of policy. William knew just how much of feudalism would serve his purpose, and how essential it was in a permanent conquest to strike root deep in the soil. Here his policy reminds one strongly of the conquests of the Roman republic. The Norman fortresses, at every important point, were like the Roman military colonies in their strategic importance; yet the Roman colonies were not merely military posts, but were at the same time an occupation of the land by actual settlers, who continued likewise to preserve a share at least of Roman citizenship. Now, this most original characteristic of the Roman system was, to be sure, not made use of in the Norman military posts themselves; but the same result was reached by means of land-grants. The Roman military posts were colonies, the members of which still continued *municipes* of the mother city. William, instead of colonies, used fiefs; but both institutions, however widely differing in other respects, were alike in this—that the immediate occupant of the soil was the representative and soldier of the sovereign.

Connected with this policy, and not less remarkable in point of sagacity and efficiency, is the vigor with which William "conquered the tendencies to anarchy and division which lurked both in the old institutions of the land and in the new institutions which he had himself brought in and fostered" (p. 696). In laying the foundations of a developed feudalism, he took care not only to arrest the tendencies to disintegration in England itself, which, after all, were one of the chief causes of his success, but, still more, those which existed in continental feudalism. Polydore Vergil, an Italian, who resided in England in the sixteenth century, remarks as a peculiarity of the country that "by reason of an auncient custome in England, dukes and earles have their titles of dignities of the counties, within the which oftentimes they have no possessions nor patrimonies; but their revenue consisteth of lands and possessions which they have otherwhere." Now, it was William the Conqueror that laid the foundation for this by taking care that his tenants-in-chief should hold detached fiefs scattered in all counties rather than large stretches of contiguous territory—a policy precisely analogous to that by which the ten tribes of Clisthenes were made up of non-adjacent demes. Moreover, not only was he careful that the properties of his earls and barons should not be compact territories, but, as governors of shires, they were not invested with such powers as their peers on the Continent. Only in three exceptionally-situated counties—Chester, Durham, and Kent (two of them ruled by ecclesiastics)—were palatine powers conferred. It was to this subordination of the great feudatories, and the fact that the king was in reality as well as in name at the head of the feudal hierarchy, that England owes at once her unity and, in a great degree, her healthy and steady development of constitutional liberty.

Another important point which is made prominent by Mr. Freeman is the continuousness of English institutions under the rule of the Conqueror, a view, it will be remembered, very characteristic of him, and which, therefore, it would be expected that this volume would take pains to make clear. For example, the succession of the three annual *gemôts*, at Gloucester, Winchester, and Westminster, was kept up as in former reigns, and made use of by the king for carrying out his policy—just as the Tudors used parliament as their regular instrument. See also particularly (p. 364) the account of the Shire-gemôt of Kent in relation to the Penenden controversy. The great formal change made in this reign—most characteristic for a contemporary of Gregory VII.—was the removal of ecclesiastical affairs from the control of the Witena-gemôt. Mr. Freeman is careful, however, to point out the degree of independence still enjoyed by the English Church, even in the Pontificate of Gregory. When the Pope sent to him, demanding "that the King of the English should profess himself the man of the Bishop of Rome," William quietly replied that this fealty "he had never promised, and his predecessors had never paid" (p. 432). So we find quoted (p. 347) the expression of Pope Urban, calling Archbishop Anselm "quasi alterius orbis papam."

Of special points of interest we will mention the description of the municipalities of Exeter (p. 157) and Lincoln (p. 203), with the strong tendencies that existed to develop both into free republics like Lübeck and Florence. We wish there were more of this, but shall probably find it in the next volume. The frequent use of Domesday Book as collateral authority often suggests interesting points of detail, as, for instance (p. 805), where it is shown that the hero Hereward was a landholder not only in Lincolnshire, but probably also in Warwickshire and Worcestershire. A particularly interesting and instructive point is (p. 624) as to the existence in England of English and Norman law side by side, according to the nationality of the parties. "In England this reference [to the judgment of God] took the form of the ordeal of water or of hot iron, while in Normandy it took the form of wager of battle. William recognized both modes of trial." It is interesting, too, to a reader of Scott, to find an ancester of Peveril of the Peak (p. 201) holding lands both in Nottinghamshire and in the Peakland of Derbyshire.

Mr. Freeman may be an example to all historians in the care that he takes to instruct his readers; not only in giving authority for his statements —for all good historians do that—or in arguing special points in appendices. for this, too, is not uncommon, but in giving an opportunity to compare his own expressions by numerous cross-references to his own volumes. These are most serviceable, especially in a work which comes out a volume at a time; but we know no other historian who gives them as abundantly and systematically. Maps, too, as we have already indicated, are a strong point in all his works. We anticipate in his next volume important results from the combination of his minute and accurate investigation with his habit of giving the reader the means of weighing every detail of argument, and comprehending every point of illustration. The transition from the Anglo-Saxon system to pure feudalism will be a subject well adapted to his highest powers.

Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie. Notes intimes pour servir à l'histoire du Second Empire. Par Henri d'Ideville. Turin, 1859–62. (New York: F. W. Christern.)—This volume is to be followed by a second, treating of the author's stay in Rome (1862–66), and a third, divided between Athens (1867) and Dresden (1868). It will be seen from these dates that the author was fortunately situated for observation during the important decade which his journal covers, having witnessed in Italy the complete emancipation of the country from Austria; the Garibaldian conquest of Southern Italy; Castelfidardo and Aspromonte; and having been in Greece at a time when French diplomacy, which more perhaps than anything else had precipitated the Cretan insurrection in 1866, offered almost no hindrance to its disastrous conclusion; finally, having served in Germany in the pregnant interval between Sadowa and Sedan—perhaps with as little insight and foresight as his colleagues, Baron Stoffel excepted, and with as little usefulness to his Imperial employer and to his unhappy country. He himself remarks that, "in the latter years of the Empire, the traditions to which French diplomacy owed the influence it formerly exerted abroad, and which refused admission to the incapable and unworthy, had completely disappeared." The ambitious personage in whom this deterioration seems to have reached its lowest pitch, M. Vincent Benedetti, is described by his unwilling associate in no flattering terms, though Count d'Ideville ranks him far above "those secondary personages," MM. Rouher and Haussmann, whose character, he says, is if possible inferior to their abilities. He appears on the scene in March, 1861, as an officious intermeddler in the treaty ceding Nice and Savoy to France, having got himself appointed second plenipotentiary. Shortly after his arrival in Turin, being in the diplomatic gallery when some member of the Parliament makes an incidental allusion to France, he has the impudence to ejaculate audibly: "If they go on talking like that, I shall have to interfere." Later we find him a vehement partisan of the radical policy of the Roman question, intriguing with Rattazzi, opposed to Ricasoli. Of each of these statesmen we have interesting delineations, especially on the conjugal side. The author on one occasion was, together with an Italian deputy and the senator Cibrario, used by Mme. de Solms to prevent a solitary interview with Rattazzi, not yet minister, but already her lover, and destined to marry her a fortnight after she became a widow. As for Ricasoli, his wife not having been above suspicion, he kept her closely secluded till her death at his chateau between Florence and Siena. Cavour is of course the principal figure in these memoirs, our diplomat confessing to a warm attachment for him. His simple mode of life, his subordination in his domestic relations to his elder brother, his passion for farming, his unostentatious appearance in the streets—he almost never used a carriage—the untiring industry which finally killed him; this and the public grief over "Papa Camille" are well expressed in Count d'Ideville's notes. One whole chapter is mainly a translation of reminiscences of Cavour that appeared in *Pasquino*, the comic paper of Turin, for once serious and mournful like the rest. When Parliament met to receive the news of his death, and the ministers had entered, all eyes were turned to the premier's empty seat, and from there, by a singular absence of mind, to the door, as if he were still expected. An anecdote is told of him which should be good reading at the American legation in London: how that, the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs having, as a mark of friendship, reserved for him a thousand shares in the Austrian railways, which had just been conceded to a French company, making the investment a very safe and valuable one, Cavour replied: "I thank your Excellency for your offer, but since I have become minister I have renounced all speculation."

We pass over the glimpses of social life in Piedmont, whose sturdy inhabitants—"the muscles of Italy"—treated the French almost as compatriots, though after Villa Franca they filled their print-shops with portraits of Orsini, and exposed revolutionary pamphlets on the stalls; of the Milanese Anglomania; of the Parmese poverty, such that "when the Duchess wished to give an entertainment or a ball, she was obliged, in order to have ladies for the dance, to import from Paris gowns, head-dresses, etc., and distribute them among the notables of the place." Nor can we stop long with Lamarmora, Cialdini, or Garibaldi, taking his seat as a deputy and forgetting himself in the middle of his set speech; with the Comtesse de Castiglione; with Dumas, contracting with the Government to write from the secret archives a history of the House of Bourbon at Naples; with Victor Emanuel, even, though he merits a few words. The king's traits are drawn with respectful freedom, and his good qualities—courage and a capacity for tenderness and delicacy of feeling—not overlooked. Though not beautiful, says d'Ideville, he is savage and picturesque, and not without grandeur—"un roi hun, un chef barbare." His morganatic connection with the Countess Millefiori is set forth without censure. Most amusing are the illustrations of his detestation of ceremonies, and especially dinners, he himself eating but once a day. On the opening of the railway from Bologna to Ancona, he took passage with his suite and the diplomatic corps, and alighted at Rimini, the half-way station, for refreshments, the time allowed being three-quarters of an hour. Disdaining to eat, he endured the halt for about six minutes, and then abruptly ordered the train to proceed, to the dismay of the invited guests, who had scarcely begun to satisfy their hunger. A general pillage of the feast ensued, in which the king's lackeys played a conspicuous part, getting well intoxicated before they arrived at Ancona.

We must close with an extract or two, serving to compare 1861 with 1871. The bitter pill of "compensation," which cost the new kingdom Savoy and Nice, was coated over by a substitution of "reunion" in the treaty, in place of the words "annexation" and "cession." Napoleon, himself, in a letter to Persigny, dated July 29, 1860, speaks of his desire "to see *reunited* to France provinces essentially French." When the treaty was submitted to the Italian Parliament for ratification, certain of the deputies from the ceded provinces spoke for the last time, "using, as was their wont, the French language, whereas they were replied to in Italian." Finally, says d'Ideville, "the comedy of universal suffrage ended, as usual, to the entire satisfaction of the author and the actors." The bearing of this precedent on the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine is too obvious to require comment. "The French character is always the same," says the diplomatist, telling of the rude and disorderly behavior of some of Lamoricière's troops who had been taken prisoners at Castelfidardo and sent to Turin, where they were granted a large degree of liberty. "Cavour sent for me: 'I allow your youngsters their freedom,' said he, 'but for Heaven's sake don't let them insult us because they were beaten.'"

Our Poor Relations: A philozoic essay. By Colonel E. B. Hamley. With illustrations, chiefly by Ernest Griset. American edition. (Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.)—Every *ism* is entitled to its light literature, so we must patiently await the coming of the host of flimsy child-books and trashy novels which are to popularize the new gospel of philozoism, altruism, or whatever the theory is to be named which is the motive of our societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. It may well offend the souls of those who are striving to embody in our society the spirit of the great moral as well as physical discovery that the brute is our neighbor and kinsman, to see, as they must, how nothing is sacred to the book-maker, nothing beyond the reach of the modern masters of namby-pamby. If we accept the spirit of the age, and regard every question as entitled to its share of fine writing and baby-talk, we can find something interesting in this book of Colonel Hamley's. It always marks a considerable success in any reform when half-pay colonels of Pall Mall clubs take it up. It is evident, however, that it is not in the spirit of the reformer, but of the dilettante, that the author has written. If there be any purpose in his work beyond the indulgence of a considerable power for stringing small stories together, it is to abuse professional naturalists.

The pictures which illustrate this "essay" are poor in execution and overstrained. Griset has failed in giving a pathetic look to animals, which seems to be primarily a German knack, though some English pencils have acquired it.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Robinson (F. W.), A Bridge of Glass, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	
Shairp (J. C.), Studies in Poetry and Philosophy	(Hurd & Houghton)	1 50
Saxe (J. G.), Fables and Legends of Many Countries	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	1 50
Sewards (S. D.), Registration of Written Instruments, swd	(Baker, Voorhis & Co.)	0 50
Stewart (Prof. B.), Physics (Science Primer)	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Spurgeon (Rev. C. H.), Sermons, 9th Series	(Sheldon & Co.)	
Swinton (W.), First Lessons in our Country's History.	(Ivison, Blakeman & Co.)	0 80
Schellen, Roscoe, and Huggins (Profs.) Spectrum Analysis Explained, swd	(Lee & Shepard)	0 25
Thackeray (W. M.), Paris Sketch Book; Irish Sketch Book, 1 vol	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
The House of Yorke: A Tale	(Cath. Pub. Soc.)	2 50
The Workshop, No. 4, swd	(E. Steiger)	0 40
Trafton (Adeline), An American Girl Abroad	(Lee & Shepard)	
Townsend (Rev. L. T.), God-Man	" "	
Tyerman (Rev. L.), Life and Times of John Wesley, Vol. III	(Harper & Bros.)	
Ticknor (G.), History of Spanish Literature, 3 Vols., new ed.	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	
The Minor Poems of Homer	(A. Denham & Co.)	1 50
Tears (E. H.), The Fourth Gospel the Heart of Christ	(Noyes, Holmes & Co.)	
Wedgwood (H.), Dictionary of English Etymology, 2d ed	(Macmillan & Co.)	8 00
Wilson (H.), Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America, Vol. I	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	
Zeitschrift für Erdkunde, No. 36, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)	

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1872.

The Week.

THE supplemental article of the Treaty of Washington has received the advice and consent of the Senate by a vote of 43 to 8, a number of senators abstaining. The influences which brought about this result, and made the opposition to it of so little account, have been various. The weightiest has been the decided and well-settled and almost unanimous conviction of the country that the "indirect claims" were decidedly absurd, or rather discreditable, and its anxiety to get them in some way out of sight and out of mind. The exigencies of the political crisis have also contributed a great deal, the Administration being in a cruel fix. If it stood by Davis, it lost the Treaty, which is one of the principal feathers in its cap; if it sacrificed Davis and his claims, it "surrendered" to England in a mean, cowardly, crawling, and disgustingly abject manner, which left the people no alternative but to elect in Grant's place that renowned jurist, Horace Greeley. Under these circumstances, there was nothing for it but to swallow the bitter dose. Modifications intended to make the obligation not to claim consequential damages reciprocal have been made in the article, though we do not know in what language, and they apparently are weighing on Gladstone's soul, for when questioned on the subject in the House of Commons he was sombre and uncommunicative. The settlement, or even prospect of settlement, has given a considerable impetus to business.

The tactics of the Greeley managers have during the week become much more clearly defined. The union between North and South is clearly to be the main reliance of the Greeley speakers and writers, and the managers are now daily occupied in "clasping hands across the bloody gulf." We hear little, and every day less, of civil-service reform, or revenue reform, or the extirpation of corruption in office, which were originally the main features of the Liberal Republican movement. In this way, the effect of Greeley's early opposition to the war, of his proposal to make peace at any price if Lee got as far as the Delaware, and to buy peace by paying for the slaves, and of the Davis bail-bond, is best neutralized, and attention turned away from the candidate's unfortunate personal career as a politician, and the bad character of his political friends and associates in his own State. The sentimental side of him, contrary to general expectation, does not, for reasons we have given elsewhere, seem to make much impression. The "white hat" and "white coat" seem, on the whole, to be failures; as "Uncle Horace" and "Old Horace," and as a "wood-chopper," he does not appear to make much progress. These sources of enthusiasm were indeed exhausted in Mr. Lincoln's and Mr. Johnson's time. The excitement caused by Mr. Lincoln's having split rails, and Johnson's having been a working tailor, makes Greeley's career as a printer and his exploits with his axe at Chappaqua seem very tame. The Springfield *Republican*, which suggested timidly at first that he would call Adams and Trumbull into his cabinet, now makes the much safer prediction that he will have no wine on his table at the White House. His friends would evidently like nothing better than that "the dissatisfied reformers" should assail his clothes, and his boots, and his manner of living. Their objections to him, however, do not concern his manner of covering his body, or eating his food, but his way of talking and acting on public questions; and in this, heaven knows, his worst enemies will find plenty of ammunition.

Politics, it must be confessed, are "mixed" just now. The Paris *Patrie* is the only journal of our acquaintance which has arrived at certitude in its search for the truth about our parties. Mr. Greeley, it says, was elected President in the city of Cincinnati, and will enter upon his term of office in November. We trust that some of our heated journalists, reflecting on how the thing looks at the distance of Paris, will now cool down a little. Still, they have some excuse for crossness in the extremely perplexing character of the problems under consideration. Nobody knows, for example, whether the Democracy of pig-iron Pennsylvania itself can be made to take up the principal expounder of Pennsylvania protection, and the probabilities seem to be that the delegation to Baltimore will fight the New York delegation for the control of the Convention and in the interest of a regular ticket. The Grant men appear to count on a sufficient number of Bourbon Democrats, disgusted at the thought of Greeley, to ensure them the State. But then again the Republicans go into the October election divided on the question of Hartranft; and those who are for him savagely tell those who are against him and have already denounced him in the harshest way, that if Hartranft is "slaughtered" in October they will "slaughter" Grant in November. These dissensions and the generally squally outlook in that important State give rise to rumored consultations in Washington as to the advisability of throwing over Mr. Colfax and giving the Vice-Presidential nomination at Philadelphia to some Pennsylvanian. To those accustomed only to the simple issues and broad divisions of our last sixteen years of politics, the coming campaign clearly promises to afford an improving lesson in practical politics.

It is plain as possible that the Southern whites will go for Greeley, and that the Baltimore Convention will have little power over them. The disposition of the Northern Democrats seems to be as doubtful as ever; Voorhees appears to lose none of his courage, and has been making a violent anti-Greeley speech at his home in Indiana, and seems ready to stake his political existence on Greeley's not getting the Baltimore nomination. What the rank and file think, it is very difficult to make out. Of the three leading Democratic papers of the North—the *World*, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and the Chicago *Times*—only the second supports him; but a good many of the leading men have declared for him, and others favor him, but reserve final decision till the Convention meets. The Germans show little sign of coming over. The New York *Tribune* announces the preparation, by Mr. Schurz, of a great pro-Greeley "campaign speech," shortly to be delivered. We venture to assert that there is no foundation for this story; that Mr. Schurz will deliver no speeches for Greeley, and could not honestly deliver any; and that if he simply keeps silent, Greeley will have reason to be grateful to him.

The *World* has a long and interesting letter from a person whom it styles a "leading Democrat," and who describes as an eye-witness the inner workings of the Democratic Convention which met at Rochester the other day, and which, though it did not instruct its delegates to vote for Greeley at Baltimore, was in all respects favorable to him. The story of the writer is that Greeley was put forward by the New York delegation at Cincinnati, and supported by all the Fentonites, in pursuance of an agreement with the Democrats of this State, by which "reform" was not to be pushed too far in the Legislature, Hoffman was to be sent next winter to the Senate; and Greeley was to get the Baltimore nomination. It must be admitted that the leading facts, thus far—such as the character and work of the Legislature, Hoffman's vetoes, the kind of men who went from this State as delegates to Cincinnati in support of Greeley, and the kind of men who are now rallying to his support here, the conduct and composition of the State Convention as the writer in the *World* describes them—all help to corroborate his account. Greeley himself may not be capable of entering into a conspiracy of this kind, but we believe that nothing is easier than to make him the tool of such a conspiracy; and we believe that the men who are now "running" him for the Presidency intend to turn him to far vaster uses than he himself yet knows of.

The Liberal Republicans, too, who are engaged in supporting Greeley merely to bring about a general break-up, would do well to think seriously about the responsibility they are incurring. If they imagine that they will be allowed any share in managing Greeley at Washington, or will be allowed to make anything out of him for any good cause, they are simpler by far than we supposed it was possible for anybody to be who saw what happened at Cincinnati. Their plan of using Greeley to produce chaos, with the expectation of then building up a better order of things, has been not inaptly compared to the device of the Maryland doctor who, pluming himself on his skill in the treatment of "fits," threw all patients into "fits" as the first step in their cure.

The Eastern politicians have been a good deal stirred up by a speech from Mr. F. W. Bird, a practical politician who has been as influential within the managing circle of Massachusetts Republicans as any man in the State. So far as we at this distance can interpret his speech, it may, in brief, be described as expressing fully Mr. Sumner's deep indignation with General Grant. Mr. Bird made it plain that his friend is very angry, and probably unappeasably so, but it is to be noted that he committed Mr. Sumner to nothing further than continued opposition to Grant's renomination. He did not even so much as say that in case the Philadelphia Convention made the President a candidate Mr. Sumner would leave the party or remain recalcitrant; nor did he venture the prediction that Massachusetts can be got away from the Republicans by any coalition supporting Greeley and Brown. That Mr. Bird "endorsed" the Cincinnati nominations the report does not show; it does show that he will have nothing to do with Philadelphia. The fact is that Massachusetts Republicans and New England Republicans generally have never at any time "taken stock" in Mr. Greeley to any great extent. The Republican party was invented there while Mr. Greeley was still fighting hard for the Whigs, slavery and all. In Connecticut, where the Democrats even in defeat are perennially so close to the offices that their mouths are constantly watering for them, the Cincinnati ticket takes better than anywhere else in New England, but even there it will alienate a certain percentage of Democrats of the straitest sect, and we should like to hear a positive statement from any Democratic or Liberal Republican journal that any ticket now before the people will inevitably carry even the close and doubtful State of Connecticut in November next.

The disappointed Revenue Reformers are to hold a meeting to-night in this city, with Mr. W. C. Bryant in the chair, and Mr. D. A. Wells as one of the principal speakers. The object is both to free their minds with regard to the Cincinnati Convention, and to consider what their plan of future operations should be; and the *Evening Post* hints that out of the meeting may grow another attempt to give the hundreds of thousands of honest men all over the country a really reform candidate to vote for. There is an enormous number of electors who are waiting to see whether something better than anything which now offers will not turn up; and who, if something better does turn up, will show Mr. Greeley-Brown that his last trick was an unwise one. The preparations that are evidently going on to make the Baltimore nomination another "hurrah" affair—that is, to extract it from the warm and gushing "hearts" of a parcel of political hacks—are evidently of a very formidable character, and anything that can be done by way of counter-move ought to be done quickly, whatever it is; it ought to be something into which all reformers, whether hearty free-traders or not, can come. The Cincinnati platform, on the Tariff question, much of a departure as it was from the Missouri call, would at least have been honest and truthful if the right men had been nominated on it. We ought to say here that we find we are mistaken in asserting that the Chicago *Tribune* supports Greeley, with much "heaviness of heart and bitterness of spirit." It supports him on grounds of policy which the editor holds to be wise, and with expectations as to Greeley's official career which are brighter than we think his antecedents will warrant, but which any man may honestly hold.

The Baltimore *American*, commenting on the course of the *Nation* with regard to the Cincinnati nominations, says "the editor [of the *Nation*] was a delegate to the Cincinnati Convention from New York City, and did all he could to secure the nomination of Mr. Adams, and that, failing in that and neglecting to 'bolt,' Mr. Greeley had a right to suppose that he would be bound by the action of the Convention." It does not, perhaps, make much difference to the public or to Mr. Greeley what the editor of the *Nation* said or did at Cincinnati; but it is due to himself to say that he did not go to Cincinnati as a delegate to the Convention, that he took no part in its proceedings or in those of any delegation, and never gave anybody the slightest reason to suppose that he would be "bound by the action of the Convention." Some great change must take place in his mental and moral constitution before he agrees to allow General John Cochrane, "Rocky" Moore, and their like to settle for him what his course of action on any great public question shall be during the six months next ensuing, by giving "three cheers" and waving old hats round their heads. He did advocate the nomination of Mr. Adams, on what he conceived to be rational grounds; he considers the failure to nominate him a great misfortune, aggravated intensely by the nomination of Mr. Greeley. What Greeley's nomination means, as the issue of such a movement, nobody has accurately pictured to himself who has not asked himself what reply the good men who originated the Liberal Republican movement would have made, last March or April, to this question: Is it not our best remedy for Grant's maladministration to let Senator Fenton, General Cochrane, Mr. Waldo Hutchins, and Mr. Theodore Tilton get up a convention and nominate Horace Greeley for the Presidency?

It appears that the story that Casey, the New Orleans collector, had resigned was the invention of somebody who hoped to promote "reform inside the party" by spreading false news. The collector, it appears, still holds his place, and the report of the Congressional committee is still not forthcoming, on the plea that they have to examine other witnesses. The effect of its non-appearance is, however, very bad, partly owing to the fact that Casey still holds his place, and partly to the thoroughly partisan tone of the majority report on the French arms affair and the Robeson charges.

The majority report of the committee on the Robeson case is written in the same strongly partisan spirit as that of the committee on the sale of French arms, and indeed in spirit as well as language merits the term "whitewashing." The two principal charges against the Secretary were that he made, without advertisement, an illegal contract with one Roach to take the old engines and boilers out of the steamer *Tennessee*, and put in new ones at an exorbitant price. The defence which the majority make is that the usual advertisement for bids was dispensed with because the new engines to be put in were of the peculiar kind called "compound engines," the construction of which nobody in this country but Roach understood; that the price paid is admitted by all experts to be small, the sum allowed for the old engines and boilers large, and the bargain on the whole an excellent one. To which the minority (Messrs. Blair and Archer) reply, that whether the bargain was good or bad is not the principal question; it was certainly illegal to award such a contract privately to Roach, and it was contrary to the practice of the Department. If he is the only man in the country competent to construct these engines, he would have obtained the contract after advertisement as well as without it. If he is not the only man, advertisement would have produced the others, and have given the Government the benefit of their competition. That Roach paid a good price for the old engines and boilers is also nothing to the purpose. The Secretary has no legal right to barter away old boilers and engines and put in new ones on his own motion. If he may do this for one steamer, he may do it for the whole navy.

On the Secor claim, the majority say the claim was a good and honest one, which had been repeatedly examined, and that the question whether it was barred by the words of the statute under which the $115,539 00 was paid—"which shall be in full discharge of all claims against the United States on account of the vessels upon which the Board made their allowance," etc., is one on which lawyers may differ. This we must call an astounding assertion. If lawyers can differ as to the meaning of such a phrase, language cannot be of much use to lawyers. The Senate Committee on Naval Affairs declared, in their report of May, 1870: "that in law such a receipt [a receipt for payment made under the statute] is a complete bar to all further recourse, cannot be denied." The fact is, as the minority report shows, and as the majority do not deny, that there was at least very considerable doubt, not as to the justice of the Secor claim, but as to the Secretary's power to pay it; that in order to pay it he had not only to construe the statute for himself against the plain and ordinary sense of the words, but to disregard the usage of the Department, which forbids the reopening of accounts closed by a previous Administration, and to use, contrary to law, money voted for the ordinary naval expenses of the year to pay an old claim. Moreover, he did this when the Appropriation Committee was sitting, and when, on application to them, the claim, if proper, might have been regularly provided for by Congress. This is the plain truth of the matter. Both the majority and the minority agree that there was no foundation whatever for the charges made by the *Sun* against Mr. Robeson's personal integrity. The charge proved against him is that to which so many other officers of the Government have rendered themselves liable—well-meaning but reckless disregard of the law.

There has been, as might have been expected, a bill filed in the English Court of Chancery, by a stockholder of the "Emma Silver-Mining Co.," seeking to restrain two of the principal American promoters of the enterprise from parting with some of the stock which they hold, or from receiving any dividends on it, and praying that they may be made to render an account of their transactions with regard to the disposal of the mine to the too confiding Englishmen. Mr. Schenck's name is not mentioned in the bill, but it is expected to figure very prominently in the evidence and subsequent pleadings. The "orator," as the Chancery lawyers call the unfortunate petitioner, has a very unpleasant theory about the mine and its great vendors. He thinks briefly that it is a cheat, says that the dividends have been paid out of the capital, and that no silver whatever has been extracted from "the inexhaustible lode" since the sale. We trust the suit will be pushed on vigorously, and think we can promise that the "disclosures" will be a good deal richer than the mine. We may be pardoned for reminding our readers that we drew attention last November, when Mr. Schenck's connection with it became known, to the fact that the enterprise bore several marks, easily recognizable by persons familiar with mining speculation in this country, of a swindle; that we predicted that the sale of it in the London market by the aid of Mr. Schenck's name would lead to legal proceedings, from which Mr. Schenck's diplomatic position would save his property, but could not save his good name and that of the Government he represents; and that we warned the English dupes of the promoters that the "monthly dividend," so ostentatiously promised, was a sham, and could not be depended on.

Mr. Schenck withdrew from the direction under the outcry raised over the matter here, and by the advice of the State Department; but he did not withdraw until he had made all that was to be made by his participation in that enterprise, nor without writing a letter commending it to continued public confidence and support, which, whether he knew the facts or did not know them, he could not have honestly written. He ought to have been recalled, or at all events censured, when his share in this business became known, and his letter endorsing the company was an aggravation of his original offence. If it should now appear that his share in it has been such that were he an Englishman or a private individual he would be personally liable, Mr. Fish can surely have no hesitation as to what he should do in the matter, and we hope all who lose money by it will, in the interest of public morality and decency, write Mr. Schenck a letter containing their opinion, and asking him for such atonement as he would be compelled to make if it were not for his ambassadorial robes. It is worth notice, too, that his most prominent defender in this country has been Mr. Horace Greeley, our present "reform" candidate for the Presidency. Horace declared he could see nothing in Mr. Schenck's performance but legitimate trade, and wondered what all the fuss was about. Was it possible that an American was to be forbidden to trade because he entered the diplomatic service of his country? said Mr. Greeley. We are afraid we shall have many views of this kind when Old Horace gets into the White House. He will be surrounded by "honest traders" doing all sorts of queer things, which they will persuade the Sage of Chappaqua that nobody but "monarchists" would think of objecting to.

Marshal Bazaine has been ordered to be tried by court-martial, but the court has to be organized under a special act, the law regulating the trial of marshals not being operative, owing to the fact that the four marshals needed for the court are not forthcoming, the others having either served under his orders or being disabled by age or wounds. General Chanzy has declared himself a Conservative Republican, which has raised him into political prominence, but the "Republic" seems to go from bad to worse. M. Thiers is now proposing to recur to the Imperialist plan of having the debates of the Assembly reported by the Government, and prohibiting the publication by the newspapers of any but the reports thus furnished. There is some excuse, if excuse be possible, for this performance to be found in the manner in which French newspapers behave with regard to everything that can be called "news"—that is, they do not even make a pretence of supplying it. Erckmann-Chatrian, in their last novel, "L'Histoire du Plébiscite," contrast with great bitterness the plan of the French papers of having their war-news invented in Paris by professional liars, with that of the English and American press of sending correspondents to report on the spot. Anybody who should start a newspaper in Paris of the American kind would begin an absolutely novel enterprise, and he would probably do more, if he succeeded, than all the politicians in the country in making a republic possible.

The most marked incident in French news is, however, the speech of the Duc d'Audriffet-Pasquier, in presenting what we should call the report of the committee on the conduct of the war. He made the most shocking exposures of Imperialist corruption. He showed that a vegetable dealer named Cholet had been sent to England when the war broke out to buy cartridges, and had made $500,000 for himself on purchases to the amount of $2,000,000 in the course of a single year. The best of it was that half the cartridges did not reach France till the war was more than half over, and the remaining half until it was entirely over. Several foreign houses offered, in 1867, to supply Chassepots at $12, but their bids were disregarded, and the contracts given to two Frenchmen at $14. The books made it appear that the French army was in 1870 possessed of 10,000 pieces of artillery; the sorrowful truth was that it had only 2,000 all told. The books said there were 3,000,000 muskets in the arsenals, when there were only 1,000,000. But the administration of the navy appeared to be absolutely pure. The Duke wound up with a glowing eulogium on the men and officers of the army, and when he spoke of their courage, patience, laboriousness, and self-denial, and said that "all their children should serve in it," this declaration in favor of compulsory and general military service brought the Assembly to its feet in a burst of enthusiasm. The report has damned the Empire beyond redemption, and the effort of M. Rouher to make head against the storm of indignation in a two-hours speech at a subsequent period, proved utterly unavailing.

THE SENATE AND THE TREATIES.

THE conduct of the Administration in referring the Supplemental Article to the Senate for advice before transmitting it for ratification has been somewhat severely criticised, as showing a desire on the part of the Executive to shirk its proper share of responsibility. But the conduct of the Senate during the past ten years on questions of foreign policy has been such that it will hereafter be very difficult, if not increasingly difficult, for the President to enter on any negotiation with any foreign power on his own motion or from his own sense of fitness or expediency. The relations between him and the Senate have, as everybody knows, of late undergone serious and important, though not always perceptible, modifications. The number of ill-informed men and self-seeking men and simple adventurers in the body is, for reasons with which all are familiar, much greater than it used to be; and the tendency of these men to use all discretionary powers for their own advantage, and of better men, for the gratification of their own whims and caprices, to disregard all limitations or checks which are not set down in the written law, is well known. The first result of this state of things has been, as might have been expected, the virtual usurpation by the Senate of the appointing power as regards that class of officers for which the senatorial confirmation is necessary. As the practice of the Senate now is, many of the President's nominations, for which he is responsible to the country, are merely timid suggestions, of which he can only secure the adoption in extraordinary cases and by the use of underhand influence; and the Senate, in debating the confirmation, consults not so much the President's wishes as that of the Senators from the State in which the person nominated resides. We are all familiar with the abuses to which this leads and has led.

All complications between the Senate and the Executive, however, which only affect the interests and feelings of the people who elect them and to whom they are responsible, are of comparatively small importance. They often cause inconveniences and sometimes scandals, but the country can at any time it pleases save itself from both one and the other by calling to account and punishing those who bring them about. When, however, these complications affect foreign nations and bring discredit on us in our international relations, they become a much more serious matter. Our national reputation is then injured by them, our good faith brought into doubt, and our standing in the family of nations lowered; and injury inflicted by us on communities which have no means of redress, and which cannot oppose the re-election of the cantankerous Jones, or the corrupt Smith, or the boisterous and ignorant Brown. Moreover, they are aggravated by the fixity of tenure which both the Senate and the Administration enjoy during its four years' office. In those European countries in which the consent of the legislature is necessary to the execution of a treaty with a foreign power, or in which there are practically two powers whose ratification is necessary to give a treaty validity, the executive has always the resource of an immediate and direct appeal to the country in case it finds itself in irreconcilable difference with the other branch of the government. The Ministry can, if their foreign policy does not meet with the approval of Parliament, dissolve Parliament, and submit the whole question to the people at a general election, and have their opinion on it after a full and fair discussion by the newspapers and stump speakers, and if it be adverse, can resign. In this way, it is out of the power of the cantankerous Jones, or the corrupt Smith, or the boisterous and ignorant Brown, or any combination of them, to break down a treaty or arrest a negotiation. The whole question is dragged out into the light of day, and the national honor committed for safe keeping to the national integrity and common sense.

But under our system an appeal to the people is impossible, and Jones, Smith, and Brown have it altogether their own way. It is for a variety of reasons desirable, especially in these days of incessant and often inaccurate and wrong-headed or malevolent newspaper discussion, that negotiations with a foreign power should be conducted secretly. But the negotiations over, and the result transmitted to the Senate for ratification, it is in the highest degree desirable that the discussion of the treaty should be public. Treaties are, under the Constitution, part of "the supreme law of the land." They bind everybody to the same degree as Acts of Congress; they often affect trade, commerce, and manufactures very seriously, and they affect the national honor more than any Act of Congress can ever do. The public is, therefore, as much entitled to know, before the Senate has finally passed upon them, what motives the President has had in concluding them, and what are their exact nature and probable effects, as it is to be informed of the proceedings in either House of Congress in the passage of a bill. The action of the Senate on a treaty, too, though executive in form, is legislative in fact. Whatever reason there is for having its debates public when bills are under consideration, applies with just as great or even greater force when treaties are under consideration. We want to know, and we ought to know, what senators of weight and learning have to say for or against the proposed bargain, and we want and ought to know what excuses or pretences the cantankerous Jones, corrupt Smith, and boisterous and ignorant Brown put forward in defence of *their* course, whatever it may happen to be. But the Administration, after concluding a treaty and transmitting it to the Senate, is absolutely tongue-tied till the Senate has reached a decision. It cannot explain or defend its work before the country; it cannot, if the Senate refuses to ratify, either dissolve the Senate or appeal to the people, or even compel the Senate to state publicly why it refuses to ratify; and it cannot be dismissed in case of gross miscarriage or glaring incompetency. The most delicate and important piece of negotiation may thus perish in thick darkness, under, it may be, purely factious opposition, the people whom it concerns in the meanwhile knowing nothing about it except what reaches them in the vague rumors picked up by the bohemians in the lobbies of the Capitol. We shall say nothing here, for want of space, of the effect this has in cultivating indifference to and consequently ignorance about foreign affairs on the part of the country, and in thus increasing the power of corrupt and unscrupulous demagogues and blatherskites over public opinion on this class of questions.

We have had, during General Grant's Administration, now three striking illustrations of the inconveniences of our mode of dealing with foreign affairs, and of the growing tendency to make the management of our international relations subservient to the purposes of party politics—which is another way of saying, of the growing indifference to national reputation and national continuity. The Reverdy-Johnson Treaty was objectionable on two grounds. One was that it obtained no formal atonement for the outrages on the national dignity, and the other was that the machinery it provided for a settlement was defective, and mixed up the *Alabama* matter with all other subjects in dispute between the two countries. But it was dictated from first to last by our Government, and it is notorious that it failed less on its merits than because Reverdy Johnson was the appointee of President Johnson and Secretary Seward, who had just been driven from office amidst great excitement. Of course Mr. Johnson's own social indiscretions in England had something to do with the failure; but nobody who has witnessed the complacent condonation of Mr. Schenck's participations in the operations of a band of swindling speculators, will pretend that if the former had not been Seward's agent his too great effusiveness at dinner-parties would have lashed either the Department or the Senate into uncontrollable wrath.

This view is strengthened by our second illustration—that of the St. Thomas Treaty with Denmark. Denmark was literally teased by the American Department of State into consenting to sell the Island of St. Thomas. She was unwilling to do so—at first refused to do so—but was finally pressed into consenting. The bargain was closed, as far as the Administration could close it; the vote of the islanders was taken on the scheme, was given in the affirmative, and the King formally released them from their allegiance—the American people and Senate all the while looking on, to all outward appearance approvingly; and the treaty was sent to the Senate

The Senate was then, however, out of temper with Mr. Seward, and it determined to punish him. Now, it is a well-settled principle of international law that, when the ratification of one branch of a government is necessary to the validity of a treaty concluded with a foreign power by another, the ratification should not be refused for "mere reasons of convenience," to use Martens's phrase, but for strong and solid reasons, going to the merits of the case, and based on considerations of justice and right. Well, it seems hardly credible, but it is nevertheless true, that the Senate not only did not ratify this treaty framed under these extraordinary circumstances, but it never gave itself the trouble even to discuss it, *and has to this day never discussed it at all.* In other words, to punish Seward, it has inflicted on Denmark, a small but friendly power, one of the grossest insults ever inflicted by one nation on another, and has committed as gross a breach of faith as could well be imagined; and in this performance it has had the connivance of the present Administration, for General Grant has actually refused to take up the St. Thomas matter, on the ground that it was "an affair of Seward's" with which he had nothing to do—thus presenting the American Secretary of State who represented the American people to foreign nations during the most momentous period of its existence, as a kind of interloper, whose acts were not binding on any of his successors.

Last of all has come the Washington Treaty. At this writing, it is the general and we hope the correct impression that this particular muddle has been brought to an end by the adoption of the supplemental article. That article, it is safe to say, would never have been rendered necessary, or, in other words, the complication about the Treaty would never have arisen, if the debate on the ratification had been public. We believe that in that debate it was openly stated, and without dissent, that the claim for consequential damages had been abandoned in consideration of the apology and the retroactive rules, and that it was ratified with that distinct understanding. Now, had this been laid before the country, as other Congressional discussions are, neither Mr. Bancroft Davis nor anybody else would have ventured on the extraordinary addition to the Case which created the recent imbroglio. No room for the display of smartness of any kind would have been left to anybody, and we should have gone before the Board with a plain statement of undeniable facts, and have got all we are going to get now without the humiliation. That this last performance will not deepen in foreign eyes the distrust with regard to our diplomacy which the Reverdy-Johnson Treaty and the Danish-Island Treaty have already created, it is useless to expect.

THE PUBLIC RECEPTION OF MR. GREELEY'S NOMINATION.

It seems pretty plain that this is not to be a "singing" campaign. We do not see a hint of that enthusiasm with which some of the astonished reformers were at first disposed to console themselves. The valuable element of fun and humor which it was supposed Mr. Greeley's nomination would bring into the canvass is altogether missing; and were it not so much easier to foresee things after they have come to pass, we should marvel that anything else was expected. No joke is irresistibly funny and delightful after two weeks' contemplation. The mood of the public is cynically cool; the people appear perversely indisposed to be amused. Mr. Greeley must stand before the country entirely denuded of all his ludicrous or attractive accidents; his white hat and overcoat will not hurt him, but they will not help him. At first glance, the state of the popular mind would appear to be apathetic, but this impression is superficial. The people do not believe that anybody's election is necessary to the salvation of the country. The country has been saved, at least for some time to come. Not Fernando Wood, not Murphy, not Morrissey, can destroy it. But, nevertheless, some things should be done, and other things should not be done, so there is room for as much conscience as we propose to bring to bear upon the question. The country feels that it has plenty of time in which to make up its mind; it has no need to be in a hurry; but there is a latent determination to decide the question upon its pure merits, to put that man into the place who, upon the whole, shall be the fittest or the least objectionable.

Of the two candidates at present before the people, Grant has rather the warmest following. When we look at the characters and careers of the candidates, this fact, if it be a fact, is certainly noteworthy. Since Donelson, when he was merely a name to us, Grant has excited scarcely a spark of enthusiasm in the national breast. Not only is he not popular at present, but we have by no means a satisfactory sense of his personality. Greeley, on the contrary, is better known to us than any living man, and, with the exception of Jackson and Lincoln, than any man in American history. He has made out of journalism what men of genius, with a passion for confession and the exhibition of their own natures, have hitherto made out of literature. The utterances of the newspapers had previously been supposed to escape out of some nebulous and inscrutable impersonality; the value of the opinion was thought to be in proportion to the mystery of its origin. But Greeley may be said to have brought down journalism from the clouds; through him we have discovered that an utterance rather gains than loses in interest and authority when associated with some vigorous and familiar character. It is not the *Tribune* that speaks to the New England mechanic and the Illinois farmer; it is Greeley. When wicked enemies assail him, and he begins to call hard names, then it is known that "H. G." is angry, and there come up vividly before the mind of his far-away reader the face and form of the enraged editor. The New York *Tribune* may be described as the daily fulmination of Horace Greeley to the American people. The country people say, "Greeley says;" the simplest of them not quite accepting, but nevertheless considering the opinion.

At first view, then, it was natural to imagine that Greeley would be a popular candidate. But the difficulty is that men who are enthusiastic about Mr. Greeley are not apt to care much for reform, while ardent reformers cannot be enthusiastic about Mr. Greeley. There was certainly no lack of enthusiasm before and during the Convention. But the enthusiasm was one for facts and ideas; that expected for Mr. Greeley was of the traditional raccoon and log-cabin sort. The only enthusiasm it is now in the power of this country to give, Mr. C. F. Adams was the man to embody. He would have had at his back the "honest few that give the devil even his due"—the men who neither find truth in the extremes nor yet get at it with a pair of compasses midway between them, but recognize it wherever it appears; who see things as they are and not as they ought to be; who believe in law; who have an imperative sense of doing little things well; and who consider it not unpatriotic to accept the experiences of other countries where we have none of our own. From men who believe in these things, Mr. Greeley could never get anything but a lukewarm and an enforced support. We are not now in a condition to live over again one of our historic Presidential excitements. But even if we were, we doubt if Mr. Greeley could inspire the people with one of the old-time passions. He is not quite the sort of man to be the pet of barbecues and village processions. The popular leaders who have heretofore attracted the women with their babies to the mass-meetings, and caused hungry followers to roast and devour whole oxen, have had in their port a little more of command, have appeared with a little more of station before the people. Have we not exaggerated Greeley's strength with the multitude? Have we not confused familiarity with popularity? A man's character may be very familiar to us, and yet we may not have very great affection for or confidence in him. We may have confidence in his honesty, but it does not follow we should put great trust in his ability. The people relied implicitly upon Jackson; they believed him to be the one man who could lead and rule them, and they were utterly impatient of anybody who thought otherwise; not the most gushing of lady correspondents could "rest on" Mr. Greeley. The state of mind which the farming population of this country is supposed to entertain towards him, we fancy, is exaggerated. With the newspapers, and the telegraphs, and the immense dead-level of intelligence through the land, it is impossible that what has so long been the true estimate of Greeley should not by this time have percolated into the remotest agricultural regions. The bucolic patriot from whom so much is expected will probably, after all, turn out to be the figment of a not very cautious imagination.

The only men who seem to profess a hearty concurrence in Mr. Greeley's candidacy are those who would be glad to support any opponent of Grant. The people, as we have said, do not feel called upon to make up their opinions at once; but the impression in most minds is against Greeley. There is something apocalyptic and second-adventish about the recent untoward event at Cincinnati—the sort of thing that Dr. Cumming might find an interpretation of in the Revelations. The just, no doubt, should have nothing to fear, but to men not yet ready to ascend, the phenomenon is most unwelcome. It is a comfort to such to feel that their feet press the familiar earth. The ills they have are grievous; the insolence of office and its excessive security for Casey and Kramer; Conkling's contumely (now abating); the law's delay—all these are bad to bear, but then follows the reflection of the possibilities of the future, "what dreams may come," and the upshot of their soliloquy is that the attractions of space do not, upon the whole, quite compensate them for its uncertainties.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A PUBLIC LIBRARY.

II.

THE vast majority of those who borrow books from public libraries know nothing of systematic reading. As yet, the old-fashioned circulating library is plainly evident in the general literary taste. It would be unjust to criticise these institutions harshly, for they served their purpose, and, for more than one generation, provided that which was in most common demand. Through them Cooper and Dickens were widely disseminated, no less than "The Red Rover of the Gulf," or even Ainsworth's precious "Jack Sheppard." It was no fault of theirs if the poorest trash was most frequently called for. They would have been equally ready to supply works on philosophy, on theology, on science, or on history, had the public asked for them; as it was, they did not do so; and, indeed, how could they? In five months not one half of the volumes of Macaulay's Essays have yet been taken from the shelves of the library in X.

In fiction, therefore, the previous generations had received a certain rude education, such as it was, and transmitted to the present certain traditions. As regards a more instructive class of reading, the case was wholly different. It is, indeed, surprising to see how little distance into the mass of mankind even the most brilliant literary reputations have penetrated. As regards history, for instance, the desire for information is very pronounced, but the familiarity with authors amounts as yet to almost nothing at all. About three volumes out of every hundred borrowed from the library at X. are historical, strictly speaking, but even this small percentage amounts to a monthly aggregate of over 120 volumes. Yet in this department there seem to be absolutely no popular favorites. Macaulay's History has, indeed, been more successful than his Essays, and is read probably as much as any book of the kind. Buckle follows close upon him. Milman and Ranke, also, have had their share of persevering reading, and both of them, strange to say, at least as much, if indeed not more, than either Motley or Prescott. Froude, too, is in tolerably steady demand, but this partly for another and somewhat singular reason. There are few things about a public library more noticeable than the generally evinced desire to read anything relating to the careers of certain well-known public characters. That Napoleon should still exercise a strong fascination over the average New England mind is not perhaps surprising; at any rate, everything relating to his career, from Las Cases through Thiers's "Consulate and Empire," down to Abbott, is eagerly perused; but how are we to account for a similar interest in Mary, Queen of Scots? Yet everything relating to Mary is devoured with avidity, and, whilst Froude's "Reign of Elizabeth" has constant readers, Meline's vivisection of that dubious authority is one of the very few historical studies which circulates as rapidly as a favorite fiction. This we may probably attribute in part to the presence of the Irish element in the population of X., for among Roman Catholics Mary does duty as a sort of saint and martyr, and has received popular canonization. And in part it must, no doubt, be attributed to the romantic interest which attaches to Mary's story, and which will long attract readers of all religions and of none.

The desire for historical information does not, however, extend back to classical times. Grote and Mommsen and Merivale and Gibbon rest undisturbed on the shelves. But this absence of interest is compensated by an additional development of it in favor of anything relating to America. It is encouraging to see this take the form of a thorough and popular appreciation of books so different, and yet all in their ways so excellent, as Irving's "Columbus," Parkman's works, and Edmund Quincy's memoir of his father, which last, by the way, is in so great demand that a single copy fails to supply it. Parton's books also circulate freely, though scarcely so much as those just named, and hardly more than Wirt's "Patrick Henry" or Sargent's "Major André." Bancroft's History is the work on America most frequently labored through "in course," and Palfrey's "New England" seems to follow; but Hildreth cannot be made to go at all, while the original productions of Calhoun, and even of Webster, rest absolutely undisturbed. Not unnaturally, Cooper's "Naval History" retains its great charm for young men; but the especial demand relates to the history of the rebellion—such books as Draper's "Civil War," Badeau's "Grant," and Swinton's "Decisive Battles," and even Lossing's compilation, or "Carleton's" sketches, or "The Rebel War-Clerk's Diary," give ample outward indication of the strong interest felt in their contents.

A full enumeration of the books in each department which are more or less read would constitute little less than a list of familiar authors, and so, passing away from history to more general literature, it is very noticeable that scarcely any demand exists for books of a religious or devotional character. In the very hot-bed of the Unitarian movement not one volume of Channing's works has yet been asked for. Beecher has, however, to a degree usurped his popularity, and the "Life of Christ" circulates with some rapidity. In the department of arts and sciences there is a singular demand for works on geology, chemistry, and natural history. Not only do Jacob Abbott's treatises on heat, light, and water, and land show the marks of constant reading, but Lyell, Miller, Darwin, Humboldt, and Lewes are read frequently and with evident intelligence, while the study of Figuier's works extends even to the "To-morrow of Death."

Next to fiction, however, accounts of travel and adventure are in greatest demand, and of these there are sent out upon the average about 200 volumes a month. From Marco Polo down (Mungo Park, by the way, has not yet been discovered) those "who seek a wonder world" or "sail beyond the sunset" find many interested followers, but especially so if they are bound for the Arctic regions or the recesses of Africa. There are ten calls for Sir Samuel Baker to one for Professor Pumpelly, and Ross Browne and Bayard Taylor, popular as they are, will only attain the fullest possible currency for their works by going the one to Puget Sound and the other to the sources of the Niger. Among this class of books, it is pleasant to find Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" still retaining its popularity as much as any. It is read more even than most works of fiction.

Judged by the standard of popular demand in X., utter oblivion would seem to have fallen on many of the most famous of the English essayists and humorists. Sir Roger de Coverley has found but a single curious reader, while Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Christopher North, and Hazlitt are absolutely unknown. So much with a miscellaneous collection of readers depends upon an attractive title, that a work without one might almost lie hid indefinitely. This, too, often leads, on the other hand, to grievous cases of deception. Many a youth has thought to find in "The Adventures of Philip" something after the style of Robinson Crusoe or Gulliver; but, in this respect, Hugh Miller's "Cruise of the Betsey" is perhaps the most heartless fraud of all—the promise is so strong for a second edition of the "Cruise of the Midge," and the performance so very different. It is to adventurers of this sort that the humorists and essayists seem to owe what little attention they have received. De Quincey captivates by such a title as "The Avengers," and then tries to beguile his victim into some "Supplementary Note on the Essenes"; Leigh Hunt promises a modern Joe Miller under the title of "Wit and Humor," and then tries to palm off as something funny long extracts from Chaucer or Ben Jonson or Beaumont and Fletcher. They are detected, however, and thereafter left severely alone.

Of the modern essayists, it has already been mentioned that Macaulay has very few readers, and it may be added that Carlyle, Sidney Smith, and even Stuart Mill have none at all. Among Americans, Russell Lowell has a few, but Emerson forms no exception to the rule; a few have tried him, but with most unsatisfactory results. Of writers of another class, Holmes and Howells do better, but their circulation cannot be said to indicate popularity. Not all of them put together would have the circulation or supply the popular place of the singularly skilful selection of papers contained in "Chambers's Miscellany; or, Papers for the People."

In poetry, as Browning somewhere says of music, "it is strange to see how fashions change." Browning himself, by the way, is unknown, though

Mrs. Browning is somewhat read by loyal admirers of her own sex. What are known as the standard poets, however, make but a beggarly show for themselves; they keep each other permanent company on their shelves. Byron, indeed, is called for somewhat, and Burns still more, but from Spenser and Milton down to Wordsworth, the rest of the great choir sing only to themselves. But here again one singular exception to the rule cropped out. There was a demand for George Herbert, and that quaint old devotional bard experienced a revival for which it would not be easy to account. And yet the demand, though confined to a few modern authors, is good, and such as it cannot but be good to supply; the favorites are Longfellow, Whittier, Tennyson, and Lowell, while Mrs. Hemans also numbers a few admirers; Bryant, however, has no takers.

Here, then, is an engine in the education of the future, only recently brought into play, the potency of which may be measured by the simple statement that already it sends out among a population of 7,500 persons of all ages not less than 50,000 volumes of reading matter each year; while of this vast number no single volume is bad, and a large proportion consists of the very best books in the language. The immediate obstacle in the way of the perfect efficiency of these institutions is, that those for whose use and benefit they are especially designed do not as yet know how to get at them; they do not know where the real treasures are, nor do they know how to avail themselves of them when they find them. The act of reading with the great mass of those with whom reading is something more than a mere harmless and aimless source of recreation, is little better than a blind labor. To educate it, and through education to give it an intelligent direction, several things are needed.

In the first place, public libraries require catalogues peculiar to themselves. A collection of 5,000 volumes with a skilfully prepared catalogue is of more real popular service than 50,000 volumes piled up for people to gaze at across a librarian's desk. These libraries are not intended, except in great cities, for the use of scholars and specialists; they are meant to give the mass of the people perfectly easy access to the whole range of standard literature and the more valuable books of ordinary reference. Rare books and choice editions are wholly out of place where everything should be calculated for hard and constant use. The possession of too many books is, therefore, an absolute injury, if their mass, on the ground of labor and expense, is to prevent the frequent revision and renewal of the catalogue. Any effort at bibliographical learning is altogether out of place in it; some indication of the character of each work is very necessary. This may be very slight, but it should be enough to prevent the blind groping among titles which now causes works of science to be called for as novels, and occasions not less unnecessary labor to the librarian than vexation to the borrower. Cheapness and simplicity are the two essential things never to be lost sight of, and one great effort of those managing these institutions must be to prevent their growing so fast that their list of contents cannot be placed in every house.

Even this, however, will assist but little him who is referred for information to a catalogue containing even as few as 10,000 titles, when he scarcely knows the name of one author from another, and is familiar only with the outside of the few books he may have read. Now, and for years to come, until a traditional knowledge of the better writers in the language can be educated into the mass of the people, there is great need of a number of little elementary treatises on literature, authors, and courses of reading, very short, very simple, and very popular—something which would be contained in a space of not more than four or five pages, or, indeed, even on single broadsides. At present, even such a cumbrous work as Taine's is called for to meet this elementary demand, and our own people actually seek to get an insight into English literature through French eyes. Everything we now have of the introduction to literature—and the name of such works is legion—is too cumbrous and too costly. Literary tracts are wanted, and nothing more, that the libraries may circulate them with their catalogues.

Finally, the career of the librarian must be made a specialty. It is not every one who is competent to stand behind the desk even of a village public library, and intelligently satisfy the demands made upon it. A large proportion of those who come, come asking openly for direction; and for want of it it is sad to see the waste of time and of perseverance and of real honest desire for improvement. In this way, during the last winter, one unguided Irish youth in X. was allowed to labor through the twelve mortal volumes of Edmund Burke. He wanted a course of improving reading! A good librarian, therefore, needs something more than an extensive acquaintance with books and authors; he must feel, also, that he (or she) is an instructor, and knowing men, and especially young men and young women, must feel a sympathy with them, and, divining what it is they want, see that they get it. It would constitute a vocation more useful than that of a school-teacher, and incomparably more attractive. Living among his authors, and selecting his pupils, it would require no great stretch of the imagination to enable a good librarian to realize that, after all, it was reserved to him, in the middle of the nineteenth century, to make every treasure of literature as accessible to the son of the day-laborer as heretofore they have been to the millionaire. The public library would, in his hands, become the cheap university of the grammar-schools.

THE GILLOTT SALE.

London, May 7, 1872.

THE announcement in the reports of the auction sales of pictures of the presence of an agent of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has produced an agreeable flutter amongst the dealers *et id omne genus*, as all American pockets are now supposed to be filled to overflowing, and it is a remark quite *banal* to me already: "Now you have got into the market, you'll bring prices up." But I must, in sincerity, say that the début of the New York Museum on the London market has been a costly one. Of all places in the world to get things cheap, Christie & Manson's at this season is the last, and of all things to buy, Turners of special note are the dearest. The game of buying at such sales as Gillott's, which has just closed, is one which people go into for the name and for the excitement. Reckless Manchester and Sheffield men, who have more money than they know what to do with, put it into "Christie's stuff," and this without choice and sometimes without sense; but no man who wanted a picture at a reasonable price, and of a certain quality, would think of competing there for what he meant to buy. It is a well-known fact that pictures of men in fashion, as Turner, Cox, Muller, Hunt, etc., etc., will bring higher prices at these sales than at private sale, especially if from highly reputed collections. The Gillott collection is a famous one; it had a prestige which no lately-sold one has had; and the competition to secure the pictures was something insane.

To show this, I will instance sales of pictures of similar size in and out of the auction-room. Not long since, one of the gems of Turner's England and Wales, the "Llanthony Abbey," perhaps the most lovely and marvellous of the pictures of that period, and from the collection of Mr. Ruskin, sold, I am credibly informed, for £1,000, and was considered excessively high. The "Ehrenbreitstein," a drawing of the same size, and in no respect superior to the former, was sold at Gillott's sale for 2,650 guineas, and two examples from the England and Wales series, inferior to that sold at private sale, sold for 1,210 and 1,950 guineas. These drawings are all of the size for which Turner received 80 guineas (until the latter part of his life, when it was raised to 100), *i. e.*, 12×18 inches. Drawings not at all inferior to those which, in the Gillott collection, sold for 1,210 and 1,950 guineas, went, not long since, at Mr. Leyland's sale for 600 or thereabouts. In fact, it was a species of tulip-mania, in which the price to be given had no relation to the article to be obtained, but referred simply to the rivality of picture-maniacs to get something from the sale of Gillott's pictures; and it is safe to say that, either before or after, any sensible picture-buyer could have bought equally good pictures with any of those sold for half to three-quarters of the price thus bought.

How far it was wise under these circumstances for the New York Museum to buy from the Gillott collection, I leave New Yorkers who don't care for Gillott and have no picture-mania to judge; but the sale reports two Turners as bought by the Museum—one very indifferent and one very fair, but both of the same subject and much in the same manner, but neither of them, as general prices go, to be considered cheap or even moderate. The picture which a note in the *Nation* reports as bought by Mr. Blodgett for Mr. Johnston is better worth £10,000 than these are the price paid for them. "The Slaver" is not only a celebrated picture and a noble one, but marks Turner's highest power and strongest individuality. The writer of the note in the *Nation* did not, perhaps, notice what would be an item of general interest in America, that the flag which drifts on the nearer waves, pitched overboard with the slaves, is the Stars and Stripes. Turner's bitterness against the United States is said to have been owing to the loss of money in Pennsylvania bonds. It is droll that the two leading national sins, slavery and repudiation, should be so picturesquely tied together, and that the picture should thus come to America to be taken care of. It is not, by the way, the only picture of Turner's prime in America, Mr. James Lenox having another, also a sunset, of which I remember talking to Turner himself a year or two before he died, when the old man said, with, however, a look of not unmistakable complacency: "I wish they [the pictures of this period were the subject of conversation] were all put in a blunderbuss and fired off." Mr. Lenox's picture, if I remember right, was a French ship ashore and some forts firing on her.

The prices which the water-colors brought at this and other sales, and the sale of an eighty-guinea drawing for £1,000 at private sale, show the greatest enhancement of value, probably, in a work of art ever known. And when we know what an almost incredible number of such drawings Turner made—I think I may say thousands, and hundreds of oil pictures—it will be a curious problem in political economy to decide his exact position as a producer of values. He died worth about £100,000, and left behind him pictures unsold which, at the time of his death, his agent declared to me his readiness to pay an equal sum for, and which are at current prices now worth twice or thrice that sum; but as they are the property of the nation, we shall never know what they would have figured for in the floating wealth of the country.

Under the influence of the mania for English masters, the works of the earlier epochs have declined much in value, the Dutch pictures even from Gillott's collection bringing very low prices; and in general the Italian masters are less invested in than any other class of pictures. The prices of modern French pictures have been greatly enhanced by the English market, and though not here what they seem to be in the sales at Paris, are yet respectable approximations to those of English works.

Messrs. Bierstadt's and Bradford's pictures have been rejected from the Royal Academy, as I could have foretold. Any American non-resident, or who at least has no large personal acquaintance here, is unwise to trouble himself to send to the Academy, especially when the International offers space to every country, and the control of it to each Government that will give itself the trouble to make proper arrangements. The Academy is always crowded—it is a close guild, and managed for mercantile interests. If a foreigner get in, some Englishman is pushed out, and we have no right to expect concessions of this kind. Then the chance of American pictures selling here is not worth calculating; and as all that can be gained in any way is to be seen and noticed, the International furnishes this more advantageously than the Academy. W. J. STILLMAN.

PREVOST-PARADOL.

PARIS, May 9, 1872.

A FEW days ago, the French Academy had a formal sitting for the reception of M. Camille Rousset, one of the newly-elected members. These sittings have been from time immemorial great solemnities, which unite all the scientific and literary celebrities with the *élite* of French society. The space under the cupola of the Institute where the receptions take place is not very large, and it is not easy to obtain tickets of admission. These tickets are given away by the members of the Academies to their friends and acquaintances. The last sitting was as brilliant as possible. The Count and Countess of Paris were present, with many ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain and of the Faubourg St. Honoré. These two names represent the two rival camps of the old nobility and of the rich bourgeoisie. I took a particular interest in the reception, as the two orators, M. Rousset, the new Academician, and M. d'Haussonville, the president of the day, who had to receive him, were both obliged to speak of Prévost-Paradol, who was M. Rousset's predecessor. I had long been the friend of Paradol, and had known him at the time when he was still obscure. M. d'Haussonville was also his personal friend, and he and I were, I believe, the only friends of his who did not congratulate him on his nomination as Minister to Washington, as we disapproved of his taking service under Napoleon III. It was easier for M. Rousset, who had never known Paradol, to speak of him, of his extraordinary abilities, of his clear and fluent style, of the elegance of his mind. He asserted, what has always been my opinion, that, from a literary point of view, the most remarkable work of Paradol was his "Essay on the French Moralists." I believe that the French language cannot be brought to a greater perfection than it is in this work, the only one, perhaps, of Paradol's which will go down to posterity. The "France Nouvelle" made more noise, as it touched on the pressing questions of the day; but it has no great depth, and was written in a hurry. It has now acquired a sort of posthumous and renewed celebrity, because Paradol prophesied in it that France and Germany would soon meet in formidable encounter. He compared them to two locomotives running with full steam towards each other on the same line of rails. When he took his farewell audience of the Emperor and the Empress, the Emperor as usual was very reticent, but the Empress, who was the most ardent promoter of the war, spoke with great warmth of the formidable character of Prussia, of her encroaching policy. Still Paradol had no warning. Ollivier had said in Parliament that the world was at peace and would remain at peace. While he was crossing the Atlantic, however, the gates of the Temple of Janus were opened; and as he landed in America, Paradol learned the ominous news of the Gramont declaration, of Benedetti's interviews at Ems, and he foresaw at once the consequences. He saw the Empire lost, and thought himself lost. He was, said M. Rousset, the first victim of the war—thus slurring over the fearful drama of Paradol's suicide in Washington. M. d'Haussonville must have meant better, but he also covered up the perilous incident with flowers of rhetoric.

The Academy, however, is hardly to be compared to the Palace of Truth. It was thought becoming in a eulogium to represent Paradol as a victim of his patriotic sufferings. The truth on this delicate point is perhaps better known in Washington than anywhere else. As for myself, and judging only from the little light I have, I cannot help thinking that the causes of Paradol's death were very complex. I do not hesitate to trace among them a hereditary tendency to insanity. Knowing as I do several people related to him by blood, I am convinced that in this charming and apparently so well-balanced mind there was a defect, a want of equilibrium, a dangerous and morbid tendency. It is rather curious that in a novel which was attributed to him (the only one he ever wrote, though he did not sign it), the hero is a very ambitious man, who, disappointed in love and in politics, finally shoots himself with a pistol through the heart. I found something morbid even in his extreme fondness for moralizing, and his very acute perception of the elements of moral life. He was essentially a moralist, by which I mean a man who brings all the actions of humanity, of nations as well as of individuals, to their true source, the elementary human passions. Living in a very coarse time, amidst corrupt politicians, intensely ambitious himself, he always preserved a curious virginity of intellect. He was, as he once said himself to the French Academy when he had to speak on the "prizes of virtue," given annually:

> "Ami de la vertu plutôt que vertueux,"

in the words of Boileau; but no eye could discern more exactly the true from the false, the paradox from the axiom, good from evil. He was a sort of sensitive plant in this respect; he did not always dwell among the best people, but he was never ignorant who the best people were. He did not conform his conduct to his ideal; but his ideal was of the highest and the noblest kind. For years he struggled for his political ideal; and finally, tired with work, disgusted with the ingratitude of electors who preferred to him the meanest and coarsest Rabagas, pressed by poverty, he yielded, and consented to become the representative in your country of a man whom he had always treated as his personal as much as his political enemy. There was in such conduct a certain want of good taste of which nobody could be a better judge than himself. He was more severe towards himself than the people who were about him. He never was his own dupe; he never was taken in by the shallow phraseology of serving one's country, helping the state, giving support to the attempt to reconcile liberty with authority, and so on. He knew what it all meant; he saw clearly that the Liberal Empire was still that Empire which he had pursued with his irony, his taunts, and his indignation. I met him occasionally at that time, not so often as before; and I must do him the justice to say that he never tried to convert me to his new policy, that he never did me the injury to treat me to the commonplace arguments which were then the fashion. We had too often talked together not only over politics, but over philosophy and morals; he had too often told me that there is a certain continuity in the history of individuals as well as of nations—that the most dreadful character of vice is that it cannot change into virtue. He never really believed in the amendment of the Empire, though he was obliged to affect to believe it.

It is a satisfaction to me that I never said a harsh word to him, and never manifested to him my disapprobation of his conduct in any other way than by my silence. He understood this silence, and he knew that I pitied him more than I blamed him. I will say nothing of the conduct of the leaders of the Constitutional party, who all—M. Thiers more than any other—pressed him to enter into the service of Napoleon III. They have shown since how free they themselves are of old connections and memories, how easy it is for them to change their colors and to conceal their personal ambition under patriotic expressions of sentiment. They spoke at that time of Paradol as of a spoiled child, to whom everything must be allowed. They have shown since that second childhood can take as many liberties. What struck Paradol in his inmost fibre was the insolence of the Bonapartists as soon as he accepted office. So long as he had not crossed the Rubicon, they were very flattering and caressing; as soon as he was over, they showed him that he had done all they expected from him, and that he could be of no more use. The first time he called on the Duc de Gramont, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, he found himself in a new element; alone, as it were, in an atmosphere of contempt and coldness. The Duke himself never presented him to his mother the Dowager Duchess, and Paradol felt this as a great insult. Your own countrymen were universally kind to him; they had long admired him; and he felt very proud of the kindness which was shown to him in the American colony of Paris. I have no details of his last days in Washington; but I am fully convinced that he was very unhappy before he left France, that he was clearly conscious of the fault which he had committed; and I shall always look upon him more as a victim of remorse than a victim of the war. I will not judge his conduct from the standpoint of religion; humanly speaking, there is something indescribably sad and touching in this immolation of a man who had all the gifts of greatness to the morbid scruples of his own conscience. Such a dreadful sacrifice shows an innate nobility of soul, which is in strong contrast with the easy morality and the vulgarity of our day. Compare, for instance, Paradol with Gambetta: here is a man who undertook to save his country, who for a while tried to inflame it in the name of all that is sacred, who stamped on the ancient soil of France and saw armies rise under his feet, who sent thousands and thousands of victims to a certain death. This Titan attempted to fight destiny, and he was defeated. Had he the severe conscience of a moralist, he would, in my opinion, live in silence and retirement, weeping over the too many victims of his patriotic frenzy, and proving by his abdication that he did not struggle for the vain satisfaction of his personal ambition; we see him, on the contrary, moving on the political stage which he has covered with ruins, with all the ease and indifference of an old actor, still contented with the applause of his admirers—self-contented, self-satisfied, without remorse, without any troubles of conscience. Compare Paradol with Thiers; the historian of the glories of France is the tranquil and happy ruler of an humbled France, deprived of her finest provinces. He has built for himself a sort of republican throne on the ruin of all our institutions. He sits for his picture, which is exhibited to-day in the *salon* just opened in the great Palace of Industry; he goes to the races, and passes in review his defeated regiments; he is happy. Happy are his ambassadors, whom he sends all the world over, and who represent a fallen France; happy his ministers, who go on speechifying and patronizing.

Paradol was of another stuff: surely he was not the strong man of Horace, of whom the poet says:

> "Impavidum ferient ruinæ."

He was not a Stoic, a Cato; but still the constant reading of Lucretius, of Seneca, of Marcus Aurelius, of Pascal, of the moralists of all time, had given to his moral fibre a vitality which is becoming very rare. He was born a Protestant and educated in the Huguenot faith. Though he was not churchgoing, he always preserved a Protestant love of truth. In short, he was born to be good and to be great; but he was thrown among elements which were too strong for him, and he bore in the obscurity of his inner nature a hidden element of physical and mental decay. His history will always be a curious enigma and study for the moral philosopher, as his works will always remain the best specimens of the French language in the nineteenth century.

Correspondence.

"PERSONAL ENTHUSIASM."

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: The Cincinnati Convention, as it has resulted, is far more important as an index than as an actual event, and is so full of instruction that it will bear examination from every point of view. It was a matter of general remark that there was present an unusual number of sober and sensible men anxious to secure reform, though quite at sea as to the means of doing so. The gathering was well described by a bohemian as based upon "too much brains and too little whiskey." How is it, then, that it resulted in the nomination of a man the very embodiment of opposition to all the principles with reference to which the call was issued? The secret seems to me to lie in this, that the final assemblage was governed by personal enthusiasm. The platform of principles was, as you say, elaborated in secret by a few men, was read to the meeting only a few moments before the nomination, and excited very little interest, partly on account of its generality and partly on account of the great fact in human nature that a crowd like that in Exposition Hall, though a very well-disposed crowd and probably a very fair sample of the people of the United States, cannot be roused to enthusiasm by an abstract statement of principle. They must have a personification of it, whether real or fancied. Thus I heard several very sensible men express an anxiety to proceed to ballot on Thursday before the platform was announced, saying that if we could get the right man, the latter was of little consequence.

The English people are wont to say that their monarchy is superior to our republic because loyalty and personal attachment fix men at large, which an abstract constitution cannot do. The general statement is doubtless true, but not when applied in this way as a distinction. It may be true that the attachment to the sovereign preserves the nation from civil discord, but the active political force, the machinery which has guided England through so many dark and stormy periods, consists in personal enthusiasm for men not connected either with the crown or in many cases with the aristocracy, who might just as well have arisen under our government—as William Pitt, George Canning, Sir Robert Peel, Gladstone, and Disraeli. The two conditions necessary for this state of things are, first, that men shall be so placed as to have power to carry out measures, while at the same time every step of their public and almost of their private life shall be kept before the public eye in such a way that every man, woman, and child may have some idea of their character and capacity; and, secondly, that they shall occupy a national position, so that local jealousies may be absorbed in the pride and affection of the whole nation. Thus, under the French Empire Louis Napoleon absorbed all power and therefore all responsibility in himself; and when he went down there was nobody who filled any place in the public eye, and the country was forced to turn to M. Thiers, a man of another age and generation. Of the second point, the student of the history of Eastern Europe can furnish abundant examples. Poland went to pieces because her nobles were too jealous of each other to allow any one to have precedence. The Hungarian attempts at freedom have failed mainly from this cause. Germany made no progress towards unity till one man was strong enough to wrestle himself to the top, and that man not the Emperor by divine right, but a private gentleman.

All history teaches the necessity of personal enthusiasm, and we have at Cincinnati a fresh illustration, which forces itself to the surface in spite of the fact that the whole movement was an effort in the contrary direction. As with the great forces of nature, if we attempt to resist it we simply dash ourselves to pieces. It is only by adopting and guiding it that we can achieve anything.

Let us see now how this force worked at Cincinnati. It needed but a very slight circulation among the crowds at the various hotels for some days previous to find that the question was not what, but who, should be adopted. Of the candidates, Charles Francis Adams was known chiefly as of historic ancestry. Very few indeed had any acquaintance with his personal antecedents. A general impression prevailed that he was reserved and cold in character, but honest and independent. Of a record of struggles in behalf of free trade, popular education, civil-service and financial reform, there was not a word. It was: "What do you think of Mr. Adams's letter?" The choice of the nominal ruler of a great nation was to turn upon a brief note in which he had hastily expressed his views as to the nomination. Still, the very discussion of the letter showed the striving after personal knowledge. As to the other candidates, I believe I follow politics as closely as the average of people, but it required an effort of memory and some enquiry to find out who Davis and Palmer were. Of Gratz Brown I had certainly heard as connected with some local squabble in Missouri, but I doubt if five per cent. of the population of the country could give any particulars about him. The one man of whom the nation knew anything was Horace Greeley; and that not through any career of statesmanship, but from a somewhat erratic course, not always free from ridicule, as the leader of a popular journal. That Senator Trumbull did not occupy any such position shows how little Congress at the present time offers any field for distinction by means of industry, talents, integrity.

When the time for nomination came, the applause—shall I say the independent tone of the galleries?—was for some time in favor of Mr. Adams. But as the minor candidates began to grow weaker, the hack politicians put on the show of enthusiasm which you have so forcibly described, and tossed their hats and shouted like boys of seventeen, and thus in a few minutes was established the complete triumph of personality.

What, then, is the lesson to be drawn? If a champion wrestler or billiard player were to be elected, we should not trust to the *à priori* predictions of journals or individuals, and then allow the incumbent to pass four years without any exercise of his profession. We should provide an arena where all comers could test their powers, and the one who could prove himself the best man would be a candidate against whom all caucuses and primary meetings would rage in vain. And while he held the office, he would be exposed to the assaults of all comers claiming to be better fitted for the post. Every man who can speak or vote in Congress is a representative of a locality, and all are equal. Like the Poles who brought the *liberum veto* to the armed assemblies of the plains, they will tolerate no superiority. There is no room for leadership. To get any business done, it must be cut up and distributed into secret committees, upon the reports of which majorities and minorities are marshalled, to the utter destruction of individuality and of the publicity upon which alone intelligent opinion can be based. And yet we wonder and lament that the business done is always for local and private interests! Mr. Sumner of Massachusetts and Mr. Trumbull of Illinois have precisely the same weight as Mr. Nye of Nevada and Mr. Kellogg of Louisiana. The chairman of a delegation at Cincinnati made a cheap but telling demonstration when he cast his vote for Horace Greeley "of the United States."

Meantime the elected of the whole nation is dumb. Who knows anything of General Grant or any of his Cabinet, except what other people say of them, with the drawback that anybody who speaks in their favor is presumed to be corrupt, and sensitive people are therefore shy of doing it? The most ordinary fair play demands that the Executive should be heard before the country in the only place where he properly can be, and where alone the personal enthusiasm which must be the ruling force can be created legitimately and with safety to the country. G. B.

BOSTON, May 20, 1872.

[We dissent from the above on several points. We especially dissent from the opinion that personal knowledge of, or enthusiasm for, a man, has had much to do with nominations for the Presidency in any case except Grant's for many a day. Who knew or cared much about Pierce, or Buchanan, or Lincoln? Lincoln was, out of Illinois, an utterly unknown man when he was nominated. Our private belief is that the charge of want of "magnetism" is now a favorite and powerful weapon in the hands of politicians for keeping the best class of men out of the field. Hardly any sober, self-respecting man, with brains and honesty, and with work to do, is "magnetic" in the sense in which politicians use the term, or is known in the way they insist that he must be known. The most "magnetic" man the country contains is Bill Tweed. He beats Uncle Horace completely as a man of the people. When he is among "the boys," he emits sparks at every touch, and "draws" them to him like a locomotive; is kind to the poor, and is the best known man in this nation. If Jimmy O'Brien had not spoiled his chances, he would be one of the most prominent men in the Baltimore Convention, and would be carried over the head of Thurman, Hendricks, Groesbeck, or other "fossils," by just the same arts as Greeley was carried over Adams's. "Who knows Groesbeck, with his white cravat, and his daily bath, and his icy paw?" "the boys" would say; "Give us glorious old Bill, that never turned a poor man away from his door, nor ever deserted a friend," etc.!—ED. NATION.]

BURKE AND THE KU-KLUX ACT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just happened on a passage in Burke's Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol, which, though written in 1777, is so peculiarly applicable to the present condition of affairs with us that I am induced to send it to you, in the hope that you will publish it; for though doubtless familiar to you and to many of your readers, it may be new to some:

> "I confess, gentlemen, that this appears to me as bad in the principle, and far worse in the consequences, than an universal suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. . . . Far from softening the features of such a principle, and thereby removing any part of the popular odium or natural terrors attending it, I should be sorry that anything framed in contradiction to the spirit of our constitution did not instantly produce, in fact, the grossest of the evils with which it was pregnant in its nature. It is by lying dormant a long time, or being at first very rarely exercised, that arbitrary power steals upon a people. On the next unconstitutional act, all the fashionable world will be ready to say: Your prophecies are ridiculous, your fears are vain; you see how little of the misfortunes which you formerly foreboded is come to pass. Thus, by degrees, that artful softening of all arbitrary power, the alleged infrequency or narrow extent of its operation, will be received as a sort of aphorism; and Mr. Hume will not be singular in telling us that the felicity of mankind is no more disturbed by it than by earthquakes or thunder, or the other more unusual accidents of nature" (Burke's Works, vol. iii. pp. 146–50, 8vo edit.)

The above extract may also be found in a note to vol. viii. of Grote's "History of Greece," p. 291. Should any one be tempted to turn to Grote, let him read the account of the conduct of the restored Athenian democracy after the expulsion of the Thirty Tyrants. Then let him say which was the wiser, in his day and generation, on the subject of political amnesty, Senator Morton or Thrasybulus. Is it not a national misfortune that our Ku-klux legislation should have been beneficent in its immediate effect? And is it not the plain duty of enlightened patriotism to struggle against this tendency to sacrifice the future to the present?

S. L. PARRISH.

PHILADELPHIA, May 26, 1872.

Notes.

WYNKOOP & HALLENBECK publish next month "The Dangerous Classes of New York, and Twenty Years' Work Among Them," by Charles Loring Brace. This will be not merely a narrative of the author's wide experience in remedial charities, but a discussion of most of the problems which arise in dealing with juvenile depravity and misfortune.——"The Minnesingers of Germany," by A. E. Kroeger, and "The City of God and the Churchmakers," are announced by Hurd & Houghton.——Richard A. Proctor's "Essays on Astronomy" is published here by Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.——The New York branch of the Naturalists' Agency, Dodd & Mead, announce "The Birds of Florida," by C. J. Maynard, to be issued in twelve parts, at $1 each. The book will contain five plates, drawn and colored from nature by Helen S. Farley.——De Witt C. Lent & Co. have in press Lady Barker's "Station Life in New Zealand."——Part II. of Downing's "Encyclopædia of Fruits" is in preparation by John Wiley & Son.——Henri Regnault was, by a typographical error, last week spoken of as one of the directors of the porcelain manufactory at Sèvres. He was son of the Director.

—Prof. F. V. Hayden's "Report of Progress of the U. S. Geological Survey of Montana and Portions of Adjacent Territories" for 1871, has been issued from the Department of the Interior in the familiar and none too attractive guise of our public documents. It contains the two maps we have previously described, viz., of the Yellowstone National Park and of the Yellowstone Lake, with others showing the White Mountain Hot Springs on Gardiner's River, and the Upper and Lower Geyser Basin on Fire Hole River. The volume is also illustrated with rude but sufficiently graphic sketches of rock strata, a great variety of sulphur and mud springs, landscapes, etc., which stimulate one's curiosity quite as much as they gratify it. Prof. Hayden, in his letter to the Secretary which serves as a preface, gives a brief account of the route followed by the expedition, and also of the explorations of the Basin by other parties since 1869. More than half the Report is adapted for popular reading, and we especially commend those sections on tree-culture to be found on pp. 218–227 and 274–279. The Kansas experiments in planting without irrigation are very encouraging.

—Mr. N. B. Dennys, the present editor of the *China Mail* at Hongkong, and the projector and original editor of *Notes and Queries on China and Japan*, is about to revive this useful and highly creditable periodical under a new title. The *China Review; or, Notes and Queries on the Far East*, will appear, says the prospectus, at intervals of two months, each number to contain about sixty octavo pages, occasionally illustrated in the best manner. The papers which will give it character will have regard to the ethnology, folk-lore, geography, history, manners and customs, religion, etc., etc., of China, Japan, Mongolia, Thibet, the Eastern Archipelago, and other parts of the Far East. Some will be original, others selected; for example, from among the more valuable articles in the *Chinese Repository*. Original contributions will be admitted in Chinese, Latin, German, or any of the Romance languages. We must add that this enterprise is conditioned upon a satisfactory subscription-list ascertained in advance. The price is $6 50 gold per annum. Our relations with Asia have already become so intimate that Mr. Dennys and his publisher ought to rely on this country to furnish a certain portion of the needed support.

—At the meeting of the American Oriental Society held in Boston last week, one of the principal topics of interest was a set of alleged Phœnician inscriptions recently offered for sale by a Mr. Shapira, of Jerusalem. "Squeezes" and lithographic copies of these inscriptions, sent home by the agents of the Exploration Society, were exhibited, and were pronounced by Messrs. Ward and Van Name, on a variety of grounds, to be palpably spurious. The wonderful success of the genuine Moabitic Stone seems to have given a (commercially) healthy stimulus to the production of imitations. Dr. Ezra Abbot exposed an imposition of another kind in the absurdly wild and false statement and reasonings of Rev. J. W. Burgon as to the comparative antiquity of the Vatican and Sinaitic MSS., in its bearing on the authenticity of the closing verses of Mark's Gospel. A communication was read from Dr. W. M. Thomson, of Syria, describing traces of glacial action on the flank of Lebanon, hitherto sought in vain, as distinctly exhibited in a peculiar cleft or gorge not far from the sea-shore. Mr. Attwood had collected from Japanese visitors to this country some interesting notices of archæological remains in their country. Of other papers possessing less general interest, we merely mention one on the Pali literature from a Burmese point of view, by Dr. F. Mason; statistics of Sanskrit verbal forms in the Sâma-Veda, by Prof. Avery, of Iowa; and a chapter of Arabian anthropology, abridged from Dieterici by Rev. C. H. Brigham.

—A recent writer in a city contemporary has devoted some space to praising a new iron building which stands in Broadway, near Broome Street, and which does indeed deserve some praise, but perhaps even more blame. It deserves all the more blame because, while it beckons in the right direction and away from the grossest errors, it does so in a manner which will merely confirm in their mistake those of our builders who persist in treating iron as if it were not iron but something else. The new building is constructed in obedience to the common-sense maxim that it is money wasted and fitness sacrificed to make iron pillars into a poor resemblance to stone, and to repeat in castings the forms given by the hammer to a material as different from granite and marble as they are from wood. Not all of our builders see that to make this attempt is foolish, wasteful, and tasteless, though there is none perhaps who does not recognize the mistake of making wood simulate stone. The architect of the Broadway building is too clever a man not to see this, which is plain enough to laymen even, like ourselves. But when he had made his front and came to the business of using his opportunity to decorate it, he thoroughly undid the good which he had done by putting up a building in which iron is for once used as it should be, or something like as it should be. We do not say that we give anything like full approval to the forms here employed, but nothing could be more ugly and repulsive than the way in which he has managed his coloring. Throwing on heavy, ill-harmonized simple colors, he has succeeded at once in so disintegrating his structure to the eye, that no unity of effects remains, and in making his coat of paints look rather more substantial than the structure itself. Compare this deformity with the simple, unpretending, indeed the overchastely colored front of Messrs. Appleton's store a little higher up on the opposite side. The difference is that between an excellent thing fairly well done and capable of propagating good, and an excellent thing so badly done as to repel the untaught observer from seeking the excellence it so ill represents—vilifies, in fact.

—A correspondent, who writes us that it has recently been proposed to raise the tone of the State Legislatures by the election of members at large, suggests the following as a likely form for the constitutional amendment that would be rendered necessary:

> "Whenever electors, from any part of the State, amounting in number to —— thousands [the average number of a local constituency], shall have enrolled themselves at a Bureau thereto provided, as wishing to form an independent electoral organization, their names shall be stricken from the local registry, and the candidate selected by them shall be admitted to the Lower House."

The immediate effect of this provision, he continues, would be to throw a few active reformers from among the first names in each State into its legislature, and the opening, in so far, of a permanent political career to brains, dignity, and culture, too often closed by local party weaknesses or local jealousy. A development of the plan would lead to the election of a legislature by permanent organized constituencies, representing earnest opinion and entirely beyond the control of nominating conventions—*i. e.*, to "personal representation." Thus far our correspondent, who seems, however, to have overlooked some difficulties of a rather serious nature. For instance, he appears to contemplate an indefinite increase in the number of members at large, without any corresponding diminution in the fixed number of legislators provided by law. In practice, this might not be found inconvenient, though it would tend to produce inequality in the strength of local constituencies, and would confirm party control in those from which there was the greatest secession in favor of a representative at large. To illustrate our meaning: Suppose, in this State, as gerrymandered by our "Reform Legislature," the Democrats of two or more districts in which they are barely outvoted, but in which they are debarred all chance of electing a representative, should withdraw and unite upon a candidate at large. The Republican managers would not only elect their candidates as usual, but, having no longer any opposition, would lack even the small motive which they now have for making a respectable choice.

—We are still of opinion that, in this matter of representation, it is best to aim at the freedom of all rather than of a part of the electors; and while it is true, as our correspondent says, that "the methods of Hare and Mill for securing the ideal representative body are so complicated that a community whose average intelligence could understand them would be raised above the evils we are fighting," it does not follow that some modification of these methods securing all, or nearly all, of their advantages cannot be found or ought not to be striven after. We have from time to time called attention to more or less ingenious simplifications of the Hare system, and can now report still another: Mr. Archibald E. Dobbs's "General Representation on a Complete Readjustment and Modification of Mr. Hare's Plan" (second edition—London: Longmans). This pamphlet (like Mr. Hare's own work) has been written with strict reference to elections for the British Parliament, and therefore has less immediate interest for American students of the question. However, it is worth examining if only to see what a formidable amount of red tape is considered necessary to invest the act of voting with proper solemnity and safeguards. There are also some useful speculations on the good that might be derived from the book of electoral statistics which his system of counting involves. His plan, stripped of all but the essentials, may be stated in a few words. Each voter writes the name of but one candidate on his ballot. Those candidates who receive more than the quota (ascertained in Mr. Hare's way, by dividing the number of voters by the number of candidates to be chosen) distribute their surplus votes at pleasure among the candidates who have failed to receive the quota. This is a very simple and a tolerably safe improvement, and may well be kept in mind by those who are working at this problem.

—And, on the whole, it seems to us that we are not far off from the finality. Mr. Walter Baily, whose plan we lately noticed, has very nearly closed the door upon discussion of details. We do not agree with his notions in regard to the proper quota, but the system of the Registered Ballot, with his method of counting the votes, is about as complete and efficient as anybody could wish. It simply provides that representatives shall be distributed among parties according to their size *pro rata*. At the same time, it provides every facility for the formation of new and temporary political alliances, and offers the greatest possible publicity in the casting and counting of the votes. The problem of scratched and mixed tickets, which for a time seemed to present insuperable difficulties, has found satisfactory solutions, identical in principle, at the hands of the Geneva Reformers, and of Mr. Fisher of Philadelphia, and again, within a few weeks, of Mr. Horton of Cincinnati. After all the discussion the subject has received, a solution seems to have been at last reached which combines all the practical advantages with none of the practical disadvantages of the various methods that have for fifteen years been under discussion, and one upon which the best thinkers and writers are substantially agreed. It is not the least of the good that the overthrow of the Rings has done, that it has taken the name of reform out of the doubtful associations that were getting to be attached to it, and given it a respectable standing among practical men. Every good work must prosper accordingly. In regard to Electoral Reform, with which Proportional Representation is identical, one can hardly doubt that if the friends of free voting would prepare and set before the country a clear and brief statement, with sufficient illustrations of the system of the Registered Ballot, as it has now been perfected, it would commend itself, without discussion, to nine men out of ten, of whatever political complexion.

—The last number of the *Historische Zeitschrift* contains a valuable article by Rudolph Usinger, upon the German territory (Staatsgebiet) in the early Middle Age, in which he discusses the relation of the several duchies to the royal power. The Duke of Bavaria, he shows, was as a king over his duchy. Every count and margrave was amenable to him; even the bishops and Pfalzgraf, although appointed by the king, were distinctly subordinate to the duke and were required to appear at his court. It is a significant fact that the duke himself held no counties (Grafschaft) under his immediate jurisdiction, having the supreme jurisdiction over all. Swabia was much less completely centralized. The counts here held of the king rather than the duke, and the duke held many counties in his own hands. He was therefore not as a king, but the representative of the king, exercising an administrative rather than a sovereign power. The northern duchies differed from both. Saxony was as distinct a nationality as either Bavaria or Swabia, but not as distinct a government. Its most powerful family, the Ludolfings, obtained the royal crown in the person of Henry the Fowler, and his patrimony became and remained royal domain—the chief foundation of the royal power. In this part of Germany the "Grafschaft" rested on the genuine feudal principle of the assimilation of the office and the property in land, as contrasted with the merely administrative powers of the count in the South. The title of duke was here held by one of several co-ordinate princes, who in virtue of this was merely "primus inter pares," holding the leading place in the duchy, without being its ruler like the dukes of Swabia and Bavaria. The same was the case in a certain sense in Franconia and Lotharingia. These were not *nationalities* like the other duchies, but simply portions of the old Frankish Austrasia. Franconia was that which had lain between the subject Swabians on the South and the free Saxons on the North—that is, essentially the *Frank*-land of Germany. In the eastern portion of this territory the bishops of Würzburg obtained the entire political jurisdiction (Grafschaft) as well as ecclesiastical; on the Rhine, the powerful family of the Salians, with their heirs the Hohenstaufens, had what was equivalent to ducal power, without, however, the title, at least as an established rank. Their immense possessions continued private property and became the foundation of the Rhenish palatinate. The dukes of Upper and Lower Lotharingia, although their rank was more distinctly recognized than those of Franconia, had even less power and prestige than those of Saxony, and soon sank to an equality with a mass of other princes. The three inferior duchies of Carinthia, Thuringia, and Frisia hardly need to be mentioned at length.

—While Sir Samuel Baker on the Upper Nile is proving anew Mr. Hosea Biglow's apothegm that

"Civlyzation *doos* git forrid
Sometimes upon a powder-cart,"

the love of riches at the southern extremity of Africa is also doing something for the same cause. The newly-discovered diamond diggings are said to have already a population of over 50,000, and the value of the diamonds shipped thence to Europe during the last twelve months is about 1,500,000 pounds sterling. Besides this, it is estimated that the finders hold diamonds to the value of another million and a half sterling. The British Government has devoted the territory which embraces the diggings, West Griqualand, into three districts, Pniel, Klipdrift, and Griquatown, and put the whole under the control of Sir Henry Barkly, Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. The immediate government of the territory is in the hands of three commissioners, appointed by Sir Henry. A "High Court" has been established at Klipdrift, which continues to be the principal business place. The number of letters, according to the official report, that passed through the post-office of the latter town during the last ten months amounted to 170,000; and there has been only one mail a week. There are several papers at the diggings—the *Diamond Fields*, *Diamond News*, and *Diggers' Gazette* being the principal. There are hotels enough to afford ample accommodation to all new-comers, and churches and hospitals also have been erected in numbers sufficient to supply present need. The banking of the country is done by branches of the Standard Bank of South Africa and the Bank of the Cape of Good Hope. The climate, even in the "dry diggings" in Du Toitspan, is represented as healthy, although in the latter place there is generally a scarcity of water and no special sanitary provisions have been made by the authorities, while the quantity of chalk-dust which the miners are compelled night and day to inhale, would seem likely to produce injurious effects. Living is, on the whole, cheap, but vegetables command fancy prices.

DEAN STANLEY.[*]

II.

Whether the Dean or any one else will ever gain much reception throughout Scotland for the doctrine that dogmas are or may be altogether unimportant, we greatly doubt, for, as far as we have remarked, your Scotch liberal is as great a dogmatist as your Scotch Free Church minister. The one, it is true, denies what the other affirms, but each entertains an unshaken, splendid confidence in the importance of his own doctrine, and seems absolutely incapable of either genuine scepticism or that easy-going indifference to dogma which, right or wrong, is the characteristic of a large number of Englishmen. No one, in fact, we will venture to say, ever met a Scotchman who did not, at the bottom of his heart, think the Disruption, either for good or bad, the most important crisis in the world's history.

Dr. Stanley, however, knows the strength of the position which he attacks, and begins his works a long way off:

> "In the oldest and most venerable of all ecclesiastical divisions, the ancient Samaritan community, who have for centuries, without increase or diminution, gathered round Mount Gerizim as the only place where men ought to worship, there is to be read upon the aged parchment scroll of the Pentateuch this commandment added to the other ten: 'Thou shalt build an altar on Mount Gerizim, and there only shalt thou worship.' Faithfully have they followed that command; excommunicating and excommunicated by all other religious societies, they cling to that eleventh commandment, as equal if not superior to all the rest. This is the true likeness of what all churches and sects, unless purified by a higher spirit, are tempted to add."

These sentences foreshadow the lecturer's main line of assault. Dogmas about predestination, dogmas about justification, dogmas of Episcopalians, dogmas of Presbyterians, are all tacitly assumed to be, at the very best, eleventh commandments, and each party and church are led by the lecturer to feel that this is true, by being shown the pettiness of the doctrines held by their opponents. All the audience, for example, no doubt felt the smallness of the great Samaritan article of faith. Most of the audience, again, were fully prepared to admit the pettiness of the controversies which have divided the Scotch Episcopal body; but once go as far as this, and it is not easy to avoid the reflection which the following sentences suggest: "What Burghers and Anti-Burghers, Relief and Secession, Old and New Lights, were to the followers of John Knox, that the long disputes of Collegers and Usagers, of Old Episcopalians and New Episcopalians, of the Scottish and English Communion Offices, often were to the followers of Laud and Sharpe." If the feuds of the Episcopal Church are, in other words, of no importance, can any Presbyterian feel sure that his own favorite watchwords and shibboleths are of any great permanent value? Once adopt this line of thought, or rather of feeling, and you are almost driven to advance a greater distance in the same course. If men like Knox and men like Laud, and all the descendants of Knox and Laud, have wasted soul and spirit over vain controversies, what sensible man can feel assured that the dogmas of any sect or church whatever can claim the character of eternal truths? When once this feeling is insinuated into a student's mind—and it is not, we think, unfair to assert that to propagate this view of dogma is one main object of the "Lectures on the Church of Scotland"—the learner is prepared to feel the full force of another though kindred reflection which Dean Stanley constantly presses on the attention of his hearers. "Behind the mountains," to quote a proverb of which he is fond, "there are yet people." In the lands, in other words, which you do not know there are controversies and controversialists as fierce and as zealous as in England or Scotland. Realize this fact, and you will see how small are the questions on which you think the fate of the universe turns. This statement is never made in direct terms by the Dean, but no intelligent reader can peruse the lectures without having constantly before his mind that the controversies of the Scotch Church are the petty controversies of an insignificant ecclesiastical body, and that the dogmas for which churches of any kind have struggled have been invariably of little interest to the great majority of the human race. This sentiment may or may not be of importance as an argument addressed to the understanding, but it indubitably exercises immense force upon the feelings, and is a most powerful solvent of all conviction in the truth of theological dogmas. If it has a defect, this defect is that the sentiment once introduced into the mind is apt to have a greater effect than Dean Stanley means it to produce, for it loosens belief in doctrines which the Dean would himself hardly consider the dogmas of special sects.

Add to these reflections yet two other points to which our space allows us only to allude, but which the lecturer brings out with extraordinary clearness. The first is that the controversies of the Church of Scotland have always shown, whatever their intrinsic importance, a singularly petty side as regarded the immediate question at issue. No doubt, for example, there were important, if not vital, interests at stake when in 1637 the English liturgy was rejected by the whole Scottish people; but a great national and ecclesiastical contest sinks to a somewhat small affair when the point in dispute is narrowed down to the propriety of reading out a singularly beautiful collect, or of terminating a prayer with a sonorous amen. The second is that Scotch theology may be represented as merely the ecclesiastical side of Scotch civil history, and it is therefore for an educated man hardly possible to believe that dogmas which originated in the peculiar circumstances of an exceptional national history, can be doctrines of universal validity and application.

It is further hardly possible not to reflect that if the theology of Scotland is really of local growth and the fruit of special national characteristics, there is no theological system throughout the world of which the same thing is not true in a greater or less degree. No one can doubt that before the lectures were ended hundreds of the Dean's hearers had begun to entertain thoughts of a character unfavorable, if not absolutely opposed, to any fervent belief in dogmatic theology. In other words, the speaker had, as a rhetorician, achieved an immense triumph, and prepared his audience to consider, if not to admit, the two great doctrines of which he was the defender, and further to hear with patience two conclusions which, if put forward at the beginning of his address, might have appeared hopeless paradoxes. The first is that the Westminster Confession partakes "of the latitude and largeness of a compromise," and stands alone "amongst Protestant confessions for the acknowledgment, far in advance of its age, of its own fallibility." The second conclusion is like unto it, and is, we confess, to us still so paradoxical that we must as far as possible express it in the lecturer's own words: "As of the Church of England, so of the Church of Scotland, the glory is . . . . to carry, like the Prophet Amphiaraus, a blank shield with no device of sects or party. . . . The Established Church . . . . . bears no other device but the thistle of the Scottish nation and the historic recollections of the burning bush of the Scottish Church. Whatever Scottish Christianity is prepared to become, that the Church of Scotland is prepared to be. It treats Presbyterianism, Episcopacy, Patronage, Non-intrusion, as in themselves mere accidents." The Church of Scotland, that is to say, may under proper management be made the stronghold of liberals who disbelieve every article which the church avows to be true, and who must necessarily look upon doctrines for which John Knox and his followers would have died as what we may term interesting, though obsolete, historic curiosities. On the other hand, the Scottish Church will, if we understand the Dean rightly, whilst preserving the Westminster Confession as an "historical document" which has ceased to express the mind of the modern church, yet keep all the essential features of the old national establishment. "Its romance, its independence, its fervor, its prudence—must we not add, its exquisite and unrivalled humor?—these are the heirlooms of the

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[*] "Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland, delivered in Edinburgh, in 1872, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster, Corresponding Member of the Institute of France." London: John Murray; New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1872.

Church of Scotland which it has never lost, and which, whatever be the change of its internal form, it need never lose."

When a speaker ventures to propose that an established church should be kept on foot for the preservation of that very painful Scotch characteristic known as "Scotch humor," critics may venture to suppose that the orator in intoxicating his audience has lost his own head. The sentences we have just quoted, though they show the Dean of Westminster's unrivalled power of bringing round his audience to his own point of view, suggest that he is sometimes run away with by his own rhetoric. In truth, these lectures exhibit in the strongest light at once his strength and his weaknesses as a rhetorician. His habit, in the first place, of treating history from a didactic or rhetorical point of view, inevitably leads to the distortion of historical facts. Our own knowledge is not wide enough to enable us to say how far in particular cases he has gone astray; but we confess to a suspicion that he has pretty often, though most unintentionally, misrepresented the character of the individuals and parties to whom he refers. It is, for instance, extremely doubtful whether Leighton can in any sense be considered as belonging in spirit to the party who at a later time were called Moderates. We have, again, a constant feeling that Rutherford's whole character is never really put before the reader. "With Samuel Rutherford, the bitter and bigoted controversialist, let us have no fellowship. To Samuel Rutherford, the writer of those glowing letters, let the full sympathies of our souls be given." This sentiment, quoted from another writer by Dr. Stanley, sums up apparently the Dean's estimate of Rutherford. A more unsatisfactory one can hardly be given, for the simple reason that you cannot divide a man into two parts. In nine cases out of ten, that which you admire has a close connection with that which you dislike. If you are really to enter into Rutherford's letters you must also take into account Rutherford's controversies. Take, again, the whole position of the Moderates. We are fully inclined to believe that they do not now receive the credit due to them; but to estimate their virtues you should have some fair account of their defects, whereas Dean Stanley never attempts anything like a complete account of the position of the men he so warmly eulogizes. His works are, both from an historical and controversial point of view, injured by another characteristic besides the didactic spirit in which he writes. He exhibits both in narrative and in criticism a singular want of fine discrimination, and thus often fails to point out most important distinctions. Take the following passage, which we are glad to quote as a good specimen of the anecdotes and remarks with which his lectures abound:

> "It is recorded that a poor half-witted lad in Forfarshire clamored incessantly to be allowed, as he expressed it, to partake of his Father's bread in the sacramental elements. At last the minister conceded the point. He partook, and the same night, on returning from the sacrament, he kept repeating in a rapture of reverence, 'I have seen the Pretty Man!' The next morning he was found dead in his bed."

Now, the object for which this tale is told is to show the identity of feeling which may be discovered in Presbyterian and in Roman Catholic Churches, and no doubt there is a superficial resemblance between the sentiment which this tale embodies and the feeling "which has given birth to the miracle of Bolsena and the excesses of transubstantiation," but a subtler critic would have seen that the points of dissimilarity are, though less obvious, of much more importance than the points of likeness. In the Presbyterian story you have represented all those feelings of awe and horror to which Presbyterianism has given birth. Now these are certainly not the sentiments which are inspired by the extreme form of sacramentarian doctrine or sentiment. The feeling of the Scotch narrator was obviously the terrible responsibility incurred by those who come to the communion. Take the lowest and most superstitious form of Roman Catholicism, and you will find the subject of terror is not so much taking the sacrament unworthily as dying without it. You have the whole contrast between a religion which attributes everything to the state of the individual's soul, and the religion which attributes everything to the mysterious effect of external rites.

The desire to draw a moral, combined with a want of subtlety, lead Dean Stanley into what are in reality little better than rhetorical tricks. It is, for instance, his constant habit to diminish the importance of a principle by bringing into view the smallness of the occasion on which a contest for the principle took place. It is, to be sure, as we have already pointed out, curious to note that all Scotland rose in arms on the question whether a collect, in the sentiments of which every Christian would agree, should or should not be read out by the minister. But when one has noted this fact, one has done nothing to prove that the question at issue between Charles I. and the Scotch nation was a trifle, any more than it can be proved that Hampden risked everything for a mere bagatelle, by showing that he could have paid ship-money twenty times over without any effect upon his income. Exactly the same tendency which leads the lecturer to dwell on the trifling circumstances attending the outbreak of the contest with the Stuarts makes him treat the Disruption as depending upon mere legal subtleties, and remark that "there is no other country in the world where the consciences of so many able and excellent men would have been so deeply wounded by the intricacies of a legal suit, of which the point at issue can only be ascertained by a searching investigation of conflicting statements." This remark seems at first sight to reduce the controversy between the Free Church and the Established Church to nothing, but in reality it amounts to little more than an oratorical and, we venture to say, somewhat childish quibble. No doubt the law case referred to is, like most law cases, rather hard reading for a layman, but, in reality, neither Dean Stanley nor Dean Stanley's audience, neither the ministers who stayed in the church nor the ministers who went out of it, could have any real difficulty in understanding the main principles at stake. To argue that no man could know what they were fighting for who is not well versed in legal technicalities, is like arguing that no plaintiff can understand why he has come into court unless he can follow the pleadings in which his cause is stated.

We come here, in fact, across the dean's fundamental defect. He is an excellent rhetorician and an excellent man, but he never really argues. He always addresses the sentiments, and never addresses the understanding. Let it be admitted that the sentiments to which he appeals are in the main good, honest, praiseworthy feelings, still it remains true that he encourages the sentimentalism of the day. On all topics, and especially on religious topics, men are more and more falling into the habit of appealing to the heart rather than to the understanding. Such appeals are, in the hands of men like Dr. Stanley, eminently effective. They produce their result; they persuade multitudes and change opinions; but such rhetorical appeals, however effective, tend gradually to undermine the belief that, in theology as in science, the great question is not, What is pleasant? what is genial? what appeals to our sentiments? but, What is true? Rutherford's saying, "In God's matters there is not, as in grammar, the positive and comparative degrees; there are not a true, a more true, and a most true; truth is an indivisible line that hath no latitude," is no doubt narrow enough; but men educated in such doctrine are, after all, not likely to forget the importance of truth; and the great struggles of the future, like the great struggles of the past, will ultimately be decided by an appeal to truth, and not by an appeal to rhetoric; and we confess that when any struggle takes place between truth and error, either in Scotland or elsewhere, we doubt whether it will be carried to a successful issue by the disciples of even the best and ablest rhetoricians.

MODERN SCULPTURE.*

It is said that when Viardot, the well-known art critic, was asked his opinion of English sculpture, he replied, "Il n'existe pas," and he might have added that the same could be said of most modern so-called schools of sculpture. In point of fact, the modern habits of art-study, of life, and of art-feeling are in every way unfavorable to sculpture. The world is too old, mankind is too sophisticated, its culture is too complicated, and its social organization too artificial, to allow those instincts of beauty and that intuitive sense of proportion and the fineness of the musical (as the Greeks used the word, implying all harmonic relations) relations of form to develop themselves with veritable intellectual motives. That curious law of physical development, that the fully developed animals of a previous epoch resemble in their specific character the fœtus of the corresponding existing species, has an analytical verity in the life of the human race, and the Greek epoch was unmistakably that of the youth of mankind—that adolescence in which life is perfect and asks nothing of the future; when the impressibility to the outer world, and that supreme content with what one does, which only youth knows, are at their maximum; in which emotion and not thought controls the being, and before (in healthful and active natures) the violent passions and disquieting ambitions have begun to disturb that tranquillity and love of repose in outer things which are the unfailing characteristics of all exalted art, be it visible or audible. Such is, so far as we can gather it, the character of the Greeks of the great time, of all great childhood, and especially of Greek art, and these characteristics are also those of all the good sculpture which the world has ever seen. The introduction of color into art demanded a maturer sensuous development than the Greeks could have had, if we may judge from their literature, history, or art; and, in spite of all which has been written to prove analogically the perfection of Greek painting or color, there exists no evidence, literal or pictorial, that color as we now know it was even conceived of by them. The crude way in which color was applied to their architecture, the remains of their painting, and the character of their music, as well as we can gather this from what data we have, and even the perfection of their sculpture (for no people has ever perfectly developed two motives of art simultaneously) indicate that nothing more than the simplest elements of music or color were understood by them, but these were naturally marked by the subtlety and other general characteristics of the national temperament.

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* "The Sculpture Gallery: A Series of Eighty-one Engravings. Accompanied with Descriptive Prose and Illustrative Poetry, by James Dafforne, Esq., T. K. Hervey, Esq., etc.; preceded by an Historical and Critical Essay on Sculpture, Ancient and Modern." London and New York: Virtue & Co.

Speculation on hidden causes for the unapproached excellence of the Greeks in sculpture is futile and unnecessary. The one principle of study and development which we can deduce from a comparison of early Greek work will put at rest all theories based on unknown elements: they worked from impression, and the growth of sculpture was the result of *centuries* of slow clearing of their ideals from the imperfections of the traditional standard—growing, like the great Italian school, from Archaic to the Grand style, then the Beautiful, and after all and the degradation of all, the Imitative (Winckelmann). The ideal and not the natural was always the standard, and nothing is more clear in the whole range of Greek art, architecture as well as sculpture, than that no course of study like the modern ever entered into the Greek system. From the Archaic up to the Grand style, there is no hint of imitation, only a gradual perfecting of the revered ideals by fuller knowledge of details, with utter absence of the influence of the model and freedom from confusion as to proportions. We talk of canons and measurements of Greek art, but there are no two ideals in which they agree, and even the Doric temples have distinct rules of proportion, each unlike all the others. This diverse perfection is unapproachable, even unsuggestable by any system of imitative study, and the secret of the whole is in the perfection of the sense of beauty (for want of a better expression) to which the Greek artists attained by the system of working subjectively and seeing objectively, embodying conceptions always growing clearer and more harmonious, until, the perfection of the style being reached, and imitation setting in because the *ne plus ultra* had been reached, the unused powers of vision perished.

And from that day to this, imitation has ruled sculpture—imitation of the antique first and of the model finally—until in all the schools of Europe there is nothing but a corrupt and wooden ideal, in which by no chance does the unconsciousness and creative character of Greek art ever appear, but in its place a dreary, profitless *pose plastique*, in which the defects of vulgar models are only hidden, when hidden, by a destruction of all reality, and when reality is attained, it is, *per contra*, at the expense of all ideality. We believe that the practical and technical root of the Greek perfection was in their never working from models. A study of most of the known antique portraits induces us even to believe that in portraiture of the best period it was not the physical presence which served as model to the sculptor, but the mental image. Portraiture, physically speaking, was the creature of the imitative epoch.

The book under notice is one of the best illustrations which could be desired of the real frivolity of modern sculpture, its weak and far-away imitation of the great school. Amongst the national schools which contribute the eighty-one illustrations are, the English (56), German (8), Italian (8), Belgian (3), American (1), etc. With the exception of three or four, the English works are almost beneath criticism, the only man in the school who is more than a servile imitator not being represented, and Flaxman and Gibson, whose best work was only something which an unlearned critic might have taken for late Greek work, are the only artists represented who have even a shadowy individuality. Some of the Continental works have, if not intelligent and individual aims, at least technical power and academic knowledge, but beyond this no modern sculpture ever goes, and the only work done today which is worth the doing is the portraiture of Rauch and two or three others in Germany, that of Woolner in England, and that of three or four of our own sculptors. The French school has greater knowledge, and in two or three cases has shown great sculpturesque power, but with motives either trivial or fantastic, and utterly deficient in repose; and, in general, one may say that (besides portraits) there is no modern sculpture which will have a name in the future, and that, in fact, great sculpture is to us impossible. And of the best, even of the time, this book has left out almost everything. People who have been weak or wicked enough to like the *Art Journal* will be pleased, or the reverse, to find the ghosts of their sins against taste resuscitated in this re-collection of engravings of sculpture originally published in that periodical, and ought to be punished by being compelled to read the doggerel and wishy-washy (white-washy) eulogy by Messrs. Dafforne, Hervey, etc., with which the engravings are set off.

To save the book from utter reprobation, an essay on sculpture historically considered is prefixed to the work. This essay is exhaustive, and, so far as historical matter is concerned, exceedingly instructive—a résumé, in fact, of all that history records, with something too much of what history does not substantiate and of what is pure conjecture at first or second hand; for example, the numerous identifications of ancient works of art by means of commentaries by Pliny and other ancient writers. Pliny may have a value as a geographer, but his comments on art are worth about as much as those of an average member of the Royal Geographical Society, or a prosperous New York merchant who knows that a Meissonnier costs $4,000 gold, and never heard of Delacroix or Millet. Mingled with these classical old woman's stories are some of those data from Scripture which, whatever may be their theological value, are not things to quote seriously as evidences on the development of the fine arts, with all the hypothetical latitude and longitude assigned by the school of critics who may still be disputing which of the Ararats the ark descended on. When our essayist says: "And as Chaldea was the first region of the earth which was peopled after the flood, . . . the probability seems, for all the reasons we have given, very strong that that people derived their knowledge of the rudiments of sculpture from their antediluvian progenitors and transmitted the art to their Egyptian neighbors." Again, in that peculiarly assuming style of argument more known to the schools of dogmatic theology than to those of severer literature: "It is impossible to conceive (even were there none of what may be called secondary evidence to the contrary) that man should have lived between sixteen and seventeen hundred years from the Mosaic era of creation to the flood of Noah without inventing some method for the perpetuation or transmission of his thoughts," etc. It is satisfactory to find that when the author gets to historical epochs he is minute and comprehensive in collation of the data for history, though in crediting the tale of the origin of sculpture in the outline of her lover's profile traced by the Sicyonian potter's daughter on the wall, he would seem to dispense with much history and much common sense.

One mistake which the essayist makes in common with many other writers on art is that in which he ascribes the origin of Greek art to Egypt. Though the early Greek historians, their imagination filled with the fables of the Nile, were too glad to acknowledge the supposed mother of civilization as their schoolmistress, the evidence of the early works of Grecian art proves clearly enough that there was no sense in common as there is no common motive in the work of the two nations, but that they are independent developments. The early work of Greece, unmistakably Pelasgic in character, is done without the knowledge of cutting-tools, by concussion and attrition, while that of Egypt from its early stages shows complete possession of the art of stone-cutting. If these sculptors came from Egypt into Greece they would have brought the implements and knowledge of their craft with them, which it is clear they did not do.

The essay dwells longer comparatively on the Italian schools of sculpture than they merit. What there was of ideal work in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries was a nervous and sometimes intensely imaginative emulation of Greek art, without its intellectual or moral characteristics or more than the suggestion of its perfection, without any indication even of the supreme control which it had of the artistic intellect of the time. The ideal of the epoch was utterly different, and though the discovery of the Greek statues excited enthusiasm and imitation, it was a flash only, and the genuine Italian sculpture is of a character imaginatively higher, it may be, but technically of no comparative value—deeper as symbolism, but many stages lower as art. And what authority there may be for a comparison between the Jupiter at Elis and Michael Angelo's Moses we cannot say, or whether it be true that, "as a work of mere power, the former will admit of no comparison with the latter." We must, however, question the comparative judgments of the writer when we read, in his discussion of the English school to which he finally descends, the following flattering tribute: "Sculptors have arisen amongst ourselves and in our own day second only to the very greatest masters of the art in all time, and works have been produced, in its various kinds, which we dare almost place beside their best in the same." We fear that the school of which the essayist can inscribe such eulogium must exist only in his fancy. To commonplace critics and those who see with cold and impartial eyes, there is no school worth stopping to criticise. The tamest, most inane, and utterly profitless work of modern times is assuredly English sculpture. To discuss it is wasted ink. One can only repeat with Viardot, "Il n'existe pas"; and those who look over this magnificent book (as far as book-making goes) will certainly wonder why a school of so much attributed promise should not have contributed to its pages a tolerable example of art.

THE MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

THE most readable article that we find in this number of the *Atlantic* is Mr. Parton's "Jefferson," which is very readable. Among other good things that it contains are some remarks about the troublesome subject of criticism, which we commend to the attention of two or three other *Atlantic* contributors as being sensible. What Mr. Parton says is not of great consequence, but it is free from a curious childishness which may be noted in many American authors, and which consists in believing firmly and sincerely that any one who tells them that they are poor workmen, or poorer workmen than their friends have been accustomed to think them, must be either a personal enemy or a professional rival, or perhaps both. We think that in time past this view has been to a great extent a true one; most of our criticism has been extravagant, good-natured praise, honest and dishonest, or else abuse more or less ignorant, malicious, and personal. But the day of both these kinds of criticism we take to be done, or nearly done, and we believe those persons who think otherwise to be living in their recollections rather than with their eyes open to what is about them. Still, it must be admitted that for critics as well as for the rest of mankind adverse criticism is sanitary, and if we may advise, we exhort writers to whom we have referred to make it as hot as they can for all their adversaries, villanous and otherwise.

Another good article besides Mr. Parton's is that upon our collection of Dutch and Flemish paintings in Fifth Avenue. We have nowhere seen in print any comment upon these pictures which we have thought so good when confronted with the pictures themselves. To write vividly and pictorially about such things is far easier than to write with truthful exactness, and we think we are safe in recommending our readers who intend a visit to the gallery to take as a companion this *Atlantic* essay in preference to any other which they may have seen. We have not found ourselves agreeing with it in all its statements, but it is evidently the work of a person who has fitted himself by study to give an opinion having authority. We should say, for example, that the spectator will be even more pleased than this writer expresses himself with the two landscapes by Huysmann, which alone would clear the collection of a charge which perhaps might be brought against it of being on the whole rather oppressive than otherwise, and having interest for the artist as artisan and student rather than as artist and lover of beauty. But the "lift" which in these two pictures is given by the "Italianating" of the Dutch artist is very noticeable and very pleasing. His native fidelity he appears to have retained in its fulness; but there is an elevation and largeness in his pictures which the other men mainly lack, and he appears to have learned it in Italy. In the other pages of the *Atlantic*, besides the usual excellent criticism, the Hawthorne and so forth, there are several pieces of poetry of nearly equal excellence, Mrs. Thaxter's being perhaps the best, and that by "A. W." to our mind not so good as the others. It surely is not a peculiarly poetic impulse that leads "A. W." to tell us that Queen Guinevere began her tricks when she was "a little wench"—was a little hussey, in fact, and false to Arthur while the two were children. We must mention also the story by Mr. Harney, and Mr. Wilson Flagg's essay entitled "Simples and Simplers." Mr. Harney's story has a pleasant fresh flavor and will please story-readers who like to be pleased. Mr. Flagg's essay treats sketchily of the kind of medicine known to New Englanders as "yarb" medicine. We should call it but a doubtful assertion which Mr. Flagg makes when he speaks of the popular belief in plantain leaves as if it were confined to their efficacy in curing the bites of snakes, and assigns as the foundation for this notion the fact that the seeds of the plantain are "borne on the extremity of a long stem so as to resemble the rattles of a rattlesnake." The curious doctrine of "signatures" we take to be not responsible, or not thus responsible, for the favor in which the plantain is held. At any rate, we have known it to be in esteem among old women who never had heard of the rattlesnake, and who used the plantain leaves for wounds of various kinds and for the pustules produced by vegetable poisons.

The *Galaxy's* public will be well pleased with their June magazine, which is of the familiar sort and of very good quality. The closing chapters of a really fine love-story by Turgenef; an account of Sir Charles Dilke by Mr. Justin McCarthy, who throws in some London gossip; a history, very rosy, of Wyoming's experience with her jurywomen and female voters; an essay on "Swells" in American society, and another on the study of modern languages in American colleges; novels and novelettes and poetry by novelists and ladies; a description of the English at home, as seen by an American; sensible talk from "Philip Quilibet"—all these fill up the hundred and forty pages with matter which may very well satisfy the subscriber. "The English at Home" has, we suppose, a little of the exaggeration which will get into such essays. This, for instance, with all the easy inferences from it, we suppose no Briton is bound to believe: "'Get up, you nasty brute, out of that beastly walk, or I'll knock your bloody head off,' is a common form of speech." Nothing was more common, M. Jules Janin wrote to the editor who employed him as London correspondent, than to be startled as you walked along the streets of that dreary metropolis by seeing a man thrust his head out of an upper window, expose a face filled with depression and anger, say "Goddam!" then, instantly, by a swift stroke of a razor cut his throat from ear to ear and fall back dead, while his dying imprecation still rang in the ears of the spectators. In fact, it was inaccurate to call this a startling thing; it startled not the islander, only the French onlooker. Thus the habitual gloom of the Londoner and his proclivity to profanity and suicide were portrayed by this faithful observer of national peculiarities. The truth is that there is no work more difficult to do well than such observation and record. A very little of it everybody can do, and do very badly; a good deal of it a few can do, though everybody attempts it; but to do it in perfection must be the result of gifts extremely rare and fortunate opportunities. Mr. Rhodes appears to be among the few, though readers of Mr. Emerson's "English Traits" will perhaps not need him, and seems to us to talk intelligently.

In the discussion of the question about modern languages the conclusion is reached that French and German should be taught to the children in preparatory schools, the learning of Greek and Latin being put off till somewhat later. The author argues with fairness and cogency, and appears to have given the matter much practical thought. "Philip Quilibet," in "Driftwood," admonishes various journals, and this journal among the rest, to be on their guard during the next few months against personalities in politics and want of candor in the treatment of antagonists. No such sermons ever get into our pew; but we feel compelled to call the careful attention of our neighbors to the preacher's remarks. We already see signs of an extravagantly bitter contest during the coming summer, and there are certain contingencies, easy to imagine, in which it may come to be one of the most uncandid and vituperative ever known in our politics. We see that one of our most dignified journals has begun, even at this early day, to enquire if the people think that a person is fit to be President who on one occasion abetted the petty larceny of a gentleman's private letters. Another journal, whose editorial page is equally dignified, implies that a certain candidate, in order that he may convey the impression of his personal guilelessness and honesty, carefully disorders his apparel when he makes an appearance in public. Another, we see, is putting the word "Honest" into quotation marks whenever it has occasion to use that term in connection with a certain other term, and what that means everybody knows. It is much to be hoped that the summer will not be a hot one.

In *Old and New* there are three good sonnets, one of the three being more than commonly good. It is by "T. G. A.," and is upon the well-worn subject of Pompeii:

> ". . . . . . To left and right
> Gay colonnades and courts—beyond, the glee,
> Heartless, of that forgetful pagan sea.
> . . . .
> . . . .
> . . . . The wreath
> Indolent hags on far Vesuvius' crest."

"Living in Germany" is for the information of persons who meditate a sojourn abroad and wish to know about the cost of living. "The Brahmo Somaj" we have found instructive as giving an account of Mr. Chunder Sen's sect. The editor, in that part of the magazine called "The Old and the New," discusses the *Alabama* question and the Treaty, and does it in a tone which has always been injurious to the best interests of both nations. It seems to us to be time for some of us to consider whether we do a dignified thing and one worthy of a nation of forty millions of people, which is soon to be, if indeed not now, the most powerful on the face of the earth, when we condescend to complain of any other power because it "refused us its sympathies." It is England's misfortune that her sympathies were foolishly misdirected when we were at war, but it was not our misfortune in any sense that makes it otherwise than undignified in us to keep up passionate complaints about it. For whatever injury she did us which it is becoming in grown men to consider, she will have to pay roundly when her wrongdoing is proved in court. Meantime, we can live without her sympathy, and we may even afford to sympathize with her should that become necessary.

The *Catholic World* has a vigorous article which urges the inadequacy of the Roman Catholic press of this country, and asks for daily and weekly newspapers as rich and enterprising as the Protestant papers which never weary of spreading abroad lies about the seven millions of souls who hold to the true faith. It also contains a learned review of Mr. Bryant's "Iliad," more of Mrs. Craven's story, "Fleurange"; a review of Dr. Albert Stöckl's book on philosophy; the last of Mr. De Vere's legends of "Oisin," who is now finally converted by St. Patrick; some good book reviews, and several other papers.

In *Scribner's* there is Mr. Whitelaw Reid's lecture on journalism; a sketch of Mr. Madox Brown by Mr. W. J. Stillman; Mr. Warner's "Backlog Studies"; a careful article on the advance of population in the United States; a second instalment of a good article, descriptive of travel in this State and Pennsylvania, by Mr. James Richardson; and half a dozen other papers, besides the editorial departments. Mr. Warner's article with its comments on the theatre and the legitimate drama shows more plainly than usual that streak of cheapness, so to say, which, genuine as his talent is, will perhaps prevent his doing much that shall have permanent value; but he makes a suggestive essay with a good deal in it that is both pleasant and wise.

Dictionary of American Biography, including Men of the Time; containing nearly ten thousand notices of persons of both sexes, of native and foreign birth, who have been remarkable or prominently connected with the Arts, Sciences, Literature, Politics, or History of the American Continent. Giving also the Pronunciation of many of the foreign and peculiar American Names of Writers, and a Supplement. By Francis S. Drake. (Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.)—This rather long title gives a clear statement of what the reader has to look for in this volume. The preface completes it in these words: "The design of this work is to give in a single volume, and at a moderate cost, a manual of reference containing, in a condensed form, all the more important data of American biography, including that of persons still living. Its scope . . . is *continental,* and it aims to include within the prescribed limits as many facts and dates as possible, while, at the same time, ample reference is made to fuller sources of information." To the execution of this design the author has evidently devoted a great deal of labor, and he has succeeded in making a useful and convenient compilation of larger comprehensiveness than dimensions. To achieve this, however, he has sacrificed almost everything that could render it readable, the condensation aimed at demanding constant verbal omissions and abbreviations, some of which disfigure many notices not a little. Witness the following: "Grant, Ulysses Simpson, Pres. of the U. S., b. Point Pleasant, Ohio, Apr. 27, 1822. West Point, 1843. Son of Jesse R. and Hannah Simpson Grant, of Pa." Occasionally the omissions are much more serious, not only words but facts biographically essential being sacrificed. Thus in the same notice, the last so eventful year of Grant's career in the Civil War is strangely condensed into the following part of a sentence: "In the Richmond campaign, May 4, 1864, to Apr. 9, 1865, the date of Lee's surrender"—so that in the whole notice there is not a mention of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, Cold Harbor, the Chickahominy, the James, Petersburg, or Appomattox Court House. Seven Pines, Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, are names ignored under "McClellan." Nor are the dates given revised everywhere with that accuracy which is the more necessary the greater the importance attached to the dry chronological record, intended for reference merely; for, as the author justly remarks, "the utility of such a work must depend mainly upon its correctness." Different dates, for instance, are assigned, under "Stevens" (Isaac Ingalls) and "Kearny," to the engagement of Chantilly, Va., in which both those generals fell; different dates also, under "Johnston" and "Sherman," to the battle of Bentonville, N. C., in which these commanders fought against each other. We could easily multiply the number of similar instances of omission and inaccuracy, but the specimens cited may suffice. On the other hand, the fulness of the work as to names noticed becomes evident on the comparison of a few pages chosen at random with the corresponding parts of similar works devoted to or embracing American biography. For this purpose we may best take the Dictionary of Dr. Wm. Allen, of which the third edition, published in 1857, numbers over 900 pages. Under "Cole," Drake gives Thomas, the artist of "The Voyage of Life"; J. Foxcroft, a distinguished living artist; and Samuel, a writer on agriculture. Allen gives Thomas, as above; James L., a poet of Canandaigua; Dr. N. W., a physician of Burlington; Thomas, a teacher at Salem; and Coletta, "a colored woman died at New London alms-house in 1844, aged 110"! "Percy": Drake mentions Earl Hugh, of Lexington renown; Allen gives William, rector of St. Paul's, Charleston, S. C. "Pemberton": both chronicle the two Ebenezers, Boston ministers, and Thomas; Allen adds a third Ebenezer, whose only qualifications were those of a tutor. Drake adds notices of an entire family of the name, philanthropists, and also General John C., who had the painful task of surrendering Vicksburg. Although Allen professes to notice "the most eminent persons deceased in North America," his work is confined to the English settlements and, possibly, Canada. Drake's list really embraces all the Western hemisphere, and gives us the prominent names in South American and Mexican history. Page 4, for instance, contains, among others, "Acosta, Joaquin," an officer in the service of Colombia and author of a "History of New Granada"; "Acosta, Joseph D'," the Spanish missionary, author of the "History of the Indies"; and "Acuña," the explorer of the Amazon—the Spanish title of whose book on that river, however, is unfortunately disfigured in the notice by three mistakes. Among men distinguished in the revolutionary history of South America, we have noticed the absence of one of the most prominent, O'Higgins. It is only fair to Allen to say that where his subjects furnished sufficient material he wrote copiously of them, and that in many such cases his elaborate articles will be far more serviceable to the enquirer than Drake's succinct paragraphs. He used little discrimination, as the above extracts show, in admitting names to his list, and he was exceedingly partial to clergymen, however local their reputation. But, then, in the matter of "perspective," what shall we say of Drake, who takes no account of so eminent a scholar and editor as Professor Child, of Harvard, and yet makes room in his supplement for the late F. W. Loring, "journalist"?

China's Place in Philology: An Attempt to show that the Languages of Europe and Asia have a Common Origin. By Joseph Edkins, B.A. (London: Trübner & Co. 1871. 12mo, pp. xxiii., 403.)—This book is a blunder and an anachronism. Its aim is "to show that the languages of Europe and Asia may be conveniently referred to one origin in the Mesopotamian and Armenian region." It is founded on a little superficial knowledge and a great deal of fundamental ignorance; and its method exhibits an ingenious enhancement of the errors of the old school of philology by means of the appliances furnished by the new. Men used to go about from language to language, picking out those chance resemblances which are to be found everywhere, between unrelated languages as well as related, and drawing from them inferences of common descent; and now that linguistic science has proved the almost unlimited alterability of both sound and meaning in words, the field of occurrence of such resemblances is indefinitely widened and their traceable number multiplied. In this field Mr. Edkins revels, and his comparisons and identifications are of the most extraordinary character. If his way of working can get itself approved, there is no need of his taking the trouble to work in it; all that he claims may be granted without dispute—English and Choctaw are as incontestably related as English and German. It is useless to quote instances; the whole volume is a tissue of examples of philological absurdity. The Polynesians borrowed the post-position of the genitive and adjective from the Semitic. The Greek is "especially founded on the Chinese in regard to tones; for what are the acute, grave, and circumflex accents but Chinese tones? The relation of Greek *αὐτός*, Latin *idem,* and Mongol *adeli,* 'same,' is pregnant enough with meaning to show that the Turanians were next neighbors of the Ionian Greeks in Asia Minor;" and so on *ad nauseam.*

Mr. Edkins has been a missionary in China for twenty-five years. So far as we can judge, he has attained a really profound knowledge of Chinese, and his researches into the history of changes of phonetic form in Chinese words have notably advanced Chinese philology and are worthy of grateful acknowledgment. So much the more is the pity that he should turn away and enter upon investigations for which he is fitted neither by nature nor by training, wasting his time and effort, and merely adding his pile to the immense existing heap of philological rubbish. The trained linguistic scholar will pick out of the work, here and there, items of valuable knowledge respecting matters where the author is an authority; but to the general reader it is much worse than worthless, because its gloss of real learning will make it more misleading than simple unadulterated nonsense could be. The responsibility, in our opinion, lies in part with Max Müller. If this writer had not, in his lecture on the "Stratification of Language," patted on the back Mr. Edkins and a Mr. Chalmers (a worthy *confrère* of his), encouraging them to go on by pointing out that, even if they made occasional errors, Bopp himself had done the same—if he had frankly assured them that they were on the wrong track, and must necessarily blunder, not occasionally and by accident, but normally and regularly, the world might, perhaps, have been spared the present volume.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Allen (J. H.) and Greenough (J. B.), Latin Grammar	(Ginn Bros.)	
Collins (Dr S.), Autobiography	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Crapsey (E.), The Nether Side of New York	(Sheldon & Co.)	
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Lange (Rev. J. P.), The Books of the Kings, Part I.	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.)	5 00
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Minna Monté: A Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
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Society of the Army of the Cumberland, 5th Reunion, Detroit, 1871	(Robt. Clarke & Co.)	
Smith (P.), Smaller Ancient History of the East	(Harper & Bros.)	
Thackeray (Wm.), The Book of Snobs; Sketches and Travels in London, etc.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
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CHEAPER AND BETTER THAN FROM LOCAL GREENHOUSES.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1872.

The Week.

THE condition of the Washington Treaty at this writing we take to be this: The Senate has made alterations, the nature of which has not been made public, in the Supplemental Article, which lessen the force of the American abandonment of the indirect claims, by making it uncertain whether they may not be brought up at some future time, but we do not know enough of what has happened to speak on this point with any positiveness. At all events, the modification seems to be of a kind which, like the Treaty itself, still leaves something to "understanding," and on this point the English are just now in a state of morbid sensitiveness, which makes hope of accommodation almost idle. They will hardly be content with anything short of a naked and flat disavowal, and this the President and Senate can hardly agree to make. The mismanagement on both sides has been disgraceful; on our side, we are sorry to say, it looks as if there had been worse than mismanagement. We have never, our readers will bear witness, been hopeful about the Treaty, and shall not be very sorry if it is now at last dropped. Every word of discussion there has been about it, since the appearance of the American Case, has helped to excite discord and revive old hates and animosities. The best thing to do, and the only technically proper thing to do, when the parties, having appeared before the arbitrators, found they were not agreed as to the points to be submitted, was to retire and begin to negotiate again. *A court of arbitration is not competent to define the extent of its own jurisdiction.* It is not, like a court of law, created by statute; it exists by the agreement of the parties; and outside of or in default of this agreement, has no existence and no powers. One party cannot drag another before such a court; either party has always the right to withdraw on any ground before the case is heard or the decision reached. If such a court can take up matters which either party declares he never meant it to take up, it can take up all or any other matters; and as between nations, might be converted into an abominable engine of oppression and injustice. Perhaps the best thing to be done now is throw the Washington Treaty aside, and by-and-by meet again, and begin the negotiations by a fresh discussion of the "indirect claims," but we doubt whether General Grant's Administration will ever be in a position to do so with any prospect of success.

Mr. Gratz Brown has written his letter of acceptance to the Committee of the Cincinnati Convention, and it is certainly a great improvement on Mr. Greeley's, both in its English, its taste, and its temper. He reprobates the use of offices for party purposes, deplores the omnipotence of party organizations, commiserates the condition of the South, and commends amnesty, following the lead of the platform in a moderate key. The curious and original part of the letter is that which relates to the treatment of the tariff by the Cincinnati platform. We had always supposed the relegation of the tariff "to the people in the Congress districts" was a simple, frank, and bold confession of the inability of the Convention to agree on this matter, and of the determination of the delegates to pass it by, so as to be able to unite in conclusions on other matters which, collectively, were held to be of greater importance. Mr. Greeley, however, attempted to give it a loftier character by treating it as a magnanimous attempt to restore to the people a power of which they had previously been deprived, viz., that of regulating the tariff to suit themselves.

But Mr. Brown outdoes Mr. Greeley completely. According to him, the relegation of the tariff to the people in the Congress districts is a novel and happy mode of dealing with a very knotty question. The tariff, it would appear from his letter, has been heretofore regulated by the Electoral College; but the Cincinnati Convention has opened a new era, by letting the people and Congress have their say about it. "It was a bold as well as admirable policy," he says, "in the interest of present as well as of future tranquillity, to withdraw the decision of industrial and revenue matters from the virtual arbitration of an electoral college, chosen with the single animating purpose of party ascendancy, and refer them for a more direct popular expression to each Congress district." This great reform, we would suggest to Mr. Brown, ought surely not to be confined to the tariff. Why not also withdraw the questions of amnesty, civil-service reform, and equality before the law from the jurisdiction of the Electoral College? Is it not an offence against popular sovereignty to leave *anything* to that body? The patience with which the people have waited these long years for the appearance of the Greeley and Brown ticket to give them a voice on the question of import duties has been, it must be admitted, almost asinine in its stolidity. On one point Mr. Brown is suspiciously silent. Is he, or is he not, in favor of the punctual payment of the pensions of the soldiers and sailors? Let us have no juggling or evasion about this, but a plain answer. These pensions are, and long have been, menaced from some quarter or other. Greeley expresses his willingness to see them paid; the country waits to hear from Brown.

The Greeley ratification meeting in this city on Monday evening was a success. The *Tribune's* report that "scarcely a public meeting in New York since the war has equalled it in the magnitude of the numbers present and the enthusiasm of the demonstrations," is not much of an exaggeration, if an exaggeration at all; while the *Times'* account, that "it was not the success anticipated, though the hall was well filled," though a safe statement, is not altogether accurate. The hall was crowded, but the outside meetings were a failure, owing to the violence of "the wind," the *Tribune* says. As to the "enthusiasm," there is no doubt the demonstrations were very noisy, but what feeling prompted them, or whether they were in all respects complimentary to Mr. Greeley, nobody can tell. The truth is that, in the public eye, Mr. Greeley, whether deservedly or not, is surrounded with an atmosphere of low comedy. There is consequently a touch of buffoonery in all celebrations of which he is the central figure. Moreover, the adhesion of the Democrats to him is bringing "the boys" to his support in great numbers, and they will during the canvass fill his "halls" with the exultant yells and other evidences of homage and rejoicing such as simple natures are accustomed to offer, and that used to make the rafters of Tammany ring.

We wish we could speak respectfully of the vice-presidents and of the speakers. But when we find the name of "Ben. Wood" first on a long list of vice-presidents at a "refor meeting," we can do nothing better than laugh. Among the speakers the only man of note was Senator Doolittle, and he predicted that the Baltimore Convention would adopt Mr. Greeley, but asserted, with authority, that whether it did or not he would not withdraw. Mr. Doolittle took the Cincinnati platform for his text, and eulogized it highly, particularly its mode of dealing with the tariff question, which he called "a new invention," and said it "merited a patent." He appears to be as deeply impressed as Mr. Gratz Brown with the plan of letting the people fix the mode of raising the revenue, instead of leaving it to that band of irresponsible despots who have so long usurped it—the Electoral College. He discussed the possibility of Mr. Greeley's being "imposed on." He admitted "there was some danger of this," but took a cheerful view of it on the whole; said that even if he was, his surroundings at the White House could hardly be worse than those of General Grant, but he thought that the steadying and solemnizing influence of the office was such that any man, no matter what his antecedents may be, "if he is honest and intelligent," has "his very mode of thought changed," and becomes "cautious and conservative" as soon as he takes it. Among the other speakers were Senator Tipton, General Kilpatrick, Mr. R. B. Roosevelt, and Colonel McClure of Pennsylvania; the rest were either totally unknown to fame or "more widely known for blame than praise." A palpable fraud was perpetrated by "the managers" in announcing in their posters that Carl Schurz would speak. They *knew* he would not. This is a bad beginning for "reformers." They also announced Mr. Dorsheimer, who did not appear, and had nothing from Mr. Trumbull but a vague letter.

A curious incident has been brought up during the week, which, trifling though it be, helps to confirm what we have more than once said as to the great source of danger in letting Mr. Greeley into the Presidency—his weakness with regard to his "friends." He has been accused frequently during the past six months of having gone into a company for the manufacture of tobacco, within the past year, with Bill Tweed and other members of the Ring. Now he abhors tobacco, and preaches against it vigorously, almost as vigorously as against alcoholic drinks. He has also denounced Tom Murphy severely for going into real-estate speculations with Bill Tweed and his kind. Consequently, when we are told, and told truly, that he has himself been concerned with them in a cigar enterprise, it seems on the surface as if he was a dreadfully wicked and deceitful old fellow. But the truth appears to be that, in this as in so many other cases, he is simply weak. A Mr. Charles C. Eaton writes to the *Tribune*, declaring that Mr. Greeley went into the tobacco business, or rather lent his name for use in it, simply to "oblige a friend" who had neither credit nor money, and had, or thought he had, got hold of a good cigar machine. In our opinion, the number of needy "friends" who would be found in Washington during Mr. Greeley's Administration would be more than the nation could stand, unless population and resources grew more rapidly than they do now.

The majority in the Senate having resolutely refused to give Mr. Sumner and Mr. Schurz an opportunity formally to discuss the report of the French Arms Committee, the former on Friday made a motion to postpone indefinitely the Apportionment Bill, and on this hung an attack on the President, which is shortly to appear in a pamphlet, which it is safe to say has no parallel in parliamentary annals for ferocity. In fact, it is rather a treatise on General Grant than a speech, and sums up, and embellishes, and amplifies all the charges, innuendoes, and insinuations ever made against him, constituting an indictment which, whatever may be said of its fairness or good taste, must have a sensible effect on public opinion. Mr. Sumner shows, with his usual profuseness of quotation, that a soldier is unlikely ever to make a good civil ruler, especially when he turns to civil affairs after forty; that Grant was less likely to make a good civilian than most successful soldiers, owing to the unusual narrowness of his social and political experience in early life. He quotes the dying testimony of Stanton, uttered to him (Sumner), that "Grant could not govern this country," to which Grant might fairly reply that neither could Stanton himself, and that a worse judgment than Stanton's on any such subject could hardly be cited, and that it was no better on his death-bed than at any time previously, and was probably worse. Indeed, for whatever arbitrariness and disregard of law there have been in the administration of our affairs since the war, few persons are more to blame than Mr. Stanton.

Mr. Sumner traces the history of nepotism from the fifteenth century down, showing its baneful operation in Papal Rome, from "twenty-one years before the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus" (the well-known Genoese navigator) down to our day; then cites American testimony against it, including that of Washington, Jefferson, John Adams, and others; clearly establishing, indeed, that it is a culpable practice. He then takes up, and savagely reprobates, the President's practice of giving high office to persons who have made gifts to him, and his receipt of gifts at all, fortifying his position by Deut. xvi. 19, by Plutarch, Lord Brougham, Washington, St. Louis of France, John Quincy Adams, and Count Romantzoff of Russia. He also attacks his mode of selecting his Cabinet among obscure persons from whom he had received gifts; his use of the offices of the Government for the reward of personal favorites; his employment of military officers in civil offices at the White House, contrary to law and usage; his attempt when he first took office to throw aside the Secretary of War, and transfer his powers and functions to the Commander-in-Chief of the Army; his subsequent attempt to do the same thing, *mutatis mutandis*, at the Navy Department for the benefit of Mr. Borie, who was too sickly to perform the duties, and was appointed solely as a "Greek bearing gifts"; his interference in local politics in Missouri and New York; his violations of the constitutional and international law, and contempt for the African race in the case of San Domingo; his proving the "greatest Presidential quarreller" in history, violating in this the "Eleventh Commandment" added by Mr. Sumner himself to the Decalogue, and which, according to him, runs as follows, "A President of the United States shall never quarrel"; and supports this position by citing Juvenal (Dryden's translation), the example of Tancred, and that of Louis X. of France, neither of whom "quarrelled" in affairs of State, but whose peaceable demeanor seems to have made no impression on General Grant's mind. Mr. Sumner also says that the President has not reduced the public debt, and has muddled all our foreign relations, prefers palace-cars, "fast horses, and seaside villas to duty," has grown rich on gifts, and ought not to be renominated.

The attack would be more damaging if it were one-half as long, and were shorn of most of its epithets and quotations. Many parts of it will create great amusement, and thus help Grant instead of injuring him. The long passage about nepotism at Rome is evidently due to the discovery of "that able historical work in two volumes" to which the orator expresses his acknowledgments, *Il nipotismo di Roma;* and there is something very diverting in the praises he lavishes on the administrative reforms, and good intentions of popes who only reigned twenty, and thirteen days, and two months, etc. Stanton's ante-mortem testimony will hardly produce any effect, seeing that it was clearly inaccurate. Mr. Sumner says he told him, at that melodramatic leave-taking, that he (Stanton) had never mentioned Grant in his stump-speeches during the campaign. The newspaper reports show that either Mr. Stanton erred in this point or Mr. Sumner has erred in retailing the conversation. The greatest defect in the speech is, however, that it does not account for Grant. If he is a frivolous man, more devoted to fast horses and seaside villas than to duty, it is difficult to understand the shrewdness, persistence, and success with which, according to the same authority, he has managed to pervert the power of offices of Government to his personal advantage.

The political situation has at this writing undergone no material change, and probably will undergo none till after the Baltimore Convention. The renomination of Grant at Philadelphia seems to be a foregone conclusion, and the only controversy in the ranks of the regular Republicans is over the Vice-Presidency, but it will be decided too before this meets the eyes of our readers. Greeley unquestionably grows in strength among the Democrats, particularly at the South, but makes no perceptible gains among the Republicans at the North. Even the doubting hesitate and wait for something better to turn up. The movement in favor of the nomination of Mr. Adams gains ground, and will probably produce results within a few days. If he takes the field also, there will be "wigs on the green," as the old song says. The canvass has been fairly opened by Mr. Sumner's speech, and we are afraid he has furnished the key-note of it also, and that it will be savagely bitter. The newspapers will have need of all their old "personalities," and some new ones. "Indecency," "mendacity," "impudence," rage unchecked on every side. There are rumors of scarcity of money at the Greeley headquarters, the "capitalists," as a rule, not taking kindly to him, and his list of vice-presidents was not likely to inspire confidence in "moneyed circles." Carl Schurz's refusal to speak, and the engagement of Demosthenes by the Woodhull Committee, are also discouraging circumstances. The latter orator has, nevertheless, an opportunity to use his old Philippics, such as may never offer itself again. The bloody and sensual tyrant in the White House is surely a tempting mark.

One of the good signs of the times, and not the least important, as showing that even democratic politicians begin to be conscious of the change which is coming over the public mind, is the nomination of Mr. Buckalew for the governorship by the Pennsylvania Democrats. Mr. Buckalew is not "magnetic," and he is a learned, thoughtful, sagacious man of the highest character, with much experience of public life, and to whom rowdies and blatherskites may make the objection which one of their number made to Mr. Adams at Cincinnati—"that you can't slap him on the back, and ask him to take a drink." The enthusiasm with which he was received at the convention *after* his nomination was also an example which Republican quacks would do well to note as the proper use of enthusiasm on such occasions. The nomination has struck such terror into the ranks of the Administration that Colonel Forney has again "cried halt," and solemnly warns his brethren that they had better throw overboard the "regular" Hartranft ticket while there is yet time, for it is becoming pretty plain that its own outrageous badness, combined with the goodness of the Democratic one, will render its success impossible. Mr. Buckalew, it is well to mention, is the author of one scheme of minority representation which has attracted great attention, and has been often described in these columns.

Two curious things appear in the English weeklies received by the last mail. One is a long elaborate article in the *Spectator* on the convention at New York which nominated Victoria C. Woodhull for the Presidency, a performance which will, in the estimation of that paper, give a blow to the Woman's-Rights cause not only in this country, but in England. The *Spectator* thinks the Woman's Rights party in this country have chosen Woodhull for their official representative. This is the unkindest thing that has been said of them yet. We have charged them with having produced Woodhull, or to use a slang phrase "given her a chance," but to put upon them the responsibility of the "convention" which nominated her is a little too bad. The other curious thing is an expression of opinion by the *Saturday Review* that Horace Greeley was "elected at Cincinnati by the votes of the Protestant members of the body." We think this is strictly correct; the Catholics in the convention were literally nowhere on any of the six ballots, and we think that though Horace is not much of a theologian, he will be found sound as a bell on all the great points of distinctively Protestant doctrine, though we admit that as a Calvinist he is nothing to boast of.

The dispute between M. Thiers and the National Assembly over the Councils of State is in course of solution by a compromise under which the Assembly presents the President with fifty-six nominees, from whom he selects the twenty-eight members. The only other important work on which the Assembly is engaged is the reorganization of the judiciary, and here again it is curious to see the weight with which either old traditions or party selfishness affects the whole question. During the Empire, nothing was heard from members of the opposition of all shades of opinion but abuse of the judges, their timidity, ferocity, subservience, and corruptibility. It was therefore incumbent on all, after the Revolution, for the sake of decency and consistency, to make some attempt at purification. But when the time came to say what the attempt should be, there was found to be the usual difference of opinion between the Left, Centre, and Right, and each now declares, when it sees danger of its opponents' plan of reform being adopted, that the judges are not so very bad after all, might be worse, and perhaps on the whole were better let alone. The extreme Right is anxious to have the judges empowered to fill vacancies in their ranks themselves, thus making the judiciary a close corporation like the old parliaments; the Left wants to have the judges elected by "the people"; while the Centre adheres to the system of appointment. But none are heartily in favor of making the judges independent, each party desiring to have this weapon of offence and defence in its own hands whenever it gets hold of the reins of power. The importance of the question may be inferred from the fact that there are in France 11,000 paid judges appointed by the Government, and, though not dismissible by it except for cause, dependent on it for promotion—a means of corruption probably unparalleled. Judging in France is a profession, into the lower grades of which a man enters in his youth as in the army, and every step upwards he owes to the Minister of Justice. When we combine with this the liberty of active participation in the conduct of the cause allowed to the judge by French procedure, it is easy to see why French judges are subservient and zealous, and why even Gambetta dislikes the idea of raising them into independence.

The Swiss have just voted on a revision of their constitution of 1848, and rejected it by 257,444 to 252,477, thirteen cantons voting aye and nine no. The changes proposed emanated mainly from the Protestant and German cantons, and were in the direction of greater centralization, the federal bond being now what we should consider loose. The cantons levy their own taxes, have their own police and judiciary, as our States, but they have also their arsenals, fortresses, and armies, the federal government instructing the militia, but the cantons simply furnish contingents, like allies, in time of war. The amendments to the constitution proposed to give the federal government supreme control of the army, and the possession of all arsenals and fortresses, under an organization which would have enabled Switzerland to put 200,000 hardy troops in the field. To this there is said to be little popular objection. The position of Switzerland has been greatly changed by the unification of Germany and Italy, and the passage of Savoy into the hands of France. Her neutrality is no longer as well assured as it was in 1848, and she feels the necessity of having a force which, if not large enough to give her complete security, would be large enough to make her alliance worth courting. But it was also proposed to give the federal government the complete control of all departments of education except the primary schools, and to give it the right of inspecting private schools. This has caused the rejection of the revised constitution, the Catholics, who have grown greatly in numbers within a few years, uniting with the states-rights party, as we should call them, in resisting a measure which would probably exclude the clergy from all share in popular instruction. The government now talks of trying a separate vote on the army amendment.

PARTY MORALITY.

We publish elsewhere the letter of a converted "Liberal Republican" who has given in his adhesion to Mr. Greeley, not only as an instrument of reunion, which we acknowledge he may be made, but as a revenue and civil-service reformer. To accept Mr. Greeley as the champion of revenue reform would be, to our mind, destructive of what little morality there is left in party politics, and would on the part of professed reformers be not only an unprincipled but a positively absurd performance. Mr. Greeley is not, and ought not by anybody to be accepted as, a mere machine with certain powers, which any party is entitled to use who can get hold of him. A certain class of politicians are glad to be so regarded; but if Mr. Greeley chooses to count himself in it, it is his affair and ought not to be ours. Mr. Greeley is a *man* with certain deeply rooted convictions on the subject of the tariff, which he has preached for thirty years with the greatest vehemence, and has always treated as of paramount importance. He has moreover set down all persons in public life who openly opposed them as scoundrels. He has insisted that Mr. Wells was a base man bribed by foreigners to win his countrymen over to free trade; the members of the Free-Trade League he has put down in the same category. The Missouri movement which led to the Cincinnati Convention, and was essentially of the same nature and composed of the same elements as that by which he seeks to be elected, he has little more than a year ago denounced as an unholy alliance between rebels and free-traders; and he has stigmatized Mr. Grosvenor, the chairman of the Missouri Committee, as an "inherent villain." In fact, he either has the lowest possible opinion of the revenue-reform element in the Liberal Republican movement, in which case his own offering to suppress his convictions in order to procure their support would show him to be totally unworthy of the confidence of honest men; or, he has *not* a low opinion of them, in which case his course in the *Tribune* towards Mr. Wells, Mr. Atkinson, and others has been that of a reckless and unscrupulous slanderer, who is certainly hardly qualified for the Presidency. More than this, if he agrees "to surrender his personal preferences" on this subject while in the Presidential chair, he agrees to neglect or refrain from what the Constitution prescribes as his duty, namely, the recommendation to "the consideration of Congress of such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." He either considers a high tariff more necessary and expedient than any other thing to the prosperity of his country, or he does not. If he does, a failure to recommend it to Congress would be a neglect of duty which no reformer ought to connive at; if he does not, what are we to think of his career as an editor?

The Liberal Republican movement owed its origin also to a profound conviction of the impolicy of the Ku-klux legislation as likely to introduce into our government practices in the highest degree dangerous, shake the hold of constitutional principles on the popular mind, familiarize the people with arbitrary processes, inspire a general disregard of the forms of law, and precipitate the centralization of power at Washington. We ourselves opposed it from first to last; we opposed, in particular, that most audacious and scandalous provision which gave General Grant the right to suspend the habeas corpus whenever he saw fit in time of peace. Our objections to it, and the objection of the originators of the Liberal Republican movement to it, were not objections of time or place, but of principle. It was bad, not because it gave General Grant certain powers and gave them this year, but because it gave him powers which no free people ought to give to any man, which the Constitution did not authorize Congress to give to any man, which are in their very nature destructive of the Constitution, and which cannot give any American community even temporary relief from any evils without sowing the seeds of others still graver. Now, what was Horace Greeley doing when we were fighting against this legislation which the Cincinnati Convention met to repress and punish? Why, clamoring for it with all his might. How long ago was this? One year or thereabouts. Did he maintain that it was constitutional legislation? No, he did not bother his head about its constitutionality; he said it was good, useful legislation, too good for the communities for which it was intended. What opinion did he express of the men who opposed it? He said they were rebels in disguise, and that there was no need to mind what they thought. He is now filled with horror of it. Congress is to adjourn, say, on the 10th of June; up to that date he thinks it is just and wise legislation, but he declares that if maintained any longer our liberties will be in danger; that is, we can stand it on the 10th, but if we have it on the 11th, there is no knowing what may happen. It is true there is now the additional objection to it that General Grant is a candidate for re-election and may use his extraordinary powers to help his re-election, and it is true that his supporters are violently urging an extension of those powers, and probably for this very purpose; but the probability that this would happen was one of the reasons why Mr. Greeley should never have defended this legislation at all. He ought to have foreseen what is now taking place, and not have waited to blow his trumpet till these nefarious acts had begun to endanger his own personal prospects. His blowing it now stirs no man's blood; it only excites aversion or amusement. Strong as is our hostility to the Force Act, we confess that not only will the old Adam within us be gratified by seeing it used to harass Greeley's voters on the way to the polls, but we profoundly doubt whether a sound and wholesome lesson in constitutional government would not be taught in this way. We may forgive Mr. Greeley for his folly in this matter, but for decency's sake do not ask us to make him President as a protest against military rule.

Next, as regards Civil-service Reform. We do not look for any zeal in this cause at his hands, for reasons found partly in his character and partly in his history. He has had no training of any kind, and does not believe very much in its value. His own knowledge has never been subjected to any tests, and he looks with contempt on all the machinery provided by colleges and similar institutions for testing other people's knowledge. He abhors discipline, and indeed all system of any kind. He is, moreover, one of those intense and hearty haters who believe that anybody who differs with them on any important matter is either a knave or a fool. We can no more imagine his leaving a free-trader in office than we can imagine Archbishop McCloskey employing Satan as a private secretary. He has been for nearly twenty years an active office-seeking politician, dickering, "compromising," "combining," using offices like all the rest of them to effect his objects, and giving recommendations with more than ordinary lavishness. He has, too, been associated in the politics of this State with men who, whatever else they may be, are politicians *par excellence*, to whom the whole idea of civil-service reform is simply an amiable delusion. He could not shake these men off if he would, and in our opinion he would not try; nor could he, nor would he, rid himself of the habits, or prejudices, with regard to party obligations which he has contracted in their company. In fact, to those who know Mr. Greeley, the notion that he thinks of civil-service reform as anything but the substitution of men whom he likes for men whom he hates, is little short of ludicrous. We do not believe he is personally dishonest, or is capable of keeping in office a man whom he sees to be a rogue, but the difficulty of getting him to see that any of his friends, or anybody who thinks highly of Horace Greeley, is a rogue, is all but insuperable.

To sum up: parties have their code of morality as well as individuals, and party morality, as we understand it, without which parties are nothing but gangs of marauders, requires that every party have, first of all, ideas which it seeks to embody in legislation; and, secondly, that it choose its candidates from amongst the men who have been prominently associated with the conception and propagation of its ideas, and whose character and career warrant the belief that they sincerely hold with them. To select the candidates among the most notorious opponents of its ideas, and treat their willingness to take the place as a mark of magnanimity, is to be guilty of nearly all the baseness and folly of which a party is capable. Our advice to the reformers would be, above all things, not to throw away their moral influence. The knaves are not all going to die or quit the country after the next Presidential election. Whether Grant or Greeley is elected, it is quite certain there will be no marked change for the better in our administrative system; in the latter case, we may be thankful if there is no change for the worse. That Greeley will throw aside the Hanks, Rufes, and Charleys, and take unto himself pure and upright statesmen, after he gets to Washington, is something that no rational man is warranted in expecting. There is danger, too, in Greeley's case that we may have to contend with financial confusion of his making, for unlike Grant, who is careless and ignorant about financial questions, Greeley thinks he knows more about them than any man living, and will hardly die happy without having tried to embody in practice some of the long-cherished dreams of his "sanctum."

Under these circumstances, it is of the last importance that those men who have been offering themselves to the country as reformers during the last two or three years should still retain the confidence of the country. Not one of them who, having gone out to Cincinnati to create a political revolution, now engages in the business of persuading the community that Greeley is a great statesman, will ever be able to appear again as a political evangelist without exciting laughter and derision. Gentlemen must not deceive themselves on this point. The Greeley eulogies in the "independent papers" may be read and relished by many, but they make no converts and they produce much disgust. To have tried to nominate the right man at Cincinnati and have failed is a misfortune; to accept the failure as a blessing in disguise is a fatal blunder. For those who wish still to fight for "the good old cause," still to try to bring the mind and character of the nation to the work of governing it, to rid politics of its degrading associations, and make it a pursuit in which honorable men can engage with clean hands, there is but one course to follow, and that is to put forward no candidate who does not honestly represent their principles. In voting they may, by force of circumstances, have to choose the less of two evils, but whatever they originate must have some better title than this to popular support.

"REFORM" IN THE CHURCH.

We do not now propose to discuss the facts of fraud and mismanagement in the Methodist Book Concern brought to light by Dr. Lanahan. They are pretty well understood by the public. The charges have been in the main sustained by the committee appointed to examine them, and the report of the committee has been unanimously adopted by the governing council of the Methodist Church, lately sitting in Brooklyn. The conviction of the persons accused by Dr. Lanahan is, of course, his own vindication. We wish now to consider the great inconsistency between the action of the Conference on these charges and their treatment of Dr. Lanahan. The accusations may or may not have been true; but, if true, it was certainly their duty not only to continue him in office, but to express in some way their sense of the distinguished services he had rendered them. As the case stands, we see that it is a warning to rogues, but we see also that it is quite as much of a warning to reformers. There is no other man known to us who has stood quite in the position of Dr. Lanahan. He has made a most gallant and unselfish attack upon roguery, and has fought a bitter fight against great odds. It has been a thankless battle all along. The wicked city of New York tried Mayor Hall for failing to do what Dr. Lanahan did; the authorities of the Methodist Church have tried Dr. Lanahan for doing what Mayor Hall failed to do. We have watched with some interest to see whether the one practical reformer of his day would "find virtue its own reward," or "look for his recompense hereafter," or would receive some tangible mark of approval and gratitude. We were doubtful of our power to punish knaves, but we did think we might praise and reward a faithful public servant. The Conference has done itself credit by an investigation of the case which we presume to have been a thorough one, but it omitted to distinguish Dr. Lanahan in any way: he was not re-elected; his services, so far as we can see, were ignored.

Dr. Lanahan, it will be remembered, entered upon his office in June, 1868, and discovered the condition of the Concern during the first six months of his administration. In November, 1869, he laid the facts before the Book Committee of the Methodist Church at their annual meeting. After investigation, the Book Committee decided that there had been "great mismanagement" and "serious losses." The Book Committee again met in January, 1870, and reversed its former decision, asserting that there had been no frauds, no mismanagement, and no losses proved. From this time on the man really upon trial was neither Porter nor Hoffman nor Goodenough, who were charged with malfeasance, but Dr. Lanahan. Goodenough sued him for slander, and Lanahan asked leave of Dr. Carlton to take the books into court. This was refused him, and he then proceeded to obtain them through his counsel. For this he was tried by the Book Committee, and removed from office, but was saved from ejection by the action of one of the bishops, who had the right of veto. The church journal, of which he was the junior publisher, was of course used in sustaining the opinions of the editor and senior publisher, and he was not permitted to present his own case in its columns. The Methodist clergy all over the country came to think Dr. Lanahan a disturber of the peace. In that opinion they assembled at Brooklyn; but so soon as he had an opportunity to speak, they found his case to be so strong that they were obliged to weigh and consider it. The charges, as we have stated, were referred to a special committee, which sustained them, and the report of this committee was unanimously adopted by the Conference. A ballot for book agents was then held, and Dr. Lanahan was nominated, but withdrew his name. Had he consented to run, there was no possibility of his election. Dr. Carlton was an able business man, and for that reason was long retained in his position; yet the frauds which Dr. Lanahan had brought to light in the first six months of his administration had gone on under his eyes for years. The failure to censure him cannot be justified, but it may be easily explained; it is only another symptom of the uneducated virtue, the lax sense of duty, and the enervated justice of the community: "Oh! no, we won't censure him; that would make him unhappy."

The reasons assigned by members of Conference for not re-electing Dr. Lanahan are worth study. They are that his charges have been extravagant and his general behavior "violent." He has been, it is said, "too violent for his own good"; his conduct has been "impolitic, to say the least," and so on. These phrases explain the spirit in which the whole investigation into these frauds has been carried on, and the nature of the difficulties with which Dr. Lanahan has had to contend. As we pointed out when we commented on this matter over a year ago, the feeling which his charges have excited in the body seems to have been not so much horror or disgust or anxiety to learn whether they were true, as grief and indignation over the "scandal" they were sure to cause; and Dr. Lanahan has evidently, from first to last, been judged not as an investigator, but as a stirrer-up of strife. In fact, it is impossible for anybody who has followed the history of the affair from the beginning to resist the conclusion that the ideal church of most of those who have taken part in these proceedings is not a church of unquestioned purity, but a church in which there would be no dissension, and that they would rather bear with the thefts, frauds, false entries, and erasures in the Book Concern, than with the violence and uproar attendant on bringing them to light. We venture to say that nothing more discouraging has turned up in "politics" within the last five years, and this is saying a good deal. For it must be remembered that the Methodist Church is the one Protestant denomination in this country and in England which can be said to retain any firm hold on what is called the masses. It is the only Protestant denomination which, in any country, enters into anything like real competition with the Church of Rome in bringing religion home to the common run of men as a rule of daily conduct. It is said to muster over 12,000,000 members, and it grows apace. The spirit by which such a body is animated is, in our day, of the last importance. It must, of course, have its vices, like all organizations made up of men, but it is rather disheartening to find that they are the very vices of the society which it is expected to reform.

The great vice of our time is not licentiousness, as was that of ancient Rome, or highway robbery, as was that of the Middle Ages. It is simply cheating and stealing, and the necessary accompaniment of lying. The business world is acknowledged to be in a bad way in this particular field of iniquity; and if we are not mistaken, the weaknesses, base compliances, rascalities, and frauds of business men are a favorite pulpit topic at Christmas, Thanksgiving, and other great Christian feasts and anniversaries. One would, therefore, naturally expect that when the Church undertook to do business—that is, to buy and sell and manufacture commodities—it would do it in a way that would furnish business men with a model. The Catholic Church has, of late years at least, been on this point purity itself. It gets money in some queer ways, but its accounts will bear examination. The quarters of the servant girls go where they were intended to go without sticking to anybody's palms. Doubtless rogues sometimes turn up among the administrators, but they disappear under swift and savage condemnation. There is a careful avoidance of scandal and prodigious mystery about the machinery, but there is no tenderness for a thief. People thought they might expect the same spirit from the Methodists, but they have been disappointed. The Church went into business in the Book Concern, and achieved a prodigious success, but Satan got hold of the books, and falsified the entries, stole goods and sold them on his own account, pocketed commissions to which he was not entitled, and, in fact, reproduced on a small scale the very operations he was carrying on in the City Hall. When Dr. Lanahan got in, he found him out and collared him, and was trying to drag him to the police-station, but the old culprit was actually able to get the clergy and laity about him, persuade them not to examine his books or the contents of his bag, and to give his accuser into custody on a charge of brawling and disorderly conduct.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, May 17, 1872.

We are at the present moment waiting with some anxiety to know what will be the action of the United States Senate upon the Supplemental Article to the Treaty. Its ratification would of course give general satisfaction, for everybody of common sense desires that so troublesome a question should not be kept open, and everybody possessed of no more than human powers of patience is beginning to get considerably bored by the discussion. Of more exalted motives for desiring to avoid the breakdown of what seemed to be so promising an experiment in international politics, I need not speak. In fact, all that can be said is too obvious to be worth saying. The general feeling is that both countries really wish for a settlement, and that under such circumstances the settlement is probable if only the statesmen on both sides show common sense and ability. Unluckily, that "if" is considered to be a very large one.

Meanwhile, we are trying to amuse ourselves during the Whitsuntide recess; and except that a steady cold drizzle has been descending for the last fortnight, we are as happy as we can expect to be under that melancholy process. The inferior topics which are ordinarily lost in the blaze of politics will now begin to attract attention. The claimant to the Tichborne estates, for example, has been trying again to earn sympathy in the character of the rightful heir, kept out of his estates by the devilish designs of his relatives. He has been stumping the country in the neighborhood of his ancestral hall, where the tenantry all religiously believe in him, and raising funds for his defence against the charge of perjury. The case bids fair in one shape or other to outlast the litigation about the *Alabama*. Most people, however, require fresher topics of interest from their newspapers. Just at the present moment, to take a subject at random, we are having a little excitement from a vigorous artistic skirmish which is raging in the *Times*. The mediævalists and the renaissance architects are at open war. The discussion about the new law courts brought out the fact that English architects at large are agreed only in considering their art to be in a thoroughly unsatisfactory state. Unluckily, they differ radically as to the remedy to be adopted, and the proposed completion of St. Paul's Cathedral has given them a very pretty ground of quarrel. The committee who are endeavoring to raise funds to complete the internal decorations in accordance with Sir Christopher Wren's original designs, have decided by a majority of one to entrust the task to Mr. Burges, one of our best-known revivalists of mediæval architecture, and who is reported to have said that he regarded Wren's works as an abomination. The architectural merit of St. Paul's is a disputed point, although most Englishmen feel that they are more or less bound to stand up for it on patriotic grounds. But good or bad, it does not seem to be a promising plan to entrust it to a man who has been accustomed to work all his life on entirely different principles of art. It is something like requesting Wordsworth to put the finishing touches to an incomplete poem of Pope's. In one way or another, I presume that the committee will succeed in making a mess of the affair. That is only to be expected from a committee. Meanwhile, the warmth of feeling which they have excited is in one sense characteristic. It is remarked that all the clergymen on the committee were in favor of Mr. Burges, and that they only got just enough laymen to join them to turn the balance against the opposite opinion. The two or three exceptions to the general run of lay opinion were of the kind who are more ecclesiastical than the clergy themselves. The clergy have made up their mind to mediævalize not only our churches but society in general; and the further they carry out their plans, the more radically opposed they find themselves to the general run of lay opinion.

A rather curious set of lectures is now in course of delivery by Monsignor Capel. His name, as you may perhaps remember, occurs in the admirable romance of "Lothair," Mr. Disraeli having by an oversight accidentally dropped the *alias* under which he generally passed. He is held to be the best hand just now in helping Romanizing young ladies and gentlemen to climb over the wall into the true fold, and he is therefore a considerable authority in the matter of which he treats—the movement towards Rome in the Church of England. Some of his statements illustrate curiously the remark which I have just made as to the degree to which the Ritualistic clergy have diverged from the general sentiments of their countrymen. Like boys challenging each other to venture upon thin ice, they have gone further step by step until they have blundered into extremes which scandalize even the party whom they are imitating. Monsignor Capel declares, for example, that the Ritualist clergy pretend to an authority over the behavior of their flocks even in purely indifferent matters, as to the company they shall keep or the dress they shall wear, to which the Roman Catholic priesthood make no pretensions. They strain sacerdotal discipline so far, he says, that their victims find the bonds imposed upon them by Archbishop Manning far more tolerable than those to which they submitted from Anglican priests. Such statements are, of course, to be taken after making allowance for the position of the speaker. The number of persons who are weak enough to prostrate themselves to this extent before a Ritualist clergyman must be singularly small. Probably it is only true of a few hysterical young ladies or a lad who has devoted himself to rowing during his academical career to the entire ruin of his brains—for, oddly enough, the extreme High Church clergy seem to be a good deal recruited from the young men who, in the matter of athletic sport, may be regarded as disciples of Tom Brown. In one way or another these enthusiastic persons have arrived at a state of mind which it is very difficult for the laity even dimly to comprehend.

Convocation has just given an interesting illustration of the purely clerical view of things, by discussing at great length the Athanasian Creed. The discussion was, of course, bitter enough, and poor Dean Stanley had to enact his usual part of the Abdiel of the liberal cause. He, indeed, has attacked the Creed so vigorously that some people rather wonder that he can consent to remain in the Church which sanctions its use. The country clergy regard him as an atheist, and, what is worse, as an atheist in disguise, and, worst of all, in the disguise of a thorough gentleman and scholar. His remonstrances, however, appear to have produced a certain effect upon the minds of the clergy. They have not, it is true, encouraged the hope that the Creed might be modified or omitted; they have not even accepted the motion that a remark might be added at the end stating that the damnatory clause don't mean anything in particular; but they have not pronounced so emphatically that any change whatever was altogether out of the question as might have been naturally expected. Indeed, the Archbishop of Canterbury made the rather remarkable avowal, which required afterwards a certain amount of what is called "explanation," that none of the clergy themselves believed the Creed in its literal sense. In short, it is clear from various symptoms that the clergy are beginning to awake to a due perception that the Athanasian Creed, and especially its damnatory parts, are not altogether free from objection. The bulk of the laity reached that conclusion about a hundred and fifty years ago; and it is not without a certain mixture of contempt and amusement that they watch Convocation gradually working itself up to look a little more closely at the subject which terrifies it so much. If it does not hasten the process a little, it will probably find that the world has drifted away from all interest in the matter of any kind whatever.

And yet it would be grossly unjust to deny that the clergy contains not only many hard-working men, but many men of high intellectual distinction. Dean Stanley himself is only a representative of a large number of liberal and enlightened men who would do honor to any persuasion. The peculiarity of the situation is that the Ritualist party have taken advantage of the great latitude of opinion and practice permitted to the clergy to push their extravagance beyond all limits. The party does not contain one man of intellectual eminence, though it has a fair preacher or two; and probably it makes more noise than its numbers would justify. To every proposal, however, to put any restriction on its peculiarities, it replies by threatening disestablishment, and that is a threat which has great terrors for the liberal part of the clergy. Disestablishment can no longer be regarded as a danger existing only in the dim distance; and if any large party within the Church insisted upon it, there can be no doubt of the result. Thus the Ritualists can secure very delicate handling from the party which is most thoroughly opposed to them on principle; and the consequence is that they go on playing fresh pranks, each new leader trumping his predecessor's cards, till their position becomes not a little anomalous. It is impossible to consider them seriously as an important element in English public opinion; but, after the manner of hot-headed people deterred by no considerations of prudence, they may very probably succeed in bringing about a catastrophe in spite of the more sensible majority.

I have strayed pretty widely from the question of the decorations of St. Paul's; and yet it is not perhaps an inappropriate text. The mania for making our buildings and ourselves masquerade in mediæval costume affords a great deal of innocent amusement to those who are infected by it; but both the cathedral and the church are likely to be denationalized in the process.

BISMARCK AND THE POPE.

BERLIN, May 17, 1872.

"IN Germany there can be, and must be, but one Sovereignty, and that uniform and absolute—*The Sovereignty of the Laws.*" This utterance of Prince Bismarck's on the 14th of May, in the Parliament of the Empire, will stand by the side of his declaration in the Prussian Parliament, "This is a *constitutional,* not *confessional,* government," as a waymark of history for this new era of Europe. The doctrine to which the *Nation* is endeavoring to recall the Republican party in the United States—of the supreme and undivided sovereignty of the laws—is proclaimed in an Imperial Parliament made up of deputies from kingdoms and dukedoms, by the Chancellor speaking in the name of the Emperor, and is received with tumults of applause. And when Prince Bismarck went on to say that "whoever regards the laws of his country as not binding upon him personally, puts himself without the pale of the laws and declares himself free from law," and that "the Government would use all the powers committed to it to suppress such audacity against the complete sovereignty of the nation," the loud and long acclamation showed how deep a chord he had struck in the hearts of the people.

For this declaration of the sovereignty of the nation through the laws made by its own legislature, we have to thank the Pope for his rejection of Cardinal Hohenlohe as the ambassador of the German Empire. This question of the Roman Embassy, as it stands, is a pretty game upon the political chess-board of Europe, and looks just now very like a drawn game. One naturally asks himself, Why should the new German Empire, which has accredited an ambassador to the court of Victor Emanuel at Rome, desire to open diplomatic relations with the Pope, whose political sovereignty Germany would hardly care to recognize? The answer is given in the complications that arise from the religious constituents of the Empire and their traditional policy. The Empire is compounded of Protestant and Catholic states, some of which have heretofore sustained very close relations with the Holy See. Bavaria, for instance, still maintains a separate ambassador at the Vatican, and receives a Papal nuncio at Munich. In population, the Empire has, in round numbers, 14,500,000 Catholics to 25,000,000 Protestants, being a percentage of Catholics, 36; in Prussia the Catholic percentage is 33, or 8,000,000 Catholics to 16,000,000 Protestants. So large a Catholic element must be conciliated by a Protestant government; and the policy of Prussia has been to treat the Roman Catholic Church as an organized institution—just as the United States Government persists in dealing with the Indians as a treaty-making power—and to maintain a good understanding with its head at Rome. Thus the remarkable liberty of conscience and of worship which Catholics have hitherto enjoyed in this most Protestant state, though due to the enlightened and liberal spirit of the Government, has also been secured to them by guarantees given to the Pope in exchange for certain concessions or pledges on his part concerning the administration of the Church in Prussia.

But the new order of things has unhinged these arrangements. A great Germanic Empire has sprung into being, under the lead of Protestant Prussia, leaving the old supports of the Papacy dismantled upon either side, and filling the Pope with dismay. To sow discord within that Empire; to prevent its consolidation; to thwart Prussian influence; to embarrass the state with religious controversies, was now the cue of the Jesuits into whose hands the Pope has surrendered his infallible powers. Unfortunately, the immediate effect of what some style "the Idealism of the Liberals" in the constitutional provision for the freedom of the Church, has been to enable the Jesuits to use the Roman Church organization as an instrument of their ends against the state; that is to say, certain state checks having been withdrawn, the Church has precipitated itself with accelerating momentum against the state, and there is no such organized Protestantism to be used as a countervailing force. Hence the problem is, whether to withdraw the state entirely from the reach of the Church, and to keep the Church strictly to its own line, or to compel the Pope to restrain the party that is urging on the collision of the two. In the Prussian Parliament Bismarck declared war upon the Jesuits, and carried measures to their defeat. But it was important not to alienate the Roman Catholic population, nor suffer them to become organized as a political party against the state; and to show that he was not making war upon the Church nor upon the Pope, but only upon the Ultramontane party, which is the avowed enemy of German unity, the Chancellor selected, and the Emperor appointed, a Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church to represent the German Empire at the Papal See. For popular effect, this was an admirable stroke. Cardinal Hohenlohe is of a noble family; one of his brothers is the Duke of Ratibor, another holds a high military office under the crown. He is a man of ordinary ability, reputed to be liberal or moderate in his Churchism; but no one here believes that the Government would have trusted him with its secrets, or have committed any delicate negotiations to his care. It was the name of the thing; the popular effect of appointing a cardinal to such a post; the appearance of being on good terms with the Pope—this and nothing more. And this has been substantially gained by the nomination, while the *onus* of discord is thrown upon the Pope by his rejection.

It looks as though Pius IX. had counted upon provoking Bismarck to some rash measure of retaliation, for the very terms of his rejection mean war: "In the present circumstances of the Holy See, it is impossible to authorize a cardinal of the Church to accept a charge of so much delicacy and responsibility." These "circumstances" are that the Pope has openly denounced the German Government as an enemy to the Church, and is stimulating his own followers in Germany to revolt against its authority. Of course it would be a "delicate" affair to recognize and so virtually authorize a cardinal as the representative of this hostile power. Not a few in the Reichstag would have resented the Pope's rejection of the ambassador by abolishing the office and refusing any longer to recognize the Pope as a power to be consulted in public affairs. In the end it must come to this issue; but Bismarck is in no hurry. His present policy is conciliation or persuasion, though in recommending this he at the same time lays down principles that must exclude the Pope from further meddling with the inner economy of the German Empire. The new dogma of Infallibility renders it impossible for any temporal power to enter into a concordat with the Pope, unless that power will consent to a position of humiliation which the German Empire at least could never assume. Neither can it be endured that a foreign sovereign should interfere with the internal legislation of the Empire. Henceforth not concordats nor treaties, but the laws, must be sovereign; and while the laws will secure to Roman Catholic subjects every right of conscience, they must in turn obey the laws of the country, to which they in turn owe their first allegiance. The Government will seek to find an ambassador acceptable to the Pope, but upon such a declaration of principles his appointment can only be a formal courtesy toward the Holy See, and his function that of watching against any new mischief which may be plotting at the Vatican.

I saw the other day a photograph of the Pope which, though made in Rome, was evidently taken without his privity. The sacred seat, the pontifical robes, the tiara, the hands outstretched in benediction—all were true to the life; but the face was that of our Wilhelm, King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany, with his white moustache bristling as if for a fight, and the title read: "The German Pope." As a device of Italian wit, it shows also the tone of Italian feeling, which is quite with Germany; and that such a picture is manufactured and widely sold in Rome is no mean index of the situation.

The day following this interpellation upon the case of Hohenlohe was devoted to a discussion upon the Jesuits. Just now the Germans are amusing themselves with that child's play with petitions in which "the American citizen" asserted his "right" so lustily some thirty years ago. The American has bravely outgrown that, and now instructs his Congressman through the mass-meeting and the press, and this failing, he petitions through the polls. But the German citizen is yet in the petitioning stage; he petitioned for and against the school law, and now he is petitioning against and for the Jesuits; for no sooner were petitions started for their expulsion from Germany than the Order got up counter-petitions, and to 38 petitions against them they have secured 333 petitions in their favor! Thus far the good sense of Parliament has refused to countenance measures of proscription, which would only give new life and power to these impalpable and invulnerable enemies of the state; but more than once in the course of the debate was the complete separation of church and state set forth as the only way to rid the state of these religious broils, and to deprive their instigators of the power of mischief to the body politic. The debate continued through two days, and closed with the adoption of the following resolutions:

1. That a *status* (Zustand) of public right should be established within the Empire, which shall ensure religious peace, the parity of confessions, and the protection of citizens against the sequestration of their rights by ecclesiastical or clerical power.

2. That upon the basis of the preamble and Sections 13 and 16 of Article 4 of the Constitution of the Empire, a bill be set forth which shall define the proper standing of religious orders, congregations, and societies, shall determine the question of their allowance and the conditions of their existence, and shall bring within its penalties the "Society of Jesus," so far forth as the doings of that order are dangerous to the state.

3. Finally, to concert with the several governments united in the Empire simultaneous measures for the separation of church and state, as well as of church and school; and thus to prepare the way for removing for ever all religious disturbances from the domain of the state.

These declarative resolutions, adopted by a vote of 205 to 84, are an emphatic endorsement of the policy laid down by Prince Bismarck in his speech on the Hohenlohe case, and practically commit to his hands the solution of the whole problem of church and state, according to opportunities and events.

The dead-lock caused by the strike of the masons and carpenters on the one hand, and the lock-out of the masters on the other, has been brought to an end by mutual concessions; the workmen accepting a moderate advance of wages (one thaler and twenty groschen, or $1 30 gold, being the maximum), and the masters agreeing to employ none but members of the Berlin Unions, and to grant certain privileges on Saturdays and festivals. Upon several buildings, relays of hands are now working by night to make up for lost time. May the multiplication of houses bring us the wished-for reduction in rent!

AUSWANDERER.

Correspondence.

THE PROS AND CONS OF GREELEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While, in common with many others, I was both surprised and disappointed when Mr. Greeley was nominated at Cincinnati, yet, knowing that the sober second thought to which you refer in your issue of May 23 has led a large proportion of us out West to an entirely different conclusion from that indicated by you, I will, with your permission, state as briefly as possible the reasons why so many in this section accept Mr. Greeley and are working heartily for him. I premise that during the past three eventful weeks I have travelled extensively through Illinois and Iowa, and have had many opportunities (not unimproved) of discussing the political situation with the mercantile and farming classes in these States; furthermore, that I am not a sentimentalist, and do not "go for" Mr. Greeley because he is a "philosopher," because he wears a white hat, because he is the "Sage of Chappaqua," or because he is anything else than an honest citizen, fairly (I think) nominated for a very responsible office. In common with many radical Republicans and equally radical Democrats, I accept him as a Presidential candidate—1st, because I place no confidence in the promises of reform made by the present Administration with a view to obtaining a new lease of power.

2d, Because Mr. Greeley is unquestionably a vigorous embodiment of the intense wish of thoughtful men North and South to bury the past and work together in harmony hereafter for the promotion of the common weal.

3d, Because I am a Revenue Reformer, and accept Mr. Greeley's surrender of his personal preferences (deeply rooted as we know them to be) as at once practical and sensible; a surrender gracefully made and entitled to a courteous acceptance.

4th, Because Civil-service Reform *must in the nature of things precede Revenue Reform*; and I believe Mr. Greeley the Editor knows too much of the rottenness pervading all branches of our Civil Service not to realize the need there is for its thorough and speedy purification, and that Mr. Greeley as President, frankly and manfully accepting the Cincinnati platform as his "rule of faith and manners," would prove a more trustworthy reformer than Mr. Grant if re-elected, or than any "statesman" or "gentleman" (and I hope I respect both classes) whom the Baltimore Convention is likely to nominate.

5th, While I would prefer Mr. Greeley's withdrawal and the nomination of a less objectionable candidate by a convention supplementary alike to Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, yet I see no reasonable probability of any such action, far less any reasonable ground to hope that, if taken, it would result more harmoniously than the Cincinnati Convention did. In the event of such action we should certainly have three, probably four, Presidential candidates, and the present incumbent would be sure to retain his seat. Aiming to be a practical reformer, I am willing to waive some of my pet preferences in order to advance the general welfare, and regard any course eminently unwise that tends at this critical moment to divide the friends of reform. Baltimore *must* supplement Cincinnati, in order to give the ideas that brought about the Cincinnati Convention a chance to operate in our national politics. Baltimore assuredly *will not*, if the truest friends of those ideas "go back on" Cincinnati because it was not in all respects what they hoped for, or because in some respects it was as low in tone as Philadelphia or Baltimore can be.

Let me add that I think you take a rather narrow view of the Cincinnati meeting. True, it was called together on the basis of the Missouri "Liberal Republican" platform. But as many earnest Protectionists are equally earnest in behalf of Civil-service Reform (or at least regard the latter as only second in importance to the former), and as, I fear, some ardent Revenue Reformers are not equally ardent in behalf of Civil-service Reform, would it not have been most unwise to repel the one in order to retain the other? Must the party of reform in nowise go beyond the limits of the "few paternal acres" where it first saw the light? Must the growing chicken for ever continue cribbed in the shell?

My letter already is unconscionably long, but I differ so seldom with the *Nation* that when I do differ it seems as if I *must* try and keep it in the right way.

Will you also allow me to add that you are not quite fair in ascribing "heaviness of soul and bitterness of spirit" to the *Chicago Tribune* in its support of Mr. Greeley. Mr. Horace White, I have reason to believe, was among the "surprised and disappointed" referred to above. He has, however, frankly accepted the action of the Cincinnati Convention, and is "working like a beaver" with most encouraging results to ensure the triumph of its candidate. The *Tribune* has too much at stake, both in prestige and capital, to make so stupendous a blunder as the halting support of a dubious Presidential candidate would be; and its cheerful, hearty, and effective endorsement of the Cincinnati nominations, after recovering from its first surprise, is a striking illustration of the manner in which "the sober second thought" is operating throughout the President-making section of our country—the West.

C. J. I.

CHICAGO, May 28, 1872.

Notes.

AS campaign documents we are promised new editions of Greeley's "Recollections of a Busy Life" (E. B. Treat) and Parton's "Life of Greeley" (Osgood & Co.); "A Representative Life of Horace Greeley," by that representative blatherskite, L. U. Reavis, with an introduction by Cassius M. Clay (G. W. Carleton & Co.); and "The Political Record of General Grant," by Nelson Cross (J. S. Redfield).——Among the publications announced by Osgood & Co. are the following: "Woods and By-ways of New England," by Wilson Flagg; "Fifine at the Fair, and Other Poems," by Robert Browning; "Mrs. Scagg's Husband, and Other Pieces," by Bret Harte; Eastlake's "Hints on Household Taste," edited for American readers by Charles C. Perkins; "Art Education, Scholastic and Industrial," by Walter Smith; and "Boston Illustrated."

—The Executive Committee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art desire us to say that the statement which has appeared in the foreign correspondence of the *Nation* and other papers, that the Museum had bought certain paintings at the Gillott sale in London, is entirely incorrect. The mistake arose from the fact that the gentleman who made these purchases has acted as the agent of the Museum in Europe. He made no purchases whatever on behalf of the Museum on that occasion.

—Mr. James Gordon Bennett died at his residence in Fifth Avenue in this city on the afternoon of Saturday last. If amid the conflicting statements made we may take for true the one contained in his own journal, he had reached the age of seventy-seven; but if we measure his age by his labors, he had lived half as long again, for a more devoted and indefatigable worker than he has been for most of his days is seldom seen even in America. He was born of respectable parents, resident in the town of Keith in Banffshire, a poor county of the Scottish Highlands on the shore of the German Ocean. Young Bennett's father resolved on making him a priest, and the boy received the beginnings of an education, first at school in his native village, and next, for two or three years, at a Romanist seminary in Aberdeen, where he learned some Latin and mathematics, and more Spanish, the latter acquisition being destined to be of service to him later, and its influence being even to-day traceable in the screeds of South American telegrams in which the *Herald* still "surpasses all its competitors"—if indeed any of them compete. For some reason or other, probably because he did not recognize in himself much spiritual-mindedness, Mr. Bennett left the seminary, and in 1819, for still other reasons, none of which seems to be known to his many obituary biographers, he set sail for this country, or rather for the Provinces, and landed at Halifax, Nova Scotia. There he gave lessons in book-keeping, service in some shop having perhaps employed part of the time unaccounted for between his majority and his twenty-third year. From Halifax he went almost immediately to Boston, where he was soon in such poverty that for a night or two, if report speaks truth, the Common was his bedroom, and a chance-found shilling gave him the first meal he had tasted in two days. At the end of two years spent in Boston in the bookseller's shop of a countryman of his, Bennett had saved a little money, for he was as canny and thrifty as the proverbial Scot, had none of the almost proverbial Scotch habits of intemperance and social wrangling by the half-day together, and was saving of pennies. From this city he went directly to Charleston, to which city he was taken by a publisher who met him here, and by whom he was employed in translating for a Charleston journal the principal news of Spanish and French journals, which at that time—1823—were full of wars and rumors of wars. Thus far his preparation for journalism, if it had been desultory, had been good. He knew several countries and several parts of his adopted country; he was well up in several languages; he had had a wide personal experience, had undergone several disenchantments, and had developed an enormous self-reliance and a very great readiness with his pen. It is a popular error which our fathers would have wondered at to suppose that he could not write; before the *Herald* had "formed" a set of men who could servilely do a kind of writing which Mr. Bennett did by the natural bent of his talent, he was its most voluminous and effective contributor. In Boston he had seen his employers in bankruptcy because they made books too good for the public to buy; in Charleston he had learned that slavery was to be let alone; and further, had taken a news-gathering hint from his employer of the *Courier*, who kept a fast yacht for getting early news from incoming vessels, in imitation of which Bennett in after-days had his pony expresses and pilot-boats, then his courier-pigeons, and at last his steam yachts and telegraphs; he never made a paper which, as Wills and Lilly's books were, was too good for the meanest intelligence; and he never afterwards did as he did in Boston—sacrifice business to the muses. To get all the news into a newspaper which should thoroughly suit the vulgar mind, and which yet should have so much news in it as to be indispensable to the respectable reader, was by this time pretty clearly before his mind as the object at which the journalist should aim. One more illusion, however, he was to discard. He was not a man of political convictions based on perception or love of any truths of any kind which it was his desire to see established; he was for himself always; but he was not yet rid of the notion, then everywhere accepted, that a newspaper must be an unequivocal party organ. It took some years, some very severe rebuffs, some overthrows which would have been fatal to most men, before this indomitable Scotch free-lance discovered that the only way to be free was to be perfectly free, even to the point of injudicious license and impudent self-assertion; but once having learned it, and being now too old to learn much else, he never forgot it; and from 1835, when at the age of forty he established the *Herald*, no one but he could say that it was to do so and so, and refrain from doing this and that. He made it an independent, impudent news-gatherer, and kept it such.

—That Mr. Bennett did journalism a great service, every one must admit. That he did not render it this service without at the same time doing it great injury, and that the stage in which he left it is not to be forsaken and left behind, no one, we suppose, can rightly deny. Indeed, Mr. Bennett lived to see—or lived so long that he had the opportunity of seeing—that the *Herald* order of journalism is already in great part superseded. If to buy the news and sell it were all of journalism, the *Herald* would not now be held in contempt by all men—and they are an increasing number—who believe that the true province of a great journal is to buy and sell not news alone but news accompanied by such comments as shall help the general public to understand the intelligence each morning spread before it, and shall be of a character to assist "right reason and the will of God to prevail." "The *Herald's* method in journalism," says one of our generalizers, "is to lay before the people all that happens: this is God's teaching." God, however, is not his own interpreter, and the best journalist is not he who dumps most facts before his public, nor yet he who by his comments aims to acquire to himself power and influence in politics or in the gold market, but he who, exercising power in virtue of intelligence and right feeling, uses it to advance the general good with no thought of his own aggrandizement, or even of his journal's, and with much thought for the public. The lesson of Mr. Bennett's career, laborious and successful as it was, is not in the most important respects a good one. In his domestic life and in his relations with his co-workers on the paper which he idolized, he was greatly liked, even loved. We have known of many instances of his great and thoughtful kindness to those who had served him. But he has left behind him a bad example as well as a good one; and to-day, men who can imitate his scurrility and audacity and shamelessness, but not his acuteness, his generosity, his enterprise, his genius for finding out not only the bad and mean things, but also the good things about which the people wanted to know immediately, are doing much to make our profession a disgraceful one, and to give us an impish press as he gave us the Satanic.

—After a long delay, caused by the outbreak of the rebellion, Mr. Quincy Ward's statue of Shakespeare has been put in its place in Central Park. It stands at the southern end of the Mall, and at no great distance from another of Mr. Ward's pieces of statuary, The Indian Hunter. The exercises attending the formal presentation of the work to the Park Commissioners were various and for the most part pleasing, and attracted a large assemblage, some thousands strong, composed of all classes of people, but, on the whole, best representing the great body of the community. It was, for example, an assembly which gave to Mr. Bryant, the orator of the day, such a reception as it must have been pleasant to him to receive, as being honorable to himself and to his fellow-citizens; but it was an assembly which also gave to Mr. Edwin Booth a reception quite as demonstrative as was given to the Nestor of American poets and one of the foremost of American citizens. It is a good deal to say of a miscellaneous representative body that, to its respect for a man and an author, to its confidence in the character of a citizen, to its recognition of a lifelong right employment of eminent abilities, to its pride in a poet whose reputation is a national honor, it gives as warm and hearty an expression as it gives to its liking for a popular favorite, whose name is synonymous with amusement and with such indulgence in romance as the average man can most easily and agreeably allow himself. The exercises consisted of speech-making by Judge Daly and Colonel Stebbins, who recounted the history of the plan to give the Park a monument of Shakespeare; the unveiling of the statue by Mr. Ward and Mr. Wrey Mould, who flung off the American flag which concealed the figure; an oration by Mr. Bryant, who lauded the poet in simple language, and, for a wonder, made a speech with something fresh in it; some of Mr. Theodore Thomas's admirable orchestral music; some singing by the Arion Musical Society, who gave their audience much pleasure; and the recitation by Mr. Booth of a poem by Mr. R. H. Stoddard. The exigency of the recitation may have required the selection of these verses rather than the far better ones by Mr. Bayard Taylor which were printed the same morning in the *Tribune*, and which have a desirable ingenuity, some eloquence, and some elevation, as well as some newness of ideas. It is doing no injustice to the poem which was recited to say that some of its stanzas are too much like some with which childhood made us all acquainted:

> "A gentleman of good account
> In Norfolk lived of late,
> Whose wealth and riches did amount
> To most of his estate."

Literary simplicity is a good thing; but unless it has sound sense and good thought behind it, the work which it produces is rightly described when it is called trivial. This, plain a matter as it is at all times, appears to be now and again forgotten by some of our writers engaged in reacting against the American tendency to fine writing and to intensity of subject and treatment.

—The weather and the Park on the occasion of the giving of Mr. Ward's statue to the city both did their best to promote the enjoyment of the thousands who gathered together on the grass. The weather was nothing less than charming, the sun's heat being tempered by clouds which not only had all the beauty of form and color which have "commendably distinguished the sunsets of the last few days," as we heard a gentleman remark, but which came and went with a changing, checkering effect of sunshine and shadow which added greatly to the life of the scene, whether as exhibited in the foliage and grass or in the gay-colored throng of men, women, and children. It was perhaps an inordinately favorable specimen of Shakespeare's April weather—

> "The uncertain glory of an April day,
> Which now shows all the beauty of the sun
> And by-and-by a cloud takes all away' —

but it recalled the verses to mind as the parasols went up and then down again, and as once in a while there would come a fear of rain which would in a moment or two be driven away by a flash of sunshine brightening every bud and leaf into new and vivid green. The audience was of course orderly and attentive, and it was possible for more people than one would have supposed to hear the speakers, talking as they were in the open air. Mr. Bryant spoke at some length, making his principal point when he remarked upon those philosophers who have thought, or thought that they thought, Lord Bacon or somebody else to have been the man "who wrote Shakespeare." The substance of what the orator had to say on this head was that he had often reflected on the Bacon who was lost to philosophy when this philosopher, Shakespeare, turned his attention to poetry, on the Jeremy Taylor and the Hooker lost to the Church when Shakespeare decided, or circumstances decided, that Shakespeare's preaching was to be done in sock and buskin instead of gown and bands. The ease with which the list might be lengthened—if we leave out of view certain obvious considerations, and if we do not insist too much upon the literal truth of what we say—will strike everybody who thinks of it for a moment, and indicates the real cogency of the argument. Miracles of men we should have indeed, should writing some dozens of "Lears," "Hamlets," "Tempests," and similar trifles turn out to be the amusement of English Lord Chancellors in their leisure moments. We suppose any one in the audience who recollected Bacon's acknowledged verses, weighty but crabbed, while the Arion was singing "Where, oh! where is Fancy bred?" must have marvelled to think that any man could entertain such a theory. Shakespeare, even if he had written no dramas, might have turned a penny by the sale of lyrical poetry, for which, to borrow the language of Sir Andrew, he had the back trick simply as well as most Illyrians, and we can all fancy what a fist of it the Lord Chancellor would have made in trying at the songs; yet a leading professor in a famous law-school imagines himself to have shown that Lord Bacon wrote "Take, oh! take those lips away," and "Full fathom five thy father lies." The explanation may, perhaps, lie in the fact that grave students of the law, tied down more than most other men to strictness of reasoning, yet tempted more than most other men to subtlety and ingenuity, have to be allowed an opportunity to get away once in so often into some region where they can be as far as possible from fact, and may play at will with the faculties which their real work has tasked—where they may be acute visionaries and innocent sophists, with no man to molest them or make them afraid. Thus, perhaps, it is that an able lawyer may be a Swedenborgian in religion; or a Baconian as regards the authorship of the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," or a believer in Monboddo's man. Or shall we give up and say that it is the sane men who do the insanest things? They it is, at all events, who develop most of the insanity.

—A remarkable instance of literary integrity has just been furnished by M. Gabriel Gravier, of Rouen, author of a life of his illustrious townsman, La Salle, which in 1869 took the prize offered by the Société Libre d'Emulation du Commerce et de l'Industrie de la Seine Inférieure. A few months later appeared Mr. Francis Parkman's "Discovery of the Great West," an exhaustive and masterly history of La Salle's career, based not only on documents obtainable in this country alone, but also on researches made by Mr. Parkman personally in France, and—another point on which competition on the part of a foreigner was almost impossible—on a careful and sympathetic reconnoissance of the various scenes of La Salle's activity. This volume fell into the hands of M. Gravier when his own work was nearly off the press, so that he could profit by it only for his final chapters; and he might have contented himself, in the interest of his amour propre, with a brief abstract of Mr. Parkman's narrative that should add little or nothing to what he had himself written. He preferred, however, the more manly and, as he says, the more loyal and patriotic course of publishing a sort of supplement, in which he reviews his own work, comparing it step by step with Mr. Parkman's and doing full justice to the skill and successful perseverance of his literary rival. He prefaces it with a letter addressed to the author of the "Discovery of the Great West," and the French language was never more gracefully employed than in this acknowledgment of the superiority of the American history. M. Gravier exercises an independent judgment in matters not susceptible of demonstration, as, for instance, the extent to which La Salle's misfortunes were attributable directly to the machinations of the Jesuits; M. Gravier being less tolerant of these gentry than Mr. Parkman, and rather disposed to justify La Salle's habitual suspicions of the Jesuit Fathers. In a single point only does he discover an error of fact in Mr. Parkman's work, and that due to an error on the part of M. Margry, Mr. Parkman's informant. La Salle was *baptized*, not born, November 22, 1643. M. Gravier's supplement makes 105 octavo pages, besides nearly 20 more of bibliography, cartography, iconography, etc., pertaining to his subject. We may properly notice here that the Abbé H. R. Casgrain, of Quebec, has published a small pamphlet of 90 pages, entitled "Francis Parkman," in which, with some abatement of praise on account of his want of sympathy with the Jesuits, he says of Mr. Parkman that "Canada owes him a public testimonial of gratitude," and suggests "that the Federal Government cause his portrait to be painted and placed in the Library of Parliament at Ottawa."

—Since Mr. Bright rediscovered the Cave of Adullam, the metaphor-hunters who have taken refuge in it must have quite equalled, both in numbers and variety, its original tenants. In fact, within the past few months they have so overcrowded it that some measure of relief is earnestly to be desired. Its likeness to the Cincinnati Convention ended, as everybody knows, with the mustering of the forces; and a Scriptural parallel for the subsequent action of the Convention has yet to be suggested. Till something better is found, the parable of Jotham (Judges ix. 8–20) may serve, with such interpretation as each reader chooses to put upon it. Slightly abridged, it runs as follows:

> "The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive-tree, Reign thou over us. But the olive-tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness? . . . And the fig-tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness and my good fruit? . . . And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my vine? . . .
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> "Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou, and reign over us. And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon.
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> "'Now therefore,' continues Jotham, 'if ye have done truly and sincerely in that ye have made Abimelech king, and if ye have dealt well with Jerubbaal and his house, and have done unto him according to the deserving of his hands . . . if ye then have dealt truly and sincerely with Jerubbaal and with his house this day, then rejoice ye in Abimelech, and let him also rejoice in you.
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> "'But if not, let fire come out from Abimelech, and devour the men of Shechem and the house of Millo; and let fire come out from the men of Shechem and from the house of Millo, and devour Abimelech.'"

—A correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from Rome, discredits the popular belief in the archæological and other treasures hidden in the bed of the Tiber, which it is proposed to bring to light by dredging, and even by turning the river into a new channel behind St. Angelo, as part of the municipal plan for expanding the habitable portions of the city. "I am told," he says, "that many old ladies in England are on the look-out for a telegram announcing the disinterment of a seven-branched candlestick from the river's bed; and one of my London correspondents rather irreverently expresses an opinion that the Brazen Serpent would be an acceptable find. I believe there is just as much chance in finding the one as the other." In the first place, he thinks it much more natural for persons wishing to conceal their property from invaders or other foes, to bury it in the earth rather than to fling it almost irrecoverably into a river. That Gregory the Great did not, as has been charged, obstruct the Tiber with statues of the gods and other pagan marbles, seems probable from the fact that this would have invited an overflow of the Tiber, whose inconveniencies were not courted, and which had even, by breeding a pestilence, caused the death of one of Gregory's predecessors. Moreover, the Tiber's bottom has had a good deal of practical investigation. Nothing was discovered by Sixtus IV. when he rebuilt the Ponte Sisto from its foundations. The Ponte Rotto was in like manner three times rebuilt (1549–1598). Water-mills and net-fishing have produced no discoveries, and the baring of the bed in some places in summer has thus far revealed nothing. The disappearance of the enormous amount of statuary known to have existed in Rome in the sixth century after Christ—of which Zaccharia wrote that there were nearly 4,000 bronze statues of emperors and generals, 80 golden and 66 ivory statues of the gods, and innumerable marble statues, not to speak of a host of private possessions of this description—is accounted for by the value of the metal for other purposes and of the marble for making lime. Shocking as it may appear, thousands of statues were broken up to be burnt in kilns, some of which have been discovered since the middle of the last century with sculptured fragments lying about them; and this vandalism was not checked till Pope Paul III., passed a law that condemned to death without pardons persons guilty of throwing torsos or fragments of marble into lime-kilns (A.D. 1534). Finally, says the *Times'* correspondent, there is plenty of evidence that the spoils of the Temple of Jerusalem were removed from Rome, being taken by Genseric, King of the Vandals, to Carthage, and thence by Belisarius to Constantinople. Justinian sent them back to Jerusalem, where they were distributed among various churches.

—No doubt the taste for gardening is rapidly extending in this country and particularly among our women; or rather we may say that their innate taste for flowers and other natural objects small enough to come fully within their comprehension, our American women are now suffered to indulge with a freedom formerly not allowed them. Life in this country has not lost all its material hardness; probably there is no country in the world better fitted by Providence for causing the acute misery and the speedy extirpation of such poets, artists, and persons of like temperament as feel the need of regular rations in the way of aged traditions, and who go into a decline and die for want of ruins—with ivy on them, or "on to them" as we say in the dialect of our own noble land—the vigorous young giant, etc., etc. But some of our grinding utilitarianism we clearly are losing. The honest old farmer of New England who, whenever he had got cross enough over his hard cider, used to call for "bilin water," which having obtained he proceeded to pour over any geraniums or other useless "derned things" which his wife had been cherishing, is a much rarer old gentleman than he used to be, and less "moross." The Western home where a "passel o' dogs" was the principal ornament of the door-yard is not the common sight that it has been in comparatively recent memory. We fear that few of us are building such houses as the average critic of art matters can look at long and remain capable of enjoying his meals—few, indeed, such houses as he can look upon and continue to live; it is but too true, we fear, that nobody could kiss the book and say that the pictures we buy to put upon our walls are not monumental testimony of the moral turpitude, intellectual feebleness, and physical deformity of the miscreant who painted them, the abandoned outcast who bought them, and the miserable liar and thief who acted as the go-between in the infamous transaction. To hear some of the critics in art matters one must fear that the houses and the artists and the architects and the pictures—both the chromo-pictures and those manufactured by the old process—are indeed open to these objections. But our horticulture flourishes, and we imagine we should have to go far enough westward to find the prairie itself in blossom before we should find that the place of the natural flowers has not latterly been much more than made up, in mere number, by those which the cultivator, with his orchards and gardens, has brought in his train. But there is perhaps something to criticise even in so good a movement as this one, which takes our women out into the open air, and sets flowers upon all our tables and about all door-yards, and even dresses in "gay garniture of bud and bloom" the wicked haunts of the office-seekers. They have actually taken "flora"—as a certain contemporary of ours said on Decoration Day—and with them, or it, have decorated the hall of the Convention now in session at Philadelphia. In making our criticism we shall not use the violent language of the art critics, but rather the temperate tone of a late English author who has written a book called "Flowers and Gardens," which Messrs. Strahan & Co. publish, and which is sold by Messrs. Routledge of this city. The writer was a doctor who had a fondness for horticulture, and the criticism which he makes upon his countrywomen is that they are too fond of taking from the florists the elegant and beautiful varieties of flowers which those dealers are unnaturally fond of producing; that they have all gone astray from nature. Why make a garden a theatrical display? he asks. Why in the pursuit of "double" flowers give up the old favorites which have not indeed the charm that a bunch of colored ribbons might have, but which have their own charm of simple beauty in color, of individual expressiveness, and of associations with early memories and with the poetic literature of the language? His view seems to us very sound, and his protest worth making in these evil days, when beyond question we are all going to the dogs together, and when we let the nurserymen make our roses for us, while it is only our aged men who know what a sweetbrier rose looks like. What, we would ask, will be the moral and religious character and what the future in the next world of children who know only of azaleas and the double-poppy of all colors, and never have associated with the gilly-flower and the red single poppy? The dog-rose we may expect to see take care of itself and descend to our posterity, but we suppose the last child has been born who will ever see a sweet-william or look up to a single-hollyhock, or smell southernwood. "Something ought to be done about it."

—The guardians of the municipal library of Bordeaux, which has long had a collection of twenty-one volumes bearing the signature of Montaigne, have lately discovered another on its shelves, a copy of the "Historia Regni Hungarici" of Bonfinius, a large folio, in fine preservation. Apropos to this discovery, *La Gironde* recalls the sale of a copy of Cæsar's "Commentaries," with autograph annotations by Montaigne, to the Duc d'Aumale for 5,650 francs. It had cost its previous possessor 1 franc. Perhaps no book ever yielded a greater percentage of profit.

—The French press still teems with publications relating to the dolorous campaigns of 1870–71, but they begin now to offer a somewhat greater variety than hitherto. By the side of works by such prominent commanders as Bazaine ("L'Armée du Rhin") and Des Pallières ("Orléans"), we have a new *genre* in such memoirs as these: "Réflexions d'un Prisonnier de Guerre;" "La Captivité à Ulm," by the Rev. Père Joseph, who adds a list of the deceased, and two lithographic illustrations; "Six Mois de Captivité à Koenigsberg," by the Abbé Camille Rambaud; "Six Mois en Bavière," by the Abbé Landau; and "Les Prisonniers Français à Kalk et au Gremberg, près Cologne," by the Abbé Deblaye, Professor at the Seminary of Pont-à-Mousson. Some of these chaplains had endured sieges, at Metz and Strasbourg, with the troops whom they afterwards accompanied into captivity, and mingle reminiscences with their narrative; the Abbé Rambaud improved his sojourn in Eastern Prussia to study the manners of the people, and particularly their system of education. Then we have "La Garde Mobile de l'Hérault" at the sieges of Langres and of Paris, and in Algeria during the Kabyle insurrection of 1871; "Histoire Médicale du Blocus de Metz;" "Souvenirs d'un Chirurgien d'Ambulance" at Sedan, Balan, Bazeilles; "Travaux d'Investissement exécutés par les Armées Allemandes autour de Paris;" and the malicious "Mémoires d'une Pendule, Prisonnière de Guerre en 1870–71." Of Victor Hugo's "L'Année Terrible," we intend speaking at some length hereafter. More thoughtful and valuable than any of the works yet mentioned is Valfrey's "Histoire de la Diplomatie du Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale," in two volumes, constituting Parts I. and II. He calls attention to the fact that the Government of National Defence made fewer innovations in the diplomatic service than in any other department, and in spite of the pressure of the clubs and Radical journals left the diplomatic *personnel* substantially unaltered. The credit of this he gives to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, but especially to his representative at Tours, M. de Chaudordy, who succeeded in retaining the support of Gambetta. As a consequence, he says that on this side the Government did little but what was sensible, correct, and patriotic. He blames Trochu for preventing Favre from accepting Moltke's overtures on the 5th of December, immediately after the French disaster at Orleans. To be sure, Trochu was not alone in his opposition, though he was most urgent; but his subsequent assertion that he never had any faith in the siege of Paris as a military operation contrasts singularly with his protestations at that time that victory was certain for the Army of Paris. M. Valfrey's third volume will embrace the capitulation, the armistice, the Treaty of Versailles, the insurrection of March 18, and the Treaty of Frankfort.

—The *Historische Zeitschrift* pronounces Fontane's "Der Deutsche Krieg von 1866" the best library history of that war. A similar compliment cannot in conscience be paid by the Italians to D. Homberger's historical studies on the same event, which have lately appeared in the *Preussische Annalen.* Senator Jacini at least has thought it worth his while to refute them in the same periodical (for April), so far as they concern the Prusso-Italian alliance. It would appear that Homberger's long residence in Italy has not preserved him against errors of fact and misconceptions, which Jacini rectifies with the courtesy and self-restraint characteristic of the cultivated Italian. The Brazilians, on the other hand, give the palm to a German history of their war with Paraguay, over English, French, and American competitors. The first volume of L. Schneider's "Der Krieg der Tripple-Allianz gegen der Republik Paraguay," gives promise of being the fullest and most authentic account of the contest on the River Plate that has yet been attempted. Unlike Minister Washburn, it is no part of the author's object in writing to defend himself, for he was never at the seat of war, and obtained all his knowledge of what took place there from close study and observation in another hemisphere. During the progress of hostilities he was a frequent contributor on the subject of them to the *Militärische Blätter*, *Neue Preussische Zeitung*, *Unsere Zeit*, and other German reviews, and was led by the success which attended a French translation of his articles from the periodical last named to undertake the complete history now begun to be issued. The present volume traces the cause of the war in the history of Uruguay since its independence in 1811, and extends to the passage of the Paraná. Considering the distance at which he wrote, Herr Schneider's accuracy and minuteness of detail are remarkable.

HENRY DUNSTER.*

AS the author of this little biography himself observes, it may seem rather late in the day to be writing the life of a man who has been dead more than two hundred years. But no one who reads his work will think the time and pains Dr. Chaplin has expended upon it thrown away. To all intelligent students of the early history of New England, the lives and characters of the men who laid the foundations of her states will grow more and more interesting as time goes on, and special attempts to set them forth fully and justly will be more and more frequently made. This tribute to the memory of Henry Dunster is an excellent example of the spirit and manner in which such monography should be written. It is justly eulogistic of the admirable qualities of its subject, and rationally indignant at the harsh treatment he received because of his religious opinions, and yet not unfair to those who conscientiously administered it, looking at their conduct as nearly as may be in the light of the days in which they lived rather than in that of our own. We infer that the author is a minister of the Baptist denomination, who was naturally moved to put in a popular form adapted to the use of the general reader the virtues and sufferings of one of the early confessors of the faith he holds. This task he has done in no sectarian spirit, and the result is a work which persons of all religious opinions may read with interest and profit.

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* "Life of Henry Dunster, First President of Harvard College. By Rev. Jeremiah Chaplin, D.D." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

The time and place of the birth of Dunster are not ascertained with absolute certainty. It is probable, however, that he was born in or near Bury, in Lancashire, about 1612. He came of a Puritan stock, and the religious element of his nature was very early developed in him—so early, indeed, if he really began to concern himself with religious matters at four years of age, that it is singular he did not share the early doom of those good children whose fate is regarded as a warning rather than an example by impenitent infants with a vocation to play rather than piety; but his boyhood and youth naturally felt the influence of the religious atmosphere in which he grew up, and his mind was easily directed to the contemplation of serious things. One of his greatest temptations was "an inordinate desire of humane learning," which he apparently regarded as coming from the adversary, and doubted whether he should not pray not to be led into it. We know that some of the Fathers of the church considered that the heathen poets were possessed of devils who spoke through them harmonious oracles, with malice intent towards mankind. Undismayed by this patristic warning, the late Thomas Moore, in an article on "Boyd's Father" in the *Edinburgh Review*, ventured to long for the vision of "the ample wings of fire on which the demon of Pindar soared aloft, or the laughing eyes of Horace's familiar, or even the sardonic grin and pointed tail of the short devil of Martial." And he even went so far as to promise them, if they only would return and possess contemporary poets, that, for fear of accidents, not a saint should be allowed to come near them! Dunster, doubtless, encountered those seductive imps in a more reverend spirit, and compelled them to serve him instead of being carried away by them. This conflict, if such it were, was had chiefly in the halls of Magdalen, on the banks of the Cam, which he entered when about fourteen. Milton was his contemporary at Cambridge, though as he was of another college and four years his elder in age, and two in academic standing, it is to be feared that there was no personal intercourse between them. Still the freshman may have seen his handsome senior meditating the muse under the old trees or by the riverside, though without discovering the halo of immortality encircling that beautiful head.

After graduating Dunster probably took orders and preached awhile in England. The condition of ecclesiastical and political matters there, however, was not such as to make it a desirable if a safe residence for ministers who were unwilling to take their complexion from Lambeth and Whitehall. He accordingly emigrated to New England, and landed in Boston in the summer of 1640, and lived for awhile "on his own estate at the Northeast corner of Court and Washington Streets." He must have found a house ready built, as he was called to the presidency of the college almost immediately after his removal. Boston must have been a large place at that time, with its three hills "feathering to the top," the circumambient Charles with the beautiful heights beyond it, and the bay studded with wooded islands in the distance. It was but a village of thirty or forty houses, but never was there a village of such size which had such a society of able and learned men, many of them graduates of Cambridge and Oxford, who had come into the wilderness that they might worship God according to their consciences. John Harvard had just before been the occasion of erecting a college upon the foundation of the school established at the first emigration. The gentle and polished Dunster was at once selected as the first president of the infant university, and a blessed successor of the brutal Eaton, the "plagosus Orbilius" of the grammar school, who carried his cruelty to such an extent in those days when the Rod was a part of religion, that he was fined a hundred marks besides damages to the injured lad for one of his punishments. The use of corporal punishment, however, remained in force for all the rest of the seventeenth century and lingered along a good way into the eighteenth. President Dunster organized the instruction of the college into the system which continued in force for more than half a century. A large part of the actual instruction doubtless fell to the share of the President, with the assistance of the resident Fellows. The number of students, however, was not very large in these early days. The whole number of graduates during the presidency of Dunster of fourteen years was but about seventy-five, and the number under instruction in any one year varied from about fifteen to thirty. The teaching was very thorough, according to the ideas of those times, and probably no better scholars were made at either of the English universities. Besides his duties as a teacher, he had to see that the students had their meat in due season, and to look after the steward, butler, and cook. Moreover, the college printing-press, the only one in the country for many years, was set up in his house, and he had the charge of superintending it. He therefore certainly did not eat the bread of idleness, though he had trouble enough at times to get the wherewithal to provide any bread at all. Evidently he had some private means of his own, which he did not spare in the service of the college. His salary was often in arrear, once for two years together, and when paid it was by transfers of town-rates which he had the trouble and expense of collecting. The obligation which the college is under to the self-denying devotion of President Dunster to its interests during these first struggling years of its infancy can hardly be overstated.

His singleness of mind and unhesitating obedience to the dictates of conscience were soon put to the severest test. He had worked out for himself the question as to the proper mode of administering the rite of baptism, and arrived at a conclusion diametrically opposed to the doctrine held by the New England churches. His studies and meditations convinced him that this rite should be administered only to adults, which was then regarded as a heresy of the most dangerous if not the most damnable description. Anabaptism, as it was called by its adversaries, was associated in the minds of that generation with the seditious excesses and frightful immoralities of John of Leyden and the Anabaptists of Münster. Though even the most rigid of the Puritans could hardly have apprehended any such designs on the part of Henry Dunster or Roger Williams, they knew not whereunto this thing might grow, if suffered to take root in common minds.

Besides, the doctrine was in contradiction of a fundamental tenet of their faith, and an essential part of the reform of the Reformation which they had come into the wilderness to enjoy and promote. It was like denying the sacrament of the Last Supper or the divine ordination of the ministry. It was knocking away one of the corner-stones of their temple, and they knew not how soon the fabric might come tumbling down about their ears. As the integrity of President Dunster's nature compelled him to declare the faith that was in him as soon as he had reached it, first the college and afterwards the colony became too hot to hold him. We have not space to go into all the particulars of his case. After an ecclesiastical conference had failed to convince him of his errors, and he had subsequently preached in Cambridge against infant baptism, though he might have purchased peace at the price of silence, his resignation of his office became inevitable. Moreover, he was presented at the county court for disturbing the ordinances of Christ on the Lord's Day at Cambridge by the sermon just mentioned, and sentenced to receive a public admonition at the next Lecture Day, and to give bond for his good behavior. He was afterwards prosecuted for not presenting his infant child for baptism, though it does not appear that it proceeded to conviction and sentence. He was treated with great harshness and illiberality by the General Court in the matter of the balance due him, which, indeed—and then but in part—was only paid after his death to his widow. Soon after his compulsory resignation of the presidency, Dunster removed to Scituate, within the limits of the Old Colony, where a milder spirit of toleration prevailed. There he found a very excellent society of more liberal emigrants than those he had left, and there he spent the rest of his life, refusing an invitation from Henry Cromwell, then Lord Deputy of Ireland, to remove to Dublin; and there he died in February, 1659. He was removed to Cambridge, by his own desire, and buried under the shadow of the college he had helped to establish and which he loved so well. His grave, which had been forgotten in the lapse of time, was rediscovered about twenty-five years ago, the skull, covered with an abundance of auburn hair, still remaining entire. The remains were reverently reinterred, and a simple monument, with a new Latin inscription by Mr. Charles Folsom, placed over them by the President and Fellows of the University.

Dr. Chaplin has judiciously compressed his materials within the space of one small volume, easy to hold and pleasant to read, which will reach many more minds than one of more ambitious dimensions. It will do a good work in bringing so admirable a character and so great a benefactor of our oldest university to the knowledge of many persons who would otherwise have known little or nothing about him. Whatever degree of importance they may attach to the particular doctrine for which Dunster endured persecution and loss, they cannot withhold their meed of admiration from the fidelity to conscience which made him encounter them with courage and cheerfulness. To the upholders of that dogma, however, the world is indebted in the past for much help in the vindication of freedom of thought and opinion; and it would ill become the modesty that belongs to true liberality to disparage a religious tenet which is regarded as vitally important by scholars and thinkers of the eminence of Dr. Wayland, Dr. Hackett, and Dr. Sears. But Dunster is not to be claimed as its confessor by any one communion of Christianity. His name and example belong to mankind.

TICKNOR'S SPANISH LITERATURE.*

SPANISH literature, prior to 1849, was known generally only by one masterpiece, "Don Quijote," a book universally talked about, little read, and not at all understood, whose merits were underrated, and whose defects were exaggerated in the poor translations palmed off on an ignorant public. The Spaniards themselves were responsible to some extent for this ignorance of their literature. They had not the fortune, it is true, to number among their modern writers such names as Goethe and Schiller, but they possessed in their older literature treasures equal to any produced in modern times, and which they suffered to lie hidden in rare books, or locked up in mouldering manuscripts. Spanish books, always rare, became doubly so after the French invasion, a part of whose ravages reprints have only lately begun to repair. With the loss of political power Spain dropped back into the isolation of the Middle Ages, rarely visited even by the curious tourist, who of course magnified his own courage by exaggerating the perils through which he had been called to pass in that semi-barbarous land. There is a poetic appropriateness in the fact that it has been reserved for Americans to rediscover Spain, and to display the treasures of a great national literature to an admiring world. We will not dwell on what Irving and Prescott have done—their labors are recognized everywhere—but hasten to the subject of this notice. To appreciate the full value of Mr. Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature," it will be necessary to consider what had been done in that department before him, and to what extent he is indebted to others in his great work.

The only complete history of Spanish literature by a Spaniard was the "Bibliotheca Vetus et Nova" (Madrid, 4 vols., 1787–1788) of Nicolas Antonio, a learned Benedictine monk, a work of immense erudition, but ill digested, and valuable only for reference. Several incomplete histories of particular periods or departments also existed: Casiri for Arabic, and Castro for the Jewish literature of Spain; Andres in his "Stato actuale d'ogni Litteratura" (written in Italian) gives an incomplete general view of Spanish literature. Poetry had an apology for a history in the worthless work of Velasquez, a beginning of something better in Sarmiento (who never got beyond a first volume), and owes a great debt of gratitude to Sanchez, who rescued the poem of the "Cid," and other works written before the fifteenth century, from oblivion, and gave the first impulse to the study of early Spanish literature. Italy had a defence of Spanish literature written by Lampillas (a Catalonian, however), which served in its day to remove prejudices against an almost unknown literature, while Signorelli, in his "Storia Critica dei Teatri" (Naples, 1787), gives a careful and tolerably correct history of the Spanish drama. In Germany, prior to 1804, the only work containing more than disjointed notices of separate authors was a translation, with annotations, by J. A. Dieze of Velasquez' "History of Spanish Poetry" (Göttingen, 1769). Velasquez, as we have said above, is utterly worthless, and even the notes of Dieze, which show for that time an immense reading and research, could impart but little value to an incomplete, ill-arranged, and absolutely uncritical work.

The impulse to the study of Spanish literature in Europe was given in 1804 by a German, Friedrich Bouterwek, in his "Geschichte der Spanischen Poesie," which forms part of the great work planned by Eichorn, the "History of Arts and Sciences from the Renaissance." Bouterwek was a man of large views, correct taste, and great learning, the faults of his work being almost entirely "sins of omission." He was unable to procure the large number of rare Spanish books necessary for his work, and consequently either omitted many important authors or gave incorrect views of them based on incomplete extracts from their works. In 1811, Sismondi delivered at Geneva a course of lectures on the literature of the South of Europe, resting entirely as regards Spain on the work of Bouterwek, and consequently sharing all its imperfections while lacking its fulness. Both Bouterwek and Sismondi were translated into Spanish with important additions, and also into other languages. Augustus Schlegel, in his lectures on dramatic art (Vienna, 1808), bestowed the most extravagant praise on Calderon, whom he exalted to the side of Shakespeare. The romantic school found food for their feverish minds in the gorgeous romanticism of Spain, which resembles that of the Schlegels much as Raphael resembles Overbeck. The mine had now been fairly opened, and ever since the German press has teemed with works relating to Spanish literature and written by such scholars as Ferdinand Wolf, Lembke, Hoffmann, Brinckmeier, etc., etc.

Great as were the services rendered by Bouterwek, his glory was destined to be eclipsed by the greater good fortune of an American scholar, who was enabled to avoid all the faults of his predecessors, and produce a work which will always be a monument of scholarship, good taste, and industry. Mr. George Ticknor, with the details of whose life we are all familiar, became in 1820 Professor of French and Spanish at Harvard College, which chair he filled for fifteen years. He went abroad for the second time in 1835 for the purpose of collecting Spanish books. On his return, three years later, he began his history of Spanish literature, which occupied him eleven years, and was published by the Harpers in 1849. Its success abroad was immediate and great; it was translated into Spanish, German, and French, and was reprinted in England. It has, without opposition, been received as the standard work upon the subject, and probably will remain such; for the great work by Amador de los Rios ("Historia Critica de la Literatura Española, Madrid, 1861-70," nine vols. so far published) can never take its place, and will only be regarded as a work valuable for reference in minute investigations. Mr. Ticknor's success at home has not been less brilliant. A second edition was called for in 1854, a third was issued in 1864, and the fourth, "corrected and enlarged," is now before us.

That there should be faults in a work so extensive is natural and unavoidable; but the faults, with scarcely an exception, may be referred to the peculiar disposition of the author. He is seen at his best in his treatment of such literary magnates as Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon, etc. His defects are most apparent in his treatment of purely poetic subjects—Gongora, for instance, a true poetic nature, whose ballads are unrivalled for simplicity and tenderness, and should temper the harsh judgment of his later works. The little good Mr. Ticknor sees in him he coldly praises, and overwhelms him with ridicule for falling into the bad taste which reigned at that day, not only in Spain but also in Italy, where it produced Marini. A more striking example of insufficient justice is Ruiz de Alarcon, the great dramatist, who was ridiculed by his contemporaries for a personal deformity, neglected in his lifetime, but imitated by Corneille and enthusiastically praised by the critics of to-day. Mr. Ticknor can devote but four pages to one whom he ranks "with the very best Spanish dramatists during the best period of the national theatre," and eight lines only are given to "How to gain Friends" ("Ganar Amigos"), one of the most remarkable plays in the whole Spanish drama. These remarks are not made in a carping spirit, but as a hint to the student of what is comparatively the weak point of a great and valuable work.

The new edition, announced as "enlarged and revised," is in some respects no improvement on the edition of 1864 (the third), which was beautifully printed on excellent paper, and of most convenient size. By the use of larger type and coarser paper, the former three duodecimo volumes have been swelled to octavos, while in order to avoid the task of re-indexing the whole, the pagination of the third edition has been preserved by the awkward device of marginal numbers. The editor states that "the present edition is a reprint of the third, with such corrections as were made by Mr. Ticknor during the last eight years of his life." This is followed by the extraordinary statement that "the present edition brings the history of Spanish literature down to the present date, containing all that the most careful and vigilant research could gather in aid of the subject." The date attached to the note from which the above is extracted is September, 1871. The reader will be disappointed to find that the present edition leaves Spanish literature precisely where all previous editions have left it, where Mr. Ticknor himself intended to leave it, at the close of the reign of Ferdinand VII. (1833). If the editor means all that relates to the *history* of Spanish literature, results of recent investigations, etc., he is not more correct. For instance, the "Historia Critica de la Literatura Española," by Amador de los Rios, would, we think, be generally regarded as a work worth mentioning, and Mr. Ticknor in the third edition devoted nearly a page to it (vol. iii. p. 460). On referring to the last edition, we find in the index a reference to the "Historia Critica" same page as above. But on turning to the new edition, the reader is perplexed to find that it has only four hundred and fifty-five pages. If he owns the third edition, however, he will find it on the right page, together with other information respecting recent publications relating to Spanish literature, information only partially transferred to the fourth edition, and erroneously indexed. A number of other valuable works are omitted in like manner and for the same reason.

Such carelessness is to be regretted in a work on which the author spent such minute care. Mr. Ticknor, we are told, always kept a copy of the book on his study table, and noted on the margin such improvements and changes as his constant reading suggested. It is from this copy that the present edition has been prepared, and it is interesting to examine the changes made down almost to the last years of his life. A careful examination reveals fifty-seven additions to the notes of the first volume, and about the same in each of the others. Sometimes only a word has been changed, as on page 394 (vol. i.), where "a copy of the edition of 1535" (as it stood in the third edition) is altered to "*my* copy of the edition of 1535"; sometimes a whole page of notes has been added, as vol. i. 71, in regard to the poem of Alfonso Onceno; vol. ii. 20, on the Valdes brothers; and same volume, page 132, an interesting discussion of the various portraits of Cervantes. The new notes are always interesting and often valuable, especially the historical ones relating to the Inquisition (vol. i. p. 418 *et seq.*) The proofs appear to have been carefully read, although several errors of the third edition have been copied. A bad misprint is vol. i. p. 68, "Libro de los Gabos" for "Libro de los Gatos."

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* "History of Spanish Literature. By George Ticknor." Fourth American edition, corrected and enlarged. 3 vols. 8vo. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

In taking leave of this history, we are inspired with two earnest hopes: one, that it may be the means of reviving in this country some slight measure at least of interest in a literature so brilliant and full of instructive lessons; the other, that the patient research and exhaustive study of a lifetime, as embodied in this work, may exercise a due influence on the rising generation of American scholars.

WEST POINT UNDERGRADUATE LITERATURE.*

WHOEVER will look over a large collection of the literature produced by undergraduates in our American college publications, will find a principal note of it to be the expression of a great deal of moral aspiration and of enthusiasm not only for the True and the Good, but genuine enthusiasm for right action and the performance of duty. It is all a little vague, to be sure, as it appears in the orations and essays and poems, but it gives a sound as of sincerity, and there is little doubt that, in a majority of cases, the honest intention is realized in the practice of after-life. But side by side with the essays and verses which urge the reader towards good citizenship, towards the justification of Alma Mater by a life which shall reflect honor upon the instruction she has given him, towards playing the man in the battle of life, the investigator in this field of literature will discover a great deal of boyishness, less creditable by far than a puerility of intellectual commonplace, which morally considered is better than a vast deal of the wisdom which, later on in life, the world will have taught the young men. He will discover much of the worse boyishness which consists in thoughtless cruelty, or rather in a deliberate cruelty which takes no thought of the victim. He will discover also a tendency to record the most sentimental friendship; an acute sense, sometimes veiled by a dark cynicism, of the immense importance of the female sex; a frequent keen appreciation of the delight of sumptuous banquets of un-"Attic taste," but "with wine," in the shape of grocery-store liquors; a full belief in the tyrannical character of the teachers set over them; a sacred joy in going as far as possible in the direction of rebellion; and, finally, some lively fun and chaff, some of it vulgar and tasteless, but some of it redolent of the season of youth and high spirits. In some of the periodical literature of our colleges the better sort of these qualities is most fully expressed, in others the worse; but those undergraduate journals which have most of the moral earnestness are apt to have most too of the wooden jokes and *gaucheries*, and, on the whole, the description which we have given may be permitted to stand as a fair general description, allowance of course being made for an occasional really clever thing in verse or prose by some exceptional writer in an exceptional moment. Allowance should be made, too, for the fact that, once in a while, some older person, instead of leaving the magazine to the boys, contributes an article more mature than they could produce.

To a great part of this "West Point Scrap-Book," our general description is applicable. There is plenty of a firm purpose to behave so well in the army as never to disgrace The Point; there is much asseveration that every classmate will be true to every other and that the class shall live in immortal memory; the work of examinations and recitations the reader would imagine to be the one thing which the young men were at The Point to avoid; the regulation musing before the fire is done in the regulation way; Memory and Hope and the third "not impossible she"—the, in fact, "inevitable, irrepressible she"—make due appearance; slang abounds; to prepare suppers in private and wash them nobly down with shaving-mugs full of gin and water seems to be a delightful thing; to be absent without leave, to trick the doctor by lying to him and the faculty by evasion of the statutory penalties, is proper; nothing is commoner than to smoke fearfully at pipes and dream of vacation and of "spooning," which is to say flirting with the inevitable one again, or courting some second inevitable one as a punitive measure directed against the first, or as a means of securing oblivion for a hopeless passion; there is an eager patriotism, a high pride in the future soldier's calling, a confident belief in our army and navy, which it would indeed be strange not to find, but which it is, nevertheless, good to find; and there is—to end our enumeration—an honest faith in the most execrable jokes and a healthy unabashed talent for gushing writing which will go far to reconcile the reader to the bullying and ruffianism, the vulgarity and low tone, upon the traces of which he will now and again come.

Here, for instance, is a brand-new joke which Lieutenant Wood describes as "A Keen from the Mess, Christmas Eve, 1866." A "keen" is a joke:

> [SCENE: Officers' Mess.—"Dad" and "Bobby" "taking a smile."]
>
> *Dad.*—"Did you call for water, Bobby?"
>
> *Bobby.*—"No; just the contrary. By the way, 'Dad,' do you 'savoir' why Mr. Gifford is like necessity?"
>
> *Dad.*—"Why? Because—because—great Scott! I could not guess if I should try till—till—Mr. Swigert should graduate."
>
> *Bobby.*—"Well, because he knows *no law!*"
>
> [*Collapse of "Dad."*]

Quite as refreshing is this passage from an essay entitled "The Last Night in Barracks." "The story is not new," the writer says, "but it has always had, and perhaps will ever retain, a personal interest for one of a high order." This seems probable, as it is the history of the complete blighting of young love, the "priestess of my destiny" being much better fitted to inspire affection than to keep her plighted troth, which in fact she is very far from keeping:

> "Time took to himself cruel wings, and she passed from me, a dream of loveliness. Her picture, once I had; I have it not now, save in my heart, where it is drawn in colors, fadeless and enduring. She passed over the seas, and it were better had she gone before. She might not then have taken with her a richness from the sunlight it has never had since. Many of my heart-friends went with her; Hope and Faith, hand in hand, went out across the world with those little feet, and they came not back again. She was far from me, and I learned, after months of intense toil, that change and silence could divide us by a distance great in comparison with the great circle arcs of our poor sphere. I thought in my musings of the many winter nights, when my light burned into the midnight hours, and when, tired and exhausted, I would look out of my window at the silent, gloomy buildings, and watch the great white stars sweep on in their circles, asking them questions which were answered not. It was well; the stars were kind and—silent! Ah! how that last six months dragged away! The quiet hours of the last night in barracks impressed me; I thought of the wide world with its infinity of pathetic tragedies of everyday life, beside which the tinselled unrealities of the drama are poor and mean. I was soon to take an active part in the affairs of that world beyond the hills that had imprisoned me so long. Memory, looking at the path whence went away from me that beloved and never returning wanderer, told me I should be in the arena of life, alone and without aid. Surely, my musings tended only to bring out the dark shades of sorrow and trouble. Sad-eyed Memory went from my side. I heard the silver voice of Friendship, clear and strong, as the song of the morning lark, 'Look up!' I did so; my eyes rested on Damon. 'Alone!' said I—'never! while I have his hearty honest love.'"

A joke, as we have explained, is called a "keen" at the Academy, and the "Scrap-Book" affords the usual amount of slang, and it is of about the usual credit to the good taste and good sense of those who employ the petty language of the various college yards. "Gutsey" as a name for the fattest man in a class is perhaps rather below the usual level of coarseness, and "Tubs" is not much better in reality, though more decent in appearance; but in general the slang vocabulary of the Point is in only one particular indicative of a worse condition of taste and good feeling than is to be observed at other respectable colleges. That one particular is the violence of epithet which is applied to the "Plebe." Like the Freshman elsewhere, the plebe is the butt of every jester, fatuous or witty, and the victim of every bully, only his treatment would appear to be more systematically rough than that of his civilian brethren. "Animal" is one of his names; "beast" is another; "reptile" another; when "impertinent" he is a "rabid beast"; when "imposed upon, tormented," he is a "devilled beast." We do not know how much of this exaggeration is playful, and how much of it corresponds to the actual facts, but we imagine "hazing" as practised at Yale or Harvard is as much less thorough, constant, and severe than the ill treatment of the Plebes at West Point, as these opprobrious terms which we have quoted are harsher than "Freshy" or "Fresh." At all events their violence is a coarseness.

But after all it would be dangerous to infer much from publications such as this. The good work going on in the undergraduate world is never at all fairly represented by the undergraduate literature in which the lazy and the idle play, if not a large part, a larger proportionate part than their laborious comrades. Still less is the representative likely to be a true one when the production is not a contemporaneous publication, but rather a record of the follies, sentimental and mischievous, of which men, who have now for some time left their college, are more likely to remind each other when they meet, than of the tasks, toils, and discipline which made up nine-tenths of their academic activity. Working for "The Scrap Book," the young man or the old boy remembers to tell of the "run out" to Benny Havens's for a convivial evening, and the narrow escape in getting back to quarters, and forgets the guard-mounts, horse-riding, mathematics, and company drill which transformed him from a raw boy into a well-accomplished young man—not too refined perhaps, nor too well informed, nor too much disposed to become a scientific and accomplished officer, but an undoubtedly good young officer so far as the trade can be taught.

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* "The West Point Scrap-Book. By Lieut. Oliver E. Wood, U.S.A." New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1871.

Specimens of English Literature, from the "Ploughmans Crede" to the "Shepheardes Calender," A.D. 1394—A.D. 1579. With Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index. By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A., late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. (New York: Macmillan & Co.)—This is one of a series which is issued from the Clarendon Press as school-books primarily, but is well fitted to interest everybody who is interested in the English language and its early literature. It begins where Morris's "Specimens of English" leaves off, and comes down to Kitchin's edition of the first two books of the "Faërie Queene," serving as a sort of guide-book through the great desert that lies between Chaucer and Spenser.

The "Specimens" consists of 356 pages of extracts from 28 authors. They are very well chosen. None of them, to be sure, are of the highest rank, as works of art or genius. There are no diamonds to be found in this desert, little but dry bones. But modern science makes fossil bones more interesting than gems, unless they are of the first water; and these extracts are wisely chosen as being illustrative of the manners and character of the people, their modes of life and thought. The notes are prepared in the same spirit, and direct the attention to historical facts and inferences, so as to enable us to make out from these fragments what sort of a being the Englishman of that day was, and what sort of life he led. This on the whole is a great improvement on the pretty love songs to which the explorers of this period have too often treated us heretofore. There are 120 pages of notes and 60 pages of glossary, all very well prepared, and an introduction of miscellaneous matters for the most part worth treating and well treated. The book is a valuable addition to the series, and will help on the good cause of thorough study of English. We hope it may speedily come into general use, and run through many editions.

There are some changes which would improve it. The text is printed with literal fidelity to early copies, the old irregular spelling conscientiously followed, so that the same word may be spelt in half a dozen different ways on the same page. Now there was nothing which English scholars were more imperatively bound to do than to give the world faithful copies, of just this photographic minuteness, of the remains of Anglo-Saxon and Early English. The importance of the labors of the Early English Text Society cannot be overstated. They furnish the data for all truly scientific and scholarly knowledge of the language. And something may be said in favor of putting such texts in school-books just now to give them wider circulation, and to avoid the adoption of uniform spelling till we know more about the language. But for popular use, and for school-books, a uniform spelling is surely desirable. It requires a new set of habits to read easily in fluctuating spelling. A lad will find one of these pages a heap of stumbling-stones, when he can glide over the same extracts with ease and pleasure in the modern spelling of Ellis. And from a scholarly point of view the perfect editing of a classic implies a well-considered uniform orthography.

The foundation of the thorough mastery of a poem is to be found in accurate knowledge of the metre in which it is written, and the common pronunciation of the words which the poet has woven into the metre. There are few students who do not need help on these points in reading old English poetry. In this volume, Piers Ploughman, Wallace, Chevy Chase, The Nut-brown Maid, and other less familiar selections are worth study as poems, and need for that end notes on the pronunciation and metre as well as uniform orthography.

Some of the remarks in the introduction might mislead. Mr. Skeat, like some other English scholars, makes it a great point to identify Anglo-Saxon and English. It is certainly well to insist that it is necessary to study Anglo-Saxon in order to understand English. The Semi-Saxon is a chaos to one who knows nothing of the older speech, and he must either flounder helplessly about in it, or let his editor lead him at his pleasure. But when it is insisted that there is no break in our literature from Alfred to Victoria, that is too much. All changes come through minor changes, and are gradual; but language seldom falls into a more chaotic state than we find between Anglo-Saxon and English. A new creative era in literature seldom differs as much from the last before it as that of Chaucer from that of Caedmon. Italian does not differ so much from Latin. Chaucer, in everything but blood and the traits that go with it, was much more a literary child of Italy or France than of Anglo-Saxon England.

Mr. Skeat tells us that *th* in *thin* and *thine* was, in the earliest times, probably sounded alike, and as in *thine*. But it was much more likely sounded as in *thin*, since *thine* is the weaker sound, and the regular shifting is from surds to sonants.

He says that French nouns derived from Latin are invariably formed from the *accusative case* of Latin nouns. It is not easy to find *fonds* (from *fondus*) in the accusative *fundum*, *rets* (from *retis*) in the accusative *retem*, *fils* (*filius*) in *filium*, *genre* (*genus*, *generis*) in the accusative *genus*; and when he urges that the etymological dictionaries should cite words by the accusative case as the best to exhibit the form of the stem, he seems to forget that the neuters have the accusative and nominative alike.

A Comparative History of Religions. By James C. Moffat, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary in Princeton. Part I. Ancient Scriptures. (New York: Dodd & Mead. 1871. 12mo, pp. viii., 250.)—Not many words will be needed to characterize Professor Moffat's work. He writes from the distinctive point of view of the Christian theologian. His production belongs in one class with the attempts to reconcile Scripture and geology; and as there has grown up in the last fifty years a great crop of the latter, so the next fifty will doubtless call out a host of these reconciliations of the results of the study of religions with current Christian doctrine. Such books have their uses certainly. But as no good manual of geology can be written by one who is thinking more of the first chapter of Genesis and the story of the flood than of the facts themselves of the science; so no good account of the Gentile religions can proceed from one who is all the time trying them by Christian standards, and making them square with Jewish and Christian records. Mr. Moffat nowhere conveys the impression that he is conducting a dispassionate scientific investigation; he is both discursive and fanciful, and his judgments seem strongly tinctured, if not dictated, by prepossession. He sets out with the declaration that "man could not grow into the capacity of apprehending God; he must have had it by creation to begin with"; and he concludes with asserting that "heathenism seems to be the degeneracy, in various ways and degrees, of one primitive religion." There is logical consistency here, at any rate. By an argument, drawn chiefly from the absence of any testimony in Scripture to the contrary, he conceives himself to prove that monotheism and uniformity of worship prevailed among all nations, the civilized world over, as late as between 1500 and 2000 B.C. We can hardly call this less than an astounding misinterpretation and perversion of the facts of history. The tone of his treatment of Jewish Scripture can be gathered from his belief that "such was the length of life among the patriarchs that tradition had but few hands to pass through between Adam and Moses."

It is evident that Professor Moffat's spirit is by no means in harmony with that of the men whose researches in history and ancient literature and anthropology are revolutionizing the hitherto prevalent way of regarding the religious aberrations of mankind. And we think that his presentation of the subject is calculated to satisfy but a small class of readers; most of those who are interested in pursuing it will prefer to take the facts in a purer form, and make their inferences and reconciliations for themselves. To such, Clarke's "Ten Great Religions" will commend itself, as well by its superior freedom of treatment as by its greater fulness.

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Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
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Pocket-Dictionary of Technical Terms, etc., German, English, French, 3 vols	(L. W. Schmidt.)	
Proctor (R. A.), Essays on Astronomy	(Scribner, Welford & Armstrong)	4 50
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For Special Notices see page iii.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1872.

The Week.

THE Philadelphia Convention did what everybody knew it would do in renominating General Grant, and did it with much elaborate "enthusiasm" on the first ballot. There was, however, a contest over the Vice-Presidency, the mind of the party not having been made up on that point, and Mr. Colfax having lost "his hold on the masses" by declaring he was going into business, and giving up political life, and afterwards letting it be understood that he was not sure that he was going into business after all, and that he did not know but that he might be induced to stay in political life a little longer. The platform is a most extraordinary production, on which we have commented elsewhere, and, if it was not for Greeley's presence in the field, would surely be visited with severe punishment. The basis of it, it is said, was furnished by Mr. G. W. Curtis and Dr. G. B. Loring, but afterwards Wendell Phillips, S. B. Cummings, and Henry Blackwell, husband of Lucy Stone, got a chance at it, and made it the wonderful thing that it is. Wendell Phillips and Cummings supplied the Labor Plank, and Mr. Blackwell the Woman Suffrage Plank. The dupes especially aimed at by the whole document are thirteen in number: 1. Man. 2. Colored man. 3. The Irishman. 4. The German man. 5. The Free-Trader. 6. The Protectionist. 7. The States-Rights man. 8. The Centralizer. 9. The Capitalist. 10. The Laborer. 11. The Moderate Drinker. 12. Woman. 13. The Opponent of Female Suffrage. 14. The Advocate of the Female Suffrage. The President has accepted the nomination in a modest and sensible letter, which was probably written by himself, but which contains nothing worthy of note except the confession that "past experience may guide him in avoiding mistakes inevitable with novices in all professions and occupations."

The nomination of Mr. Wilson at Philadelphia was one for which he has worked hard, and we do not know that many people will begrudge it to him. He has been, all things considered, better than the majority of our public men with whom he has so long been associated. Circumstances also worked for him at the very last, for no doubt the Natick cobbler was strengthened as a candidate by the labor movement in this city, by the candidacy of the woodchopper and practical printer of Chappaqua, and by Mr. Sumner's speech. A desire to rebuke Mr. Sumner and, at the same time, compliment Massachusetts and New England, was no doubt influential in securing a majority of the delegates. The only objections that we see urged against him are on the general ground that he is purely a politician, no statesman, and given to time-serving, and on the special ground that he ought to be odious to the Germans, as having been a leader among the Know-Nothings. The Germans, however, probably know that Mr. Wilson was a Know-Nothing for strictly personal reasons, and has not, and never had, any fiercer hatred of the foreign-born citizen than was requisite for a struggling young politician with his way to make in the world. Besides, the Know-Nothing escapade the Germans are intelligent to rate at its true value in the history of our parties, and, furthermore, the intelligent among them know that it is not so small a thing to be an American citizen that a slight apprenticeship may not be perfectly fair and perfectly desirable. The demagogues who, above all things, want voters, and the more ignorant and untaught the better, are much more concerned in mind about the American naturalization laws than either the native American or the respectable and honest foreigner. As to the general objection to Mr. Wilson on the score of statesmanship, the pity is that there are so few men of Mr. Wilson's political standing who are not open to it. In our opinion, Mr. Wilson's name will be found to strengthen the ticket appreciably. It should be recollected in his favor that after twenty years of public life he is a poor man, and he has had very great opportunities to enrich himself had he not been a man of probity. Loftier professions than his have not seldom been accompanied by a practice inferior to his in honesty and honor. We can imagine, by the bye, with what sincere pleasure Dr. Loring seconded Mr. Wilson's nomination. We hope we shall have the pleasure of recording the Doctor's defeat when he and Mr. Butler and Mr. Dawes contend for that seat, or for any other which may be in the market next winter.

The effect of Mr. Sumner's speech has, there can be no doubt, been on the whole highly serviceable to Grant, which makes the circulation of it by the Greeleyites a mistake. They might better reprint a campaign edition of "that able historical work in two volumes," "Il Nipotismo di Roma," showing up the bad behavior of the fifteenth-century Popes. The speech has impressed the graver portion of the Republican party as too labored, heated, rancorous, and exaggerated a production to be of any value as an indictment, while the younger and more vivacious portion have laughed over it till their sides ache. We think it even did much to arouse and stimulate a certain amount of enthusiasm for Grant at Philadelphia. One thing more; to quote, for the purpose of damaging a living man's character, the words of a dead man, uttered to yourself alone, and of which you can offer no proof but your own report, is an offence against good morals as well as against sound rules of evidence. It is an act which ought to be execrable, and would be execrable if it ever seriously injured anybody. In this case it has been singularly harmless, because Stanton's speeches tend to upset Mr. Sumner's statements, and because, although people think highly of Stanton as an administrator, and as a devoted Union man during the war, nobody, or next to nobody, attaches any importance to his judgments on men, for all who had ever any dealings with him know that a more passionate, prejudiced, and, when prejudiced, unscrupulous person in his dealings with others, does not exist. Justice was a quality of which he had hardly a conception; perhaps he was, for that reason, all the better Secretary of War; but do not let us have him called up from his grave as the final judge of anybody's fitness for a great office. One of the curious accompaniments of this incident has been the flutter into which it has thrown the Grant politicians. They have heard the President charged with various serious offences, and seen the charges supported by plain proof, without showing the slightest concern, but, when Mr. Sumner's ridiculous story of the death-bed scene was produced, they flooded the press with contradictions and explanations.

The meeting of dissatisfied revenue reformers at Steinway Hall, the week before last, which resulted in the appointment of a committee of ten to take into consideration the best mode of retrieving the mistakes of the Cincinnati Convention, will probably lead to a conference, about the 20th of June, of leading men of all the elements of opposition to the present Administration. What will come of it, of course, it is impossible to say. Whether anything will come will probably depend a good deal on the indications of the drift of public sentiment during the coming ten days. In these there is, as far as our observation goes, only one change to report, but that is a somewhat important one. There are some decided signs of a reaction against Greeley in some parts of the South, such as Tennessee and Virginia, which may grow rapidly, and may, if stimulated by another nomination at the North, enable the Democratic leaders, who are all at heart opposed to Greeley, to stem the tide at Baltimore. The New York chiefs, such as Belmont and Tilden, who are the most cast down and most disposed to accept the Sage, have been so long accustomed to rely on the Irish vote that its adhesion to Greeley seems to them conclusive. Mr. Belmont has published or permitted to be published, during the week, a letter deploring and "deprecating Greeley," as the reporters say, but accepting him as an inevitable necessity. Mr. Tilden is reported to be in the same frame of mind, and even the redoubtable and valiant Voorhees is said to be greatly prostrated by the result of his speech in Indiana. But there is at the North no visible accession to the Greeley ranks of any men of weight and prominence of any party, on the distinct ground that they consider him, on his own merits, a desirable man for the Presidency; and there is no doubt that the canvass is seriously damaging him in the eyes of the silent mass who do not write to the papers or send telegrams. His "record" is positively horrible, and no man of mark as yet seems willing to go on the stump and defend or explain it. The Springfield *Republican*, which is very friendly to Greeley, acknowledges that he could not explain it himself.

The Senate, the Administration Ring in which was determined to secure some kind of "force" legislation before adjournment, proceeded on Saturday to violate one of its own plain rules, which forbids the amendment of any appropriation bill by any provision not directly relating to the subject of the bill, by attaching a rider to the Sundry Civil Service Appropriation Bill, making the Federal elective law, which is now only applicable to cities of over twenty thousand inhabitants, applicable to all parts of the country on the request of ten respectable inhabitants of the locality. Mr. Anthony, who was in the chair, ruled that this was no violation of the rules, just as the majority of the Robeson Committee declared that the construction of the wording of the act, which was plain as the sun at noon, was something on which lawyers might differ. The result was that the opposition were placed in the position of having either to submit to the rider, or defeat the Appropriation Bill, and they accordingly "filibustered" for hours until a compromise was effected, which sent the bill to the House. Nothing more high-handed has yet been attempted by the majority in either House, and its occurrence so soon after General Grant's nomination by acclamation is not a favorable indication.

The amendment which has created all this uproar was at last passed by both Houses, but is likely to prove in practice of such very trifling value either to the Administration or anybody else, that it is a little difficult to understand the intense and reckless eagerness with which the majority have pushed it. It simply provides that on the demand of ten citizens of good standing, in any parish, county, or Congressional district, prior to any registration of voters, or election of members of Congress, the judge of the United States Circuit Court shall appoint two supervisors of election, who are to receive no pay except in cities of over twenty thousand inhabitants, whose business it shall be to be present at the voting and counting, but who shall have no powers of challenge or arrest. The restriction of their function to simple observation constitutes the concession of the majority which finally secured the passage of the amendment. The proceedings attendant on the attempt of the majority to force it on the House were so outrageous, that Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, himself an ardent Republican, if there be one in the country, rose in his place and denounced them as "conduct such as he had more than a score of times sentenced men to solitary confinement and penal servitude for" when he was on the bench.

The new Tariff Bill reduces the taxes about $54,000,000, enormously increases the free list, and does not renew the income tax. Among the more important reductions are—bituminous coal from $1 25 to 75 cents per ton; salt in bulk, from 18 cents to 8 cents per 100 lbs., and in sacks and barrels, 24 cents to 12 cents; leather of various kinds is reduced on an average from 30 cents to 22. Lumber comes in largely free. Among the articles on which ten per cent. reduction is made are cotton, woollen, and hair goods, on iron and steel, and manufactures of them except cotton machinery; paper and glass and glassware. On the free list are, first, books which have been printed more than twenty years before the date of importation; books, maps, and charts imported not more than two in any one invoice, for literary or scientific societies or colleges; the libraries of professional men arriving here, and the books of persons and families from foreign countries which have been in use one year before being brought here. Shipbuilding materials are admitted duty free also for ships to be engaged in the foreign trade and not to be employed in the coasting trade more than two months in any one year. The stamps are reduced to one, that on checks, and the collection districts are reduced to sixty in number, sending about 280 collectors and assessors adrift, and "informers" are no longer to have their "moieties."

The eight-hour movement in this city culminated in a procession on Monday which was to have consisted of 35,000 men and to have seriously menaced the public peace, and the whole police force was turned out to keep order. The procession actually consisted of 4,000 men or thereabouts, very orderly, peaceable, respectable, and indeed somewhat sheepish-looking also, and a slight touch of the ridiculous was lent to it by the appearance in it of a delegation from the "International," carrying a red flag, on which was the dread inscription, "Eight Hours' Labor—peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must." The fact is that the three most important bodies concerned in the strike, the piano-makers, cabinet-makers, and sewing-machine makers, are just beginning their dull season, during which in ordinary times employers keep their works going merely to keep their hands together. It suits them therefore well enough to have their men go off of their own accord and live for a month or two on their own savings. Moreover, as regards the piano-makers, those of New York *cannot* add twenty per cent. to their prices without totally losing their business. With the great houses, therefore, like Steinway, the eight-hour question is one of simple calculation; they cannot give way to it, and, if it be insisted on, will have to transfer their capital to some other place or some other field of industry. The men who really have the employers at their mercy are the masons, bricklayers, and house-carpenters. This is their busy season, and the bosses are mostly working under contracts. But the whole affair is a valuable illustration of the shortsightedness of the workingmen, of the extent to which they live from day to day, and rely for bettering their condition on extorting something from somebody.

The foreign news of the week is of trifling moment. In England, the main preoccupation is still the Treaty, which at this writing is again "in danger," owing to Earl Granville's proposal that the arbitration be adjourned for eight months, to enable everybody to get his mind clear as to the meaning of the Supplemental Article. The Ballot Bill has passed to a second reading in the House of Lords, which ensures its success, but, though months of discussion have been expended on it, it does not satisfy the Liberals, inasmuch as it does not provide what is in England the great object of the ballot, perfect secresy. It makes it an offence punishable with six months' imprisonment to ask anybody how he voted, or try to find out how he voted, but it does not prohibit the voter from showing his ticket if he pleases, which, in the opinion of the *Economist*, will go far to make it nugatory. But it is very doubtful whether secresy of this kind could be secured without a change in human nature, and yet without it, says that paper, there will be "intimidation" as of old.

The Treaty negotiations entered on a new phase towards the end of last week. The fears that were expressed in the House of Lords that the American disavowals of the indirect claims were not explicit enough drew from Mr. Schenck, by authorization from Washington, a letter which expressly declared that, in consideration of the agreement of the British Government to bind itself never to make indirect claims under similar circumstances, they were completely and for ever abandoned. This seems to have satisfied even Earl Russell, who looks on the whole Treaty as a condemnation of himself, a betrayal of British interests and honor, and who had moved an address to the Crown asking for withdrawal from the arbitration. On hearing Mr. Schenck's letter, he proposed that the motion be dropped, and at this writing it looks as if things were taking a favorable turn, but we are not rash enough to predict anything about the matter. The last proposal of Earl Granville is that the meeting of the Board of Arbitrators shall be postponed for eight months, to afford time for still further consideration. The ministry have evidently grown terribly cautious.

In the meantime, Mr. Bancroft Davis's troubles have been increased by the appearance of two reports in England, made by direction of the Government, on the direct claims. One is by a committee appointed by the Board of Trade on the losses caused to American shipping, and the other by a committee appointed by the Board of Admiralty on the expenses incurred by our Navy Department in pursuing the cruisers. The report of the first declares that Mr. Davis has made "double claims for single losses" in the case of vessels to the amount of $1,000,000, and in the case of freights to a very considerable amount; in the case of reinsurances to the amount of $217,865. The claims for prospective earnings and freight, which he has put in to the amount of $5,000,000, it pronounces "illusory and inadmissible," and finds that the sum total of $17,763,910 ought to be cut down to $8,039,685. The Admiralty report is made by Admirals Milne and Dunlop, and Admiral Richards, the hydrographer to the Admiralty, and finds that the only expenses chargeable are those incurred in actual pursuit; that much of what is claimed they cannot understand; and that even if Great Britain is held liable, under this head, for the four Confederate cruisers, they do not see how she can be called on to pay more than $1,509,300, instead of $7,080,478. Of course all this has to pass the arbitrators, but it proves that there is a chance for a vigorous fight over the items. And, in the interest of peace, it is sincerely to be hoped that the arbitrators, if they ever arbitrate, will award a gross sum.

There has been another "international boat race," in which a crew of Americans has gone over to England, to row in a strange climate, on a foreign river, under a million foreign and hostile eyes, against competitors of whose powers as compared to their own they apparently knew little or nothing, and the result is, they were beaten with ease. We do not believe matches of this sort serve any good purpose. They illustrate nothing American but the national want of caution, and they produce enough chagrin to make them anything but promoters of international good-will. The best thing for all American athletes who want to try conclusions with Englishmen to do now, is to wait until they can have the trial of strength in their own country, under conditions as favorable to them as those under which the two last boat-races that have taken place were to the English. It seems a pity that there should not be somebody among the trainers on both sides whose powers of observation and comparison would enable him to tell a crew whether it had any chance of winning before it crossed the water. The Atalanta crew, we are now told, are all small, light men, while the English crew were heavy and powerful men; but this fact was surely ascertainable months ago; and everybody has always known that the size of muscles and the capacity of the lungs have much to do with strength, and that the muscles of the loins and back and the width of the chest have everything to do with rowing. It has surely not begun to be the fashion in sporting circles as yet to get up "mills" between "light-weights" and "heavy weights."

The Roumanian Jews are again exciting the sympathy of the world by the odious persecutions to which they are subjected, and Earl Granville proposes pressure in their favor on the Roumanian Government by a conference, in which all the Great Powers should take part. Russia declines, and Prussia concurs with her, on the ground that a conference might bring up the whole Eastern question, and thus create new complications, but proposes a joint note to the Roumanian Government. When news of a similar character reached this country two years ago, we adopted the sage plan of despatching a Jew as American consul to Bucharest. This piece of folly will not be repeated; but why should we not join in the note? There is much reason to fear that after everything has been done that can be done, the Jews will continue to suffer, until the Principalities have made greater advances in material civilization. At present and for ages past, the Jews have absolutely monopolized all the trade, commerce, and banking of the country, and they consequently occupy the position they occupied all over Europe during the Middle Ages of everybody's creditors and extortioners. Until the natives begin to share with them the burdens, responsibilities, and odium of trade and banking, they will only get very imperfect relief. The law cannot protect men from universal hate, even where it is better administered than there is the least chance of its being in Wallachia and Moldavia.

M. Thiers has achieved another victory over the Assembly on the Army Bill, by resisting the proposal to make military service compulsory for three or four years in the regular army, instead of five. On this point the Assembly, which is strongly in favor of the modern or Prussian system, has given way under a threat of resignation. This is another illustration of the mischief done by M. Thiers's great age and attachment to old ideas. There is no division of sentiment among the younger military men and politicians in France as to the propriety of putting the whole male population through the army for a short term, as the best plan both for industrial and military interests, but M. Thiers refuses to believe in any system with which he was not himself familiar in early life.

The Lower House of the Italian Parliament has passed an act abolishing the theological faculties of the state universities, and the government has given notice of its intention to sustain the measure in the Senate. There were several well-grounded objections to this policy on the part of deputies who cannot be suspected of clericalism. They contended, in the first place, that the proposed change, if advisable in any case, ought to be deferred till an attempt could be made to reorganize the whole system of public instruction. The reform, if it was a reform, would be more effective as part of a general scheme than as a solitary amendment. In the next place, it was questioned if the proper idea of a university permitted the exclusion of one of the foremost branches of human knowledge and enquiry; at least, whether Italy should be the first European country to wrest religion from the circle of the sciences. Finally, there was the practical consideration, peculiar to the new kingdom, whether, in face of a church hostile to the state and on the watch for weak points to assail and neglected positions to occupy, it was prudent to take away the support of the state from the nurseries of resistance to priestcraft—the schools of such Protestants as Döllinger, and of a national religion in opposition to the supremacy of the Vatican. Of these three arguments, the first seems to be the most defensible, and it was sufficiently strong, when brought up on a subordinate issue (as to the so-called "spiritual directors"), to give occasion to the retirement of Correnti, the Minister of Public Instruction. The reply to the second would be that whenever theology is pursued as chemistry and anatomy and geology are pursued, its professors may without scruple be maintained at the cost of a state which wishes to be divorced from the church; and it is pretty certain that the Infallibilists would rather contest the field with men like Döllinger and his disciples, than with the products of such a training as Huxley and Darwin would pronounce scientific.

GRANT, GREELEY, AND ADAMS.

GENERAL GRANT has now been nominated, as everybody knew he would be, after his supporters and the country at large had had a month to think over Greeley's nomination. One of Greeley's ablest, most prominent, influential, and valuable supporters, Mr. Samuel Bowles, who managed after the Cincinnati Convention to work himself into a state of placid and even joyous acquiescence in the result, and was somewhat shocked at the *Nation's* unwillingness to hail the Sage of Chappaqua as the harbinger of a "beneficent revolution" in American politics, has been at Philadelphia, has seen and heard what happened, has thought over it, and promulgated his conclusions in this fashion in the Springfield *Republican:*

> "Now that his renomination is an accomplished fact, Gen. Grant is doubtless scanning the political heavens with increased interest, and he finds them undeniably propitious to his candidacy. To begin with, it has the prestige of regularity. His friends claim to be the only orthodox Republicans in the country, and they are in possession of the party premises and furniture. This counts for a good deal more than some persons seem to think. 'That strange power, a name,' is still potent, even with the most intelligent of us. Old Republicans shrink back from the thought of leaving the party for which they have labored and of which they have been so proud. General Grant has also the prestige of great military services. The passions excited by the war are subsiding, but they are still capable of being utilized for the purposes of his canvass. Judging from present appearances, the great bulk of the negro vote will be thrown for him. He can count upon the active support of the huge railroad corporations and the other monopolies—an element which is playing a more important part in our politics at present than many suspect. Finally, he has on his side that natural and powerful instinct in the nature of the capitalist and the tradesman which deprecates change and clings to the existing status. Money-bags are always and everywhere conservative. When you have proved to the busy wealth-seekers that the President has shown an indecent fondness for gifts, that he has appointed rascally or incapable kinsmen to office, that he has cracked, if not broken, the laws, what have you accomplished by your demonstration? They will reply to you: 'General Grant is a safe man. The country has prospered and its credit improved under his administration. We know him, and know that he can be trusted not to smash things. It would be folly in us to take the risks of a change. Let well enough alone.' This *laissez-faire* party is one of the oldest in the world, and it always has full ranks. It stood for twenty years between Louis Napoleon and his enemies, the French Republicans. The *vis inertiæ* plays at least as large a rôle in politics as in physics. It is a force which no politician who understands his business will underrate. Supplemented by the other forces we have mentioned, it may very well put General Grant at the head of the poll next November.
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> "It is true that there are powerful forces at work against his candidacy. The personal aversion which he has inspired in some of our oldest and strongest Republicans; the dissatisfaction—often shading into disgust—with many of his official performances; the instinct of progress, demanding something higher and better in administration than he has given us; the instinct of national unity, demanding the final burial of war issues and disuse of war methods—all these are against him. If the opposition were united and manageable, they would defeat him. If Mr. Adams had been nominated at Cincinnati, the outlook to-day would have been very different. A larger or smaller portion of the Irish vote would have gone over to Grant. Some few native-born Democrats of the Chicago *Times* school might have kept the Irishmen company. But the loss would have been insignificant by the side of the gain. Such a candidacy would have appealed to the best instincts and the most critical judgments of our people, Democrats and Republicans alike. Here at the North it would have grown stronger and more irresistible with every month of the canvass, while if it had failed to excite so much personal enthusiasm at the South, it would have commanded in the end a no less hearty support."

Now, this is perfectly true. The only exception that can be taken to it is that it is not new. All the originators of the Cincinnati movement knew it just as well on the first of last May as they know it now; and being true, the inference from it, that Mr. Greeley's nomination was an atrocious blunder, only to be surpassed by the other blunder of supporting him after his nomination, is irresistible.

If we stop "swinging our hats" for a moment, and consider the situation as it appeared last spring, the full depth of the absurdity into which some of the Liberal Republicans have plunged themselves will be apparent enough. In the first place, numerous as were the causes of dissatisfaction with Grant, this dissatisfaction was never strong enough with the mass of the people to make *any* change acceptable. The cry, "Anything to beat Grant," was therefore from the first a ridiculous cry. The person selected to beat Grant would, it was plain to be seen, have to be somebody whom the sober, sensible people who compose the mass of the nation would acknowledge to be, on the whole, better than Grant, if he were in Grant's place. The opposition would then have had nothing to contend against but that constitutional dislike of change which Mr. Bowles well describes, and which is one of the most valuable traits in the political character of the American people. To form an adequate idea of what kind of person he should be who would plainly commend himself as Grant's superior, supposing him to be in Grant's place, we have to consider of what elements the opposition to Grant was made up. We shall not attempt to assign them their relative importance, we shall simply enumerate them; and we shall confine our enumeration to the Republican party. The objections to him personally were that, while attempting to reform the civil service, with the help of a hostile or indifferent Congress, he kept in office worthless men, some of them his own relatives, whom he might have removed in his discretion; that he displayed in his conduct of affairs very great ignorance of the nature and objects of civil government; that he showed in his messages gross ignorance of economical questions; that he was over-greedy about money and over-eager to take presents; that he broke or disregarded the law on various occasions; that he "lobbied" for the promotion of his pet schemes; that he used the Federal patronage to interfere in local elections and promote his own renomination; and, finally, that he kept company with men whom the common people did not consider proper associates for their chief magistrate.

Now, whether these objections were well founded or not, they influenced a great many minds, and they were the minds of men who, though they make no great show at conventions, have through the long months of the canvass a powerful influence on public opinion. The objections to General Grant as the representative of the Republican party, or rather as the favorite of the managing rings of the Republican party, we need hardly go over; everybody is familiar with them. They may be said to be included in the great and growing objection to the prolongation of the military rule at the South; to the exclusion of the intelligence and property of the South from participation in its government; and to the generally centralizing and corrupting tendencies of the last ten years.

Who was and is the man, and the only man, whom this heterogeneous mass of discontent could unite on as its candidate, and who could, at the same time, be relied on to inspire such confidence as to overcome the *vis inertiæ* of a prosperous and cautious community? Why, Charles Francis Adams, of course. Everybody thought so; most persons said so. Mr. Adams has had the experience of a lifetime in civil affairs; he understands this government, and all government, if any man understands them; he has a character on which no breath of suspicion or stain has ever fallen; his tastes and habits are those of a gentleman; his associates are and would be those Americans of whom the United States is most proud, and whom all other nations most delight to honor. These are his personal qualifications. His political qualifications are equally strong. He is an original Free-soiler, and has never been anything else; although a Republican from the very beginning, he has never worn party harness. He has never either "dickered," or "combined," or "compromised," or "bargained." No politicians have any "claims" on him of any sort whatever; he is absolutely free from the degrading alliances, and entanglements, and traditions which have ruined so many Presidents; and his character and temperament are a sufficient guarantee that he would never contract any. Moreover, he is not in any way responsible for whatever is objectionable in the legislation of the last ten years. He was out of the country during seven of those ten years, and engaged on foreign soil in that same defence of the national unity and national honor which General Grant was carrying on at home. Of the nature of that defence—of its vigor, brilliancy, learning, and success, we do not need to speak; it is one of the great chapters in American history. In short, if a man had been created expressly to concentrate and lead the opposition to Grant, he would have had to be a man like Adams.

Mr. Adams, it is true, would in all probability have had to be elected, if elected, by the help of the Democrats; but the Democrats would, in his following, have been relegated to a secondary position. He would have drawn to his support at once a large and respectable and influential body of the Republican party. Surrounded by them, he would have entered on his canvass and his administration. The chairman of his committee in this State would not have been General John Cochrane, nor his chief fugleman Mr. Theodore Tilton, nor the first vice-president at his ratification meeting the notorious Ben Wood. Moreover, his appearance would have been hailed all over the country as the sign of a real revolution in politics, and would for that reason have excited real enthusiasm in thousands of breasts in which enthusiasm burns deep and long. Last of all, he would not have alarmed the capitalists and business men as Greeley does; he would have carried them with him, almost to a man. His very name would have been a guarantee of stability, order, and economy in the administration of the government, which is what the financial world above all things desires. Greeley, on the other hand, associates with even more rascally politicians, and has more of the habits and training of a politician himself, than Grant; he has warmly supported, except the San Domingo scheme, every objectionable feature in the legislation of the last seven years. He is neither revenue reformer, civil-service reformer, nor any other kind of reformer that people now care about; and, as to uncertainty, the very wind has, since the establishment of the Weather Bureau, become more reliable than he. The result is, and the history of the last month shows it, he has not only not drawn to himself any of the *reputable* discontent of the Republican party, but he has driven it back into the ranks repentant and humiliated. He stands surrounded, as far as the Republican North is concerned, in the main by "soreheads" and blatherskites. His great and indeed only reliance is the Democrats of the North and South, but especially of the South, and he therefore presents himself to the Republican party as simply the visible sign of a renewed attempt on the part of the old Copperheads and rebels to get possession of the government. No wonder there was a revival of the old military enthusiasm at Philadelphia, that the picture of "the man on horseback" was let down from the ceiling, and worshipped, with old camp cheers, and that the old songs of the war were heard again, giving vent to passions which every patriotic man must wish from his heart were for ever extinguished. What is offered us to cover up this catastrophe? Why, the deliverance of the people from the tyranny of the Electoral College on the tariff question!

What are honest men to do now? Well, if there is nothing else offered, if the Democratic Convention commits the absurdity of raising "the old white hat" as its standard at Baltimore, the only thing for Republicans of our way of thinking to do is to choose the less of two evils, and vote for General Grant. We expect no improvement in the Administration from him; we do not look at his hands for the removal of any of the existing abuses; we know of no answer to any of the weighty and reasonable objections made to his Administration; but we do know, as near as may be, what he will do; we know, at least, the worst he will do. The probabilities are that, the temptations connected with renomination over, he will on many points change for the better. Moreover—and this is the most important point of all—if he is re-elected, there will be no general redistribution of offices and no financial disturbance. What Greeley will do, and what the motley crew whom he would lead to Washington would do, nobody knows.

A MODEL PLATFORM.

WE believe the members of the committees on resolutions at nominating conventions generally transact their business with a fair show of gravity, but those of them who are endowed with any sense of humor must find it very difficult "to keep their faces straight," to use the popular phrase. The meetings ought to be scenes of boisterous mirth. The ostensible business of one of these committees is, and originally its real business was, to put into words the deliberate convictions of the convention on the principal political questions of the day. At present, this is probably the last thing it thinks of. What it occupies itself with is not what the convention thinks, but how much the convention will have to say in order to secure votes, or avoid losing any. There is no longer the shadow of a pretence that the majority of the convention believes in the platform, and there could hardly be a more striking illustration of the extent to which nominating conventions have been converted into machines, with no more mind or morals than force-pumps, than the bits of unreasoning declamation which they lay before the world as "declarations of principles." We make bold to affirm that in a resolution on any delicate question, it is to the committee a fatal defect that even one member sees, or thinks he sees, that it has a definite and distinct meaning, and is capable of only one meaning. Two meanings are the very least which a good plank must now have; and a man who is capable of drawing a plank with three or four meanings, or no meaning at all, may fairly count on a foreign mission, and look forward to the Senate.

Take, as an illustration, the handiwork of our "enthusiastic" friends at Philadelphia the other day. The first resolution in the platform is designed to meet the views of those who are opposed to the Ku-klux Act, so the use of that act is spoken of as "decreasing with a firm hand the resultant disorders of a great war"; and it is affirmed, in order still further to soften this phrase, that "peace and plenty prevail throughout the land." It must be remembered, in order to appreciate this resolution thoroughly, that hundreds of those who voted for it, and some of those who passed it, have within the last week been eagerly advocating the re-enactment of the most offensive part of the Ku-klux Act, on the ground that a state of war still prevails at the South. To get at the whole mind of the committee on the subject, however, we have to go down to the other end of the platform—to Plank No. 12—where, as it would not do to be both pro-Ku-klux Act and anti-Ku-klux Act in the same resolution, we are informed, for the pacification of those who like this sort of legislation, "that Congress and the President fulfilled their imperative duty in their measures for the suppression of violent and treasonable organizations in several lately rebellious regions and for the protection of the ballot-box." This separation of the two planks by a wide interval is only resorted to when the contradiction between them is too plain to admit of their being embodied in one, and when the nature of the subject is such as to make the use of cloudy phraseology inexpedient.

Plank No. 7 is, however, a masterpiece, which we recommend to all young politicians as a model. This deals with the vexed and dangerous question of the tariff, which the Cincinnati Convention got over by frankly saying it could not agree about it, and that the people might do as they pleased about it at the election of members of Congress. Our Philadelphia brethren, however, were too ambitious and too 'cute to pass it by in this way, so they drew what we may call a double-action plank, the composition of which must have caused much merriment in the committee. Our readers doubtless all know that if we asked Horace Greeley or Henry C. Carey how the tariff should be adjusted, he would reply, in the very words of the resolution, that "it should be so adjusted as to aid in securing remunerative wages to labor and promote the industries, growth, and prosperity of the whole country." If we asked Mr. Wells or Mr. Atkinson, he would reply in exactly the same terms; so that the plank, as far as words go, would suit protectionists and free-traders equally well. But if you asked Mr. Greeley or Mr. Carey how, under this plank, a tariff should be drawn, he would tell you a heavy duty should be put on all articles capable of being produced in this country; whereas, if you asked Mr. Wells or Mr. Atkinson, he would tell you duties should only be imposed on a few articles, either pure luxuries or incapable of being produced in this country; so that the committee has judiciously drawn a plank which suits equally well men of diametrically opposite opinions. The joyous wagging of Satan's tail must have been distinctly audible in the committee-room when the final touches were put to this choice production of his favorite art.

The relation of labor and capital is also a delicate subject, and on this the committee has furnished a specimen of its powers which, though differing in kind from the Tariff Plank, is of an equally high order of excellence. The Tariff Plank is a fine specimen, as we have pointed out, of a plank with two meanings. The Labor and Capital Plank is an equally fine specimen of a plank without any meaning at all. When you say to a capitalist that you "are in favor of so shaping legislation as to secure full protection and the amplest field for capital," he can make no better reply than shake hands with you and tell you he is much obliged to you. He sees you are a good fellow and mean well, but what you are going to do by way of favoring capital, he has no idea whatever. In like manner, when you tell the laborer that he is "the creator of capital," and that you mean to give him "the largest opportunities and a just share of the mutual profits [*'common'* profits the committee no doubt meant to say] of these two great servants of civilization," he can in reply only give you three cheers. What are "the largest opportunities and the just share of mutual profits of a servant of civilization" he does not know, any more than his innocent babe; and the worst of it is, the committee did not know themselves, and never meant that anybody else should find out if they could help it. They meant to construct a funny jingle of words, which would get them or prevent them from losing the votes of the simple-minded; the jingle they have made; whether it will answer their purpose remains to be seen.

The Woman Plank is also worthy of attentive consideration. The object is to bid against the Democrats for the support of the active female politicians of the day, and, at the same time, avoid alarming the opponents of female suffrage. So the plank does not say that the Convention is in favor of female suffrage; far from it. It says that "the Republican party is grateful to the loyal women of the North," and "that the honest demands of any class of citizens for additional rights should be treated with respectful consideration." In this way a hint is given that suffrage is coming to Woman, if she presses for it, though nothing whatever is pledged or promised, by means of a proposition as barren and as flat as a statement that every citizen is entitled to the quiet, undisturbed reading of his own newspaper, subject to the Constitution of the United States. Plank No. 16 is also admirably drawn, and surpasses them all in meaninglessness. The object of it is to catch the German vote, by leading the Germans to believe that the Republican party is opposed to temperance and Sunday legislation. So the resolution does not say that it is opposed to such legislation; far from it. It propounds the theory, of which nobody has ever heard before, that there are certain rights "not surrendered by the people to either the State or National Government," and alleges that "the Republican party disapproves of the resort to unconstitutional laws for the purpose of removing evils by interference with these rights." What these "rights" are the committee are careful not to mention, and it is therefore as safe to disapprove of "unconstitutional laws for the purpose of interfering with them" as to allege that the Republican party is firmly opposed to all false doctrine, heresy, and schism, and likewise to infanticide.

The laughter with which the resolution with regard to the "encouragement of American commerce and shipbuilding" will be read will ring from the glades of Chappaqua along the shores of the Sound, *via* Norwich, to Boston, the protectionist Sage transmitting it to Mr. Wells and Mr. Atkinson. The committee recommend "the adoption of measures that will tend to encourage the American commerce and shipbuilding." This has at least six meanings, and therefore is a worthy termination to as remarkable a piece of jugglery as we have seen for a long time. We do not criticise this platform in the interest of any party or candidate; but we call the earnest and patriotic attention of the honest men and women of all parties to it, as an illustration of the mode in which the machinery of conventions is used in governing them.

LABOR AND POLITICS.

THE strike in New York has assumed sufficiently formidable dimensions, and is creating sufficient interference with industry, and is making the future of industry in this city sufficiently uncertain, to warrant the belief that it will seriously influence the plans of manufacturers, and to raise the hope that it will attract more of the attention of voters than has hitherto been bestowed upon it, to the politicians' way of dealing with the labor question. The small success the "Labor Reform" party has hitherto achieved in the political field has been mainly due to the fact that they either don't know, or are unable to state clearly, what it is they want. All the Labor Reform platforms which have thus far been put forward have had only one well-defined remedy to propose for the various ills which afflict the working-classes, and that is the issue of plenty of money by the Government to all needy men. This is, of course, on the face so ridiculous a demand that it attracts little or no attention; and, as a separate political organization, the reformers make poor progress. But they are not by any means so unsuccessful in working within the party lines, and especially within the Republican party as the party in power, and that which is the more distinctively philanthropic in its composition and aims. All the party platforms now contain a "labor plank," which, it is true, affirms nothing that anybody can understand, and promises nothing that anybody can take hold of, but it nevertheless keeps alive the idea in the minds of workingmen that there is something which the Government leaves undone which would, if tried, greatly improve the laborer's condition. Now, if this thing were described—if, instead of declaring, to use the unmeaning fustian of the Philadelphia platform, that "the servant of civilization" should have "his just share of mutual profits," the party politicians would say in distinct language what the workingman's share of profits was, and in what manner it could be secured for him by legislation, those friends of the workingman who believe in the possibility and propriety of enlightening him by discussion would have a tangible proposition to meet, and a fair opportunity of stating, with a chance of being listened to, their view of the relations of labor and capital. As matters stand, the whole question is enveloped in a cloud which honest men cannot dissipate, and which affords the labor-reform agitators just the kind of material they need to sow discord between class and class, and keep the industry of the country in a state of permanent derangement, by exciting wild and unreasoning expectations.

The politicians have, however, at Washington done something, in which the present Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency, Mr. Wilson, was the chief mover, to throw some light on their views with regard to the laborer's rights, though it is that kind of light which only makes the darkness visible. They got a bill passed a year ago, directing that eight hours should be regarded in all Government workshops and arsenals as a legal day's labor, and for this they compelled the Government to pay as much as other employers only paid for ten hours' labor, or, in other words, twenty per cent. more than the market rate.

Now the effect of this on the less intelligent portion of the working-class mind has been to create the belief that the theory that there is such a thing as a market rate of wages is a mere invention of the capitalists; that the proper rate of wages is what will provide a man and his family with "a comfortable subsistence," and that this rate, be it much or be it little, all employers ought to pay and be made to pay; that the government does it as an act of simple justice, and that individuals ought to follow its example, or, in other words, that the reward of labor is something wholly regulated by an abstract rule of right, and in no way dependent on the laws of the physical universe—that is, on the cost of material and transportation or on demand and supply. This idea has, as might be expected, obtained a firmer foothold in this city than elsewhere, owing to the great concentration of foreign mechanics and the strong infiltration among them of decidedly socialistic ideas, and the thorough baseness and corruption of the city and State Government. It is the experience of all the departments of the city government which have to employ labor, that both the workingmen and their political patrons hold and firmly maintain the belief that the rate of wages ought to be what a workingman needs to make him "comfortable," let his habits and the size of his family or his views of "comfort" be what they may; and we venture to assert that in all of these departments either more than the market rate of wages is paid, or the market rate is paid to more laborers than are needed; and that all do acquiesce in the doctrine boldly preached by politicians, that it is the duty of the city and State—that is, of the taxpayers—to provide poor men with regular work and high pay. This, disguise it as we may, is communism, doubtless imperfectly developed and unorganized, but still communism, and it is at the bottom of the movement which is now forcing the eight-hour system on both the capitalists and the soberer and more peaceable and industrious workmen—a movement the character of which is illustrated by the fact that the men employed by the Messrs. Brewster, who have for some time shared the profits of the firm,and those of a greatpattern-maker in Long Island, who have always been paid by the hour and left to work as many hours as they please, have been bullied into joining it.

Now, we do not, as we have often said, believe that anything can be done thoroughly to enlighten the workingmen as to the conditions under which production can be carried on, except by making them producers themselves—that is, capitalists as well as laborers—by co-operation. We doubt greatly the value for this purpose of books and lectures expounding economical theories, because the average workingman is neither much of a reader nor much of a thinker, and is not likely ever to be gifted with the amount of trained imagination necessary to work out an economical problem to its remote results. If he had himself to find out a market for the pianos he makes, he would in one month acquire more economical wisdom than he can get in a year from the explanations of the Messrs. Steinway and Haines; for, it must be remembered, he distrusts the teachings of all employers, and he believes that authors and lecturers all belong to or sympathize with the employing class. But in the meantime the intelligent people of the United States can put a stop to the mischievous tricks of politicians about the labor problem. They can either make them cease talking about it, or make them say something which rational men can either concur in or contradict. It can and ought to be made dangerous and impolitic for the most ardent blatherskite to be guilty, with a grave face, of such an attempt to darken counsel on one of the most serious problems of the day as that which we have just witnessed in Philadelphia.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

PHILADELPHIA, June 7, 1872.

WHOEVER yesterday, or the day before, looked for a "stately and brilliant parliament" in this city, such as met in Cincinnati last month, unless the *Tribune* is mistaken, must have been disappointed. And equally disappointed must have been anybody who came here in the confident expectation of seeing seven hundred and fifty-two postmasters and collectors fraudulently pretending to be the American people and really engaged in making an emperor. The Convention did, undeniably, look much more like a body of men who were thoroughly conversant with the running of political machinery than like anything particularly brilliant and stately; but it would have been anywhere accepted as an assemblage fairly representative of the ordinary American voter, white and black. The black voter was if anything rather more efficiently represented than the white one, for the negro delegates made a better impression than most of their audience had been expecting, and certainly lost nothing in the comparison between them and the Southern white Republicans. Their eloquence got to be very tiresome to be sure, for they were somewhat petted by their Northern friends, and, having an inch given them, took an ell; but there was none of them who had to be so severely choked into silence as some of their white brethren. Indeed, it fell to the lot of one of the colored men to make an energetic protest against the summary suppression and extinction of a fellow-orator of the superior race. The Convention had become exceedingly weary of speech-making, of which it had, for various reasons, been compelled to listen to a great deal. The committee on resolutions had kept it waiting while the innumerable planks were being put together into something like a platform; there was a rumor that if it were not for the hotel-keepers and their interests, the whole business of the Convention might have been finished in one day; and altogether the delegates were very impatient and anxious to begin voting for Mr. Wilson and Mr. Colfax, when a member from Virginia got the floor and proceeded to make an old-fashioned "effort" in favor of the nomination of a Mr. Lewis. Very short work was made of him, and he was obliged to take his seat, speechless from his attempt to make head against the uproar, and in high dudgeon. When, a few minutes afterward, the platform was unexpectedly brought in, and the question was whether or not it should be adopted, everybody was taken aback by one of the delegations crying out "No." Apparently no one was caring anything in the world about the document; almost no attention was paid to the reading of it; I, for my part, gave up trying to hear it, and listened to a sister of the quill, a Greeley woman, who was chattering at a great rate to a brother reporter on the bench in front of me, and who, I learn, has read "The Swiss Family Robinson," but has never yet finished "Robinson Crusoe" nor "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." The negative votes were explained by a negro delegate, who, as I understood him, said that they were cast because Virginia wanted an opportunity to say to the Convention that she considered herself very ill-treated. She was pretty flatly insulted, but it was her spokesman's want of tact and good sense that brought his misfortune upon him; and she had less reason to complain than some of the other States. Delaware was hissed by the Wilson men because she gave her vote to Mr. Colfax; Mr. Gerrit Smith, of New York, was assailed with shouts of "time"; and Mr. McMichael, of this city, whose voice is not strong enough for so large a hall, was clamorously interrupted in a way that was really discreditable to the delegates. The fact was that the Convention was a renominating Convention, was perfectly well aware that it could do its work in three hours as well as in three days, and was determined that while it would consent to stay in session two days for decency's sake, it would not stay later than Friday afternoon.

The weather on Wednesday was rainy and disagreeable, and as the Convention was not yet welded into a homogeneous mass, and, taken man by man, was not exorbitantly enthusiastic for anybody, the first day was rather depressing. The hall was not completely filled, although a great crowd was present, and the voices of the orators echoed dismally from the empty upper gallery. The audience, however, was more than patient, and illustrated thoroughly the American fondness for ornate speech-making. "I've heard that speech on the floor of the Senate twice a week all winter," said one of the reporters, while a distinguished senator was declaiming sonorously, with much wagging of the head; and certainly, what the senator was saying had a very familiar sound, and must for ten years have been well known to most of his hearers, but they listened hard, receiving it all gladly and with frequent applause. As for the reporters, I may say that they were throughout irreverent, and for the most part indifferent, and behaved more like the Sapeur in the French song, to whom nothing was sacred, than like citizens in convention assembled, and occupied in securing the results of the war, protecting American industry, reviving our commerce, and providing for the widows of our soldiers. While, for instance, the pit and galleries were applauding one of the speakers, his journalistic young friends behind him were informing each other that he had been "dead broke" within the week, and had been obliged to borrow two hundred dollars from a well-known Massachusetts legislator to get home on; and that he was no such sharp as a certain distinguished minister plenipotentiary, formerly a member of Congress, who "always knew enough to borrow of parties that had bills to job through, and never recollected to pay." This mode of looking at public men and matters was however replaced by another when the nomination of a candidate for the Vice-Presidency was in order. So far as I make out, Mr. Colfax has, for some reason or other, become obnoxious to a number of gentlemen connected with the press in the capacity of Washington correspondents, and has been indebted to them for some months of hostility to his pretensions and ardent advocacy of Mr. Wilson's. At all events, there was unsubdued excitement in the press-gallery when it became evident that Mr. Wilson would be nominated on the first ballot, and several correspondents were to be seen swinging their hats, exchanging congratulations, asking each other, How about the Syndicate now? and How that was for Schuyler? and in general manifesting a great deal of contentment at the result and a happy satisfaction, as over a good act well accomplished. And I believe that the Convention outside the press-gallery was far more sincerely interested and genuinely enthusiastic at this moment than at any other. It is a question very difficult to settle, whether or not a given body of men is really enthusiastic, or for its own evil purposes is simulating enthusiasm and joy; but I should say that in spite of the great cheering when General Grant was put in nomination, and the hat-swinging and prolonged shouting when he was declared the nominee and a picture of him on horseback was exposed to view, there was, nevertheless, more real feeling when Wilson slowly forged ahead of Colfax than at any other time. The Convention never came to order after Virginia, changing her vote, gave him the nomination. Very sincere, too, was the applause given to the negro orators when they, one after another, competing with each other for applause as it seemed, promised that the negro vote should be cast solidly against Greeley and Brown. Nobody was so loudly cheered on the first day as a colored delegate called Grey, from Alabama, I believe, who compared Greeley to Abraham, and reprobated the patriarch for being so good to his legitimate son that the bondwoman and her child were forced out into the wilderness, and "the old lady had to hunt for water." The ingenuity and fun of the comparison were sufficient to please any favorably-disposed audience, but it was unmistakable, too, that the Convention welcomed any assurance that the South was safe for the candidates on the Philadelphia ticket.

It is, of course, open to anybody to say that the tremendous uproar which followed the nomination of the Presidential candidate was all in earnest; but it is true, too, that as much pains was taken to elicit it as if there had been fear that it might not be forthcoming of its own accord, and some of the devices for securing it were rather ludicrous. Thus, the device of the picture was somewhat cheap; and it was rather funny, when the shouts had partly subsided, to see a gentleman standing up and singing a ditty to the effect that

> "Grant shall win the victoree
> For Presi*dent again*."

This song, however, set off the Convention and the galleries, which on the second day were all crowded, and for the next half-hour nothing was done but singing and music by the band, the whole house, and even some of the reporters, joining in the choruses, and making a din not free from dissonance, and in all kinds of time, but pleasant enough to hear, and offering to the eye a striking spectacle. I do not know how many thousand people were present, but the hall is very large, and it was packed with humanity from the floor to the lofty ceiling, and to see the crowd under one and another wave of excitement, now mirthful, now serious, now silent, and now shouting at the top of their lungs, was something worth remembering. I doubt if there ever was a noisier political convention in this or any other country.

It was, on the whole, a very good-natured body and reasonably full of fun, though it became somewhat intolerant at the end, and after its patience had been very much tried by a set of speakers who, if I have any notion of what constitutes good public speaking, were decidedly poor, Governor Noyes of Ohio doing more sensible talk in five minutes, and with better effect upon the Convention, than a dozen or more of the professed orators. Yet the Convention was lavish of applause to the "great magnetic war Governor," Oglesby, Senator Morton, Senator Logan, the Hon. Mr. Lynch, and others, who inflicted on us the regulation brass-band speech, of which it is a hoary and current superstition that American audiences are very fond. In its fun as well as in its seriousness, the Greeley apostasy appeared to be quite as interesting to the Convention as anything else, and the heartiest applause was given to Mr. Townsend of New York when he announced that New York cast her unanimous vote "for the man who, as Horace Greeley said, never had been beaten and never would be—Ulysses S. Grant." A New Hampshire speaker also pleased the delegates, though it was a moment or two before they took his joke, when, in casting the vote of his State, he described it, *sotto voce*, in the words, "and the birthplace of Horace Greeley," and then gave all the votes to General Grant. Most of this kind of jocoseness appeared during the balloting for the Vice-Presidential candidacy.

On the whole, it cannot be said that the assemblage was very interesting. Its work, confessedly, was so thoroughly cut and dried that it was impossible to be in any way excited over its progress to completion, and I paid rather more attention, so far as my opportunities went, to the drift of political opinion among the Pennsylvanians, and their estimate of the result in this State of the October and November elections. I do not feel that I have learned anything certain, but the gist of what I have heard from a number of leading men, none of whom is a Democrat, is about as follows: From a gentleman who was very prominent in the Convention, and is an old and experienced Republican politician, I got the remark that "the Democracy is talking of carrying Pennsylvania by thirty thousand majority; but I shall believe it when I see it." To my enquiry whether his incredulity was in regard to the Democratic victory or to the size of the Democratic majority, he replied that he was sure Buckalew could not beat Hartranft by thirty thousand, but that Pennsylvania politics were in a dreadful muddle. Mr. Forney's dissatisfaction counted for very little, this gentleman said, and there would be no serious split in the party. Another gentleman whom I questioned about Hartranft and his chances said that, as he understood the matter, Hartranft could not show a clean record; if nothing more could be said against him, this could be said, that he, while holding an office which made it incumbent on him to watch State agents and other officials, had borrowed a considerable sum of money from the defaulting State agent, Evans, and returned it only after the exposure of that person had been made. As for Hartranft's chances of election, this gentleman said that he had just been talking with a friend who knows thoroughly his own county, and the two or three adjacent, and is familiar with many men in various regions of the State, and who tells him that Buckalew is certain to be elected; but, added my informant, "this friend of mine says he told the same thing to the Hartranft men here in this city, and they said they did not care a damn who was elected, they were going to count Hartranft in." That there is an easy possibility of doing this I am assured, and a certain office-holder in Philadelphia who some three or four years ago was forced out of politics for corruption and has only recently come back, was pointed out to me as having recently been elected in this irregular way. His managers did not dare to give him as many votes as the other candidates received, so they counted him some four thousand less, but they counted him in.

Of interest in the original Liberal Reform movement or in the Greeley-Brown movement I have found, I may say, not a vestige. One gentleman said to me: "If we had cared anything about the Cincinnati movement that you New York men got up, do you suppose we should have let McClure and that crowd represent us in that Convention? Nobody here cared anything for it. And as for Greeley and Brown, the Democrats may be thinking of them, but nobody else is." How much the Democrats are thinking of them, I do not know; but two Republican editors from different parts of the State said that all the Democrats they knew would go for Greeley if the Baltimore Convention so ordered.

I judge that with their addiction to protection and the slowness, to call it so, of the average Pennsylvania mind, and the strength of the Philadelphia municipal reformers, it may be quite within the possibilities that a Democratic victory in October may nevertheless be followed by a Grant victory in November; and I am much inclined to the opinion that there may be a great deal in what is said to me about the count of votes in the gubernatorial election.

A GREAT DEBATE IN THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

PARIS, May 19, 1872.

THE sittings of the French Assembly at Versailles have something theatrical. They take place in a real theatre, which is perhaps one of the finest in the world, as it is in the purest Louis XIV. style. The gilding is so perfect that it has never been found necessary to touch it since the days of the Grand Roi. This theatre was already historically famous for the great banquet of the Gardes Françaises, when Marie Antoinette appeared and inflamed the enthusiasm of the Guards. Alas! a few days afterwards she was obliged to return to Paris, the prisoner of the populace. This week there have been two sittings, which deserve to be noticed, as it is the first time that the fallen Empire has found an advocate in the French Assembly. M. Rouher, the ex-minister of State—the vice-emperor, as Ollivier once called him—had announced an interpellation on a very dry subject, the contracts of the Minister of War. But this subject had already furnished to the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier a theme for an attack on the corruption of the Empire, and M. Rouher meant to answer this attack. I will not go into the details of this technical subject, and would rather describe to you the scene in its dramatic features. There is a parliamentary train which leaves Paris at one o'clock for Versailles. Last Tuesday it was crowded to excess. It contained, besides five hundred deputies, about as many ladies and gentlemen who had procured tickets for the Chamber. The deputies all occupy the pit of the chamber; the boxes are all filled with strangers. There is the diplomatic box, where ambassadors and ministers make room for the most elegant ladies. Madame Thiers has a box to herself, so has the President of the Chamber for his friends. There is also the vice-president's box, the secretaries' box, the ex-deputies' box, as every Chamber pays this compliment to its predecessors; the army box, for the officers of the garrison of Versailles, and so on. The list of the persons whom I saw in the boxes of the theatre last Tuesday would not have much interest for you; it is enough to say that it would comprise almost every name of importance in Paris, in a social or a political sense. It was something like a first representation of the opera. The Figaresque papers had all announced that the famous actor, Rouher, who had not been heard since two years, would make his first appearance. The rôle of Rouher was indeed a difficult one. For the last twenty years he had never appeared except before a Chamber composed of official candidates hanging on his lips. He bore the orders of an absolute sovereign, one may almost say of Providence. He had the attitude of a king, of a judge. He held in his hands all the threads of diplomacy. He knew when war was to break out; he was in the secrets of the gods. He was a party to the treaties with Cavour, with Lord Palmerston, with Cobden, with Bismarck. He had left the Corps Législatif to go to the Senate, as the

President of the Upper Chamber, and thought he could there enjoy for the rest of his life *otium cum dignitate.* And now the Empire, which had made him so great, was no more! And old, broken, with the weight of the national misfortune on him, he had to come forward, like an humble lawyer, to argue a case before a Chamber where he had not a single friend, and where on both sides he was looked upon with sentiments of horror, of hatred, and of distrust.

There was a tragic character in such a scene which would have moved anybody. So hostile did the Chamber feel to Rouher that, by a natural reaction of generosity, it had been agreed in all the clubs that the parties should give a hearing to Rouher, and remain "calm and silent." This promise was kept the first day. For three hours Rouher was allowed to plead, to enter into the most minute details of the contracts passed by the Imperial Government, to criticise and attack every line of the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier's speech. It is only fair to say that he was as lucid, as clear as possible; that he showed himself a complete master of the subject; and he succeeded in finding the Duke very often in error. The Duke had given the impression to the public that the Empire had no arms, no guns, in sufficient quantity at the beginning of the war; that the money which was to be spent in the arsenals had been squandered elsewhere, chiefly in the Mexican war. There is probably some truth in this statement, but the numbers given by the Duke were inaccurate, and Rouher proved it with official documents. He proved also that the last contracts passed by the last ministry of the Empire, in great haste, after the first defeats, had not been cancelled as they might have been by the Government of the 4th of September; that the contracts of the Government of National Defence were quite as objectionable as those of the Empire. After a long exposition of this painful subject, he ended by attacking Gambetta, in the hope of securing the sympathies of a portion of the Chamber. Gambetta has been canvassing lately for a dissolution of the Chamber. "This dissolution," said Rouher, "would now be the dissolution of the country." After this long and powerful speech, Rouher had succeeded so far that the Duc d'Audiffret asked permission only to answer him the next day. He passed a very nervous night. Was he to follow Rouher into all these details of the contracts, to attempt to divide equally the responsibilities between the Empire and the 4th of September? No; if he did that, Rouher was too good a lawyer to leave him the victory; the public would get disgusted; and the general impression would be that Rouher had had the best of the discussion. D'Audiffret, with the keen eye of a politician, felt that the whole tone of the discussion must be changed. The next day, the audience was quite as impatient and as excited as the first day. The Duke, after wandering for a little while through the contracts, at last quitted the tone of the lawyer and attacked directly Rouher and the Empire. "You say that you were ready; you say that your arsenals were full; then, you are all the more to blame for not having used your materials and for having brought disaster after disaster on your country." On the very day when the war was proclaimed, the Senate, with Rouher at its head, went to St. Cloud, and thanked the Emperor for his vindication of the honor of France. Rouher, speaking in the name of the Senate, congratulated the Emperor on having for four years prepared the war in secret, and announced that victory would follow the glorious conqueror of Solferino to the Rhine and to Berlin. A more impudent declaration was perhaps never made; for, at the time when the French Government was trying to prove that the Hohenzollern affair had forced the war on France, here was the President of the French Senate thanking the Emperor for his long preparation of it. D'Audiffret did not miss using this terrible weapon on his adversary. "When you now attend your Emperor in the walks of Chislehurst, do you never hear a voice screaming: 'Vare, Vare, reddite legiones'—Give us back, give us back our provinces?" The harsh and thrilling voice of the Duke here filled the whole theatre. It was a moment of almost sublime horror. Many deputies wept, especially those of the eastern frontier of France.

What could Rouher do after that? The contracts were forgotten; he had stood at the tribune as the advocate of the Empire, and d'Audiffret silenced the Empire by his apostrophe: "Give us back our provinces." He attempted, however, to speak again, and, in justice to him, it must be said that he was not quite overpowered by the weight he had to bear. With tears in his eyes he said that he also was a patriot; that he had never wished anything but the greatness of France; he had no responsibility in the declaration of war (which is true); he even attempted to explain his speech at St. Cloud, and screened his words behind similar patriotic declarations made afterwards by Thiers, by Jules Favre, by Gambetta. He attacked Gambetta again, and at last finally brought him to the tribune. Gambetta was quite beside himself; he has sometimes been compared to a roaring lion; he roared, and shook his fist at Rouher; called him and his friends all possible names, cowards, liars, traitors; he threatened him with that justice which had already smitten his accomplices in the Mexican war, Morny and Jecker the banker (shot by the Communists), Napoleon III., and which now had Bazaine in its grasp. Gambetta has been trying lately to become less of a Rabagas, and more of a statesman; he has been canvassing the departments, and assuring the Frenchmen, in easy after-dinner speeches, that he and his party represented order, decency, morality, moderation, and all that was respectable and delightful; but Rouher had driven him almost mad; his fiery Italian blood was boiling, and even his friends of the Left could restrain him no more.

The Duc de Broglie offered an order of the day which expressed confidence in the Parliamentary Commission of Contracts, and the hope that it would continue to elucidate all facts before and after the 4th of September. Gambetta and the Left felt that it was better to adopt this order of the day than to divide the House, and it was unanimously adopted. The hope of Rouher was, therefore, not realized; he had worked in order to set the Right against the Left, the Monarchical party against the Republicans, but he found them all united against the Empire. As for M. Thiers, he preserved a complete silence during the whole fight; he is no friend of the Duc d'Audiffret, and did not approve of his first speech against the contractors and the Ministry of War; but Rouher had sufficiently exposed the administrative errors of the Duke; it could only be agreeable to M. Thiers to see the Empire attacked and condemned solemnly once more by the verdict of the Chamber. The great oratorical triumph of the Duke is perhaps not much to his taste, as the Duke has won a great name now in the country, and has been always known as a strong monarchist; he was the leader of the movement for the *fusion* between the Orléans family and the Comte de Chambord, which came to an end by the intemperate and absurd manifestoes of the Count; he is a personal friend of the Orléans, and has so far been in opposition to M. Thiers's policy; but M. Thiers has for the present nothing to fear from any party, and the Duke found it politic to say some words in praise of him in his speech. He said that the Empire had always persecuted M. Thiers; that at the time of the declaration of war, M. Thiers's house was surrounded by the Imperial mob, which hissed and threatened him—that house which afterwards was demolished by the Commune. "The Commune," said he, "achieved what you had begun."

Practically, it is difficult to say what will be the consequence of this parliamentary fight. The enemies of the Empire are elated by the result; but I cannot help remembering the sitting at Bordeaux, when the *déchéance* of the Empire was pronounced. On that day Rouher, if he had appeared, would have been torn to pieces. Now he speaks for three hours in a French Assembly, and comes out openly as the representative of the Empire.

THE UNIFICATION OF ITALY.

FLORENCE, May 15, 1872.

A PREJUDICE is widely spread throughout the world with regard to the two European nations which have been the last to constitute their unity: that the unification of Italy was a more spontaneous and voluntary act than that of Germany; that Piedmontese laws and institutions were wished for by all the provinces of the Peninsula, while Prussia imposed hers by force on the disarmed German states; in a word, that Cavour was Italy's liberator, Bismarck Germany's enslaver—a conqueror whose success alone has induced his servile victims, always kneeling before power, to pardon him. This whole view of things is constantly meeting with contradiction in facts, however plausible it may appear to superficial lookers-on. Indeed, whilst Prussia has respected the laws and institutions not only of all the confederate states, but of each of her own provinces, and the tendency towards unification is represented in the *Reichstag* precisely by representatives of minor states and recently annexed provinces, the introduction of Sardinian legislation was decreed peremptorily in 1860 throughout Italy, and the individual provinces are now in fact endeavoring to preserve the few autonomical institutions and privileges they have saved, or to regain some of those which were then taken from them. In a word, it is the centrifugal movement which paralyzes the legislation of the parliament of Rome, and the centripetal which facilitates that of the Berlin Reichstag.

One is constantly induced to make such reflections when one considers the sterile activity of the Italian parliament during this winter's session, and seeks for the causes of its failure in satisfactory results. In fact, we may say that this has been the case ever since the young kingdom existed, and that in these last thirteen years the legislative body of Italy has not voted one of those "organic" laws which were to have been its chief study and occupation immediately after the unification of the country. It was the fashion till lately to attribute this failure in serious legislation to the incomplete state of the kingdom and the all-engrossing interest of its foreign policy; but the two long sessions which have taken place since the taking of Rome must have converted even such as refused to be convinced by the four sessions which followed upon the annexation of Venice in 1866, that these were not the real obstacles to successful legislation in Italy. Nor can it be entirely accounted for by the indolence, apathy, and carelessness of the Italian ministers and deputies. Parliament meets, indeed, pretty regularly, and twenty or thirty members are always to be found ready to work, which number would be quite sufficient, even if all the others did nothing. The real cause of this undeniable fact must therefore be looked for elsewhere. I firmly believe it to consist in the unripe state of Italy when she suddenly improvised her unity at a time when she was totally unprepared for it. There had been neither a Zollverein, nor a national body of university professors, nor a constant commercial and scientific intercourse between state and state by rail and road, by correspondence and travelling, to prepare the way, as had been the case in Germany. Moreover, the idea of unity was by no means so mature here as there, where it was not one single Mazzini alone, but all cultivated minds, who inclined towards it for more than forty years before, however different may have been the definitive form they wished it to assume. The circumstance alone that the Prussians were able, on the morrow of their "conquests," to leave each conquered province its own *corps d'armée* without fear of strengthening the separatist tendencies, and that the Italians dare not yet, after twelve years, apply this so-called "territorial" system to Sicily, Tuscany, or in fact to any of their provinces, lest they should detach themselves from the mother-country—this fact, I say, goes far to prove how far less prepared for unity Italy was than Germany.

Thus the very first step of the Italian Government in 1859 and 1860, after having amalgamated all the separate armies in one, mixing up Lombards and Neapolitans, Sardinians and Romagnols, together in the same regiment, was peremptorily to decree the introduction of the Piedmontese statutes, as well as Piedmontese civil and criminal laws. It soon became evident that these laws, framed in the theoretical spirit of the Napoleonic legislation of 1802, but slightly modified by the exigencies of Piedmontese history, traditions, customs, and interests, were utterly unadapted to the rest of Italy. The French system of recruiting (the conscription) met with a bad reception, and was imperfectly carried out in several provinces. The juries, once the novelty of the thing had passed away, could not be induced to attend the assizes, or, when they came, to pronounce a condemnatory verdict. Schools were established everywhere, but the parents refused to send their children to them, etc. Comprehensive organic laws were promised, as we have said, and, indeed, the different ministers tried to keep the promise given. Laws organizing a whole system of public instruction, from the university down to the village school; the entire administration, remodelling of the arbitrary territorial divisions, as well as reform of the French system of prefects, combined with elective councils; the whole jurisdiction and magistracy, beginning with the court of cassation and ending with the *pretori* (justices of peace); the army and navy, the financial system, etc., were framed in the ministries. Unfortunately, the Chambers never succeeded in voting these pompous bills, and this simply because the different towns and provinces could not be brought to sacrifice the smallest particle of their rights or advantages to the common cause. The present administration had, like its predecessors, a certain number of such unificatory laws in its portfolios; yet they have no more been adopted during the expiring legislative session than they were in former periods.

A few examples will serve to illustrate the real cause of this chronic failure.

Everybody will easily understand that Italy is not rich enough, either in money, professors, or students, to keep up twenty universities; and it is not difficult to see that by reducing them to five, and concentrating on these five focuses of intellectual and scientific life the most eminent scholars and teachers whom they would be able to attract there by concentrating their pecuniary resources also, and offering them greater advantages, they would at the same time attract hundreds of students to those universities, full of real life and intellectual activity, now divided between twenty such establishments, fifteen of which are dying a natural death, and five others quite incomplete. But what everybody may confess the best is not always readily maintained when it comes to discussion and votes in parliament. Then the member for Catania, or Perugia, or Sienna, if he wishes to be re-elected, must needs stand up for the university of his constituency; and, as he promises to most of his colleagues his support on a similar occasion, is almost sure to obtain a majority. It is the same with the number of useless prefectures we have in this country: a prefect being a sort of petty autocrat, his presence in a town is considered to give it the splendor of a small court, and woe to the deputy who would contribute by his vote to deprive his native town of such a benefit! Again, in matters of justice we find the same contradictions which paralyze all Italian legislation: on the one side a desire to establish an external, symmetrical uniformity in the French style; on the other side, the wish to preserve and spare local and provincial privileges and prejudices; a great deal of small talk about decentralization and ultimate bringing in of centralizing laws; an eternal conflict, in short, between a rationalist legislation and real or imaginary interests. Nor is this conflict embodied in two distinct parties—it exists in every individual's brain. Every cultivated Italian may repeat with Faust:

> "Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach, in meiner Brust"
> (Two souls, alas, dwell within my breast)—

for every cultivated Italian has been brought up with the abstract passion for that abstract being called Italy, which had no other concrete system whatever beyond that of the language and literature; and, his thoughts not being deep, imagined that it would suffice to proclaim unity for it to exist. No sooner did he see it before him, proclaimed in this way, than he saw that behind names there must be things, and, as he had been brought up in the "modern" French-Revolution and First-Empire ideas, simply began to build up the thing by means of that system of architecture. It has now worked for twelve years, and the Italians see with terror that what they held to be a living organic body is, in fact, nothing but a skilfully-constructed, inanimate machine, which only moves as long as it is artificially wound up. On the other hand, they are beginning to feel that they may get tired of incessantly winding it up. It is a delicate thing which requires continual vigilance, and is very apt to be put out of order if neglected but for a single day, or knocked by a rough hand, as "the brilliant French organization" proved in 1870. Now, our modern Italian is an indolent being by nature; he is, moreover, attached to his native place and province; he is a man of habit—does not like being disturbed by innovation; finally, he is full of *riguardi* (considerations), and would never do harm to anybody were the greatest benefit to be obtained by it. The consequence is, that when a new law, like that discussed this week in the Senate about the Supreme Court of Justice, is to be voted, he cannot make up his mind to put his personal inclinations and interests in harmony with his theoretical convictions. The latter, in his utterly Frenchified mind, are for the system of cassation against the system of a third instance; but the system of cassation requires that there should be only one Supreme Court for the kingdom, established in Rome, which would be a great loss (in the Italian mind) for Turin, Milan, Florence, and Naples. Were he, on the contrary, to follow the example of the English and Germans, who make their laws according to the exigencies of their society, and do not pretend to remodel society after the pattern of their laws, he would easily conciliate the above said local interests with the national interest by leaving to the French their admirable court of cassation, and establishing four or five courts of third instance; by doing which he would at the same time avoid creating a body of which nobody knows whether it is a legislative, a judicial, or a didactic authority.

It is evident that it is no easy matter to eradicate this evil in Italy. Years employed in unlearning what they have learned from the French Revolution, and in acquiring practical science of government and administration, force of circumstances, accidents, a reform of the parliamentary system still in vigor, will alone allow them to overcome this essential difficulty. However, as New Italy has the inappreciable benefit of enjoying the most absolute liberty, there is no doubt that the legislation will in time profit by this vivifying element, as commerce, science, and industry already have done.

Correspondence.

REASONS FOR ELECTING GREELEY.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: I submit the following reasons why Mr. Greeley should be elected and why he should be supported by those who participated in the Cincinnati Convention. Some of these reasons are not new, as you will perceive:

1. His election will dissolve existing parties, and enable the best men of both old parties to unite for needed reforms.

2. It promises to withdraw from the field all antagonisms growing out of slavery and the war.

3. It will establish the one-term principle as a political maxim, and thus take from the President the temptation to use the public offices to secure his own re-election; in short, will be the first step to real civil-service reform.

4. It will enable the revenue reformers of both old parties to work together, thus practically doubling their strength in every doubtful Congressional district.

5. The responsibility of putting Mr. Greeley in the field rests at last upon those who drew the Cincinnati Convention together, and they cannot avoid it. But for them there would have been no man of the name of Greeley available for the people's votes.

6. If elected, his advisers must be either those who drew the Cincinnati Convention together or those who jumped on after it started—either the soldiers or the camp-followers. If the soldiers go to the rear, the camp-followers will of course take possession of the field, and will not be chiefly to blame under the circumstances.

7. If those who drew the Cincinnati Convention together abandon Greeley, or even falter, they contribute to that extent to the election of Grant. Looking upon the question as a choice of evils, they must decide that Grant and old party tyranny are better than Greeley and emancipation.

8. To attempt to substitute anybody else for Greeley now is not only to undo the field-work that has already been done, but to cast the shadow of irresolution upon the whole movement, its authors and abettors. There will be no certainty in the minds of the public that, having made one change in the face of the enemy, we shall not make another. Voters will scatter, newspapers will slide back to the old grooves, leaders who are now waiting for Baltimore will conclude that this is boys' play and will cling to their accustomed allegiance. This applies to Democrats as well as Republicans.

9. Those who drew the Cincinnati Convention together will be the leaders and directors of Greeley's Administration, unless by their own acts they elect not to be so. Greeley must lean upon them for support, for they are the only ones who can give him support. He must lean upon those who can stand alone, and not upon those who need something else to lean upon. Since he has no organized party to look to, he must look to the foremost men of the mob for help. You know who those foremost men are.

10. Since Mr. Greeley is not looking to a second term, he has no motive but to make a high-toned Administration. What motive has he to run his ship on the very rock where Grant split? Is not that rock plainly visible? Is it likely that Mr. Greeley is the only one who has not seen it?

CURTIUS.

["Curtius," it is proper to mention, is a prominent promoter of the Greeley movement, and whatever he says is entitled to careful consideration; but his argument, in part at least, rests on assumptions for which Greeley's career, in our opinion, affords no warrant, and which we have recently fully discussed. We are surprised, by the way, that "Curtius" should make no mention, among the benefits to flow from Greeley's election, of the deliverance of the people from the usurpation of the Electoral College in the matter of the tariff. He surely has not overlooked this master-stroke of the Cincinnati Convention, which Mr. Gratz Brown and Senator Doolittle are evidently prepared to put in the same category as the Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, and the Emancipation Proclamation.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

MACMILLAN & CO. are about to publish the "Oxford Bampton Lectures for 1871," by the Rev. G. H. Curteis, who treats of Dissent in its relation to the Church of England.——"Concord Days," by A. Bronson Alcott, is on the list of Roberts Bros.——E. B. Treat, of this city, publishes by subscription "The National Political Manual for 1872," which, if it surpass Mr. McPherson's compilation of the same kind, will need no other *raison d'étre.*——Baring-Gould's "Lives of the Saints," in thirteen volumes, will shortly begin to be issued by Pott, Young & Co., each volume being complete in itself.——The remarkable series of lectures on Preaching, delivered last year at Yale College by Mr. Beecher, is announced in book-form by J. B. Ford & Co., who also have in press the Fifth and Sixth Series of Mr. Beecher's Sermons, and a "History of New York City," by Mrs. M. J. Lamb, member of the New York Historical Society.——An author who evidently has no idea of "clasping hands across the bloody gulf" is Mrs. Sallie F. Chapin, for whom Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger are to publish "Fitz-Hugh St. Clair, the South Carolina Rebel Boy; or, It is no Crime to be Born a Gentleman."——J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce "The Evolution of Life," by Henry C. Chapman, M.D., with numerous illustrations; "Theology for Children," by Mark Evans; "Guide-Book of the Lehigh Valley Railroad"; and the usual number of new novels.

—In the *Herald* of Monday last there is an essay, nine columns long, on the late Mr. Bennett, which, considering that it appears in his own paper, adds singularly little to our knowledge of him. Perhaps more than anything else that it does, it confirms by its extreme paucity of biographical details the correctness of the opinion that no one of our time whose name has been so widely familiar as his, can have lived a life of such isolation. Except for its tone of personal friendship, or, we may rather say, of *Herald* partisanship, there is in this essay almost nothing to make it different from the thousand-and-one obituary notices which have been printed in the various newspapers. Of eulogy based upon *Herald* partisanship, however, or upon personal friendship, there is an amount altogether unwarranted by the facts. We are told. for instance, that Mr. Bennett was the original deviser of Central Park and the neighboring boulevards, but of proof of this assertion nothing is offered, and in what sense the statement is true we are left in doubt. It is also asserted that while yet a boy, in Scotland, Mr. Bennett discerned clearly that the man who wished to lead a literary life, and at the same time exert an influence over his fellows, must make up his mind to emigrate to America, and must there become the owner and editor of a perfectly independent newspaper. Yet it was only after he had reached his twenty-seventh year, and after he had tried his hand at several employments, that Mr. Bennett found himself for the first time at work in a newspaper office; and how it happened that he came to this country at all no one seems to know certainly. It may perhaps be true, as another biographer tells us, that it was the perusal of Franklin's "Autobiography," a book which circulated extensively in Scotland when Mr. Bennett was a youth of fifteen or thereabouts, which at the same time directed the future New York editor to the country of his adoption, and pointed out to him his foreordained profession. This probably was the same edition of the famous "Autobiography" which was read so eagerly by other noted Scotchmen of that generation, and of which William Chambers relates that his first venture as a publisher consisted in his printing a small edition of it with a few pounds of battered type picked up at an auction, and on a press at which he was compositor, proof-reader, and pressman. Widely different, we may as well remind ourselves, were the subsequent careers of the two young Scotchmen, who sixty years ago, at Edinburgh and Aberdeen, were drinking in their inspiration from our Yankee philosopher's fountain of wisdom and worldly wisdom. The one was to be the reinventor of penny literature and to sow broadcast in "the huts where poor men lie" the best thought of the best minds of all ages; the other was to become the founder of a great journal which even while its parent lay dying displayed each morning in conspicuous columns the advertisements of prostitutes, abortionists, and professional seducers, male and female. Not only may we as well remind ourselves of this difference between the Edinburgh *Journal* and the New York *Herald;* it becomes evident that we do much better in reminding ourselves of it than we do in forgetting it, when almost everywhere we see loud praises of the *Herald's* success, and find its example held up for imitation. That it has been in some obvious respects worthy of imitation this *Herald* essay makes sufficiently plain. As we have said, it does ample justice to Mr. Bennett's admirable qualities, and that he had many such no one will deny who knows what he accomplished in his profession, and how great were the difficulties in his way. But he had faults as great, and very little did the *Herald* ever serve any good cause. That it has always been a consistent friend of virtue, as our author maintains, and a systematic, earnest denouncer of vice; that often in waiting upon public opinion this absolutely independent journal has not often been as stupid, heartless, and cruel as ignorance and moral callousness could make it; that its conductor never could withhold praise for a good act even though done by an enemy, nor condemnation for a bad act, though done by a friend; that of late years, at any rate, it has not been intellectually incompetent in its editorial department, and inferior to its contemporaries oftener than it has been superior to them in the fulness of its news—these things it requires an odd sort of impartial critic to maintain, and how our essayist can assert them we do not know. It is a fact, however, that a newspaper commands from its friends a species of idolatry curiously intense. There are plenty of men in this city, and Brooklyn, and Williamsburg who think of the *Herald* as an old sailor thinks of his "saucy *Arethusa*" or *Mary Ann,* or as a veteran soldier thinks of his regiment.

—By the death of Dr. William Stimpson, Secretary of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, Natural History loses one of its most distinguished American followers. His work was of a kind, and done with a spirit, which would not give renown outside the circle of his fellow-workers in the science, but among them his place was the highest ever attained by any American student of the same years of active labor. At the very outset of his studies it was his good fortune to come in contact with Professor Agassiz, then just established in Cambridge, and to get from him certain conceptions of method in zoölogical research which did much to determine the value of his subsequent investigations. A voyage around the world in the scientific corps of the Japan Expedition gave him the chance to get an extended view of organic life in its various conditions of development. Besides the large amount of work done upon the collections of this and other Government expeditions, during his long connection with the Smithsonian Institution, the greater part of which has been lost through fatal delays in publication, he contributed to science numerous memoirs on the marine invertebrate life of the coasts of North America. In the arduous studies on the sea and shore which furnished the materials for these works, he showed the full energy and devotion of a born naturalist. His blood, though of that old New England stock misnamed cold, was capable of a fever heat of enthusiasm. He brought to his work all the ardor of the Louisiana Audubon, as well as the spirit which made his work immortal. No hardship or danger could deter him. There is scarcely a seaport from Nova Scotia to Florida where the hardiest fishermen do not tell of the daring and skill of the delicate gentlemanly student who would placidly face the gravest danger of the sea in the pursuit of its inhabitants. His skill as a sailor and his profound knowledge of the ocean did a great deal to give science the respectability among seafaring people that Tyndall and Huxley and other vigorous students gave it among the mountaineers of the Alps. All that he had done for science was but a promise of what his riper years might have achieved. Under his able direction the Chicago Museum had come to rank fifth among the centres of research in this country. He had gathered around him, though but forty years of age, the ample store of more than twenty years' assiduous investigation. With a patience as admirable as it was singular in this land of haste, he was willing to forego the gain of honor which might have come from the publication of his results until the work was thoroughly done. All who knew his labors looked with the keenest interest to the time when his masterpieces should be given to the public. It was never to be. The Chicago fire devoured all his manuscripts, a great number of drawings and engraved plates, a valuable scientific library, a part of the invaluable collections of deep-sea dredgings of the United States Coast Survey, and much material from the Smithsonian Institution. Borne down by this great blow, he began rapidly to yield to a disease which for some years he had combated with native energy. After the first shock, the active help and encouragement of his brothers in science gave him some heart again. His old teacher, Agassiz, offered him all the resources of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy to restore his losses; the Coast Survey gave him a place in charge of the deep-sea dredgings off Florida. But with all his old love for the work his strength was gone. Of all the lives that were wrecked by the hideous calamity at Chicago there was perhaps none more valuable than his.

—The statement, "Thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth," has ceased to be true of the wind since the discovery of "Ballot's Law." The simple announcement of it threw a flood of light upon the wind-maps and gave the clue to their labyrinths. "The winds always blow nearly parallel to the isobarics" (lines connecting places where the atmosphere weighs alike, as measured by the barometer—a word analogous to isothermal)—"with the highest pressure on their right hand in the Northern Hemisphere" (but on their left in the Southern). To illustrate: suppose a nucleus of lowest pressure (say 29·3) to be central over Long Island, and stationary. Such was actually the case at midnight on the 4th inst. per weather report. A circle connecting Portland, Burlington, and Cape May would represent the isobaric of 29·60. Now, if the wind has the higher pressure at its right, it must blow around Long Island "backing"—*i. e.*, in a direction the reverse of watch-hands. Thus, at Portland and Boston it blew from the east; at Burlington, northeast; Cincinnati, north; Cape May, Washington, Lynchburg, etc., northwest; and at New London, southeast. Three facts contribute to confuse the simplicity of this law as applied to the interpretation of our weather-maps, exclusive of mistakes: first, the observers divide the compass into only eight points, making but one between each pair of cardinals; hence winds from north-northeast and north-northwest might both appear in one region recorded as north, and in another on the same map as northeast and northwest respectively. Secondly, the words "*nearly* parallel to the isobarics," explained more at length, mean that the wind blows across these parallels at a small angle from the higher to the lower pressure, thus producing an immense spiral whorl (which also ascends around its core). Thus, at the time of our illustration, the wind was reported northwest at several places due west of Long Island, indicating a centripetal as well as circular impulse. Thirdly, it is only when the area of low barometer is stationary that the wind blows around it with uniform velocity, and that the calm is at its centre. If the whole area moves, the *apparent* directions alter, though still uniform *relative to the moving centre.* Thus, if the nucleus is moving eastward, the wind to the south of it has double work to do; its velocity eastward equals its motion round the centre plus the speed of the centre. Conversely, the wind northward of the nucleus has its apparent westward velocity lessened by the amount of motion of the centre eastward. If the storm moves very rapidly, the wind may appear west under its whole extent, being lightest at the north and heaviest at the south. (In the tropics, storms move to the west, and hence it is the east winds there which have their speed supplemented by that of the centres, while the west winds are almost neutralized, "trade winds.") Where the pressure is lowest the air always moves in the same direction as the storm, thus preserving its position beneath the core, while the apparent calm is in the region where the opposing directions and velocities balance each other. (Hence the equatorial belt of calms and variable winds.) With these facts in mind, the wind records become a soluble enigma.

—The reading public will be defrauded if the papers on "French Home Life" which have for some months formed the most attractive portion of *Blackwood's Magazine* are not ultimately reprinted in a book. The subject is one which most of us are accustomed to regard as mythical, because so few of us in going abroad have the leisure or the opportunity to penetrate to the French hearthstone. The writer, however, has evidently studied the French most intimately, and his account of them is an agreeable corrective of the low opinion which now prevails, not unnaturally, of their character. At the same time, he discusses with candor all sides of a question, and gives the impression of a very fair-minded observer, whose judgment is entitled to a great deal of weight. His sixth paper, on the French language, in *Blackwood* for May, is an excellent example of analytical and original treatment of a fascinating theme. It is mainly occupied with an examination of evidence tending to establish the author's thesis that a language which has attained its full growth is no longer a mere product and index of the national character, but reacts upon and moulds it to such a degree that "the fate of nations may be influenced by the language which they speak." Thus he says of the catastrophe of 1870–71:

> "When history begins to dissect this modern decline and fall, will it take no note of the salient feature of French habits? will it acquit the people's ready tongues of all share of responsibility? That the incessant spelling of empty words must necessarily stimulate frivolity of thought seems to be a probable if not a certain proposition. That the cherished music of one's own voice ends by becoming particularly agreeable, is a fact of which we see examples even outside France. That the soothing vanity which springs from it should incline the self-approving speaker to believe in what he supposes to be the opinions he expresses, is a simple and natural transition. That these mental processes should result in a peculiar disposition to consider one's self very wise and decidedly worth listening to, appears to be mathematically demonstrable. It looks, then, as if the self-conceit, the impatience of observation and advice, the rejection of all unpleasant truths, the resolute credulity of their own fancies, which the war brought so glaringly into light amongst the mass of Frenchmen, may, not unreasonably, be partially explained by the accumulated effects of years of idle talking."

—Passing on to details, the writer adduces a number of interesting illustrations of the difference between the French and English character, as seen in the capacity of their respective languages for expressing certain ideas or sets of ideas. Thus:

> "A second odd example is the total absence, in French, of any word equivalent to 'listener.' It seems hardly credible that with thirty-seven millions of talkers, no provision, other than the cumbrous paraphrase *celui qui écoute,* should have been made for auditors. The only interpretation of so odd a blank lies in the supposition that each Frenchman chatters for himself, not for others; and that, not caring whether he is listened to or not, he has never recognized that he has no denomination for the person to whom he speaks. He has the verb *écouter,* but no corresponding substantive."

Not that the French have no word for 'hearer'; but neither the proverbial *bon entendeur* nor the formal *auditeur* answers exactly to the notion of listener. We are surprised that the writer, in enumerating other words in which the English tongue is decidedly superior, should omit so striking an example as the verb "to stand." To dispense with this strong and invaluable word would seem a great hardship, yet the French make shift without it, using an awkward circumlocution to indicate the upright position, and substituting a weaker verb to denote fixity. Those who like may draw from this omission the inference of instability and revolution, and those who can may refute them.

—The "Bibliothèque de l'Armée Française; publiée par ordre du Président de la République sous la direction du Ministre de la Guerre," is being diligently pushed forward, and enough volumes are already published to fill a respectable book-shelf. We find at Christern's all the books of the series thus far issued, and they offer very good reading in a handy shape and size, and well printed. We give the titles of the nine books, making seventeen volumes, now to be had: "Napoléon. Campagnes d'Italie, d'Egypte et de Syrie," 3 vols.; "Mémoires de Turenne, suivis du précis des campagnes du Maréchal de Turenne, par Napoléon," 1 vol.; "Frédéric. Œuvres Historiques (1740–1763), suivies du précis des guerres de Frédéric, par Napoléon," 3 vols.; "Xénophon. Expédition des Dix Milles," 1 vol. The translation is by M. Eugène Talbot, founded on that made by Luzerne, Minister of Marine under Louis XVI. "Salluste. Guerre de Jugurtha," translated by M. Croiset. "Flavius Josèphe. Siége de Jérusalem. Extrait de l'histoire de la guerre des Juifs contre les Romains." "Commentaires de César," with notes by Napoleon, 2 vols.; "Commentaires de Mortluc," 4 vols. Of this work Henry IV. is reported to have said that it deserved to be called the soldier's

Bible. ("Henri IV., bon juge, a dit qu'il mériterait d'être appelé la Bible des gens de guerre.") The editor of these little books, M. Camille Rousset, historiographer of the Ministry of War, has supplied each of them with a brief, well-written introduction, in which he tells something about the book and its author, and perhaps avoids oftener than would seem possible the temptation which he must be more than French-human not to have been under—to make flings at the fallen government, and to insult the Commune, and to glorify the so-called Republic of M. Thiers. The most striking of the instances in which he has let fly his darts against the late Emperor is the following, the closing sentence of the Introduction to the "Campagne d'Italie et d'Egypte":

> "It will be remarked, no doubt, with what insistance the author of this book has substituted, by an anachronism into which he has fallen with open eyes, to serve his own ends, the name of Napoleon for that of Bonaparte. We have allowed this singularity to remain, since there is no longer any chance of its being accepted or ratified by history. Men will always distinguish between a Bonaparte and a Napoleon, as they distinguish between an Octavius and an Augustus."

—M. Léon Heuzey, professor of archæology in the Ecole des Beaux Arts at Paris, concluded a course of lectures which he has lately delivered there by two informal talks, accompanied by illustrations, on the costume of the Greeks, to which were invited, besides the members of the Academy of Fine Arts, a number of professional men and art-critics. A long study of the works of Greek antiquity has convinced M. Heuzey that the dress both of men and women in Greece was composed simply of squares of cloth of varying dimensions. With squares of woollen stuff, chosen of Oriental manufacture, in order to get as near as possible to those woven by the women in the gyneceum, M. Heuzey reproduces upon the model the folds and way-of-falling, even the most complicated of the draperies of the statues, bas-reliefs, and vase-paintings of Greek antiquity. Among many others, he showed the horsemen of the Panathenaic frieze, clothed with the double-belted tunic; the maidens in procession of the same frieze; and even the statue of an orator dressed in the great square mantle, the glory of the museum of St. John Lateran, known as the "Sophocles." In the course of these illustrations, an interesting fact appeared. The folds which cover the body had been adjusted with some difficulty upon the model, who first changed the attitude and then took it again. The draperies immediately reproduced those of the antique statue which stood beside the model upon the platform. For the women's dress the results were the same, and obtained by means as simple—only the squares are larger, and made of richer and softer stuff. The reproduction of the Minerva of Velletri, clad in the Ionian tunic under the Dorian peplus, gave, among others, the same results of identity with the model as in the case of the Sophocles. Last year M. Heuzey finished his course by similar experiments with the costumes of the Assyrians and the Egyptians. Next year he will occupy himself with Roman archæology and the more complicated costumes of the Roman people.

—The rage for picture-buying in France and England, one of the most refined forms which speculation has taken in these days, would seem to continue with little abatement if we may judge by the reports of recent auction sales. The Gillott sale, with its astonishing result for four days of £130,322, has been much talked about. The sale of the Collection Carlin, which took place in Paris, April 29, was by no means so important in a money way, but the prices were such as to show that the pictures of certain modern French masters are still much better to stow spare money in than either the old stockings and honey-pots of a past generation, or than certain railroads and banks of our own day. Six pictures by old masters brought 31,250 francs, of which sum 10,300 is to be allotted to Rembrandt for a portrait of a woman, and 9,500 to D. Teniers for a smithy with horses. In contrast with this, we have 27 pictures by modern Frenchmen bringing 355,650 francs, and yet none of the pieces principal works. It is curious to observe that the two pictures by Gustave Courbet, "La Falaise d'Etretat après l'Orage" and "La Mer Orageuse," exhibited at the salon in 1870, brought good prices, probably as much as the painter sold them for; so that his expulsion from the salon of this year and the outcry raised against him for his doings during the Commune would seem to have made his powerful, original paintings no less worthy in the minds of people who can separate the man from his work. The former of these two pictures fetched 17,000 francs, the other 13,000 francs. Eight pictures and sketches by Delacroix were sold for 140,750. The first study by Ingres, for his Angelica, brought 70,000 francs; a fine Millet, "Clair de Lune," was sold for 20,000 and a picture by Th. Rousseau, "La Mare," for the same sum.

—The late Friedrich Gerstäcker, who died at Vienna at the age of fifty-six, belonged to the romantic school of travellers rather than to the serious and scientific, such as, for example—to name his countrymen and contemporaries—Schlagintweit, Rohlfs, Schweinfurth, and Mauch. What he furnished his readers was not the usual narrative of travel, with dates and circumstance and order of progress, but, as a French critic has aptly termed it, "une suite de récits romanesques, écrits toutefois par un homme qui a vu le pays." The United States Gerstäcker saw pretty thoroughly, from a great many points of view, in the period 1835–1843 (which covered, by the way, the visit of Dickens), and immediately on his return to Germany he began to contribute to the press the sketches of American life and manners which not only brought him into notice, but acted powerfully on the imagination of the emigrating classes of the population. In six years he wrote twenty-three works, making 103 volumes, and then, to renew his capital stock, he traversed South America, Australia, and the East Indies. Central America, Nubia, and Abyssinia afterwards gratified his fondness for adventure, and in 1869 Gerstäcker revisited this country. His works have not had the circulation here which their liveliness and picturesqueness deserve, not to speak of their historical value, which will grow with time. An English edition of his "Western Lands and Western Waters" appeared in 1864.

VICTOR HUGO'S "L'ANNÉE TERRIBLE."*

THE admirers of Victor Hugo may be compared to men fascinated by a beautiful and witty woman, whose daily life is a violation of all social proprieties and conventions. Judged by strict rules of criticism, at least half of what he writes is sheer rubbish. He is at the same time a quack and a pedant, throwing a slight bridge of spurious learning over stupendous depths of ignorance. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that whenever he ventures on a foreign quotation or an historical reference, the quotation and the reference are either imaginary or incorrect. If he has occasion to introduce four words of German, all ordinary particles, he must misspell one of them. If he attempts to cite two words of Plautus, he must distort one of them out of all possible Latinity. Spanish is supposed to be his war-horse; he introduces page after page of it to show his familiarity with the language; yet he writes *la alma,* which is about equivalent to *la âme* in French. As to history and ethnology, panting scholarship toils in vain after the swarm of his blunders and hallucinations. The English translator of "L'Homme qui Rit" rashly began with a purpose of rectifying all the little slips in the original. How far this design was carried out we cannot say, not having kept the run of the London version, but if any serious effort was made to fulfil the promise, the notes must have swelled to a commentary nearly as big as the text. Our American translator was wiser; he began by declaring explicitly that it was not his business to correct the author's history and archæology. Indeed, the perversions of the record were so gigantic, colossal, Titanic, so astounding and overwhelming to the ordinary well-regulated mind, that several English critics could only explain them on the hypothesis of the writer's insanity. We do not, however, believe Victor Hugo to be mad any more than Charles Reade or Algernon Swinburne, or any very conceited man of genius. If his eccentricities seem nearer madness than theirs, it is because both his genius and his conceit are greater. For, among all self-worshippers and self-believers, he must be assigned the foremost place. He belongs to a country of conceited authors: Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Dumas *père,* Emile de Girardin, are four names that naturally occur to us; but the conceit of all four together would hardly make Victor Hugo's. We believe that he has never altered a word of his composition after it was once printed, and we are certain that he has never acknowledged himself wrong on any point whatever, even when his errors have been demonstrated to him.

This egregious conceit, viewed in its proper connection with other mental characteristics, gives us the key to his wildest extravagances. Thus it is plain, notwithstanding his affected parade of recondite knowledge, that he not only is not a learned man, but never was a *learning* man (if we may be pardoned the adjective), never had the faculty of acquisition in any great degree—for proof and illustration of which we refer to the notorious fact, that despite all his opportunities and predilections, he is to this day ignorant of our language, and cannot read a common business letter in English. Now, of course, we do not expect a man of genius to be also a very learned man. Perhaps, on the whole, we should rather expect the contrary. But there is nothing to prevent genius from profiting by other men's learning, as Goethe used to do when he milked the German professors. Here it is, however, that the conceit of a man like Hugo comes in to do mischief. He is too proud to consult others, fancies he knows everything by some inspiration, and goes on blundering and inventing with a grand impudence.

Yet through all these tremendous drawbacks we feel the power of his genius. "L'Homme qui Rit" may be a huge chimæra, a nightmare in a No-mansland which has the audacity to call itself England; but the novel contains scenes (*e. g.*, the recognition of Gwynplaine as Lord Clancharlie by the sheriff) which are not surpassed in interest by any tableau that can be selected from the whole range of fictitious literature. The would-be philosopher and statesman may move our compassion by his inadequacy, but the lyric poet is one of the lyric poets of the world. Swinburne is no very safe critic in general, but he was right in mentioning three or four of Hugo's ballads as sufficient by themselves alone to make a great poetic reputation. Of these, "Le Chasseur Noir" (in "Les Châtimens") seems to us the *chef-d'œuvre*. It produces a great effect with simple means, a sure sign of genius. Even the gallop of "Lenore" is lumbering after the rapid fury of its short lines, all nouns and verbs. The refrain rhyme *noir* is one of the few adjectives; there is not a single adverb in the poem. Another ballad from "Les Châtimens" (the name of which Swinburne gives wrongly) is only a scrap of jingle, nearly all refrain, yet it bears the mark of a great man, like a pen-drawing by Raphael. "Gastibelza" is better known to the Anglo-Saxon public. It has been somewhat vulgarized as a parlor song, and *traduced* by Maginn into a quaint formal ballad, very fair verse, but very bad translation.

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* "L'Année Terrible. Par Victor Hugo." Paris: Lévy Frères; New York: F. W. Christern. 1872.

The genius of French poetry (serious poetry) lies in its lyrics. French heroic at best is artificial and rhetorical. And pure French heroic unrelieved by the dramatic or the satiric element is very monotonous and cloying. Who ever felt any interest in "Les Contemplations"? Who remembers anything about them, except that some of the poems are elegiac? "La Légende des Siècles" was saved from a like fate by the bizarre and grotesque nature of its themes, which brought it nearer to the author's earlier dramas, though without their *quasi* humor.* Even in it we find an occasional dash of lyric (like "La Chanson des Aventuriers") a great relief. "Les Châtimens" is chiefly lyrical; not a little of it is cast into the form of songs, and some of these are among the most effective poems in the little volume; for instance, that audacious lampoon, to the tune of "Malbrouk," which represents the consecration and coronation of Louis Napoleon as that of all the historic bandits incarnated and united in the last usurper:

> "Regardez, le Saint Père,
> Portant sa grande croix,
> Nous sacre tous ensemble
> (O douleur! O mystère, Paris tremble!)
> Nous sacre tous ensemble
> Dans Napoléon trois."

When, therefore, we took up "L'Année Terrible," with some English rumors of its excellence in our minds, we naturally expected some brilliant exhibitions of the poet's forte. We looked for some swift arrows of song,

> "—feathered best for flight and yet that never flew,"

some epigrammatic darts that would smite Kaiser William through all his barriers, moral and physical. We hoped for some sadly sweet lays of lament over fallen France, for the *αἴλινον εἰπὲ* of Æschylus, reproduced and transmuted in the crucible of genius. And of all this we found nothing. The lyric element is hardly represented even in form; in spirit it is altogether absent. The nearest approach to it may be seen in the verses pp. 173 *sqq.* Even the invectives and execrations of the heroics are comparatively feeble. There is no hesitation about kicking the man who is down, no fear of defying the man who is up; but somehow the old *verve* and dash are no longer there in full force. A personality of Trochu's provokes a bad pun. Grim smiles, on different sides of the face, are elicited by the sight of Prussian corpses in the Seine, and the presentation of the Prussian bill for cutting your throat at so much a month; but the general impression conveyed is that of a lack of originality and power. Oddly enough, we come in for a large share of the abuse, considering our very small part in the action. Bancroft is like the obscene bird which defiles the head of the Colossus in the desert. Perhaps he deserved that for doing or saying something at Berlin. But Grant—we rather expected to hear him praised as the first potentate who acknowledged the new republic. It seems, however, that he has spit upon France and stabbed her and thrown mud on his own flag. How? Where? When? We suspect the poet himself would be puzzled to tell us. The very verse shows weakness; we are constantly stumbling upon lines like these,

> "Conquérant pingre, on pense à son petit ménage"—p. 108;
>
> "Ils sont le prêtre, ils sont le reitre, ils sont le scribe"—p. 387—

the latter of which reads like a prose sentence, and is as bad as the worst licenses of Tennyson.

To what shall we attribute this decadence? To the author's advanced age? Hardly. When the weight of years tells upon an eccentric genius, its effects are manifested not so much in a weakening of his power as in an exaggeration of his defects. Here "L'Homme qui Rit" is a case in point; and something of the same kind may be observed in Dickens, prematurely aged as to both body and mind by over-hard work and over-good living. The reason seems rather to be that the events of that truly "terrible year" have by their colossal magnitude subdued and broken down the writer, even without taking into account the additional burthen of his family affliction. "People will care very little for what we say," quoth wise Lincoln at Gettysburg, "but they will always care much for what these men did"; and the happy antithesis outweighed all Everett's classic reproduction of "Thucydides" and "Pericles." With at least equal truth may it be affirmed that what was done between those two Julys crushes into insignificance all that the most eloquent can say of it. Those events have made our poet almost modest; they have brought him nearer to that frame of mind than we could have supposed it possible for any combination of circumstances to do. In "Choix entre Deux Nations," he narrates, with no effort at detraction, the glories of the German race, and actually admits (wonderful condescension for a Frenchman!) that the Teutons have some claim to Charlemagne.

Perhaps another and a wider principle may also be in operation here. Christianity, political economy, various considerations, human and divine, are as yet unavailing to prevent war. Perhaps they will never be able to prevent it; but they have at any rate torn from it most of its fascinating attributes. In this respect we may perceive a kind of rough analogy between it and wine. We are probably a long way from the domination of temperance doctrines over the civilized world; but meanwhile the temperance movement has killed the poetry of drinking. When once the *latex Lyæus* was mixed up with police and medical reports, when it found itself in forced company with technical terms like *assimilation* and *narcosis*, it was unidealized for ever. The thing might still be necessary at some times, pleasant at others; but the *afflatus* was taken out of it. Similarly, however unavoidable, however profitable (to the winner) war may still be, its glories are sadly tarnished by statistics and figures. The funeral baked meats will obtrude themselves into the banqueting hall; the vision of an Alsatian Ireland clouds the triumph of the haughty Prussian. The hero will no longer fight for the mere sake of fighting; he can no more address his sword as his heart-gladdener and joy-giver, which, after being his favorite companion in life, shall follow him below the brown heath, shall rest on his bosom and with it decay, while harps shall be ringing and bards shall be singing the deeds they have done in their fearless old day. Hans Breitmann might have been a Viking once; now he is but a "bummer," thinking more of the tea-pots and spoons than of the rebel cavalry over whom he must ride before he can appropriate the silver. Nay, Kaiser William himself, for all his profuse piety, what is he but a Hans-Breitmann-Emperor with a large eye to the loot? Such is war in the light of modern philosophy to the victor. To the vanquished, what can it be but the abomination of desolation? Let us be thankful that Baudelaire has left no successor, and that no French Goya has arisen. We are spared those pen-and-pencil pictures of the charnel-house which were among the possible horrors of the position.

The reader must not infer from what we have said that "L'Année Terrible" is a complete failure, or even that it is not worth reading. It is below its author, but it takes a high place in contemporary verse. When we say that it is tame, we mean *for Hugo*; it would not be tame for Augier or Méry. There are good strong lines and couplets here and there in it, such as

> "J'ai vaincu, quoique lâche, et brillé, quoique infame."
>
> "Cet homme étant le crime, il etait nécessaire
> Que tout le misérable eût toute la misère."

Let us moreover note that, if lacking somewhat of the old fire, it also lacks much of the old extravagance. Hugo does not, like some defenders of the Commune on our side of the water, view the overthrow of the Vendôme Column as a "great practical joke"; he regards it as an historic crime, and asks, reasonably enough, "If the victorious Prussians had commanded you to do this, would you have done it under any menace?" Nor is he savage against the Conservatives, unless, like Trochu and some of the clergy, they have come into personal collision with him. Perhaps this is the secret of the book's favorable reception in England. The mad genius has been partially converted to the proprieties, the old lion has let his claws be pared and his mane trimmed just a little. He is now more conformable to the drawing-room standard, but his ancient friends still prefer his primitive unkempt style.

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* The rudimentary traces of a great humorist in the young dramatic writer, and the total disappearance of the quality from his later works, form one of the strangest of the many paradoxes connected with Hugo. Here, again, we believe that his inordinate conceit affords the real key to the puzzle, but space and time are wanting to develop our views.

THE ANATOMY OF VERTEBRATES.*

THE public, to whom, through the "Lay Sermons" and other semi-popular works, Prof. Huxley is known as an advocate of scientific education; as a railer against theological intolerance; as a believer in the monkey ancestry of mankind, and a scoffer at such trivial bolsters of humanity as the *hippocampus minor;* as the victor on many a hard-fought field of anatomy, where he has earned a reputation as an intellectual very "hard hitter"; and, finally, as an author whose works are eagerly read even when treating of unfamiliar subjects—all such will be disappointed if they look for the above features in the present work. For theology is wholly ignored in it; no allusion is made to the descent of men from monkeys; the *posterior horn* is mentioned like any other detail of structure, and not an obvious challenge to any one can be found. Indeed, so completely has our author merged the man in the anatomist that the descriptions wholly intelligible to the general reader cover scarce a dozen pages, and the characteristic Huxleian similes are just two—one to a "nightcap," p. 107, the other to "bird-lime," p. 288. To the professional man, whether student or teacher, who has lost his way in the maze of ponderous words and intricate paragraphs which renders Owen's great work upon the same subject often a hindrance rather than a help, the present little volume will come like sunlight in a cloudy sky: for logic, for simplicity of style, for the use of but one term for the same subject, and, above all, for the judicious employment of diagrams in illustration of *ideas,* it deserves very high praise.

Yet a few criticisms must be made, and they shall precede the detailed encomiums. As stated in the preface, the author has "intentionally abstained from burdening the text with references"; but while beginners may safely accept most of the statements, and the more advanced may supply the deficiencies themselves, the omission seems to us unwarranted by the reason given, especially now that references are often made by *numbers* only to a list of works at the end of the volume; moreover, the general absence of reference makes the special and complimentary mention of the works of Darwin and Flower (336, 358, 388) appear invidious. Another defect is a glossary of technical terms, the number and nature of which are simply appalling to the general reader, since they are not found in the lexicons, and require some knowledge of the classics for their comprehension. Surely *atrial, hypural, perivisceral,* and *appendicular* require some definition; and a glossary is the proper place for such long and often superfluous definitions as are given in the text of *inguinal, cloaca, calcar, patagium, procœlous,* and *thalamencephalon.* A few of the new terms also manifest little of our author's characteristic simplicity; as, for instance, those proposed in the classification of birds. It is bad enough to be told that birds are only "sauropsidan vertebrates," just as are turtles and alligators; but we shrink from calling a hen an "*alectoromorph,*" or a pigeon a "*peristeromorph,*" both being "*schizognathous carinatæ.*" Indeed, aside from the artificial nature of a classification based chiefly upon the modifications of a few cranial bones, it is probable that the formidable names of the groups may account for the tardy introduction of the new arrangement of birds, which has been before the scientific public for several years. The characters of the provinces *Icthyopsida, Sauropsida,* and *Mammalia* could have been abridged and made more intelligible by a tabular presentation in parallel columns; indeed, owing in great measure to faulty typographical arrangements, the group-characters generally are rather confusing, and the beginner would often be in doubt as to the group to which a given definition referred. There is plenty of room, too, and urgent need, for the addition of names of familiar representatives of all the groups, as is done with those of the birds.

Coming now to details, we think that Owen could as justly find fault with our author's *placental* arrangement of mammals as Huxley has so often with Owen's *cerebral* classification; for the elephant is now closely followed by the cat and dog, and the bats are next to the monkeys. We are glad that our author regards the present arrangement as provisional, for it now seems to us to contain features as unnatural as would be the separation of the *Camelidæ* from all other mammals on the ground of their oval blood-disks; while Owen's system, though far from satisfactory, coincides closely with that of Dana, based upon wholly different considerations, and Gill seems to have improved in some respects on both of these. We think, too, that he who so decidedly objects (p. 92) to calling an "air-bladder" a lung, because its "blood comes from adjacent arteries instead of directly from the heart," should avoid giving the name *placenta* to the vascular communication between the fœtal shark and the parent (p. 120).

Of the 110 illustrations, about two-thirds are original; and of these the diagrams, especially those of the typical brain (figs. 19, 20) and of the Wolffian bodies, etc. (fig. 27), are of great value. Most of the borrowed figures are judiciously selected, but the cat's skeleton would be more useful as a type of *Carnivora* than the lion's, as would the same convenient feline's myology be more available than the dog's. It is generally agreed that the heads of animals should face to the *left,* but *Axolotl* (fig. 58), elephant (fig. 108), monkey (fig. 110), and *Lepidosiren* (fig. 51), face to the right, while in fig. 69, the entire skull of *Cyclodus* looks one way and the bisected skull the other; the horse's legs, also (fig. 94), are oddly placed, but there may have been a sufficient reason for that. The pike's brain (fig. 50) is copied from some figure which did not well show the olfactory lobes; and our author is inexcusably misled into speaking of the lobes *or* nerves, which is like calling the same part leg *or* foot. A cerebellum is credited to all the *Marsipobranchii,* whereas the same author (Müller) from whom the lamprey's brain is copied states that *Myxine* has no cerebellum. The brain of *Lepidosiren* is not mentioned, although four pages are given to the other characters upon which our author bases his opinion that the *Dipnoi* form a different order of fishes; and the omission is so notable that one reluctantly associates it with the fact that the only account of that brain is by Owen; the rather since, in the treating of the mammalian brain, no reference is made to the valuable and suggestive, though not wholly satisfactory, labors of the same anatomist towards homologizing the folds and fissures, which simple terms, by the way, our author inconsistently discards for *gyri* and *sulci.* The *Siredon* is spoken of as the *adult Axolotl,* though it is now several years since Marsh and others observed and recorded its transformation into *Amblystoma.*

The index is apparently full, but really very incomplete: on the first half-dozen pages of chap. viii. we note as omitted therefrom the words *interclavicle, marsupium, spur* (of ornithorhyncus) *acetabula* and *allantois.* Typographical errors are few; but the American editor seems not to know the distinction between *anti* and *ante,* for while the erroneous orthography *antibrachium* occurs but once or twice in the English edition, it is very frequent in the American. This word moves us to express the hope that the general employment of *manus, pes, brachium,* etc., may lead to the expurgation of such verbal plagues as *leg, forearm,* etc., from our anatomical nomenclature, which, while it contains them, is as incongruous as was zoölogical nomenclature prior to Linnæus.

So much for unfavorable criticism; it may seem considerable, but then it is all, excepting a few points the discussion of which would lead us too far into technicalities. But while approving all its other features, a few deserve especial mention. The title calls for only the *anatomy* of vertebrated animals (*vertebrates* is a shorter and equally correct term), but might justly have included *embryology,* so intimately are the results of the latest researches into development interwoven with the details of adult structure. The initial page bears evidence of this—the feature of all others which makes the present work unlike that of Owen, and able to supply a want which the latter really creates. A physiology the work is not and does not pretend to be; still, a few functions are described more clearly here than elsewhere, as, for instance, the mechanism of respiration (p. 93), of rumination (p. 324), and of "spouting" of whales (p. 348). The locomotion of the anthropoid apes is well described on p. 403, and doubtless the general reader will turn at once to this closing chapter for some signs of the author's views upon derivation (we do not say Darwinism, which is but a single species of derivative theory); but the only positive assertion upon this point is with reference to the remote ancestors of the horse. Still, the prurient hunters of irreligious passages will find enough to occupy their theological spleen in the "odious comparison" between old apes and infants, and in the locating of the human family (*Anthropidæ*) with the *Lemuridæ* and *Simiadæ* in the same order, *Primates.* And perhaps those who hold that slavery is sanctioned by the same Divine Word in which they contrive to find proof that man sprang out of the earth rather than from the animal form next below, may be dissatisfied with the explicit assertion that "there is no proof that the heel of negroes is longer in proportion to the foot than in other races" (p. 419). If the advocates of "woman's rights" are inclined to find fault with the statement that "when the peculiarities of the female sex are not connected with reproduction, they may be said to be infantile" (p. 418), let them read "Emancipation, Black and White," in the "Lay Sermons." But we fear that even those who fail to be startled by the above quotation will be somewhat taken aback by the opinion (p. 421)—one of the few individual opinions, by the way, which our author allows himself to express—that the "ancient Egyptians seem to me to be modifications of the Australioid group." Though, after all, what does it matter? Our own not very remote ancestors may have been "cave-dwellers," and the above theory will be a great encouragement to Digger Indians, Hottentots, and others, who have not yet taken their first steps towards civilization.

But our space is more than filled. The present work is well worth the cost to any thinking man; to the student it is a perfect mine of well-arranged information; to the teacher it is the best guide for lecture-room instruction that is known to us in this or any other language.

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* "A Manual of the Anatomy of Vertebrated Animals. By Thomas H. Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872. Pp. 431; 110 illustrations.

Le Dernier des Napoléon. (Paris: Librairie Internationale. New York: F. W. Christern. 1872.)—This is a remarkable book. Its key-note is struck in the dedication: "To his Majesty, Maximilian the First, Emperor of Mexico. Sire—This day seven years ago, seated alone with you on the terrace of Miramar, I strove with the despair of sinister forebodings to dissuade you from accepting the crown of Guatimozin, basing my strongest arguments on the bad character of Louis Napoleon. . . . I now lay upon your tomb this book which, for a moment, I thought of entitling 'The Justice of God.'" Published anonymously, the work was at first attributed to the pen of Comte de Kératry, but public opinion in Europe has more generally settled upon Count von Beust as its author. There is much in it, both of sentiment and diction, to confirm that supposition. Be the author who he may, he writes admirable French in a style at once compressed and incisive. His first chapter opens thus:

> "The cycle of the Napoleons is closed. Their legend, like unto all things which terminate dishonorably, will henceforth grow feebler day by day, between the contempt of the French people and the severities of history. For long time to come, the man of thought will pause before that strange apparition, unique, perhaps, in the annals of nations; a passing meteor, dazzling the world with its rays—Marengo, the Pyramids, Austerlitz, Jena, Moscow—to fall in the blood of Waterloo and be extinguished in the night of Sedan!"

Here follows a sketch of the Napoleonic family, in whose appearance and rôle in the history of France may be seen the incarnation of a new phase of the revolution. The first Napoleon was its child; so also was the third Napoleon—but a miserable, degenerate one. After Napoleon the Great, Napoleon the Little. The third and fourth chapters give us a frightful *chronique scandaleuse*—not in the vein of gossip, but in a tone that reminds one of Tacitus. The youth, character, and early career of Louis Napoleon are rapidly sketched, and another chapter paints for us "The Court of the Lower Empire," where we plainly discern the worst elements of moral and political dissolution actively at work under a brilliant exterior of power and repose. Even when his influence was at its height, Louis Napoleon was always the conspirator, never the statesman. The straight paths of frank negotiation he never entered. Said Cavour one day, walking arm-in-arm with a French diplomatist:

> "Your Emperor never changes; his weakness is to be always conspiring. Why so persistently seek to disguise his intention—turn to the right when he means to go to the left, and *vice versa?* Ah! what an admirable conspirator! Your Emperor, I tell you, will remain for ever incorrigible. I know him well. At this moment he might openly march forward straight to his object. But, no! He prefers to puzzle people, to follow another track; in fine, conspire, always conspire."

A singular illustration of this mania of Louis Napoleon is given in an incident which we might hesitate to credit, but that we find it confirmed in all its details by a French diplomatist, whose work was noticed in the *Nation* of May 23, and who was on official duty at Turin when it occurred. M. de la Tour d'Auvergne, Louis Napoleon's envoy to Victor Emanuel, received from his government an official despatch to the effect that he was "instructed" to warn Count Cavour that any attempt at annexation in Central Italy would be looked upon as an infraction of treaties, and that it was at his own risk and peril, and in contempt of the advice of the French Government, that the king of Sardinia threw himself into enterprises whose result might be fatal to him." The French Ambassador felt that his mission was both delicate and difficult, and prepared himself for it with no little care. Cavour listened in silence to the severe and menacing despatch, and, when the French minister had finished, he coolly handed him, for his edification, a letter from the Tuileries of the same date as the despatch, in which M. Mocquard assured him confidentially, and by the Emperor's order, that his projects of annexation were favorably viewed, and that he need give himself no anxiety as to any possible complications that might grow out from them. It was the frequency of such incidents as these that gave rise to the famous saying of Lord Cowley, in answer to the question, "Does the Emperor converse well?" "He talks but little, but he lies all the time." But Louis Napoleon's confidential qualifications of official instructions did not always jump with Victor Emanuel's interests. On one occasion he wrote privately, seeking to recall certain promises previously made. Victor Emanuel was furiously angry, but at a ball in the royal palace on the same evening, taking aside the French minister, he used the most grossly insulting language concerning the French Emperor. "What is he, after all—*cet homme, ce b——?* An intruder among us. Let him remember who he is and who I am." The unfortunate minister, with commendable prudence and presence of mind, replied: "Sire, your Majesty will kindly permit me not to have heard a single word of what you have just uttered." Later in the evening, Victor Emanuel accosted him pleasantly, saying: "It is not absolutely necessary, my dear Prince, to report to Paris our conversation of this evening. Besides, I think you said you did not hear my remarks."

Some interesting facts are developed touching the effective aid given by England to further the annexation schemes of Sardinia. Sir James Hudson was then British Ambassador at the Court of Turin, and his house was the rendezvous and the asylum of the associates of Mazzini and Garibaldi, Mazzini himself among them. Said an English secretary of legation one day to a friend at Turin: "I have just been dining with Sir James, we were twelve at table, and, with the exception of us two, the guests were all *galériens* and men condemned to death. It made me shudder to look at the fellows." The somewhat unscrupulous conduct of England in pushing forward Piedmont's acquisitive designs on the States of the Church is thus characterized by the author: "England recognizes all and any government. She would recognize Robespierre if it would secure her the sale of one more bale of cotton" (p. 119). The sketches of Cavour, Bismarck, and the diplomats of the Empire, the chapter on King William and the Prussian hegemony, and the revelations touching the secret moves on the diplomatic chess-board which influenced the origin and developments of the Crimean, Mexican, and German wars, are evidently from one who is well informed concerning the most intimate motives and projects of the different European courts.

Fireside Science. A Series of Popular Scientific Essays upon Subjects connected with Everyday Life. By James R. Nichols, A.M., M.D. (New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1872.)—If any one can read the short essays which make up this collection, and fail to find anything to interest him, it can be neither from lack of variety in the subjects, nor from an unentertaining, unpopular treatment of them. History, biography, organic and inorganic chemistry, physiology, geology, botany, agriculture—all furnish "subjects connected with everyday life," and concerning each may be found something readable and entertaining. It is to be regretted that what is entertaining is not always instructive, and that the author is not in every case trustworthy. No one, for example, who read the "Pint of Kerosene," without previous knowledge of the subject, would suppose that the volatile hydrocarbon oils obtained from the distillation of coal-tar and of our American petroleum are essentially different and distinct. The various products obtained from each are described together, and the only hint that we have of any difference is that "benzole from petroleum" cannot be used for making the aniline dyes. In a popular book like this, we can hardly hope to have much detail of experimental proof, and yet mere dogmatic assertion without support of some sort cannot be convincing. When, during his "Experiments with Air-furnaces," the author assures us that "at no time were carbonic acid and carbonic oxide absent from the library heated by the furnaces," and that "sulphurous acid was present whenever a new supply of fuel was added to the fire," we cannot help wishing to know something of the method in which his conclusive experiments were conducted, especially if we happen already to know something of the character and habits of his unwelcome visitors. Perhaps we are made overcautious in accepting these unsupported assertions by the closing sentences of the preceding essay "About Quicksilver." We are there told of the mysterious disappearance of a pair of gold spectacles. They were laid away for the night, wrapped up in a bit of chamois skin, which had been used for straining mercury. The next morning, the gold had disappeared, and nothing was left in the parcel but the glasses. This story is a presentation of the phenomenon of amalgamation, and is forcible, to say the least.

More serious criticism is invited by the author's feeble warning against the poisonous effects of lead. In the essay upon "The Human Hair," it is true, we are told that the frequent use of hair-dyes containing lead is attended with great danger, and yet two recipes are given for making the poisonous dyes, together with full directions for their use. Then again, the use of leaden water-pipe meets with but a qualified condemnation, and we are advised to protect ourselves by frequent analyses of the water which passes through the pipe. Of how much use will the caution against lead-pipe be, when on the same page follows the surprising assertion that "as service pipes for aqueducts lead pipes will under ordinary conditions deliver water free from lead contamination," and again that "in a majority of wells lead conducting-pipe can be used with safety"? It is very true that lead pipe is almost universally used in our great cities, and that well-marked cases of poisoning by lead are rare, and yet repeated analyses have shown that water passing through lead-pipe seldom escapes contamination, and the opinion of those who have most carefully investigated the matter is that a daily dose of lead cannot fail to be injurious, even though the ill effects may not manifest themselves in what has hitherto been considered a characteristic form. The essay entitled "Reminiscences of an Experimenter" is in very poor taste, to say the least, and the reader had much better form his judgment of the author's merits without reading it.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1872.

The Week.

THE Democrats in and out of Convention still continue to "go for Greeley," as far as electing delegates to Baltimore is concerned, by battalions, and with more or less show of enthusiasm. Within a week, the State Conventions of Louisiana, South Carolina, West Virginia, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Vermont have either endorsed the Cincinnati platform, or instructed their delegates to vote for the adoption of Greeley and Brown or to oppose a "straight ticket," or have elected delegates known to be in favor of Greeley and Brown. Delaware alone has come out on the old ground of opposition to everything that has come to pass through, during, and since the war, justifying Mr. Bayard's recent prediction in Washington. In Indiana, one of the foremost men in the Democratic ranks, Mr. Hendricks, was nominated for the governorship, and made a speech in which he said he "would abide by the action of the Baltimore Convention," which was construed as a favorable allusion to the Cincinnati nominees. In the meantime, the *World* and the Chicago *Times* continue to swim manfully against the tide, but apparently with increasing difficulty; and, if conventions were not such very uncertain bodies, we should say that Greeley's nomination was as good as made. The *World* apparently prefers Greeley to Grant, if the choice has to be made, but now warns its fellow-Democrats that they will have no chance of a proper share of offices if Greeley is elected. It must be admitted that the nomination of Greeley by the Democrats will be, on the whole, the most ludicrous end which ever overtook a great organization. We know of nothing in sacred or profane literature to which it can be likened, except the rush of the swine, in the New Testament, "down a steep place into the sea," when the devils entered into them. It surpasses in absurdity, if that be possible, the nomination of Greeley by the Cincinnati Convention, because the party in electing Greeley *ipso facto* perishes, and perishes in the most ignoble way.

The *Tribune*, apropos of all this, has some very justifiable remarks on the jocose view which the organs of the Administration took of the Greeley nomination when it was first made. But to do full justice to the attitude of these papers, one has to go a little further back and recall the hilarious way in which they looked at the Cincinnati Convention when it was first called, and when it met. They treated the whole thing as "the best joke of the season," and seemed never to tire laughing over it. Yards of "editorial" were written showing the perfect likeness of the Convention to that which was called at Cleveland in 1864 to defeat Lincoln. The parallel, they declared, was perfect, and then they laughed again and again, and turned fondly to the dear old custom-houses, and nestled in the chairs, and looked over the list of clerks, and counted the "assessments." The idea of beating Grant seemed *too* preposterous. We believe the matter does not look so funny at present. Had some of the gentlemen who are now groaning over having to choose between Greeley and Grant, and who cannot any longer conceal from themselves the unpleasant truth that there is much danger that Greeley may be elected, faced in time the real defects of Grant's Administration, and, instead of abusing *him* privately, come out boldly in reprobation of *them* and lent a helping hand to the honest men who went to Cincinnati, instead of jeering at them or waiting to see what would come of it, the choice would not now be between Greeley and Grant. The Cincinnati Convention would either have made a nomination which no man would have been ashamed of and no man would have felt it necessary to defend, or else the Philadelphia brethren would have been brought to their senses before they met and began to cheer.

Mr. John Forsyth, the editor of the Mobile *Register*, and a leading Democrat of the Gulf States, makes a strong appeal through his paper to the brethren not to forget their principles and ruin their organization in the present mad rush for Greeley. He says it is not by any means too late to retrieve the mistake made at Cincinnati, and that the Baltimore Convention has only to take up the move made by the Reformers at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in order to nominate a candidate worthy of the original inspiration of the Liberal Republican movement, and make Grant's defeat far more certain than he thinks possible under Greeley, and lays down the proposition: "Every step away from the Democratic organization is a step to kill Greeley and make Grant sure." But we fear the movement has gone too far for the sages of the party to control it. The Southern States, except South Carolina and Mississippi, where the negroes are in a majority, are pretty sure to go for Greeley, though *they would go with equal certainty* for any man who was put up in opposition to Grant, and had such a following at the North as to give a fair chance of success.

Orange S. Winans, the bad man who, in the New York Legislature of 1871, sold out to the Erie Ring before any of his Republican brethren got a chance to do so, and who, it was announced by the Republican papers, would be avoided by his kind for the rest of his life, have prayers "muttered" for him whenever he entered a church, and be used by injudicious mothers as a bogie to frighten their noisy children, has come out for Greeley. We should like very much to know from him what his experience during the last year has been—whether he found that his neighbors cut his acquaintance, how he fared in churches, and what the children think about him. It will puzzle Greeley to know what to do with him; but the first thing is to whitewash him. His objections to Grant will be looked for with some curiosity.

The *World* expresses its astonishment that the *Nation* can support Grant against Greeley, and it would be astonishing, if the *Nation* had ever cried "Anything to beat Grant," or, in other words, had said, "Cut off my nose, if you will only cure my catarrh; extract my eye, but rid me of my cataract; amputate my leg at the hip-joint, but deliver me from rheumatism in the knee." There is nothing in Greeley's career to lead the *Nation* to suppose that as either a civil-service reformer or revenue reformer he is any better than Grant; his political associates are, on the whole, worse than Grant's; his conceit and self-confidence and restlessness tenfold greater than Grant's; and so also is his gullibility. Therefore, knowing what Grant does, and not knowing what Greeley may do, we prefer and advise others to bear with Grant, and keep their courage up for four years more. We may add that we shall, should Grant be re-elected, let bygones be bygones, and hope for a reasonable period that he will turn over a new leaf, and put himself, as the *Evening Post* thinks he will, under new influences, though we confess we should find it hard to look for any such change in a mind in which the contemplation of Tom Murphy as Collector inspired a feeling of affectionate admiration. We shall, too, take up precisely the same position with regard to Mr. Greeley. If he is elected, we shall not prejudge him; he will be entitled to a fair and candid trial. Whatever we can contribute to his having it we shall contribute. He may prove a good President, and if he does we shall applaud him; but there is, in our opinion, nothing in his career to warrant a rational man in expecting him to prove a good President, or even as good as Grant, and, therefore, we shall oppose him, partly for his vanity, love of flattery, and liability to be imposed on, described by Mr. Samuel Bowles in the Cincinnati *Commercial*, and partly for his "Fentonism" or association with corrupt and intriguing politicians in this State, described by the Springfield *Republican*, and which it admits it can neither defend nor explain.

Our correspondent, "C. J. I.," who wrote to us in defence of Greeley a fortnight ago, now charges us with being "idealists" when we ought to be "practicalists," and with opposing Greeley because he is not a perfect man, though we know well that unscrupulous men and bad men, Bismarck for instance, frequently prove the instruments of beneficent revolutions; to which we reply that our objection to Greeley is not that he is bad, but that he is totally opposed to the principles he undertakes to represent. Taking him to head the reform movement is something which has no parallel in political history. It is like taking Satan as superintendent of a Sunday-school, or the Pope as the leader of the Old Catholic movement, or the Marquis of Bute as President of the International. Bismarck is an unscrupulous man, and has accomplished a great revolution; but he was not, when he began it, a frantic Separatist, and a determined and abusive enemy of the House of Hohenzollern. It is quite true that Providence sometimes chooses strange instruments to accomplish great ends, but we may safely let Providence make the selection itself. If Providence needs Greeley to redeem this nation from corruption and strife, it will certainly get hold of him without our calling a convention and nominating him. Providence makes up its own tickets.

It is reasonable to expect that Senators Cameron, Conkling, Morton, Spencer, Osborne, Kellogg, Poole, Sherman, Pomeroy, Nye, and Howe will not be returned to the Senate again, and they have been so conspicuous in what may be called the degradation of the Senate during the last few years, that their relegation to private life will be hailed with great satisfaction by all friends of good government. The smallness of the Senate and its influence on patronage are such that nothing but the highest character on the part of the members can prevent its being a very hotbed of corruption. With such men as have of late years ruled in it, it becomes a collection of persons quarrelling over perquisites of one sort or another, and viewing all legislation with reference to its influence on their personal fortunes. A seat in the Senate has become so profitable, too, that it now pays to buy up legislatures in order to secure it; and unless a cleansing process can be brought about in some way, people will begin to wish for one assembly only. One of the most notorious jobbers, Mr. Harlan, has recently been dismissed to make way for an excellent successor, Mr. Alison of Iowa; and one of the best senators, Mr. Ferry, has just been re-elected, so the process of improvement is going on. Mr. Cameron, who is, however, the head and front of all corruption, and is a "strong Grant man," comes up for re-election next winter in Pennsylvania; and this fact will doubtless exercise an important influence on the next State election and through it on the Presidential election, for unless he is greatly belied he will not allow considerations of expense to prevent his getting a legislature elected in his interest.

Last week, in the New Hampshire Republican senatorial caucus, Liberal Republicanism had another opportunity to show itself in New England, if it exists in that region; but it did not appear. Mr. E. H. Rollins, we are glad to say, failed of his election, although he has been so long a political manager, and an unscrupulous one, that he contrived to ruin the chances of Mr. Patterson also, who has been one of the best senators in Washington, and whose retirement is a loss. The great principle of "rotation," too, helped to kill Mr. Patterson, for New Hampshire still remains overstocked with able men and active politicians, each of whom wants his share of the honors. The successful candidate for the nomination was Mr. Bainbridge Wadleigh, who is said to be the best lawyer in his county of Hillsborough. It was known that Rollins would destroy Patterson if possible, and it was certain that the Patterson men would not vote for Rollins in any case, and those two candidates had each a strong party, Rollins's being the result of his own honest toil, and Patterson's being largely men connected closely with the regular party machinery, though he personally has been something less than a sound Administration senator—certainly has not been a slavish one, or rather a tyrannical rule-and-ruin Administrationist like Mr. Conkling. The main strength of the votes being thus divided, candidates for luck were numerous—ten or twelve—and Mr. Wadleigh turned out to be the man. We hope he will continue his predecessor's labors—investigate like him, and draft bills like his, and push his old ones. It is said the result of the caucus consolidates still further the Republican vote. Greeleyism, meantime, takes well among the New England Democracy; and States that can no more give him an electoral vote than they can give him the moon, will be loud for him in the Convention at Baltimore.

We are sorry to say we were in error in announcing the resignation of Casey, the collector at New Orleans. That eminent person keeps his place in spite of his misconduct, and we have to remind our readers that no paper friendly to General Grant has ever attempted to defend or explain his course in retaining Casey. His retention gives a slightly farcical air to the proceedings of the Board of Commissioners sitting in this city to draft rules for the appointment and promotion of clerks in the custom-house. We observe, by the way, that one of the rules they have drawn forbids the levying of "assessments" for political purposes on custom-house employees, "as voluntary contributions or otherwise." It is one of the curiosities of politics that the majority of the Congressional Committee which a week or two ago whitewashed the custom-house boldly justified the practice of levying assessments, and declared that they were purely "voluntary" contributions—probably one of the most impudent assertions ever made by a politician, and which *Harper's Weekly* in the President's interest felt bound to rebuke.

The eight-hour movement in this city has substantially failed. It has been broken down in the main by the desertion of Brewster's carriage men, who were in receipt of a share of the profits of the concern, and whose adhesion to the movement had, therefore, a touch of folly and absurdity in it which was difficult to explain; and that of Steinway's piano men, who are generally of a high order of intelligence and education, and live on excellent terms with their employers, and to whom it was, therefore, comparatively easy to explain the obstacles in the way of complying with their demands. The cabinet-makers are still partially on strike, though the main body have returned to their work. Getting lower down in the labor scale, strikes are still pretty general, and accompanied with threats of violence, and some attempts at rioting, requiring the presence of large bodies of police. For the great majority of the men engaged in these proceedings, it is easy to see that two hours' additional leisure would not be a blessing, but an injury. But it is useless to expect that the attempt will not be repeated. Efforts will undoubtedly be now made by the "labor reformers" to extend their organization all over the country, and have the next eight-hour strike made in concert. This employers ought certainly to anticipate, by initiating, not in a half-hearted, incredulous way, but with a hearty determination to make it succeed, some system of co-operation, such as is at work in Mr. Brewster's factory. It is idle to suppose that the simple wages system can be profitably carried on much longer.

The Bostonians are having what is called a "jubilee," and which consists in a series of monster concerts in an immense building. It is exciting an amount of enthusiasm in that city and in Massachusetts which, it is not disrespectful to say, the rest of the world finds it difficult to understand. The entire population of Massachusetts is said to be either in Boston or on its way thither, and popular feeling has been wrought up to a pitch of almost dangerous intensity by the appearance of three foreign military bands—that of the British Grenadier Guards being received with a positive frenzy of welcome, which must make Mr. Bancroft Davis feel more uncomfortable than ever. The mention of "consequential damages," in the Coliseum, would apparently elicit groans from thirty thousand trained performers, a roll of one thousand muffled drums, and a discharge of one hundred old cannon. We are sorry to learn, however, that the attendance at the performances, owing to the high price of admission—five dollars—is not what might be expected from the multitude which has gathered in the city.

The Board of Arbitration has met at Geneva, on the 15th, as appointed, and the main point of speculation, at this writing, is whether the British will or will not succeed in procuring the adjournment for eight months, which, they insist, is necessary to the proper adjustment of all the difficulties which have arisen in the negotiations. What the attitude of our Government on this point is, is not accurately known by the public; but the appearances indicate that it will consent to an adjournment for a shorter period—say one or two months—and there is a chance, but only a small one, that a compromise of this kind may be effected. The British have in the meantime lodged a protest, reserving the right to withdraw in case the indirect claims are in any manner pressed before the tribunal.

The trial of election petitions in England is, as our readers know, now handed over to judges of the common-law courts, who conduct the proceedings in all respects as a judicial trial, and have the power to unseat and award costs; and candidates convicted of bribery go to the penitentiary. One of the judges of the Irish Common Pleas, Mr. Justice Keogh, has recently given a decision in a contest arising out of the late Galway election which, in many of its features, is without parallel. The return of the successful candidate, Captain Nolan, was contested on the ground of clerical intimidation. The Archbishop of Tuam, two bishops, and fifty or sixty priests, took part in the canvass, and used all the terrors, spiritual and temporal, at their command to procure the return of the Catholic candidate. Judge Keogh is a Catholic himself, and spent fifty days taking evidence and hearing counsel, and passed nine days in giving judgment; and his denunciations of the clergy surpass anything to be found in judicial literature, in our day at least. One priest he denounced as "audacious and mendacious"; he proved another guilty of "deliberate perjury"; and he declared the evidence revealed "the most astonishing attempt at ecclesiastical tyranny which the whole history of priestly intolerance afforded." One priest was proved to have declared that he would use the confessional under the Ballot Bill. Captain Nolan, who was unseated, was condemned to pay the petitioner's costs, which amount to the nice little sum of $60,000. A popular subscription has been set on foot for his relief.

But then there is another side to the question. Captain Nolan is a landlord who, a few years ago, was guilty of making some very arbitrary and heartless-looking evictions among his tenantry, and, finding it had rendered his success in politics impossible, he submitted the question whether they were arbitrary to two arbitrators—one, Father Lavelle, a priest, and the other, Sir John Gray, a Dublin editor—who decided against him, and he at once reinstated the tenants amidst the wildest popular rejoicings. Since then he has been the most popular man in the country with the tenantry, and most thoroughly detested by the landlords, whose combination to defeat him at the late election was, his friends say, what led to the combination of the priests in his favor. Indeed, the Archbishop testified on the trial that the clergy would hail the ballot with delight, as, by shielding the voters from landlord intimidation, it would save the priests the necessity of taking part in the struggle. Judge Keogh, throughout his decision, made no scruple of recognizing landlord influence on the tenants with regard to their votes as "safe and legitimate," and disregarded all evidence, of which there was plenty, of landlord intimidation. The case is exciting great interest both as throwing some light on the prospective working of the ballot in Ireland, and as illustrating the curiously hostile attitude of some of the educated Irish Catholics towards the clergy.

Spain has just been going through another ministerial crisis, which Señor Castelar, the well-known orator, explains in the *Tribune*, with which he now corresponds regularly in that cloudy rhetoric which seems to have become habitual with all the politicians of his school. The secret of Spanish political troubles, as he describes it, is the secret of all the troubles of what is called "the Latin races," except the Italians, and that is, that things would go very well if some bad person—or set of bad persons—would only behave properly, which they never do, and which the majority are apparently powerless to make them do. But the details are that the King has hesitated too long about committing himself frankly and fairly to the Radicals, which, after the fall of the late Sagasta ministry, he tried to avoid doing by taking himself to a conservative cabinet, headed by the Duke de la Torre, which only lasted a fortnight. The new ministry has at its head Zorilla, and his colleagues are all men of the Progressive school. There is visible, however, among the Spanish republicans, of whom Señor Castelar is one of the chiefs, a growing tendency to practical views, which has its counterpart in France, and which promises, if it continues, to make the Republic a much nearer possibility in both countries than it has hitherto seemed. The Spanish "Republican Directory" issued a proclamation, on the outbreak of the Carlist insurrection, repudiating all connection with that movement, and shadowing forth a policy of patience, forbearance, conciliation, and peaceful agitation somewhat like that on which the Gambetta Radicals have entered or are trying to enter in France. The association of the Republic in people's minds with confusion and disorder and danger to property has had a strong influence, both in France and Spain, in retarding the growth of its influence. Its champions are now apparently about to try the steady presentation of it in a conservative and peaceful attitude. Señor Castelar's letters are interesting as expressive of his own ideas and those of his party, and it is impossible to doubt that both are strongly and favorably influenced by the continuance of order under republican auspices in France. But it is alleged by their enemies that their peaceable temper and love of moral suasion are in no small degree due to the revelation made by the campaign against the Carlists of the indifference of the army to politics, and of its unshaken fidelity to the powers that be.

A Cable despatch informs us that representatives of the American Presbyterians have congratulated the Synod of the Reformed Church (Protestant), now sitting in Paris, on the fact that they have assembled under a republic. Just how malapropos these congratulations are can only be understood in the light of a previous despatch stating that the Synod had "passed through an unusually animated discussion, which resulted in a schism of the church. M. Guizot, the leader of the Orthodox party, maintained the authority of the Scriptures, while the Rev. M. Coquerel, who is at the head of the Liberal party, justified certain divergencies relative to the divinity and resurrection of Christ. The Liberals, demurring at the action of the Orthodox majority, withdrew from the Synod." The point to be remarked is, that the Synod was called at the instance of M. Guizot, by means of his influence with M. Thiers's government, against the wishes, publicly manifested, of fully one-half the Protestant body in France; and that this republican government, as tenacious of the union of church and state as the two Napoleons, has surpassed them both by a piece of interference unprecedented under either empire. The manner, too, in which the Synod was ordered to be composed was adverse to equitable representation, and was the only way in which the Orthodox party could have secured a majority.

Their object in convoking a synod was openly avowed. It was to maintain the Orthodox ascendency in Paris, which each election was rendering more precarious, by imposing a creed on the church which would either constrain the Liberal party into acquiescence, or force the schism that has actually come about. Of this purpose the Government was fully informed after it had been persuaded to issue its decree of November 29, and in the contest over the Paris Presbytery it had an opportunity of judging somewhat of M. Guizot's unpopularity. Rejected at the first polling, he was barely elected at the second, but his ambition was satisfied and his dignity saved; and the Synod, like the Government, has followed his lead. It and he are probably pleased with the kind of republican government which has enabled them to excommunicate the majority of their coreligionists; but the Liberals can hardly help feeling that the best form of government for them was that which left the Protestants pretty much to themselves.

THE END OF PARTY PRESUMPTION.

WHATEVER may be the issue of the coming Presidential election as regards the candidates, one thing is certain—it will bring to an end what we may call the period of party presumption, which has now lasted eight years. Andrew Johnson was its best personification and its earliest result. Sober politics cannot be said to antedate the spring of 1865. The managers of the war had too grave a job upon their hands to leave them much leisure for the small triumphs of possession. Europe was sceptical and contemptuous; a mean and unprincipled minority watched every slip and profited by every necessary usurpation; an often despondent though determined people never withdrew their eyes from the capital. It was not given us to see Lincoln tested by what must have been his astonishing success during the years just following the close of the war. In the few happy days which intervened between Lee's surrender and the death of the President, the feeling everywhere had been that we "should let old Abe have his own way—that we should do just as he said." Johnson was no sooner in office than he felt at his back the whole moral support which would have been Lincoln's, only a little embittered and intensified. Johnson was forcible, persistent, able to some degree, but violent, without education either moral or mental, with no self-command, and very little knowledge of human nature. The arrogance which destroyed him was more our fault than his own. Without knowing anything about him, we began to "get him up" in the qualities which we thought he ought to possess. Because Lincoln had been gentle and wise, we concluded that Johnson must be just and inflexible. The statesmanship which would hang Jeff. Davis was just then believed to be the sort for the crisis, and Johnson's severe photograph chimed in very well with this mood. The press, the people, the clergy, the politicians everywhere flattered him. The poor man soon began to believe it all, and in a very short time came to think that he owned the country. Accordingly, when the first opposition began to define itself, his rage and consternation were in proportion to his astonishment. "My policy," exclaimed Johnson, opening wide his eyes; "where are the ingrates and traitors that would oppose me?" He soon found that there were plenty of them. It took but a few months of Thad. Stevens's insolence, Congressional thwarting, and tenure-of-office acts to teach him Solon's lesson, to call no man happy until he should see the end of his career.

The success, the prestige, and along with them the presumption, passed over into the hands of Congress. A few hundred gentlemen, responsible nominally to the people, but in reality to posterity, neither better nor worse, wiser nor more ignorant, than most Congressmen, for a year or two lorded it over the country without stint or limit. They did all sorts of high-handed things, and persuaded themselves and the people that their acts were necessary to save the country and to protect the Republic from the "man at the other end of the Avenue," as the late Thaddeus Stevens used courteously to designate the President. When at last Grant came into office, the people pretty much relegated all matters of politics into his hands, and betook themselves to business. The country was "settled," which meant that it must take care of itself while the people were permitted to make money. Had Grant's head been a giddy one, the first few months of his rule must have turned it. But he is not light-headed; he certainly possesses cool sense, and has all along kept a reasonable estimate of himself, upon which, we are glad to believe, his wretched flatterers have not to any degree imposed. He is of a turn too slow and phlegmatic to be in much danger from that vanity which overtakes temperaments more impulsive and vivacious. Moreover, even Grant, as we shall see, believes in history when he knows it. He had Johnson's "my policy" in his mind when he said, "I shall have a policy to recommend, but none to enforce against the will of the people." He does not quite think that he owns this country—which is an astonishing piece of modesty on his part, for until within a few months he very nearly did own it. The tone of presumption which he was too wary or too sensible to take himself, the military ring and the party managers and the party press were not slow to assume for him. When we were hardy enough to criticise him, and ungrateful enough to doubt his capacity, we were reminded of Appomattox and the Wilderness. The politicians were able to take up this position because for a time the people passively acquiesced in it. Divested of words, the principle was simply this, that to one who has done many things for the national advantage, it should be permitted to do many things for the national disadvantage. We in America do not like to confront our debts, and count out the payment in square coin. A hundred thousand or so, by way of recompense to Grant, would have been too lavish and superb; no, no, we would repay him by placing in his hands for the next eight years the entire financial, moral, and political interests of the country, and would permit him to perform his duties inefficiently. Such was very nearly the unconscious impression of the country during the first half of the present Administration.

Presumption has been so constant a peculiarity of our late politics, that it seems inevitable that the party in power shall always presume and bully; but parties hereafter will be more equal in numbers and in moral weight. The noble and perfect success of the Republican party gave to the organization called by that name a momentum which lasted long after it had left the hand that impelled it. That momentum is well-nigh exhausted, and the party falls to the ground like a spent shot. Presumption comes with success, and must go with success.

Whether or no Grant be re-elected, we do not believe that we shall again see a return of that party insolence and tyranny which has marked American politics for the last eight years. There was evident in the recent Convention at Philadelphia a tone of concession and deprecation addressed to some vague constituency, existing it hardly knew where. In a body so strong and apparently without a rival, this was not a little remarkable. The party which had so long been its great enemy was visibly touched with the finger of dissolution. Its new and more formidable competitor had nominated a candidate which itself could not support; but the Convention appeared to understand that its ostensible success was due quite as much to accident as to real strength with the people. Its members knew that a large body of their supporters, though not satisfied with the Administration, yet preferred Grant to Greeley. They knew that there were many others who did not think it worth while to supplant Grant even by Adams, yet whom it would take but very little to drive into opposition to the Government. Consciously to the thinking men of the party, and in a more indistinct way to the masses, Grant now holds a very different position from that occupied by him in 1868. Mr. O. P. Morton, who is the last man to tell the people a truth of which they are not already in pretty strong possession, said at the Convention, in presence of a brass-band and any quantity of flags: "He may have made mistakes; I do not say he has not." All this seems to us to show a spirit of concession on the part of the old managers to the rising party which they may for a time withstand, but which they can never again dare treat with contempt and presumption. We shall have a block upon the Government in a liberated public sentiment and a watchful minority in Congress, with whom the cant of "loyalty" will be thoroughly played out. The purity and the ideas of advance which the party had all on its side in 1856 will now be arrayed against it, and the more slothful and selfish it becomes, the more will it enlist the hostility of those elements. In any event, therefore, we may congratulate ourselves that the presumption of party is at an end, because that which is always the real reason of presumption no longer exists—the ability to presume with impunity.

PUBLIC OPINION ON THE TREATY.

AFTER a careful perusal of all the explanations and revelations called forth by the miscarriage of the Treaty of Washington on the question of the indirect claims, the conclusion at which we have arrived as to the nature of the "misunderstanding" is not that, according to the popular English theory, there was a tacit agreement to exclude these claims, which the American Government has violated; and not that, according to the London *Spectator's* theory, the Commissioners used a refined technical phraseology which would carry out their intention of excluding the claims before a tribunal of lawyers, but breaks down under merely popular examination; but something of this sort: The indirect claims had been brought before the public mind in America by Mr. Sumner's speech, as claims capable of legal appreciation, as well as of justification in the forum of morals, and it was very unlikely, or, at all events, it would be very dangerous, to suppose that they had not taken just hold of it. No treaty of peace would be satisfactory, or would put an end to the ill-feeling between the two countries, which did not deal with *all* the causes of this ill-feeling; and, therefore, it would be very imprudent, even if the indirect claims were not legally supportable, to pass them over without notice, or, at all events, to bar them in express terms. The British Commissioners had it, therefore, duly impressed upon them, that whatever was agreed upon must not only satisfy the American Commissioners, but satisfy the Senate and the people. The British Commissioners, on the other hand, maintained that under no circumstances could they agree to the submission of these claims to the arbitrators; so a compromise was found under which the claims were neither to be expressly provided for nor expressly excluded from the Treaty. When each side came to interpret this compromise, after the negotiators had separated, the British undoubtedly held that the Americans were bound to say no more about it. The Americans felt equally bound not to press for an award under it; but the Administration was either afraid to go before the people on this basis, or else was anxious to have the credit of making a cleaner sweep of international differences than the Treaty actually provided for. So it conceived the idea of claiming consequential damages in the Case, even to the extent of the cost of the war, and, indeed, everything for which the wildest imagination in the country ever dreamed of holding Great Britain liable, and bringing the claim before the tribunal in the full certainty that it would be rejected, and then, after it was rejected, turning round to the voters and saying, "You see, we demanded everything of Great Britain we could think of or that you ever thought of, but the tribunal has decided against us; there is, therefore, now no use in talking of it any further."

This theory of the matter will account in a creditable way—and it is the only one that will do so—for the policy pursued by the Administration after the outcry in England over the American Case began. First of all, it said it did not expect any award under the claims, referring back to the discussion of the Commissioners; then, the British continuing to be obstreperous, it said it fully expected the claims to be rejected; but, being still further pressed, said it presented them for the purpose of having them rejected, and thus establishing a rule of which the United States would have the benefit hereafter. Now, the most curious thing in the imbroglio has been the bewilderment with which the American public has watched the Administration going through this process. We believe not one man in a thousand understood what the State Department was driving at. When the people heard what the demand was that Mr. Bancroft Davis made of England, we think we describe correctly the state of public feeling when we say it was one of mingled surprise and amusement; but when they heard further that these demands were not seriously made, but were made merely to draw forth rejection, they were not only suprised but completely puzzled. Nevertheless, the Administration was, there is reason to believe, engaged the whole time in trying in a clumsy way to satisfy what it believed to be public opinion. How was it it did not know what public opinion about the matter was? The public, we assert with confidence, had no expectation of hearing one word more about consequential damages after the Treaty was published, and was perfectly satisfied with any disposition which the American Commissioners made of them. Those Commissioners were distinguished jurists, in whom the people had thorough confidence, and if they declared there was nothing to be said about indirect claims, nobody would have mentioned them or have expected them to be mentioned again. How came it that the Administration did not believe this?

This is a question of considerable importance, and a correct answer to it would throw considerable light on the relations of the press to the people and the Government. There is probably nothing more difficult to get at through the press than the exact state of the public mind on any question not of first-class importance and interest. On foreign questions, about which, as a general rule, the public does not feel much interest, the difficulty is almost insuperable. When the Administration of the day takes up any foreign question, the press looks on at first in perfect silence, watching the matter strictly with reference to home policy, and representing the people very much as the showman represented those two strange beasts, the "gyascutus" and the "proc." The house was crowded, waiting for their appearance, when a fearful noise was heard behind the scenes, and the proprietor appeared and informed the audience, with a trembling voice, that the gyascutus had got loose and killed the proc; that they *hoped* to be able to subdue him, and prevent his escape into the body of the house, but, of course, could not tell what might happen. In like manner, the press—and especially the opposition press—while a foreign question is pending, invariably assures the Secretary that the people is behind it, "smashing things," and longing to rend somebody, that the editors will keep it quiet if they can, but cannot hope to do so very long, and that on the subject of the existing controversy with England, France, or Spain, the animal is in a most dangerous temper. The result is that the poor Secretary is apt to get up all sorts of little theories intended to entrap the monster or distract his attention, and is often in the middle of them when the gyascutus makes his appearance in the guise of an honest farmer in his Sunday clothes, who, inspecting the apparatus prepared for him, and learning for what kind of beast the Secretary took him, sometimes laughs consumedly, but at others is very much disgusted.

We believe the feeling of disgust is that most prevalent just now, and that it arises from the want of a perfect understanding on the part of the State Department of what the public was thinking, and on the part of the public of what the Department was doing. In other words, there were faults on both sides. If we knew more of the facts of the foreign policy of the Government, and even two or three of the great newspapers got into the habit of discussing them, not for "the good of the party," but for the enlightenment of the nation, we should have no more imbroglios like the present one.

BERKELEY SPRINGS.

Berkeley Springs, W. Va., June 13, 1872.

WATERING-PLACES south of the Potomac are credited, not unjustly, with inaccessibility, to which, when overcome, succeeds general absence of creature comforts. Mr. Pollard—to the manor born—has in his book on the Virginia Springs an amusing chapter, in which he lectures landlords on their shortcomings, and advises them to get rid of the delusion, too generally nursed by them, that they are dignified hosts extending a generous hospitality to guests, who should, in common politeness, accept without murmur such entertainment as "gentlemanly proprietors" may condescend to vouchsafe. Coming here under medical edict somewhat against my will, I am agreeably surprised to find Berkeley easy of access—five hours from Baltimore by Baltimore and Ohio Railroad—and affording better than ordinary accommodation in comfort and luxury. A handsome hotel at the base of a wooded ridge, and on the edge of a charming grove of forest trees, laid out in walks and vocal with song of birds and rippling of pellucid waters; bubbling springs; and inviting baths of every size and variety, are the salient features.

The oldest of the thermal sisterhood in the United States, Berkeley has seen every period of American history, and gone through various phases of prosperity and adversity. Its earliest visitors were exclusively the really "first families" of Virginia—to wit: the Whonkenties, Ontponies, and Hassinungaes, who, according to Thomas Jefferson, owned large and valueless plantations of forest, and frequented these parts long before the advent of that virtuous princess Pocahontas in the lower counties. These distinguished visitors left no cards; but arrow-heads and hatchets found scattered over the adjacent hills testify their presence in pursuit of game to support those who came long distances to bathe in these healing waters. Innocent of iodine, and without suspicion of silicate or sulphate, they nevertheless knew from experience what cured their rheumatisms. Small ceremony and but little reserve were they troubled with. Their bathing-place was a pool scooped out of the white sand, without other screen or canopy than the forest trees.

Presently arrived the first recorded white visitor—a stripling of some sixteen years, employed by Baron Fairfax to survey wild lands, the name of him—George Washington. In default of register of fashionable hotel, he made this entry in his journal: "March 18, 1748.—We this day called to see the famous [warm springs; we camped out in the field this night." In course of years Indian and savage wigwam disappeared, colonial farmers and gentry came, and from early summer till late autumn lived in board or canvas tents, or in the wagons that brought them; some few wealthy aristocrats had log huts. Provisions they brought with them, eking out supplies with game on the hills and fish in the river. Decorous screens of pine bush now surrounded the bathing-place; and at certain hours feminine occupation and forbidding blast of tin horn exiled odious males from a certain prescribed circle. One day England wanted the French Fort Duquesne, where Pittsburg now stands, and the hills of Berkeley were vocal with sound of trumpet and drum, as Braddock's army in gallant array swept through these valleys to their graves on the banks of the Monongahela. It left no trace here but the name of Sir John (from Sir John Sinclair) to the little creek falling into the Potomac where is now the railroad station of the same name.

So high stood Berkeley's thermal virtues in the estimation of Virginia, that amid all the care and turmoil of the outbreak of the Revolution, the Commonwealth of Virginia placed upon its statute-book an enactment (October, 1776) vesting in trustees the title to these springs and securing their use for the benefit of the public for ever. Town-lots were laid out, and among the purchasers were George Washington, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and General Horatio Gates. Washington mentions in his will "Two well-situated and handsome buildings to the amount of £150." People here point out the site of these houses, now covered with a handsome modern cottage. History of that period frequently refers to Berkeley. The charming Baroness de Riedesel, wife of the commander of the Hessian contingent in Burgoyne's army, speaks of it in her published journal (1779). Here it may be well to premise that the place has successively gone under the names of Frederick, Bath, and Berkeley—which last it retains. Says the Baroness:

> "We made, at the Frederick Springs, the acquaintance of General Washington's family and also of Madame Carroll and her husband. She was a most lovable woman and an ardent patriot, but reasonable, and we became great friends. She spent most of her forenoons with us. At such times Captain Geismar played the violin and I sang Italian airs, which gave her the greatest delight. One day, while thus engaged, a countryman from whom we had in vain endeavored, by many kind words, to obtain fresh butter, came in upon us. As the Americans are generally fond of music, he listened attentively, and, when I had finished, he asked me to sing again. I asked him sportively what he would give me for a song, as I would not sing gratis. 'Two pounds of butter,' he at once answered. The idea pleased me, and I forthwith began to sing. As soon as I had done he said: 'Play another tune, but give us something lively.' My acquiescence so pleased him that the next morning he brought me four or five pounds of fresh butter. He also brought his wife with him and entreated me to sing again for them. I thus succeeded in winning their good-will, and afterwards we lacked for nothing in the way of marketing. The best of the joke was that he fully believed I was in earnest with my bargain, and, having paid for my music with his butter, he was surprised and reluctant when I insisted on paying him the money for it."

June 13, 1784, James Rumsey and Robert Throckmorton advertise in the Maryland *Gazette* "a very commodious boarding-house at the sign of the Liberty-pole and Flag," where they purpose to "render the situation of those who honor them with their commands perfectly agreeable." Then comes the inevitable newspaper correspondent, even at that early day, with letters to the Maryland *Gazette*. Dr. Johnson still reigned supreme in literature, and, accordingly, we have a proclamation "In the name of the Prophet—figs!"

> "*Richmond, Va., June* 19, 1784.—The histories of the most eminent empires cannot produce more flattering or greater instances of the genius of a people proud to cultivate the arts and eloquencies of polite refinement in the infancy of its natural existence, that is, in a state of freedom, than in the United States of America. Among the various exertions of that legislative wisdom and well-directed policy pervading the whole for the permanent establishment of general good and national grandeur, we are happy to find that the convenience of a medicinal bath supported on a plan of propriety and decorum has engaged the attention of the public. Popular respect will determine whether this plan can have for its basis the uses of similar springs in Europe." . . .

Then, after enumerating all the special attractions of the place, the epistle closes:

> "The Muses follow freedom, said Socrates. From Greece and Rome they certainly fled when those mighty empires fell. Let us hail, therefore, their residence in America."

The Rumsey who advertised the boarding-house was none other than the James Rumsey who anticipated Fulton by fifteen years in the application of steam to boats. Plunged in various industrial speculations, he yet found time to perfect a model which he floated on the waters of a secluded little bay of the Potomac River, at the mouth of Sir John's Run. When completed, the guests at the Springs were invited to witness its trial trip. The result is recorded in a certificate given to Rumsey—a certificate worthy of preservation:

> "I have seen the model of Mr. Rumsey's boat, constructed to work against the stream; examined the powers upon which it acts; been eye-witness to an actual experiment in running waters of some rapidity; and give it as my opinion (although I had little faith before) that he has discovered the art of working boats by mechanism and small manual assistance against rapid currents; that this discovery is of vast importance, may be of the greatest usefulness in our inland navigation; and if it succeeds, of which I have no doubt, that the value of it is greatly enhanced by the simplicity of the work, which, when explained, may be executed by the most common mechanic. Given under my hand, in the town of Bath, County of Berkeley, in the State of Virginia, this 7th of September, 1784.
>
> "GEORGE WASHINGTON."

Fortified with this paper, Rumsey went to England, but died on the threshold of successful exhibition of a model boat on the Thames. His correspondence from London mentions his acquaintance with a young American, a student of engineering, by name Robert Fulton.

With facilities of travel, and increase of watering-places, Berkeley became comparatively inaccessible until, in 1843, Hancock, six miles off, was reached by the progressing Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Again fashion and failing health began to rendezvous at Berkeley until the tocsin of rebellion sounded. Then came a blank of six years. In 1870, the principal hotel was purchased by a company of solid men, and is now admirably kept. From various springs the Berkeley waters are used both for drinking and bathing. Of the uniform temperature 74° Fahrenheit, they are light, sparkling, and tasteless. Taken internally, they are a good internal lubricator, beneficial for derangements of the stomach, impaired appetite, or feeble digestion. Externally used, they are efficacious in rheumatism, nervous disorders, and chronic affections of the mucous membrane. In most of the forms of bronchitis, too, these waters drunk and bathed in are said to afford certain relief. For the plunging and swimming invalid, Berkeley is a veritable watery paradise; private baths, twelve feet by five, a gentleman's swimming-bath five feet deep, and sixty feet by twenty in size, and a ladies' plunge-bath floored with white marble, thirty feet by sixteen.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, May 31, 1872.

THE most lively sensation of the last few weeks has been produced by the judgment delivered in the case of the Galway election. The whole proceeding is strikingly characteristic of the difficulties of government in Ireland. The election was contested by Captain Trench, who was put forward by the gentry of the district, and Captain Nolan, who was the nominee of the Catholic priesthood. It was not a question of Protestant against Catholic, for Captain Trench had a large number of Catholic supporters, but of ultramontanes against the moderate men of all parties. The priests strained their influence to the uttermost, animated chiefly by the desire to upset the non-sectarian system of education; and the nature of priestly influence in Ireland was most vividly illustrated by their performance. Mr. Justice Keogh, himself a Roman Catholic, and formerly a member of Parliament, indulged in a philippic which to English ears sounds, it must be admitted, scarcely in harmony with the calm judicial tone appropriate to the bench, but which may perhaps be, as we are assured it is, congenial to Irish tastes. He went out of his way, for example, to defend the character of Cromwell from imputations cast upon it by "the vile tongue of that audacious and mendacious priest, Father Conway." He seems to have described another person—perhaps in reference to words that had been used in the trial—as "that obscene monster, Pat Barrett." Pat Barrett may, for anything I know, be an obscene monster, but English judges do not habitually indulge in such flowers of rhetoric. However that may be, the said obscene monster and his friends, acting under the instigation of the priests, had established a reign of terror in Galway. The "ecclesiastical circumvallation" was complete, and Captain Trench was not put up by the landlords till "every avenue of the constitution had been held by ecclesiastical dictation." The result was, in short, so Judge Keogh declared, "the most astonishing attempt at ecclesiastical tyranny which the whole history of priestly intolerance afforded." The flocks themselves knew and cared as much about denominational education as they did about the squaring of the circle; but priests warned them from the altars that the finger of scorn should be pointed at all who voted for Captain Trench, that they would be considered as renegades, and, as we may infer, that they would meet with a very unpleasant reception in the next world. The notorious Father Lavelle spoke of the "political death-knell" of Captain Trench, and, as the Judge remarked, the fortunate possessor of a blunderbuss in Tipperary was not likely to distinguish accurately between a political and a physical death-knell. It had been announced that the priests would create such a panic that gentlemen would be afraid to wander beyond their own grounds. Shots had been fired into houses. The obscene monster had hunted gentlemen through the fields with a following of congenial rowdies. One gentleman had fought his way to the polls at the head of twenty-seven men, and several of them had been wounded. Priests had declared from the altar that voters might break promises to vote for Captain Trench. They had announced that, if the Ballot Bill passed, they would use the confessional to extort votes. One priest, who had denied having made some indecent observations about a lady, was proved to have committed perjury. And, in short, the people had generally become "mindless, brainless, coward instruments in the hands of ecclesiastical despots."

The judgment not only unseated Captain Nolan, but declared that the votes given to him in spite of warning had been thrown away, and that therefore his antagonist was duly elected. The Judge would report that the Archbishop of Tuam, two other Roman Catholic bishops, and a number of their clergy, had been guilty of an organized attempt to defeat the free franchise of the electors, and that Captain Nolan and his clerical supporters had been guilty of corrupt practices. I am not quite aware of the legal consequences of this report, whether it involves the necessity of a prosecution, or whether, as I think, it deprives the persons named of the franchise. The Judge concluded by saying that an attempt had been made to set up a more galling ascendancy than that which had recently been struck down, and that he was proud that his countrymen had had the intelligence and spirit to defeat it. The judgment, whether we consider it as trespassing beyond the borders of judicial propriety or not, has produced a profound impression. The Roman Catholic Church, as Judge Keogh observed, enjoys at least as much freedom in Ireland as in any country in the world. Its priests exercise an immense influence, not only upon the people, but upon the English Government, against which they are ready to form an alliance with all the elements of disorder in the country. Cardinal Cullen is one of the greatest powers in the country, and Mr. Gladstone's government have been generally suspected of carrying on a dangerous flirtation with the priestly power. Although the question of Irish education has been carefully kept out of sight, in spite of Mr. Fawcett's efforts, it is the subject of imperious demands from the priests. It must be prominent in the next session, and may not improbably involve a break-up of existing parties. The object of the priests in the Galway election was to prove that their demands were supported by the great body of the population, and the judgment now delivered is a curious comment upon the nature of the forces now at work. The next time that we are told that the Irish people insist on having their education committed to the hands of the priesthood, we shall know what to think of the spirit in which the demand is made. Other comments I must leave to you. I have been told that there are a good many Irishmen in New York, and you can probably judge of their fitness to carry on a satisfactory system of representative government. Ireland at any rate is not altogether edifying to the admirer of free institutions; and, though Mr. Justice Keogh has administered a severe rebuff for the moment to the priestly party, it remains to be seen whether similar disorders may not be reproduced in the future. Now that the Ballot Bill is on the point of being carried, it will be curious to see whether the spiritual machinery of the confessional will not be more than a match for the ingenious apparatus devised by our political theorists.

The Ballot Bill, as I come upon that dreary topic, has at last been sent up to the House of Lords by a fair majority. Government judiciously placed the third reading on a day when our legislators are wearied by their annual holiday at the Derby, and are looking forward to another day's relaxation at the Oaks. The debate was languid enough, as, indeed, the subject has been talked to death. The orthodox preachers of liberalism disagree as to whether the mutilations to which the measure has been subjected have really injured its efficacy. I do not presume to decide, and still less is it clear whether the House of Lords will muster up courage enough to reject it altogether and try the effect of adding a little more water to a concoction already too mild to satisfy ardent advocates of the cause. Of course, if they do, there will be a good deal of bluster, and it is possible that Government may force the measure through by staking their existence on its success, or that Conservatives may be glad to get rid of a question which has long been a nuisance and to which they probably attach no very great importance.

A much more vital matter for the Ministry, and indeed for the country generally, is the Washington Treaty. It has not yet come in any shape before Parliament. Mr. Disraeli put a very long question to Mr. Gladstone about it the other night, and Mr. Gladstone replied at equal length, and without throwing much light upon the question. Other members have been trying their luck at cross-questioning without any great success, and have been met by the usual appeals for forbearance. The general temper of the country seems to be a growing distrust of the value of the Treaty in any shape. The course of the discussion seems to show that there is a fundamental misunderstanding at bottom, which cannot be got out of the way by any quantity of judicious patching and tinkering. We have every day a set of contradictory telegrams, which leave us still in doubt as to the action of the United States Senate and the chance of saving the Treaty by some more or less skilful compromises. I can therefore only say at present that, if it falls through, the misfortune will not create the regret which would have been universally felt a short time ago. We have a suspicion that the whole Treaty was drawn up in such ambiguous terms that new misunderstandings would probably arise from the attempt to put it in action; every new patch makes more rents than it mends; and we had better, so we are apt to fancy, drop the whole concern, and be as we were before. The last light thrown upon the subject has come from a lecture delivered by Prof. Bernard. The main pith of his speech seemed to be that a treaty ought not to be drawn up with legal accuracy. He has more or less attempted to explain away his words, but, as it seems to me, with very indifferent success. The meaning of the Treaty, he thinks, is plain enough, and he holds that it was "carefully framed to embrace only specific claims"; but then he says that the punctilious self-respect of governments and voters has to be consulted, and that "in a treaty it is often necessary to accept a less finished or even a less accurate expression instead of a more finished or more accurate one; and it must be construed liberally and reasonably according to what appears to be the true relation of the contracting parties." If that is the best which one of the negotiators can say for himself, it requires little acuteness to explain the failure of the Treaty. We have respected each other's punctiliousness to such a degree that we rendered our meaning unintelligible, and have been a good deal more amiable than businesslike. We are now reaping the natural fruits of such a mode of doing business; and there is some plausibility in the suggestion that we had better make a clean sweep of the whole and try to begin over again with a clearer mutual understanding. It is a melancholy conclusion enough, and one to which I should come with great reluctance, but certainly the tendency so far is unmistakably in this direction. I fear that the negotiators must begin to feel that the honors bestowed upon them for their success were a trifle premature, and the Government must be growing sensible that their one great achievement of last year is ending in something like a fiasco. That, however, is comparatively a small consideration, in presence of the international difficulties. A greater disappointment could hardly have happened to those who regard the establishment of good feeling between England and the United States as a matter of growing importance. We can only console ourselves by throwing the blame as much as possible upon the bungling of our statesmen, and hoping that the two nations are at bottom wiser than their representatives.

Correspondence.

POST-OFFICIAL REDTAPERY.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Some weeks ago, while in the city of New York, I received from Hartford, Conn., sundry proofs, covered by a two-cent stamp and enclosed in an envelope marked "printed matter," and having the opposite corners cut open. I had already received several similar envelopes at Washington, D. C., and returned proofs in like manner from that place; so, naturally having no doubt about the propriety of what was allowed at headquarters, I undertook to do the same thing from New York. The proofs did not reach their destination. On enquiry, I was informed by the New York post-office that they were "held for postage," without further explanation. But I afterwards ascertained indirectly that the letter of the law excludes all regularly-made envelopes, however cut open at the ends or corners, and that, to be on the safe side, the sender must take the trouble to paste a piece of paper around his printed matter. Many postmasters, however, do not feel themselves bound to carry out this literal strictness. Hence the rule becomes oppressive by its uncertainty. It may be asked, "Why make a fuss about nine or twelve cents postage?" I answer, it is not *that* which I am concerned about; indeed, I shall always take good care hereafter to put my proofs into a regular envelope and pay letter postage on them. It is the false pretence and the disappointment. Besides, I do not pretend to make myself a standard. There certainly seem to be persons to whom the difference in postage *is* an object, or is supposed to be; else why pass such a law?

It may also be said that, as paternal government is looking up, especially since Greeley's nomination, these little technicalities are of service to the public, and teach us to be precise and conscientious, and not to violate the letter of an absurd law, even if some of the authorities connive at our violation. Leaving out all other objections to this plea, one sufficient answer is that the greater penalty usually falls on the party who did not commit the fault. Thus, in the present instance, while I did not escape entirely unscathed, being put to the trouble of writing several letters on the subject, the principal sufferer was the Philological Association, whose whole machinery was brought to a stand-still for ten days.

In short, the "printed matter" regulation seems to be a part of that carefully-arranged system by which our erudite government so sedulously discriminates *against* all the higher branches of literature and learning. Just look at the items. First, the denial of international copyright, owing to which, as one of the Harpers' own tools confesses, lexicons, critical editions of the classics, and learned commentaries generally, are almost unknown as native productions. Then our judicious tariff trebles, or more than trebles, the price of many books required in special subjects, and never by any possibility republished here. Then we have a supremely absurd law about manuscripts being postable at low rates, *provided* they are *book* manuscripts—which constitute perhaps *one per cent.* of the written matter despatched to editors and publishers, not to speak of the *impossibility* in many cases of deciding beforehand whether a manuscript is "book" or not. Finally, we have this petty, piddling legislation about printed matter. And all the while we brag and crow about our national encouragement of literature, which consists chiefly in plundering the foreign and snubbing the native author.

CARL BENSON.

LENOX, MASS., June 10, 1872.

GRANT OR GREELEY?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In company with thousands of young men in this section who desire to do their duty to the country, I have grave doubts what course to take in the coming campaign. The first vote I ever cast was for Grant in 1868. I do not feel that I can vote for him again. Mr. Greeley I can but regard as the most thoroughly unfit of all our public men for the office of President.

The chances now are that the Baltimore Convention will either endorse him or nominate some regular Old Line Democrat whom I should be equally unwilling to vote for.

Under these circumstances I have written to you, and I know that words from you upon this matter would be read thoughtfully and carefully by almost the entire body of young and educated Republicans throughout Massachusetts. I come in daily contact with a great number of young Republicans, and the same story is heard from all: "I can't vote for Greeley, and I don't want to vote for Grant, but what can I do?" We don't like to be outsiders and not vote at all, although I feel that such will be the only conscientious course unless new light is given.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, June 13.

[We have received a good many letters of this sort, and have in reply only to repeat what we have said in substance already—that in politics our ideal is never attainable; that after reaching as high as we can, we must after all take what we can touch; that whether one ought to abstain from voting altogether if no candidate in the field be acceptable, is a nice question in casuistry; but it is at all events "a probable opinion," as the Jesuit fathers say, that, your vote being a trust as well as a franchise, you owe it to your fellow-citizens to make a selection, and assist them in avoiding as much as possible whatever evil there is in the situation, however indifferent you may yourself be to the result; that our belief is that, except on the points of nepotism and "gift-taking" and ignorance, Greeley would be open to all the objections which have been raised against Grant, surpasses Grant in gullibility, and is far inferior to him in executive ability; that Greeley's advent would be marked by a redistribution of offices which would plunge the civil service into a far worse condition than that in which it is now, as he is surrounded by even a lower class of politicians than those who surround Grant, and is now *daily contracting obligations* to them which he will be forced to discharge by quartering them on the Treasury, and that among them would be found a swarm of Democrats hungry with the hunger of ten years' opposition and full of contempt for him; that he would, without his knowledge perhaps, be managed by these men and for their benefit; that his advent to power too would stimulate all the worst tendencies of the day, and those which make most strongly against reform—contempt for training and for experience of all kinds; faith in blatherskite and bawling as instruments of human regeneration; disregard of character as a social or political force; farcical views of government and legislation; recklessness and indifference to details in administration; and that subtle but nevertheless potent hindrance to civilization which consists in the cultivation of grossness and vulgarity of manners as things in themselves desirable.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

D. APPLETON & CO. have in press "Healthy Houses," by Wm. Eassie, C.E.; and "The Physiology of Man," by Austin Flint, Jr., M.D.——The new "U. S. Internal Revenue and Tariff Law of 1872," edited by Horace E. Dresser, will be published by the Harpers.——W. Gifford Palgrave's "Hermann Agha," printed from advance sheets; "Fly Leaves," verses by C. S. Calverley; and D. D. Home's "Incidents of My Life," second series, are announced by Holt & Williams.——"A Juvenile Life of General Lee" and "A Memoir of Roger Brooke Taney" will shortly be published by Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

—Should any Japanese purpose visiting Boston at this mid-Jubilee season, they will learn what to expect by turning to page 361 of Arinori Mori's "Life and Resources in America"—a work prepared in Washington for circulation in Japan. "On the score of enterprise and culture," one is there told, "the inhabitants of Boston have no superiors, and that circumstance has tended to make them clannish, or exclusive in their manners and conversation and modes of doing business; hence it is that the outside world, especially the cosmopolitan citizens of New York, occasionally indulge in a little ridicule at the expense of the Bostonians." No hint of this, it is needless to say, will be found in Messrs. Osgood & Co.'s "Boston Illustrated." The loyalty of the compiler of this handy guide-book is above suspicion, and his concern is with the city's monuments rather than with its inhabitants. It is seldom that we meet with a work of this character more agreeably written or displaying such extensive and accurate information, especially in what pertains to the early history and antiquities of Boston. Nor have we noticed in the text anything unequivocally like an advertisement—no small merit, certainly. The only "exclusiveness" we have observed is in certain of the Boston graveyards, in which there is no longer admission for commoner clay than—in the Granary burying-ground, for example—that of the "nine governors of the Colony and the State; two of the signers of the Declaration of Independence [John Hancock and Sam. Adams being in both these categories]; Paul Revere, the patriotic merchant; Peter Faneuil, the donor of the market-house and hall that bear his name; Judge Samuel Sewall; six famous doctors of divinity; the first Mayor of Boston; and a great many others of whom every student of American history has read"—such as the victims of the Boston Massacre of 1770, the parents of Benjamin Franklin, etc. Perhaps we ought also to mention the clever and exclusive patent for naming streets in the new Boston—alphabetical in sequence, and alternating three syllables and two, *e.g.*, Arlington, Berkeley, Clarendon, Dartmouth, etc.—a high-stepping nomenclature, pleasing to the eye and ear. Pearl Street, again, is the greatest boot and shoe market in the world, and Boston leads the continent in American dry-goods and in wool. The Boston Music Hall is "one of the noblest public halls in the world, and the pride of every music-lover of Boston," we don't doubt; but are its acoustic properties just "perfect"? Dr. Holmes is cited as authority for this statement, but it has not been always true, though the organ may have made it so. The spelling of "Meionian" on page 62 accords with the vulgar pronunciation, but is it now the accepted orthography for the name of the Lesser Temple? The illustrations are fresh and true to the originals, and will serve occasionally to correct the compiler's notions of what is good architecture in his native city.

—The Spanish Academy having solicited the co-operation of Spanish-American men of letters in giving unity and harmony to the Castilian tongue, a distinguished Ecuadorian littérateur, Dr. Pedro Firmin Cevallos, author of "A History of Ecuador," has given, in the *Press* of Guayaquil, a hearty response to the invitation. As a practical means of attaining the object desired, he proposes the establishment of sixteen academies—one for each of the Spanish-American republics and for Cuba—which should unite with that of Madrid in forming a complete dictionary of the language. The Hon. Antonio Flores discusses this proposition and the general question in an interesting article in *La América Illustrada* of May 30. He recalls the spontaneous efforts of Vincent Salvá, more than a quarter of a century since, to bring about a literary reunion between the mother-country and the revolted provinces, and praises his undertaking, with this end in view, to collect the provincialisms of the New World. The enterprise, however, was unsuccessful, and it would remain, says Sr. Flores, for the seventeen academies (including San Domingo) to carry out Salvá's idea by preparing, each for itself, a dictionary of provincialisms, embracing the names of trees, fruits, animals, and other objects peculiar to the country, or known elsewhere under another appellation. He instances the fruit called *aguacate* in Ecuador, but in Peru and elsewhere *palta;* and the refuse of sugar in the boiler, *panela* (New Granada), *raspadura* (Ecuador), and *chancaca* (Peru). These diversities of speech point, of course, to the influence of the native element on the language of the conquerors, the Indian offering the same passive resistance to the Castilian tongue that the Castilian did to the Arabic during the conquest (so that—as the Spaniard is proud to remind us—in eight centuries of domination less than a hundred Moorish words were grafted on the Castilian idiom, and no one of these relating to the affections). On this side the proposed dictionaries would have an ethnological and historical value which would of itself repay the labor of compiling them. But in respect of idioms, they would have an immediate utility not to be despised by one who desires to pass from one South American country to another. It is a matter of great delicacy to avoid giving offence by the use of phrases quite Castilian, but in local disrepute; and, says Sr. Flores, the *nomenclatura vergonzante* would be the first thing for a traveller to turn to in studying his dictionary. The Babel is such that the misunderstanding which of old was produced by a confusion of tongues, would here be at its height if every one were to talk Spanish.

—Apropos of our recent allusion to the deleterious colors in some of Morris & Co.'s wall-papers, we learn, on the best authority, that Morris & Co. prepare the patterns and mix tints for the combination, but leave the actual composition of the colors for the manufacture to the house which does the printing. In the pattern tints furnished by Morris & Co., arsenical or any other poisonous color in no case enters; but in some cases they find that the printers, to facilitate getting the required tint, have used arsenical colors instead of those employed by the designers, who, not suspecting such a possibility, had taken no precautions against it. On the matter being brought to their attention, they analyzed samples of all their papers, and in two, where *blue* tints entered, found traces of arsenic. They at once forbade the use of any such material thereafter, and now take the precaution of testing chemically every lot of paper sent in from the printing works, so that no apprehension need be entertained as to the dangerous qualities of their later manufacture.

—Bernard Quaritch, in his catalogue of old English literature, just issued, has a list of five copies of the First folio of Shakespeare's plays in various degrees of perfection, ranging in price from £525 to £30—the last having twenty-eight leaves supplied in fac-simile; two of the Second folio; one of the very rare Third, of which most of the edition was destroyed in the great fire of London; and one of the Fourth; a Spenser of 1609; Caxton's "Game of Chess," first edition, lacking seven leaves, priced at £400; Higden's Polychronicon" and "Tom-Landry," also by Caxton; a Wotton's "Speculum Christiani," from the press of William of Mechlin; ten examples of the imprints of Wynkin de Worde, one of Peter of Treves, and one of Thomas Barthelet (1544).

—The *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* is publishing a series of articles written by M. Alfred Darcel on "Les Arts et les Musées sous la Commune," which are really valuable contributions to the history of the time. M. Darcel does not love the Communists, but he writes with a freedom from heat and with an abstention from exaggeration and accusation singular (shall we say?) in a Frenchman. He wastes no words, states his facts with an evident wish to keep them facts, and is careful to give dates and documents. In the *Gazette* for May we have a particular statement of the losses sustained by the arts in the burning of the Hôtel de Ville. Of these, the most important were the paintings by Eugène Delacroix, the ceiling painted by Ingres and another by Léon Coguiet, the voussures of the Salle des Fêtes painted by H. Lehmann, and unless, as M. Darcel suggests, it had been torn and destroyed long before the firing, the equestrian portrait of Napoleon III. by Horace Vernet. Other works by painters less known were utterly destroyed, as also the beautiful chimney-piece executed in 1608 by Biard, and the bas-reliefs in wood representing the twelve months, attributed to Jean Goujon. In one of the wings of the Hôtel de Ville was the cabinet of M. Ch. Read, which contained the drawings, engravings, plans, and manuscripts relating to the history of Paris; the collection of Parisian portraits bought by M. Solomon Lieutaud; and the books and engravings relating to manners and dress forming the collection of M. Jules Gailhabaud; all these were, of course, destroyed. A private loss which touches the public was that of M. E. Reiber, whose house in the Rue Vavin near the Luxembourg was blown up with gunpowder. M. Reiber had only sufficient warning to enable him to cram into a portfolio his most valuable papers, but a great number of drawings and notes collected in the course of long studies upon Japanese art, together with the manuscript of a book which he had been writing on that subject, were lost.

—Another loss in the same field of study, but more serious because it consisted of precious and rare objects of which, such are the spontaneity and individuality of the art of Japan and China, no duplicates can be in existence, was the fine collection of bronzes and porcelains of these two countries belonging to M. Edmond Taigny, formerly master-of-requests. This remarkable collection, not easily to be forgotten by those interested in such matters who saw it when it made a part of the Oriental Exposition of 1869, had been deposited in the Palace of the Conseil d'Etat for safe-keeping and was destroyed with the building. In the same palace a great number of important pictures by modern French masters were lost—the Justinian of Delacroix; the Napoleon I., a singular production by Flandrin; President Duranty, by P. Delaroche; and one of Eugène Isabey's finest marine pieces. Two important private libraries shared the fate of so much else that was precious destroyed by the incendiaries of the Rue de Lille. That of the Baron F. de Guilhermy was a collection of works on the archæology of the Middle Ages which he had formed and developed with the growth of that science—for it may be called a science—of which he was one of the founders. In the same street, on the corner of the Rue de Bac, was the apartment of the late Prosper Mérimée, containing the rich library he had bequeathed to the Institute—this was entirely destroyed; and, in the same building, an oratorio by Alonzo Cano, a rare Spanish master of whom not even the Louvre possesses a specimen. Speaking of the Sainte Chapelle, M. Darcel says that it escaped as by a miracle from the flames which enveloped it on all sides. Not a stone, not a pane of glass, not a bit of lead even, suffered. The same is true, however, of every part of the Palace of Justice, which either in its foundations or its restorations belonged to the Middle Age. The Tour d'Horloge and that part of the Conciergerie which joins the clock-tower on the quay have lost nothing, not even their picturesque physiognomy. Whoever crosses the Seine by either of the neighboring bridges can still enjoy the striking silhouette which the buildings on this corner of the quay make against the sky with their varied and dignified lines, and may still compare them with the heavy and monotonous public and private constructions of the opposite bank.

—Perhaps for literary men the story which M. Darcel tells of the experience of the Bibliothèque Nationale—to choose the one which we imagine most Frenchmen would prefer out of the many names which it has borne—and which is here told truly for the first time, will have the greatest interest. It is, of course, too long for us to reproduce, but in advising our readers to procure the *Gazette*, and read it for themselves, we call particular attention to what M. Darcel says about the part played in the affair by M. Elie Reclus, of which so much has been said, and so many stories told, most of them to the discredit of M. Reclus. The friends of this gentleman will be glad to learn that M. Darcel, with all his contempt for M. Reclus, has nothing more serious to lay to his charge than a superserviceable zeal in carrying out what he believed to be needed reforms in the management of the library. Certainly, M. Reclus was not alone in believing these reforms necessary; fault-finding had been rife, both in France and England, for some time before the war, and not only with regard to the Library, but with regard to the Louvre as well. The Louvre has found a wise, learned, and zealous director in the person of M. Charles Blanc, the brother of Louis Blanc. There is no question about the learning, the zeal, or the integrity of M. Elie Reclus. M. Darcel himself, who calls him a visionary (*songe-creux*), and ridicules him as a vegetarian (*légumiste*), has no charge to make which proves M. Reclus wanting in anything but discretion. And, painful as it may be to admit this serious want, it is one which, we suppose no friend of M. Reclus will deny, stood in the way of his doing all the good that a nature so pure of all selfishness, a spirit of such elevation, and a mind so cultivated, could have done for his native country, which no man loved better, or had nobler aspirations for, than he.

—Even in our days Germany, with its kingdoms, duchies, principalities, and sovereign cities, its Saxes, Lippes, Anhalts, Mecklenburgs, and Hohenzollerns, and numerous other divisions, and more numerous enclaves, has always been considered by foreigners a kind of labyrinthine country, through the intricacies of which only the long and strong thread of German geographical learning could safely guide. But what is the Germany of our days compared to the Germany of the past, the Holy Roman Empire? A glance at Dr. Carl Wolf's beautiful new wall map, entitled "Die mitteleuropäischen Staaten nach ihren geschichtlichen Bestandtheilen des ehemaligen römisch-deutschen Kaiserreichs" (Berlin: Carl Habel), which, of course, includes the Netherlands and Switzerland, will suffice to show the immense difference. Large, clear, and well-colored though the map is, some parts to be studied almost require the aid of a microscope. The list of the abbreviations used in it is as long as similar lists preceding dictionaries. For endless is the number of the Abteien, Baronien, Burggrafschaften, Domprobsteien, Fürstenthümer, Gau-Erbschaften, Grafschaften, Gefürstete Grafschaften, Herrschaften, Herzogthümer, Hochstifte, Landgrafschaften, Gefürstete Landgrafschaften, Markgrafschaften, Meisterthümer, Ordens-Commenthureien, Probsteien, Reichs-Baronien, Reichs-Dörfer, Reichs-Städte, and Ritterkreise, which formed the minor divisions of the vast dominions ruled over by the mediæval Kaisers. Few persons, not excluding the German professional geographers, are able to master the contents of this map, but for reference it will be found highly valuable by every student of history.

MR. WARD H. LAMON'S LIFE OF LINCOLN.[*]

MORE kinds of writing are autobiographical than most writers imagine, and Mr. Lamon's biography of Mr. Lincoln, while it tells us a vast deal about Mr. Lincoln, tells us a good deal also about Mr. Lamon, and leaves us with no very pleasant impression of him. He is, nevertheless, a perfectly well-intentioned man, with an evidently sincere desire to tell the truth and do his whole duty by his subject, and it is a pity that he has so imperfect an idea of what constitutes common decency. That anything is forbidden ground to a biographer he seems almost unable to conceive, and he lays before the public eye matters which surely are of no concern to any of us who are outside of Mr. Lincoln's family. Mr. Lamon has our respect for his motives, but it is proper to say to him that he has written indelicately and even impudently about Mr. Lincoln's domestic relations, in an ungentlemanly way and with amusing foolishness about Mr. Lincoln's love affairs, and with very unnecessary stress, and therefore offensively, about certain of Mr. Lincoln's habits and certain of his opinions. Why should a biographer make much of the fact that his subject, when a raw boy, "read Tom Paine and Volney's Ruins" and scoffed at religion and mimicked preachers? Of course, uneducated, intelligent, self-reliant boys are sure to do just that, if Volney's Ruins and the "Age of Reason" happen to come in their way and something else does not. And why make parade of the fact as a "painful" fact that Mr. Lincoln at various times thought he was in love when he was not, or when he was not so much in love as he was the first time? A spiritualistic "medium," with wise theories about "affinities" and "spheres" and the incalculable influence of love, and with a distinct dislike of some of the commandments and therefore of all the Bible, might contentedly have written some of Mr. Lamon's chapters, but why a man of sense should have written them is not evident. And why a man accustomed to the usages of either good society or bad should assert, directly or by implication, of any living woman, that the thought of marrying her made her husband wretched, and that she proved a very unsatisfactory wife, is something that we will leave Mr. Lamon to explain. Could he not have waited, if the world needs must have this valuable information, till the woman was dead? We believe we cannot recollect a greater piece of well-meaning, cruel underbreeding and impudence than Mr. Lamon has contrived to achieve in this matter, and his good intention and general satisfactoriness make it all the more desirable to tell him so, and call the fact to the notice of himself and his more ignorant admirers.

That the volume is to be pronounced generally satisfactory we think we may say, though we confess we say so with some reluctance, for it has not only the defects which we have noted, but others, literary and moral, and contrives to offend the reader about as often as it pleases him. But it is very copious and minute; it is the result of very much painstaking labor by persons intimately acquainted with the Lincoln of the ante-presidential days; it is very truthful, conscientious, and critically impartial, while, at the same time, it is full of respect and affectionate admiration for Mr. Lincoln; it gives, either at length or in skilful abstracts mixed with quotations, Mr. Lincoln's chief public utterances; it shows us the condition of the society which produced him; it is clear and interesting in its treatment of politics and prominent politicians; it enables us to see how he was educated for his position; and it leaves him, as we are sure it ought, holding our strong and admiring respect and a good share of our affection.

We Eastern people have little real knowledge of the difficulties and dangers amid which this extraordinary man made his career, and out of what degradation and ignorance and by what labors he rose to statesmanship and political eminence. The man who was to speak the most eloquent words of his time, who was to link his name to one of the great historical acts of all times, who was to become perhaps the most authoritative and powerful of contemporary rulers, and to die more regretted by friends and enemies than any man of this generation, was born in a condition which gave promise, or which in any other country in Christendom would have given promise, of no one of all these things. That he was born in lawful wedlock Mr. Lamon leaves in doubt, though we think needlessly, the absence of marriage record or license being, we fancy, not very exceptional in the case of contracts between Southern and Western "poor whites" and "low-downers." But whether or not he was legitimate, poor whites or "low flung people" his parents were, and that of nearly the lowest type. His mother appears to have been superior in native endowments to women of her class, and apparently this superiority to her sordid lot bred in her a deep melancholy, or rather an apathetic despair, which she transmitted to her son, and which to the end of his days darkened his mind and afflicted him with a frequent depression that at times was even insane and suicidal. This depression it was, acting upon a very sensitive disposition and a nervous system hereditarily enfeebled and morbid, from which Mr. Lincoln took refuge in a gaiety that was often unreal. To say, as some do, that his fondness for funny stories, of which not a few were very low, was altogether because of his desire to escape from his mental misery, is no doubt a mistake. The West of Mr. Lincoln's time was full of stories, old and new, and he was full of them because for one thing he was emphatically a man of the people, for another thing deliberately made himself a proficient in popular arts, and for another had in large measure the gift which consists in making things clear to plain men; and of this gift the ability to speak in homely parables is no small part. And the dirtiness of some of his stories is due to the fact that his childhood and youth were spent among incredibly coarse people, that he was of an impressible nature, that he never had the advantage of elevating education, and that among the men with whom his life was spent till he was fifty years old, coarse wit, and the coarser the better, was a principal passport to favor. The habit once formed was enduring, and we do not know that the society of many of the politicians in Washington is much fitted to eradicate ways of speech picked up among "gander parties" of "Hoosiers." That his failing in this respect was due to vice of nature there is no evidence; on the contrary, there is reason to suppose him a man of a naturally clean imagination, and his purity of life is not gainsaid by any one.

Lincoln's father, Thomas Lincoln, or Tom Lincoln, as he was called, was a shiftless good-for-nothing, who drank as hard as any of his neighbors, and could thrash almost any one of them who presumed too far upon his easy temper; but of their hard-working industry and their frequent clear-sightedness in business matters he had none. His wife taught him to write his name, but no one could teach him his duty to his family; and he spent his life as his father had before him, wandering towards the West, half clearing one miserable farm after another, having children born to him in one wretched log-hut after another, feeding upon corn-bread, whiskey, and what game he could kill, and contriving always to be on the wretched border-land between civilization and the wilderness. The "Western Country" was in his days what some portion of our mining region is now, the resort of all the most desperate ruffians anywhere to be found, and mingled with these were the wildest speculators in real or imaginary cities, and such debtors and incapables and born wanderers as well-regulated communities could not tolerate or retain. Dickens's "Eden" was no great exaggeration. Long after Tom Lincoln's time, it was said of Illinois that she exported nothing but lands and city lots—a little miserable agriculture, and an enormous amount of speculating, drinking, and politics, being the sole or the principal business of the new country; and of Louisville, Kentucky, not very long before Abraham Lincoln was born, it is related that "the whole population were so deeply engaged in drinking, card-playing, and selling town lots to each other, that they persistently refused to pay any attention to three men who were drowning in the river near by, although their dismal cries for help were distinctly heard throughout the 'city.'"

Buying and selling corner lots was never the occupation of Tom Lincoln. He was a representative of that class of poor whites who were not precisely the lowest, for they did not live by stealing from their richer neighbors;

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[*] "The Life of Abraham Lincoln; from his Birth to his Inauguration as President. By Ward H. Lamon. With Illustrations." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

their women were usually virtuous after a fashion, and the men did some hard work, though intermittently. But they were miserably poor, very ignorant, very superstitious, leading sordid lives in squalid, wretched homes. This extract, perhaps, gives a favorable impression of them:

> “‘You wish me to tell you how the people used to go to meeting—how far they went. At that time we thought it nothing to go eight or ten miles. The old ladies did not stop for the want of a shawl, or cloak, or riding-dress, or two horses, in the winter-time; but they would put on their husbands' old overcoats, and wrap up their little ones, and take one or two of them up on their beasts, and their husbands would walk, and they would go to church, and stay in the neighborhood until the next day, and then go home. The old men would start out of their fields from their work, or out of the woods from hunting, with their guns on their shoulders, and go to church, some of them dressed in deer-skin pants and moccasins, hunting-shirts with a rope or leather strap around them. They would come in laughing, shake hands all around, sit down and talk about their game they had killed, or some other work they had done, and smoke their pipes together with the old ladies. If in warm weather, they would kindle up a little fire out in the meeting-house yard, to light their pipes. If in winter-time, they would hold their church in some of the neighbors' houses. At such times they were always treated with the utmost of kindness: a bottle of whiskey, a pitcher of water, sugar, and glass were set out, or a basket of apples, or turnips, or some pies and cakes. Apples were scarce them times. Sometimes potatoes were used as a treat. (I must tell you that the first treat I ever received in old Mr. Linkern's house, that was our President's father's house, was a plate of potatoes, washed and pared very nicely, and handed round. It was something new to me, for I never had seen a raw potato eaten before. I looked to see how they made use of them. They took off a potato, and ate them like apples.) Thus they spent the time till time for preaching to commence, then they would all take their seats: the preacher would take his stand, draw his coat, open his shirt-collar, commence service by singing and prayer, take his text, and preach till the sweat would roll off in great drops. Shaking hands and singing then ended the service. The people seemed to enjoy religion more in them days than they do now. They were glad to see each other, and enjoyed themselves better than they do now.'
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> “Society about Gentryville was very little different from that of any other backwoods settlement of the same day. The houses were scattered far apart, but the inhabitants would travel long distances to a log-rolling, a house-raising, a wedding, or anything else that might be turned into a fast and furious frolic. On such occasions the young women carried their shoes in their hands, and only put them on when about to join the company. The ladies drank whiskey-toddy, while the men took it straight; and both sexes danced the livelong night, barefooted, on puncheon floors.
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> “The fair sex wore ‘corn-field bonnets, scoop-shaped, flaring in front, and long, though narrow behind.’ Shoes were the mode when entering the ball-room, but it was not at all fashionable to scuff them out by walking or dancing in them. ‘Four yards of linsey-woolsey, a yard in width, made a dress for any woman.’ The waist was short, and terminated just under the arms, whilst the skirt was long and narrow. ‘Crimps and puckering frills’ it had none. The coats of the men were home-made; the materials, jeans or linsey-woolsey. The waists were short, like the frocks of the women, and the long, ‘claw-hammer’ tail was split up to the waist. This, however, was company dress, and the hunting-shirt did duty for every day. The breeches were of buckskin or jeans; the cap was of coon-skin, and the shoes of leather tanned at home. If no member of the family could make shoes, the leather was taken to some one who could, and the customer paid the maker a fair price in some other sort of labor.”

Among these people the future President grew up doing chores, butchering hogs, splitting rails, flatboating, fighting, drinking whiskey, but not much, telling stories, making stump speeches, writing indescribable “poetry,” and, in general, doing what the other young men did, but doing it better, and doing one thing more than most of them were doing—reading, as if for dear life, every printed scrap that he could find; writing down copy-books full of what he read, for most of his books were borrowed; ciphering by firelight till the wooden fire-shovel was covered with his chalk figures and then planing the wood and beginning again; and, good-natured and kind as he was to everybody about him, cherishing in his secret heart a devouring ambition which nothing could quench, which indeed his poverty, his consciousness of his ignorance, the lowness of his surroundings, his knowledge of his personal deformities, inflamed and stimulated, rather than quenched.

The reader of Mr. Lamon's extremely interesting book will follow with fascination the course of Mr. Lincoln's development into a backwoods surveyor, then a backwoods lawyer, then a cross-roads grocery politician, then a politician of experience and of great practical sagacity, then, at last, a patriotic statesman and a great President. His education he was getting every day, and always bitterly regretted his want of the training which would have saved him so much labor and so many mistakes. He and politicians like him, for want of half-a-dozen simple notions in political economy, brought their State into disgrace and temporary ruin. But his mind was singularly candid and open, and he never made the wrong-headed blunder of despising education. When elected President, his eldest son had been for years in New England receiving the most thorough training the country could afford.

That Mr. Lincoln was not a politician to the last no one would say; he had to be. But while this book will increase our opinion of his shrewdness and subtlety, it will also increase our opinion of his honesty and candor and of the comprehensive elevation of so practical an intellect. It will also leave undiminished the estimate of his kindness, though it will make plainer than before that his kindness was less the result of weak impulse than some have supposed. Indeed, strength and firmness of will and far-reaching shrewdness are perhaps the qualities which Mr. Lamon's book brings most clearly into view. We commend it to everybody as excellent reading, as captivating as a romance and of deep interest to every citizen.

SOME BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

THEIR novelty, as well as their interest, demand that we should give our attention first of all to the three books at the head of the list. Respect, too, for the female sex requires that we should endeavor to make out from these records of their journeyings how well some women can travel in Europe without the aid of bundle-carrying man. That Europe is startled in its improprieties by the sight of unescorted English and American women who travel comfortably from London to Rome, is well known. English travellers in this country are accustomed to applaud the fact that women can travel safely from Maine to Texas, but that the wicked Continent should see such a sight is indeed new. The way in which this first struck the Frenchman may be gathered from this extract from a *Figaro* of some four or five years ago, apropos of the visit of half a dozen young American women:

> “Young America sent forth through Europe, some six months ago, the strangest caravan that was ever seen on the surface of the globe. One fine morning, seven young ladies of New York or New Orleans, with the independence that characterizes the maidens of across the sea, announced to their families that they had resolved to group themselves, to pass the ocean, and to visit London, Paris, Madrid, Stockholm, Vienna, Rome, Florence, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Athens, etc. Seven young ladies would make in France this proposition to their papas, and immediately these would order a mad-doctor and have the petitioners douched at high pressure.
>
> “But down there things pass otherwise. The old Yankees approved the design of their heiresses, filled their sacks with dollars, and conducted them to the ships which deposed them upon our continent. The excursion commenced by England, which did not startle itself too much at the sight of this strange battalion of tourists in petticoats. But the France, but the Prussia, but the Austria regarded with stupefaction the young Americans passing, whom no suite, no valet de chambre, no gentleman accompanied.
>
> “One recounts to me that the cohort diminishes in proportion as it advances towards the Orient. Two from among these young ladies have married without drum or trumpet, and have contented themselves with writing to their parents, ‘I have found the husband of my choice in passing through X. I have established myself here. It is here that I pray you to direct my dowry and your blessing. My husband and I are counting on your speedy visit.’
>
> “Do you not find, dear readers, the thing really piquant? And you, young people, whom the flames of Hymen consume in vain, and who do not arrive to put yourselves *en ménage*, try to find yourselves on the itinerary followed by the nomadic adolescents. You may, perhaps, get one in the flight.
>
> “The latest advices mention their presence in Hungary. As to the description of these five Americans remaining, we only know it in a very vague fashion. Three are dark, two are fair; two tall, three short. They generally wear great sombre mantles of impermeable stuff, little microscopic caps, and carry umbrellas in a polished case.”

In these volumes we have given, with equal frankness and much more entertainingly, the other side of the story—the impression made upon apparently inexperienced travellers by the sights of Europe. The “Bits of Travel,” by “H. H.,” is an extremely readable book, and more especially entertaining in the first half. This contains a series of sketches which had already appeared in print in the *Atlantic*. The subjects are various. Generally, however, they give us an account of some rather out-of-the-way corner of Europe in a very bright and engaging manner. To our mind, the best is the one entitled “The Valley of Gastein.” The sketch, “A German Landlady,” seems hardly so good. One has doubts about the landlady's broken English—though we grant that a precise report of broken English, even were it made by a stenographer, would be a most difficult thing to undertake. The affecting life of the good lady is well told, though we hardly get so vivid an impression of her as the author desired. As a specimen of the brightness of “H. H.'s” style, we might open the book at random and take the first sentence that meets our eye. For instance, in the account of the Etruscan Museum in the Vatican, we find this:

> “After one more room of terra-cottas, urns, statues, and bas-reliefs, you come to the rooms of vases. There are four of these rooms, and the vases

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* “Bits of Travel. By H. H.” Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.
“An American Girl Abroad. By Adeline Trafton.” Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1872.
“A Woman's Experience in Europe. By Mrs. E. D. Wallace.” New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.
“Saunterings. By Charles D. Warner.” Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.
“Around the World: Sketches of Travel through many Lands and over many Seas. By E. D. G. Prime, D.D.” New York: Harper & Brothers. 1872.

> are arranged on pedestals and shelves. The first thing you do is to resolve that you will learn the names of the different objects. In a few minutes you persuade yourself that you know, and will remember which is an amphora, a pelice, a calpis, and a patera. For that one day you will; but in a week all that you will know will be that the amphora, and the calpis, and the pelice are all beautiful kinds of jars, and the pateras and pelices are the shapes which lucky people who have them use for card-receivers."

This is not convulsing humor; but there are many similar ingenious, feminine observations throughout the book. The last half, which is composed of what are called "Encyclical Letters," is by no means so good. These letters are almost spoiled by excessive vivacity. The public is apt to be colder about such exhibitions of the feelings than are one's personal friends. But in spite of this occasional rattling, the book will be found to be pleasant reading.

Miss Adeline Trafton's "American Girl Abroad" visits London, Paris, Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, and Switzerland, and, thanks to the feminine distaste—or shall we say incapacity?—for statistics, and to the naïvely honest record of her impressions, the author makes a very readable book, especially so when we consider the well-worn track she describes. There is a very proper exclusion of information stolen from the guide-book; but there is a very pleasant record of the writer's keen enjoyment of her trip. We quote from the beginning of the chapter on Paris:—

> "It may be the city of destruction, the very gateway to depths unknown; but with its fair, white streets, that gleamed almost like gold beneath a summer sun, it seemed much more a city celestial. It may be, as some affirm, that the devil here walks abroad at midday; but we saw neither the print of his hoofs upon the asphaltum, nor the shadow of his horns upon the cream-like Caen stone. We walked and rode and dwelt a time within its limits; and but for a certain reckless gaiety that gave to the Sabbath an air of Vanity Fair, but for the mallet of the workman that disturbed our Sunday worship, we should never have known that we were not in the most Christian of all Christian cities. It is by no means imperative to do in Rome as the Romans do, and one need not in Paris drink absinthe or visit the Jardin Mabille."

This seems to us charmingly innocent. Imagine the American girl in Paris sitting in front of a *café* on the boulevard sipping absinthe! As for Mabille, it is true one need not visit it; but if whispered scandal is to be believed, American ladies, who ought to know better, do. We wish that we had more space, that we might quote some other extracts that would exhibit our author's good-natured style. The illustrations of the book, be it said, are very bad. They might well be omitted in another edition.

Mrs. Wallace's "A Woman's Experience in Europe" is a book far inferior to those we have already mentioned. Mrs. Wallace travels with advanced views about women's rights and such matters, and she lugs into her book records of her conversations with French champions of temperance, fellow-boarders at London, and American sculptors at Rome. We are permitted to hear the names of the very good company she saw, and the result is that, in comparison say with "H. H.'s" "Bits of Travel," we are reminded of childhood's tale of "Eyes" and "No Eyes." It is not a book to be recommended.

We cannot pass from the women's books without calling the attention of the reader to their vivacity, not that it is not striking enough in itself, but it may be well to consider its prettiness, innocence, and occasionally artful simplicity. Very often they give us nothing very new about Europe; but unless we find traces of artificially good spirits, we cannot but be grateful for the humor we enjoy, and the personal interest we feel in their slight adventures.

One of the best things that can be said about Mr. Charles Warner's "Saunterings" is that it shows us that an amusing, humorous book—one, too, that is filled with what it is the fashion to call American humor — can be written which shall not reek with vulgarity. Mr. Warner does not always bow with slavish humiliation before every ancient ruin, but he manages to give us a very pleasant impression of travel in Europe without the gross flavor of bar-room jesting which, disfiguring some better things, made the "Innocents Abroad" a popular book among those people who hide their crass ignorance beneath a mask of indifferent superiority. The humor of this volume is genuine and pleasant. We find short chapters on Paris and London, the Low Countries and the Rhine, Switzerland, Bavaria, and Italy. They are almost all very superficial and hasty. They often represent but one point of view, that of the swift-moving traveller, who is always good-humored, but if taken for what they were meant to be, they will be found agreeable reading. To travel through Europe with only the books we must notice to-day would be extremely unsatisfactory, but in this one, for example, every traveller who remembers his inappropriate fatigue and consequent irreverence will find much to remind him of bygone days. This is not a great book on Europe, nor does it pretend to be. It is entertaining, and that is in itself a good deal.

Dr. E. D. G. Prime, after a voyage around the world, a trip that almost rivals in rarity what a journey to Europe was not so many years ago, has imitated those ancient travellers by writing a book. When we remember how many accounts there are already of this trip written by men who saw what there was about them less cursorily than was possible for the author of this volume, we cannot bring ourselves to recommend it to any save those who wish to find out what things they may see in exactly the same space of time. One learns nothing new about Japan, China, or India, except that his sense of their accessibility is quickened. It should be said, however, that the book contains a great deal of information on which it might not always be easy to lay one's hand. As a book of travels, it will be disappointing from its brevity both to those whom stern fate obliges to stay at home, as well as to those who have made the same trip or who intend making it. We suppose this to be one more result of a man's taking advantage of his having a special audience to make a book which would never have been made had the book to find friends instead of its author's having already found them. All this has its good side, no doubt, but it is not a side of the goodness of which the reviewer need make any praises.

THE TO-MORROW OF DEATH.[*]

FEW of those who find pleasure in frequenting book-stores can have failed to come across one or more of the profusely illustrated volumes in which M. Louis Figuier has sought to render dry science entertaining to the multitude. And of those who may have casually turned over their pages, there are probably none, competent to form an opinion, who have not speedily perceived that these pretentious books belong to the class of pests and unmitigated nuisances in literature. Antiquated views, utter lack of comprehension of the subjects treated, and shameless unscrupulousness as to accuracy of statement, are faults but ill atoned for by sensational pictures of the "dragons of the prime that tore each other in their slime," or of the Newton-like brow and silken curls of that primitive man in contrast with whom said dragons have been likened to "mellow music."

Nevertheless, the sort of scientific reputation which these discreditable performances have gained for M. Figuier among an uncritical public is such as to justify us in devoting a few paragraphs to a book which, on its own merits, is unworthy of any notice whatever. "The To-morrow of Death"—if one were to put his trust in the translator's prefatory note—discusses a grave question upon "purely scientific methods." We are glad to see this remark, because it shows what notions may be entertained by persons of average intelligence with reference to "scientific methods." Those—and they are many—who vaguely think that science is something different from common-sense, and that any book is scientific which talks about perihelia and asymptotes and cetacea, will find their vague notions here well corroborated. Quite different will be the impression made upon those—and they are yet too few—who have learned that the method of science is the common-sense method of cautiously weighing evidence and withholding judgment where evidence is not forthcoming. If talking about remote and difficult subjects suffice to make one scientific, then is M. Figuier scientific to a quite terrible degree. He writes about the starry heavens as if he had been present at the hour of creation, or had at least accompanied the Arabian prophet on his famous night-journey. Nor is his knowledge of physiology and other abstruse sciences at all less remarkable. But these things will cease to surprise us when we learn the sources, hitherto suspected only in mythology, from which favored mortals can obtain a knowledge of what is going on outside of our planet.

The four inner planets being nearly alike in size (?) and in length of day, M. Figuier infers, by strictly scientific methods, that whatever is true of one of them, as our earth, will be true of the others (p. 34). Hence, they are all inhabited by human beings. It is true that human beings must find Venus rather warm, and are not unlikely to be seriously incommoded by the tropical climate of Mercury. But we must remember that "the men of Venus and Mercury are made by nature to resist heat, as those of Jupiter and Saturn are made to endure cold, and those of the Earth and Mars to live in a mean temperature: *otherwise they could not exist*" (p. 72). In view of this charming specimen of a truly scientific inference, it is almost too bad to call attention to the fact that M. Figuier is quite behind the age in his statement of facts. So far from Jupiter and Saturn being cold, observation plainly indicates that they are prodigiously hot, if not even incandescent and partly self-luminous; the explanation being that, by reason of their huge bulk, they still retain much of the primitive heat which smaller planets have more quickly radiated away. As for M. Figuier's statement, that polar snows have been witnessed on these planets, it is simply untrue; no such thing has ever been seen there. Mars, on the other hand, has been observed to resemble in many important respects its near neighbor, the Earth; whence our author declares that if an aeronaut were to shoot clear of terrestrial gravitation and land upon Mars, he would unquestionably suppose himself to be still upon the earth. For aerolites, it seems, are somehow fired down upon our planet both from Mars and from Venus; and aerolites sometimes contain vegetable matter (?). Therefore, Mars has a vegetation, and very likely its red color is caused by its luxuriant autumnal foliage! (p. 47) To return to Jupiter: this planet, indeed, has inconveniently short days. "In his 'Picture of the Heavens,' the German astronomer, Littrow (*these Germans think of nothing but gormandizing*), asks how the people of Jupiter order their meals in the short interval of five hours." Nevertheless, says our author, the great planet is compensated for this inconvenience by its equable and delicious climate.

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[*] "The To-morrow of Death; or, The Future Life According to Science. By Louis Figuier. Translated from the French by S. R. Crocker." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

In view, however, of our author's more striking and original disclosures, one would suppose that all this discussion of the physical conditions of existence on the various planets might have been passed over without detriment to the argument. After these efforts at proving (for M. Figuier presumably regards this rigmarole as proof) that all the members of our solar system are habitable, the interplanetary ether is forthwith peopled thickly with "souls," without any resort to argument. This, we suppose, is one of those scientific truths which, as M. Figuier tells us, precede and underlie demonstration. Upon this impregnable basis is reared the scientific theory of a future life. When we die our soul passes into some other terrestrial body, unless we have been very good, in which case we at once soar aloft and join the noble fraternity of the ether-folk. Bad men and young children, on dying, must undergo renewed probation here below, but ultimately all pass away into the interplanetary ether. The dweller in ether is chiefly distinguished from the mundane mortal by his acute senses and his ability to subsist without food. He can see as if through a telescope and microscope combined. His intelligence is so great that in comparison an Aristotle would seem idiotic. It should not be forgotten, too, that he possesses eighty-five per cent. of soul to fifteen per cent. of body, whereas in terrestrial man the two elements are mixed in equal proportions. There is no sex among the ether-folk, their numbers being kept up by the influx of souls from the various planets. "Alimentation, that necessity which tyrannizes over men and animals, is not imposed upon the inhabitants of ether. Their bodies must be repaired and sustained by the simple respiration of the fluid in which they are immersed, that is, of ether." Most likely, continues our scientific author, the physiological functions of the ether-folk are confined to respiration, and that it is possible to breathe "without numerous organs is proved by the fact that in all of a whole class of animals—the batrachians—the mere bare skin *constitutes the whole machinery of respiration*" (p. 95). Allowing for the unfortunate slip of the pen by which "batrachians" are substituted for "fresh-water polyps," how can we fail to admire the severity of the scientific method employed in reaching these interesting conclusions?

But the King of Serendib must die, nor will the relentless scythe of Time spare our Etherians, with all their exalted attributes. They will die repeatedly; and after having through sundry periods of probation attained spiritual perfection, they will all pour into the sun. Since it is the sun which originates life and feeling and thought upon the surface of our earth, "why may we not declare that the rays transmitted by the sun to the earth and the other planets are nothing more nor less than the emanations of these souls?" And now we may begin to form an adequate conception of the rigorously scientific character of our author's method. There have been many hypotheses by which to account for the supply of solar radiance. One of the most ingenious and probable of these hypotheses is that of Helmholtz, according to which the solar radiance is due to the arrested motion of the sun's constituent particles toward their common centre of gravity. But this is too fanciful to satisfy M. Figuier. The speculations of Helmholtz "have the disadvantage of resting on the idea of the sun's nebulosity—an hypothesis which would need to be more closely examined before serving as a basis for so important a deduction." Accordingly, M. Figuier propounds an explanation which possesses the signal advantage that there is nothing hypothetical in it. "In our opinion, the solar radiation is sustained by the continual influx of souls into the sun." This, as the reader will perceive, is the well-known theory of Mayer, that the solar heat is due to a perennial bombardment of the sun by meteors, save that, in place of gross materialistic meteors, M. Figuier puts ethereal souls. The ether-folk are daily raining into the solar orb in untold millions, and to the unceasing concussion is due the radiation which maintains life in the planets, and thus the circle is complete.

In spite of their exalted position, the ether-folk do not disdain to mingle with the affairs of terrestrial mortals. They give us counsel in dreams, and it is from this source, we presume, that our author has derived his rigid notions as to scientific method. In evidence of this dream-theory we have the usual array of cases, "a celebrated journalist, M. R——," "M. L——, a lawyer," etc., etc., as in most books of this kind.

M. Figuier is not a Darwinian: the derivation of our bodies from the bodies of apes is a conception too grossly materialistic for him. Our souls, however, he is quite willing to derive from the souls of lower animals. Obviously we have pre-existed; how are we to account for Mozart's precocity save by supposing his pre-existence? He brought with him the musical skill acquired in a previous life. In general, the souls of musical children come from nightingales, while the souls of great architects have passed into them from beavers (p. 247). We do not remember these past existences, it is true; but when we become ether-folk, we shall be able to look back in recollection over the whole series.

Amid these sublime enquiries, M. Figuier is sometimes notably oblivious of humbler truths, as might indeed be expected. Thus he repeatedly alludes to Locke as the author of the doctrine of innate ideas (pp. 251, 252, 287), and he informs us that Kepler never quitted Protestant England (p. 335), though we believe that the nearest Kepler ever came to living in England was the refusing of Sir Henry Wotton's request that he should move thither.

And lastly, we are treated to a real dialogue, with quite a dramatic *mise en scène*. The author's imaginary friend, Theophilus, enters, "seats himself in a comfortable chair, places an ottoman under his feet, a book under his elbow to support it, and a cigarette of Turkish tobacco between his lips, and sets himself to the task of listening with a grave air of collectedness, relieved by a certain touch of suspicious severity, as becomes the arbiter in a literary and philosophic matter." "And so," begins our author, "you wish to know, my dear Theophilus, *where I locate God?* I locate him in the centre of the universe, or, in better phrase, at the central focus, which must exist somewhere, of all the stars that make the universe, and which, borne onward in a common movement, gravitate together around this focus."

Much more, of an equally scientific character, follows; but as the reader is already justly blaming us for spending so much time over such idiotic drivelling, we may as well conclude our sketch of this new line of speculation, which, in default of a better term, we might call astro-mythology.

THE RECENT NOVELS.*

IT is, unfortunately, very seldom that one finds a novelist whose work, extending over so many years, shows only steady improvement, but such is the case with the novels of the late Charles Lever. His military novels, with the young dragoons ever ready for fighting, and for love or punch-making, were, and will be for a long time, the delights of youth, but in these novels of his later years there is the same brightness, a much acuter study of character, and the evidence of a much wider experience. "Sir Brooke Fosbrooke" is one of this sort that can be recommended. "That Boy of Norcott's," although of less merit, is very readable; but perhaps the best of all is his last, "Lord Kilgobbin." The scene of this story is in Ireland, and the author has drawn an admirable picture of the gloom and dulness of its country life, and of the interruptions to this dulness which Fenianism and Irish devotion to causeless brawling are capable of producing. The characters are numerous, and are all sharply sketched; there are many Irish, a Greek princess, young Englishmen, officers, adventurers—a motley and entertaining crowd. One of the most amusing of them all is one Atlee, who is simply a civilian successor to the soldierly heroes of the earlier novels. Instead of madly galloping in the charge, or jangling his spurs in the ballroom, he, while yet a young man in college, writes for all the best papers in Europe—instructing statesmen in their craft, taking up all sides of every political question, and playing at buffets with himself in discussions between the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Edinburgh Review*. He shines in diplomacy; and, on the whole, in spite of the exaggeration which the cooler judgment detects, gives a good deal of life to the story. The two young women are well drawn; and, in a word, the interest we are made to feel in the characters, the skill shown in telling the story, the good-nature and refinement of the author, make this a very readable novel.

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* "Lord Kilgobbin. By Charles Lever." New York: Harper & Bros. 1872.

"Broken Toys. A Novel. By Anna C. Steele." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

"It is the Fashion. From the German of Adelheid von Auer." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

"Minna Monté. By 'Stella.'" Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

"The Doctor's Daughter. By Sophie May." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1872.

"500 Majority; or, The Days of Tammany. By 'Wyllis Niles.'" New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1872

'Good-bye, Sweetheart. By Rhoda Broughton." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

"Beauty and the Beast; and Tales of Home. By Bayard Taylor." New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1872.

"Only Three Weeks. By the Author of Ereighda Castle." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

"Cecil's Tryst. By the Author of 'Won, not Wooed,' etc." New York: Harper & Bros. 1872.

Mrs. Steele's new novel, "Broken Toys," is one that embarrasses the critic, and, we trust for their sake, will embarrass those readers who may take it up unwarned. The plot of the story is very unpleasant; in reality, it is nothing more than a coarse combination of adultery and drunkenness. The whole book reeks with sin. Every married woman in it is making love to some man who is not her husband; every man is neglecting his own wife, but loving his neighbor's, and, meanwhile, ruining himself with gambling or horse-racing, or killing himself by drink. The tone of the book is not relieved by a single breath of innocence; the author is as malignant as Juvenal, while she seems to try simply to represent life as she sees it, or thinks she sees it. That women should so often write novels of this sort is one of the problems that women can best explain; perhaps the most charitable reason that could be assigned would be that, in their emancipation from what they regard as unworthy prejudice, they mistake license of this sort for a glorious freedom from prudery. In this case, they would be like ambitious lads of sixteen who glorify themselves by boasts of dark depravity. But whatever the reason may be, they cannot make stories of this description anything but unpleasant reading.

A different sort of novel is Adelheid von Auer's "It is the Fashion." As its name implies, this is the record of a family given up to worldly ways—to extravagance, and to all manner of pomps and vanities. The story is told in letters from a young woman who is boarding with them, and who, having a very keen observation, and a fine talent for gossiping, covers many pages with descriptions of their ways of life, and the troubles it brings upon them. Naturally, this is not the sort of novel that will please the giddy, and even steadier-headed people may find it a trifle dull, but it is by no means unreadable. It is to be remembered that this is a German novel, and what German novels generally are.

"Stella's Minna Monté" is a very fair representative of what may be called the "Middle-State novel," as contrasted with that of New England or of the South. In New England we have the introspective heroine, who is tortured by unseasonable questionings about her duty in life, and who often contents herself by some grand sacrifice, and then seals her heart and lives on unrepining. In the South we have true sentiment, heart-agonies, the most luscious romance. In the Middle-State novel we find, too, a great deal of respect given to flirtation and the tender passion in general, but without the tropical fire of the South or the cooler intellectual self-analysis that bears witness to the nervousness of the New England heroine. But although this story is an example of its class, it has but little merit as a work of fiction. In its style it resembles the "Doings in Maryland" mentioned in these columns a few months ago. For example:—

> "Good evening, Madame Ruit. I flatter myself that I have the honor to find Madame and Colonel Ruit in the enjoyment of a sanitary state of health."
>
> "Thank you, sir, we are all quite well, except Minna, who——"
>
> "Miss Minna! is she sick? Oh, heavens, is she ill,—is she very ill? What is it? Is she suffering pain? Allow me to fly and get the 'Balm of Gilead.'"
>
> "Give yourself no trouble, sir; my niece has a slight headache, which is not unusual with her; she needs no remedies other than those that are in the house."
>
> "Pardon me, madame, I intended no intrusion, but was overcome by the intensity of my feelings at the idea of Miss Monté's suffering a moment's pain. I am fully alive to the fact that you have here everything that mortal could wish, to charm the eye and to alleviate mental or physical suffering. I again ask pardon."
>
> A stately bow was the only reply to this *flattering* speech; then, having entirely exhausted his vocabulary, he rose to depart, secretly hoping that he would be invited to remain to tea; but on this evening the customary invitation was ommitted.

He did well, we should say, to get away with his life.

"The Doctor's Daughter" is a little story of New England country people, written apparently for young girls. It does not call for rapturous applause, but we have no doubt that its readers will find it agreeable. It is certainly innocently and good-naturedly written.

As deserving prominence among the "consequential damages" of the work of the "Ring" in this city, we would mention Mr. "Wyllis Niles's" novel, "500 Majority; or, The Days of Tammany." It is a disgraceful record of a disgraceful time.

Miss Rhoda Broughton's "Good-bye. Sweetheart," is a characteristic specimen of the *genre* in which this young lady has made herself notorious. It is an extremely sentimental tale, told with much vividness of description, and a great deal of cleverness in the drawing of the characters, but spoiled by flippancy, slang, and wilful vulgarity. Miss Broughton's novels have a certain merit, but it is generally deeply hidden beneath more conspicuous faults.

In "Beauty and the Beast" Mr. Bayard Taylor has collected a few short tales of different degrees of excellence. None of them is deserving of very high praise, although they all compare favorably with the average of magazine stories.

"Only Three Weeks" is the very inappropriate title of a new novel of the romantic melodramatic order. It is a love story of the most aggravated type, and is a trifle fresher than many which it is our duty to read. The author has more imagination than skill, but the tale has charms for sentimental readers; they will find in it a rather pretty record of the main subject of novelists, told at too great length, to be sure, but yet with little touches of simplicity and humor that disarm hostile criticism.

"Cecil's Tryst" cannot be recommended. It is a most artificial story, bearing the same relation to life that wire-winking dolls do to human beings. The construction of a novel of this sort, as of a puppet, requires some skill, but is undeserving of mention outside of the Patent Office. The machinery creaks too loudly.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	*Publishers.—Prices.*	
Brougham (H.), Albert Lunel: A Tale, swd	(Harper & Bros.)	0 75
Cockton (H.), The Fatal Marriage, swd	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	0 75
Dutcher (S.), Minority or Proportional Representation	(U. S. Pub. Co.)	
Joseph Mazzini, his Life, Writings, and Political Principles	(Hurd & Houghton.)	1 75
Longfellow (H. W.), Three Books of Song	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	2 00
Lamon (W. H.), Life of Abraham Lincoln	" "	5 00
Rothenfels (E. von), Eleonore: A Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co)	
Spruner (K. von), Hand-Atlas, Part 5. swd	(B. Westermann & Co.)	
Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe	(Hurd & Houghton.)	1 50
Thackeray (W. M.), The Adventures of Philip	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Thalheimer (M. E.), Manual of Ancient History	(Wilson, Hinkle & Co.)	
The Annual Register of Public Events, for 1871	(Rivingtons)	
Venable (W. H.), School History of the United States	(Wilson, Hinkle & Co.)	

FAVORABLE REPORT ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

WASHINGTON, June 11.

THE Committee on the Pacific Railroads of the House made a report yesterday, upon the resolution of February 13 to investigate and report upon the actual condition of the Northern Pacific railroad company. The statement is voluminous, embracing all the evidence adduced before the committee. The following is a brief synopsis:

There are no charges of any kind whatsoever made against the management of the company, and in order to meet the suggestions made in any communications referred to the committee or any of its members, as well as all questions of a general character, the committee put interrogatories to the company which were answered under oath. The range of the enquiries was designed to cover the actual condition of the Northern Pacific railroad company and to be exhaustive.

The evidence shows that the affairs of the company are in a sound and clean condition. Thus far the road has been constructed by contractors, to whom the work has been let after public competitive bidding. No director, officer, or engineer of the company has been in any way pecuniarily interested in the construction contracts or the purchase of material or supplies.

The building of the road has progressed as rapidly as prudent financial management and the permanent interest of the road permitted. The work throughout is shown to be of the best quality. The iron is all of American manufacture, and from American ores.

There will be in operation at the end of this year five hundred and seventeen (517) miles of the main road. Surveys entirely across the continent have developed an excellent route with easy grades and through a country of average fertility. In addition to the portion already completed, there is now under construction and preparing for contract, east and west of the Rocky Mountains, ten hundred and thirty-one (1031) miles of track. Grading is in progress in Dakota and Washington Territories.

The company has examined, platted, appraised, and prepared for market 1,578,890 acres of its lands in Minnesota and Washington Territory, at a cost of one per cent. per acre, and of these lands applications are on file for the purchase of 140,204 acres.

The company's policy is to sell its lands cheap to actual settlers. The lands are held by trustees as security for bonds sold by the company, and no portion of the grant can be diverted from this purpose.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1872.

The Week.

THE event of the week in politics has been the "Conference" of persons opposed to General Grant's administration, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on Thursday. It was composed in the main of gentlemen originally shocked and disappointed by Mr. Greeley's nomination, but now very enthusiastic for him, owing to their discovery that the Democrats will take him up, and that he will probably be elected. We have commented on their performances elsewhere. Mr. Schurz closed the proceedings with an explanation of his own position, which is this: that he, more than any other man, was chagrined by the result at Cincinnati; that he does not consider Mr. Greeley a reformer, and has no expectation of any reforms at his hands, and will say so on the stump; that he believes him "to be surrounded by bad men"; that he (Mr. Schurz), however, is so satisfied of the necessity of defeating Grant and dissolving existing party organizations, that he is ready to use any instrument for this purpose, and will, therefore, support Greeley in the modified and guarded manner indicated above. He looks forward, with a hopefulness bordering on enthusiasm, to the good things which will grow out of the confusion following on Greeley's election, and is deeply touched by the Southern eagerness for Greeley.

Mr. Trumbull spoke in the same sense, and, owing to these respectable adhesions to the Greeley ranks, it is said that the candidate is making preparations "to cleanse his Augean stable," or, in other words, to dismiss some of the more notorious of "the bad men" who surround him. The Greeley following in this city and State, however, contains a large body of Tammany men and corrupt Republicans, headed by Senator Fenton, whom the Sage can no more get rid of than he can shed his skin. They are going to put "this thing through," and when they get "the old man" installed at Washington, we leave our reader to imagine the guffaw they will give when he tells them in the White House parlors that he is very much obliged to them, but they are such naughty fellows that they really must now go away and come near him no more; that he promised Mr. Schurz they should have no offices; and that he intends giving the New York Collectorship to a minister of the Gospel, and the Post-Office to some good Quaker.

The Conference having broken up without result, some of the anti-Greeley men, of whom it ought to have been exclusively composed, held a meeting the next day, though not over twenty-five in all, and drew up a platform which is the most respectable document of the kind we have seen for many years, and bears all the marks of having been drawn by honest men, and can be read from first to last without laughter. It contains ten resolutions, and each resolution has a meaning, and only one meaning. It accepts the results of the war, demands a return in administration to the methods of peace, protests against all use of executive patronage for party purposes; calls for a tariff for revenue only, and for a return to specie payments; protests against party tyranny; affirms that Horace Greeley represents none of these principles, and repudiates his nomination; and recommends Mr. W. S. Groesbeck, of Ohio, and Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, of this city, to the voters for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. This has been the one healthy and honorable incident thus far of the most shameful and paltry Presidential campaign in American history, and we recommend it to honest men of all parties, not as something likely to affect the election in November next, but as a sign that politics are not totally rotten. Mr. Olmsted appears to be made somewhat uncomfortable by being drawn out of the busy but useful obscurity in which he has now lived for some years; but we believe those who have made this use of his name and Mr. Groesbeck's count on being able, though they cannot elect their candidates, to prevent a large part of the German vote of the West from going to either Grant or Greeley.

The political news of the week, apart from the Conference, is neither interesting nor important. The public already begins to suffer seriously from the fact that the leading newspapers of this city are given over completely to the ardent support of one candidate or another. The *Tribune* is now almost completely devoted to the record of Greeley's amazing triumphs, while the *Times* is occupied mainly with exposing Greeley's amazing baseness and Grant's claims on popular gratitude. The result is, the public does not know what to believe, and most sensible and patriotic men begin to long for the wilderness and other boundless contiguity of shade where no rumor of "the Greeley movement" might ever reach them more. It is plain to be seen, however, that the aggressiveness is all on the Greeley side. The Grant men have thus far kept very quiet and made little show in the canvass, somewhat, we incline to believe, out of a very foolish and dangerous contempt for Greeley's strength. If they suppose, however, that the Sage will not give them an enormous deal of trouble in November, they make a great mistake, and they ought not to lose a moment in going to work. But we doubt whether they can get up much enthusiasm without dismissing Kramer and Casey. The Methodist Conference has been enquiring into Kramer's case, and has declared him unimpeachable, but since the Dr. Lanahan affair these ecclesiastical whitewashings do not count for much. The real active work of the canvass, owing to the lateness of the Baltimore Convention, will probably not begin till August, but we imagine the hostilities will then be fierce and bitter. We are glad to learn from the Michigan *Daily News* that ex-Governor Blair, of that State, is preparing a speech "on the finances of the country and the financial Administration of General Grant which will astonish the American people when delivered." If it does, it will be a very wonderful speech.

The Grant ratification-meeting at Boston on Saturday evening seems to have been a not particularly enthusiastic affair, the movements of the Regular Republicans nowhere having in them any show of feverish anxiety; but it was a good and serviceable meeting, so far, at least, as concerns the principal speech. This was by Judge Hoar, who devoted himself mainly to three things—the President as known to the speaker, Mr. Sumner's speech, and the fact that in opposing Greeley and Brown the Republican party is opposing the regular old-time Democratic party, with the South once more at the head, reinforced by a certain number of a certain sort of Republicans. The ex-Attorney-General said that, when he remembered the modest, simple, and direct man who used to sit at the head of the table in Cabinet meeting, when he recollected how firm an ally of Mr. Sumner's the President had been, he could but think as he read Mr. Sumner's speech that it must have been made about some other man.

Judge Hoar gratified himself with a little story having application to this torrent of abuse, and with a little dab at Mr. Wendell Phillips, "that eloquent orator and amiable critic of mankind." The story is to the effect that the Rev. Dr. Walker, the leading Unitarian divine, and former President of Harvard College, and Judge Shaw, Chief-Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, were guests at a dinner in the Revere House, Boston, where wine was drunk, the sale of wine by tavern-keepers being at the moment a prohibited act under Massachusetts law. This not being concealed from the knowledge of our silver-tongued friend, he proceeded to inform the voters of Massachusetts that Dr. James Walker was a corruptor of youth, and that Lemuel Shaw had set at defiance the law of the State. Mr. Sumner's accusations against General Grant would fare much the same, Mr. Hoar said, as Mr. Phillips's tirade against Dr. Walker and the Chief-Justice. Mr. Hoar desired once again to bear his personal testimony to the care taken by President Grant in the selection of judicial officers; and apropos of the President's giving offices to his friends and relations, wanted to know what a President was to do when the great State of New York offered him for a choice a choice between a man like Fenton and a man like Conkling.

How strangely politics are mixed, how unpredictable from day to day is the course of the next week's events, how certainly it will be well for prophets ambitious of prophesying true things to wait till the 10th of August, or thereabouts, and perhaps later, the Faneuil Hall ratification meeting, like every other political event, showed pretty plainly. It was exponential of a condition of politics in which we have the young Ku-klux making their advent into national politics as supporters of the chief adviser of the Force Bill; in which Mr. Sumner is expected to be opposed to Mr. Frederick Douglass, Judge Hoar, and Gerrit Smith; in which Mr. Fernando Wood, Mr. Reuben Fenton, and Mr. Greeley strike hands with Mr. Wiliiam Tweed, Mr. J. T. Hoffman, and Mr. Thomas Kinsella, for true reform; in which it is more than doubtful if the protectionist State of Pennsylvania will not reject the Tyrtæus of protectionism; in which the New York *Tribune* and the Chicago *Tribune* lie down together; in which to prevent insolent dictation respectable people are supporting Mr. Roscoe Conkling, and to prevent corruption and cheating are thinking whether Morton and Cameron are not as good as Hank Smith, Oakey Hall, James O'Brien, and the Ring Democracy; in which the Democracy is loudly called on to die, and swallows Greeley because it is determined that it will not die if the offices can save it, and thinks it will not die anyhow; in which everybody says that a candidate for whom most people have a contempt is the candidate whom "the people" are determined to have; in which, in short, everybody—unless it be this same "people"—finds himself momentarily just where he would have supposed it next to impossible three months ago that he should be found. This state of things Faneuil Hall, of course, exemplified. Everybody well recollects how Mr. Hoar fought only last autumn to destroy General Butler's chances for the governorship. The fight was not at all an ordinary political contest; it was a bitter war waged upon Butler partly because he attempted running the party himself, partly because he was thought to be unfit for any office; but here we have him on the platform delivering a speech in favor of Grant, and reminding his fellow-speaker that the men who went to Cincinnati to nominate Greeley had, as he very well recollected, worked against his own nomination at Worcester. Impudent as this was, it had to be put up with apparently; though the General may yet pay for his bit of effrontery. Let us trust, as we each swallow our "bitter pills" and other fashionable forms of political nutriment, that, after the medicine has been gulped, we may not be the ones who have nauseated ourselves and yet kept our disease. The measles are better than some remedies for measles we have heard of; and we have known people to take their remedy and keep their measles too.

The *Christian Union* is good enough to treat the *Nation's* confession of a preference of Grant over Greeley as a sign that we have "returned to the Republican party," and to welcome us back with triumphant cordiality. The Chicago *Evening Journal* crows over it in the same manner. We read these things with much the same feeling with which we should read the announcement that the editors of the *Nation* were this week taking their breakfasts as usual, or that the paper was printed in the same type as in May last. We have supported the Republican party as an instrument of good government. We supported General Grant, expecting him to be a good President; being disappointed in him, and satisfied of the degeneration of the party into a machine for the distribution of spoils, we supported the Cincinnati Convention, in the hope that it would supply a better candidate than General Grant and a better organization than the Republican party. It has not done so, and, accordingly, there being nobody else in the field, we say frankly we prefer there should be no change at present. We never said we would support *anybody* Cincinnati put up, or would take anybody in place of Grant; so that our position is perfectly logical as well as perfectly clear. We have returned to no position we have ever left. We have simply gone about our ordinary business in the ordinary manner, as we understand the business of a journalist. We seek good government, not through Tom in preference to Dick, or Dick in preference to Harry, but through Tom, Dick, or Harry, whichever promises best. We support no party as an object of loyalty or allegiance, but simply as we support a stage-coach or a steamboat, as a means of getting to a certain desired point.

The quadrennial "loss of influence" and "circulation" among the various papers, on both sides, which take positions in the canvass which somebody else disapproves of, is now going on at a great rate. The subscribers of the Chicago *Tribune*, we are told, are falling away like leaves in wintry weather, and it is becoming almost a wonder that the proprietors go on printing the paper. In like manner, there is a perfect rush of subscribers from the New York *Tribune* to the *Times*, and the Springfield *Republican* is just staggering along, a shadow of its former self. On the other hand, we have equally reliable evidence that the New York *Times* has sunk into a very feeble condition, nobody looking into it but a few postmasters and appraisers; while the Hartford *Courant* excites nothing but pity for the proprietors among its former readers. The number of papers we have known to go sadly to ruin at those periods for not being on "the right side" is very great—so great that one marvels that any paper in the United States should be over five years old. Opposing impeachment consigned scores to certain death, and now the unfortunate survivors have to choose between Grant and Greeley, apparently with a certainty of extinction whatever they do. The question has been raised by one *Tribune* subscriber, whether he has not, by Greeley's defection to the Democrats, been defrauded of a portion of his subscription, the paper contracted for having totally changed its character. We think he has nothing to complain of. The subscriber to a newspaper takes the risk of all aberrations and backslidings on the part of the editor, pending the discovery of some machine for keeping editors in a state of perfect agreement with all their readers. Various inventors are now at work on this, as its effect, if successful, on newspaper property would be something marvellous.

The tears of some men, and of many women, flow readily, but we never supposed that the most lachrymose woman could weep over the Fourteenth Plank of the Philadelphia Platform. An odder thing nobody ever cried over. It is like crying over the Woolly Horse or the Cardiff Giant. The *Woman's Journal* assures us, however, that the sight of it "makes the tears, womanlike, rush out for very gladness." One lady writes to the editor "that she wept tears of joy over it." We should like to see the faces of the cunning old males who drew the Plank when they read this. They will not weep, we warrant. If the women are going to cry in this way when the men light on a good dodge, what a scene of sniffling and wailing our political conventions will be after the women get "their natural rights!"

An amusing illustration of the somewhat muddled view of the marriage question taken in some "circles" of our society has just been produced in the report of an interview with Miss Matilda Heron, the actress, who is now in San Francisco, claiming to be the widow of a certain Harry Byrne, recently deceased. She is and was during Byrne's life also the wife of a certain Stoepel, still living. The question under discussion is whose wife was she in Byrne's lifetime? This she solves by asserting that "she married Mr. Byrne twenty years ago, *and with the exception of a short interval* has ever since regarded herself as his wife." It is also true that she married Stoepel, but "this was done under a misapprehension of facts." This "misapprehension of facts," she explains, was the belief that Byrne did not care for her. On finding that he did care for her, "she suffered terrible agony," and "went directly to the East and told Stoepel her situation," but, "contrary to her expectation, he took the matter quite coolly," and proposed a separation at once, on condition that she should "deed him" half her property, which she did, thus securing the custody of her child. Miss Heron is now engaged in "hurling her scorn at those who aim their blows at female virtue," and we wish her every success; but her plan of taking a recess during one's married life, that is, of ceasing to be married "for a short interval," is one we cannot commend. She goes occasionally to see Harry Byrne in his coffin, and says he looks "as natural as life," but she finds the spectacle very trying.

The Emma Mine is in great trouble, which makes it clear that Mr. Schenck left that interesting enterprise in the nick of time. There were some astounding disclosures recently before the English courts, showing how the promoters of the venture secured "influence" in London by distributing shares among desirable people. The London Stock Exchange now refuses to allow the stock to be quoted on the official list, owing to the violation of the rule of the Board which requires "that the prospectus shall set forth the arrangements for raising the capital"—the Board requiring that two-thirds of the stock of new companies at least shall be thrown open to the public in the first instance, in order to guard against the secret retention of large quantities of it for "promoters" and others who lend a hand in "putting it off." The chairman of the company is very angry at this exclusion, and says "the jobbers" will get the benefit of it by being able to deceive the public as to the real price of the shares. The news from the mine itself is also melancholy. The supply of ore is exhausted; indeed, we believe it was exhausted just about the time General Schenck advised the British public to take the shares greedily, and since then we fear the "monthly dividends" have come out of the "capital." We are able to state, however, that another shaft is being sunk in search of another rich vein; when that vein is discovered there will be more dividends.

It really seems as if some progress had been made with the Treaty. It is now announced that in some way or other the arbitrators were led to express an opinion that the indirect claims could not properly be submitted to them, and the litigants are of course delighted on both sides to be rid of them in this way without any compromise of their dignity. A touch of the comical is lent to this part of the affair by the consideration that perhaps nobody was better pleased by this disposition of the claims than Mr. Bancroft Davis. The point came before the arbitrators, probably incidentally, in the course of the discussion about the adjournment. Great Britain asked for an adjournment, it is safe to suppose; the United States made some objection; the Commissioners enquired what the adjournment was called for, and were told it was to enable the parties to come to an agreement about the indirect claims. "Let us see your indirect claims," said the Commissioners; Mr. Davis blushingly handed them up, and the Board, having looked at them, said it was hardly worth while to adjourn about that, as they could never entertain such demands. This, or something like this, is what has happened, so we suppose the negotiations will now go on in their usual course. It is now to be hoped that, in the interest of peace and good-will, the Board will award the United States a gross sum, and not leave the damages to be assessed item by item. This will not only be a tedious proceeding, but, as is evident from the reports of the two Committees made to the British Government, a very irritating one.

The Irish Catholic clergy, under the presidency of Cardinal Cullen, have met, and drawn up a long and fierce, though for them moderate, protest against the late decision of Mr. Justice Keogh, of which we gave some account last week. They contest the judge's conclusions about the conduct of the clergy in the election, but the point of most interest in their discourse is their treatment of the charge made against one of the priests, that he intended to use the confessional under the new Ballot Act as a means of political intimidation. They say that Judge Keogh, being a Catholic, must know that "nothing necessarily falls within the precept of the confessional but mortal sin"; that the Roman ritual "sternly imposes on the priest the duty of abstaining from curious or useless interrogation," and of putting such questions only as are "moderate, discreet, and opportune." We believe that in practice this injunction is carried out in our day pretty faithfully, and that the confessional has been mainly brought into disrepute on the matter of pruriency, irrelevancy, and unseasonableness by the casuists and commentators. The Church could not hold the women, as it does in all Catholic countries, if Peter Dens was really a confessor's manual.

The Right, or in other words the majority, in the French Assembly have come to an open rupture with M. Thiers, partly owing to their refusal to adopt the tax on raw material on which he had set his heart, and partly to differences in the bill for the reorganization of the army, of which we made mention a fortnight ago. One of the concomitants of the rupture has been the resignation of all the ministers, which, however, they have been persuaded to withdraw. As the regulation of the budget and the reorganization of the army are the two things of all in which M. Thiers considers himself the highest authority, the refusal of the Assembly any longer to work under his control on these matters is of course fatal to a good understanding, and he is now relegated for support almost entirely to the radicals of the Left, who are only a small body, and they stand by him solely because they look on him as their best defence against a monarchical restoration. He is not perhaps a good republican, but he is opposed to all change, and the existing situation is the next best thing to a republic. What will happen next it would be hard to predict, but it is quite certain that M. Thiers's influence is ruined, and that the Assembly is now prepared to accept his resignation should he offer it. The passions of the war have subsided, the machinery of government has resumed its regular working, the army has been reorganized and is in good hands, and the monarchical intrigues have come to an end, and new leaders of opinion in the Chamber have begun to show themselves. The Ducs d'Aumale and d'Audiffret-Pasquier are getting the control of the Right, while Gambetta, who leads the Left, is becoming sensible and moderate, and begins to be listened to with attention and even respect.

The Germans are busily engaged in providing for the disposition of the indemnity received from the French, which is being rapidly paid off, and which will in all amount to the nice little sum of $1,244,000,000, not counting Alsace and Lorraine, and the sums levied during the war by way of contributions. It is the most prodigious transfer of wealth, in hard cash, from one people to another which has perhaps ever occurred. $176,000,000 have already been disposed of in various ways, pending the final distribution by act of the Reichstag, most of it in payment for the railways of Alsace and Lorraine, and in pensions and compensation to persons injured by the war; but $30,000,000 goes into the Imperial "war treasure," which is always kept stored up at Berlin, ready for any sudden emergency. The bill now under consideration gives in round numbers $30,000,000 to the fortification of Alsace and Lorraine, which will certainly be hard to retake by the time the Prussian staff has done with them; $45,000,000 go to the various minor states for "incidental expenses" during the war; and $660,000,000 are to be divided among the German states—North Germany, as it existed at the outbreak of the war, getting about $535,000,000, and Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, and South Hesse the rest. Altogether, counting in Alsace and Lorraine as taxpayers, the London *Economist* estimates that Germany will receive $1,440,000,000; her own war expenses were, all told, $277,500,000, which leaves a net balance in her favor out of this one transaction of $1,162,000,000. There has certainly been nothing like this in history. Napoleon I. made war pay for itself, and something over, but he never came anywhere near this rate of profit, though he began his fights himself.

THE FIFTH AVENUE "CONFERENCE."

WE never expected the late attempt made by the Conference at the Fifth Avenue Hotel "to unite all the elements of opposition" to General Grant to result in anything important, and, consequently, have little to say about it as an incident of the present canvass. But as a study in "practical politics" it is worth a good deal of attention, and may be made profitable for reproof and instruction, as well as conducive to some healthy and innocent entertainment. It is to be remembered that it originated in a desire on the part of some who were dissatisfied with the nomination of Mr. Greeley at Cincinnati to procure a second nomination by a "Convention of Notables"—that is, a small body of prominent men in sincere sympathy with the aims of the Liberal Republican movement. But when the arrangements came to be made, Mr. Schurz insisted that the Conference should be made up of persons favorable to Greeley as well as those opposed to him, and his demand was acceded to, thus repeating over again the mistake made at Cincinnati, when Greeley's alliance was deliberately and sedulously courted. The probably disastrous consequence of that alliance was explained thus, a fortnight before the Convention met, in a letter of great earnestness and lucidity, by one of the chief promoters of the movement, whose sad forebodings have all been fulfilled, but who is, nevertheless, himself at this moment one of Greeley's most ardent advocates and adherents. It will thus be seen that nobody can go very far in this "beneficent revolution" without having a good thick moral hide, and those who went thus provided into the Conference of last week had a day of pure enjoyment. For those, however, who think as we think, that something like decency, consistency, singleness in the use of language, respect for truth, for character, and self-respect, are necessary to the proper conduct of "beneficent revolutions," there was a great deal that was repulsive as well as laughable.

For instance, one of the arguments which was most freely used at Cincinnati to console those who were disappointed by the work of the Convention was that, whatever other objections might be made to Mr. Greeley, he was sure at least to prove a popular candidate. The people, we are told, who would have coldly accepted Adams or Trumbull, would hail Greeley with delight. On Thursday, however, friends of Greeley from various States rose in their places in the "Conference," and man after man, without a single exception, testified that the nomination of Greeley was received in their respective localities with disappointment; many said it was received with "disgust." Nearly all likened Greeley to "medicine," while several likened him to particular kinds of medicine, such as jalap, calomel, and tartar emetic. All, or nearly all, testified, too, that Adams's nomination would have been cordially welcomed, and would have carried everything before it; and declared that it had taken some weeks, and the disappearance of all prospect of anything else, to bring their constituents up to the point of supporting Greeley at all.

So much for the friends of Mr. Greeley considered as political prophets. We shall now take the liberty of considering them as political moralists, who are going to purify and elevate politics, and put a stop to the sinful games of "Grant's office-holders." We take up this branch of the subject with sincere regret, fearing we may bear hard, or seem to bear hard, on some gentlemen for whom we have very great respect, and who, we sincerely believe, are being led by their dislike of Grant through a slough of self-deception, by which some of them will be seriously injured.

The object of the Cincinnati movement, as this object was set forth by divers "independent journalists" and popular orators, was to purify the Administration by putting in Grant's place a person identified by his character and antecedents with certain loudly preached reforms, and to purify the government generally by embodying those reforms in legislation. The gentleman nominated was universally acknowledged at the Convention to be in no way a legitimate expression of the aims of the movement. In other words, he was not a reformer in any sense in which that word was used by its promoters. Moreover, the proceedings of the Convention were opened by an eloquent speech from Senator Schurz, in which he proclaimed the elevation of our politics to a higher plane to be its great purpose; repudiated in strong terms the use of the body for the mere purpose of "beating Grant"; and indeed laid it down that if that were to become its sole purpose, "it were better it had never met." It may, therefore, be imagined, though it would be difficult to describe, the effect produced on a spectator gifted with an average sense of humor and some slight capacity for honest indignation, at hearing Mr. Greeley's supporters rise one after the other at the Conference to say what they could in his favor, and not one of them say anything in his favor except that he was sure to beat Grant. Only one gentleman attempted to show that he would prove a "reformer"; but this attempt, we believe, gave both the orator and his audience genuine pain. The question, which one of all the objectionable measures of General Grant's Administration, except the San Domingo scheme, Greeley had not supported, was asked by Mr. Parke Godwin. The answer came from a Maine Greeleyite Democrat, Mr. Pillsbury, and it was the sort of answer by which a smart loafer evades his adversary in a corner-groggery debate—that "the Christian world never quotes St. Paul previous to his conversion." It throws some curious light on the "moral" complexion of the "beneficent revolution" that Mr. Greeley's friends thought this excellent, and laughed over it heartily; his "conversion," be it remembered, having taken place as soon as he heard he was nominated. It would resemble Paul's if the voice which Paul heard on his way to Damascus had cried, "Saul, Saul, what will you take to become a Christian?" and Paul had replied that he would become a fair, lukwarm Christian for a prætorship for one term, and leave the question of persecution to the people in the Comitia. One gentleman, when stating what led him into the (for him) singular position of a supporter of Mr. Greeley, acknowledged that all he expected from Mr. Greeley's election was "a change," which was a curious admission, for George Francis Train would furnish "a change" as well as Horace Greeley. To crown all, Senator Schurz, in explaining his position, in the evening, acknowledged that he expected no reforms from Mr. Greeley, would not predict any, and that he believed "he was surrounded by bad men."

In short, the only benefits which were mentioned as likely to result from Mr. Greeley's election were the reunion of the North and South and the defeat of General Grant, and of course this is equivalent to an admission that the whole movement has degenerated into "something to beat Grant." Mr. Schurz and some others persuade themselves that it will be more difficult to "beat Grant" or to break up the tyranny of party four years hence than now, but why this should be we do not understand. If they really believe Greeley is going to be elected, it is hard to see why they should believe that the continuance of Grant's tyranny would not keep in activity the causes which are now likely to lead to his overthrow. To those gentlemen —and there are a few—who declare that in four years more of Grant the Republic will have ceased to exist, the only proper reply, if they are in earnest, is a recommendation to take good medical advice and to avoid excitement and animal food.

If General Grant is re-elected, the professed reformers will not be responsible for him. He is not their man. They will have protested and fought against him, and have made an honest effort to provide something in his place. If Mr. Greeley is elected, however, through the support of the originators of the Cincinnati movement, they *will* be responsible for him. He ought not to be their man, but they have made him their man. To present him to the world as a candidate with whom they are, after all their preaching, satisfied, is surely not respectful to an intelligent community. More than this, it is not safe. Should Mr. Greeley prove the kind of President which all ordinary modes of judging human character lead us to expect he will prove, it will be difficult for any of them to ask the public to trust them again.

The hopes which they permit themselves to entertain, and which they are proclaiming through the country, of the good results of the political confusion that will follow from Mr. Greeley's election, one can hardly help regarding as the result of a species of frenzy. They have no warrant in the political experience of any free community. They ask us to believe that a man who has been all his life singularly crotchety, fickle, and easily deceived, will change his ways at the ripe age of sixty-two; that the evil influences which forced his nomination on them against their better judgment, and to their great sorrow and dismay, will, before 1876, have totally disappeared and left a clear field for the saints; that "the bad men" who now surround Mr. Greeley and manage him will leave politics and confine themselves to agriculture and the printing of tracts; and that after having had firm hold of the patronage of the Government for four years, they will, unlike Grant's men, allow the Schurzes, Whites, and Bowleses to step in at any moment and "purify" in every direction. What can a rational man say of expectations like these? We believe the well-recognized distinction between demagogues and reformers consists in this: that the reformer never proposes to overturn anything without producing a well-considered substitute for it, while the demagogue is always prepared to overturn without being able to state, and generally without caring, what will take the place of the thing he destroys. He makes confusion first and leaves the rest to chance. Is there not an unpleasant resemblance to the demagogue's procedure in the plans of some of our Greeleyite friends? Is not their theory the very one with which the mob of rioters in this city started out in 1863 to demolish the Provost-marshal's office?

ELOCUTION.

We are on the eve of an outpouring of oratory such as has probably never been witnessed in the history of any people. There have been Presidential canvasses enough before now; but then there never were so many voters to talk to in the United States as there are to-day, and there has been added to the constituency, since the last Presidential election, a body of persons technically known as "the colored vote," whose capacity for listening to oratory is not surpassed, if equalled, by any people in the world. Moreover, the absence from the contest of any principle—the fact that it turns almost wholly on the comparative merits of two candidates, of whom their respective supporters are half ashamed and would fain be rid—is likely to swell the flow of language beyond all previous dimensions. The defects of Grant and the defects of Greeley can in no way be so well covered up as under a cloud of words, and as neither side has any policy to set forth beyond the total overthrow of the other side, and the relegation of its chief to guilty and conscience-stricken obscurity, speakers will practically have space itself—the measureless past and measureless future—to range over and peer into. What a vast field has been opened to ambitious and energetic orators may be inferred from Mr. Sumner's speech, by which the fray may be said to have been opened. If it be just matter of reproach against Grant that he has disregarded the example of Tancred and Louis X. of France, and that the commencement of the practice of nepotism by the Pope of Rome, just "twenty years before the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus," failed to impress him with the peculiar impropriety of reviving it in the very continent which Columbus brought to light, how many other illustrations of his depravity and blindness does history not contain! And then when we think of the voluminousness of Greeley's record, the number of subjects with which the great man has dealt after his fashion, the number of men of all sorts whom he has helped or hindered, the number of his errors and shortcomings already made known or ready to be made known, we must feel that it would take the tongues of angels to stump this continent adequately during the next three months.

The college commencements, too, which take place at this time of the year, produce a flood of oratory of their own at which the old stagers who are having their "engagements" dealt out to them by the astute "managers," who are just now "moulding public opinion" in so many "headquarters" all over the country, smile disdainfully. Hundreds of young men during the present and coming month deliver speeches of greater or less merit, under greater or less difficulties of temperament and training, and go out into the great world to deliver thousands of speeches, and thousands of sermons more, to warn their fellow-citizens during the next forty years against coming Greeleys, or to kindle their enthusiasm for the Better Life or the Good Estate. So that the subject of oratory, which occupies much of the attention of instructors of youth during the month of June in every year, occupies the mind of the whole community in a somewhat painful manner this year. Some, who are tired of speech-making, have only one wish with regard to oratory, and that is, that it may speedily and for ever disappear from the list of humane arts. Others, and they are the vast majority, who believe that it meets one of the needs of human nature, and must always play a prominent part in the government of free states, enquire daily, as they writhe or doze under torrents of rant or commonplace, delivered by madmen or clowns, whether early instruction could not do more to make the public speaker a more natural or more pleasing being. The subject of teaching elocution has consequently of late years furnished matter of much excited debate in various colleges, and revealed a great deal of diversity of sentiment. The controversy has been stimulated by those admirable lectures—in some respects unrivalled lectures—which Henry Ward Beecher has been delivering to the theological students at Yale College, and in which he has taken the strongest ground in favor of early and careful instruction in elocution—that is, in the management of the voice and body in public speaking.

The opponents of elocution, and its advocates, as a part of the educational curriculum, do not, however, we make bold to say, approach the subject from the same point of view, and are therefore likely to fight on interminably without reaching any satisfactory conclusion. Those who live in the world and occupy themselves with the affairs of daily life, who see what takes place in the public meeting, at the bar, and in the pulpit, or, in other words, who watch the working of the agencies by which public opinion is shaped and the current of affairs directed, are deeply and often painfully impressed, and well they may be, by the extent to which what are called "educated men" and "thoughtful men" neglect, and even despise, the arts by which influence over the popular mind is won and retained. The press has either slipped out of their hands or has not been taken hold of by them, and the stump has gone all but completely into the control of demagogues and charlatans, or of well-meaning but foolish and slenderly furnished persons, whose sense of the right is apt to make the right contemptible. Nevertheless, there are many examples, both in the pulpit and on the stump, or, to speak more respectfully, on the "rostrum," of the enormous advantages which a really well-trained orator with a well-stocked mind still possesses, even in the rudest contests of the forum; plenty of illustrations of what might be done, by men who to silver tongues and graceful gesture added conscience and knowledge, to stem the tide of ignorance and folly, and to strengthen the supremacy over our affairs of "the sober second thought" which has already arrested our steps on the brink of so many precipices.

On the other hand, those who are charged with the duty, as teachers are, of making boys into sober, thoughtful, conscientious men—of instilling in them the love of truth, the love of thoroughness, hatred of shams, pretences, deceptions—of building up, in short, in the youth of the country that force called *character*, without which neither eloquence, nor valor, nor wealth, nor resources can save the state—are insensibly but almost unavoidably driven into so shaping their instruction as to fortify their pupils against what they conceive to be the bad tendencies of the time. Now, one of the strongest tendencies of the time impels every young man almost irresistibly towards becoming an orator. Public opinion, too, does not exact of him that he shall be an orator in any high sense of the word. It gives the rewards of oratory almost as readily to a Sickles or a Cochrane as to a Schurz or a Curtis, and it does not require of an orator that he should think, but that he should talk. In other words, there is the same strong temptation pressing in young men to mount the stump without caring what they say, as there is to go to the bar without knowing any law.

It is hardly to be wondered at that, in the presence of these strong temptations which society offers to a young man to talk without thinking, it should go hard with many instructors of youth to do anything for the glorification or embellishment of talk apart from thinking; and there are probably not many instructors of youth who ever forget that the ages of political and social and literary decline have been precisely those in which the manner of saying things has been most sedulously cultivated. There is no logical or necessary connection between shallowness and folly and rhetorical finish; but it is not wonderful that some thoughtful men should fancy that there is, and act accordingly.

THE PROCESS OF RECOVERY AT THE SOUTH.

CHARLESTON, S. C., May, 1872.

I HAVE just returned from a visit to the largest rice plantation in this State, if not in the entire South, and a description of what I saw may help to give your readers some idea of the struggle with hard fortune in which many of the old planters are now engaged.

Leaving Charleston on one of the mornings of the past week, I was ferried across the Ashley River by a steamboat which, since the war, has served to connect the terminus of the Savannah and Charleston Railroad with Charleston proper. A ride of thirty-nine miles by rail to the station, and six miles further by carriage into the heart of the forest, brought me to the end of my journey—to the house of Mr. B., built on a "pine-barren" elevation in the midst of a tract of rich alluvial bottoms. This is the general character of that portion of South Carolina known as the "Low Country" district, and in which rice is grown as the chief product. The finer grades of cotton have a limited space for cultivation allotted them, but rice is the staple production, and hundreds of thousands of bushels yearly are exported to all parts of the world.

The entire South cannot show a tract of land more richly endowed by nature than this same "Low Country" region. I doubt whether any portion of the United States can surpass it. The luxuriant foliage of the forests is simply grand. Great numbers of live oaks, with long streamers of the gray moss peculiar to a damp, salt atmosphere, and waving gracefully to and fro in the breeze, form a striking contrast with the bright green of numberless varieties of trees. These forests stretch for miles upon miles over a wide extent of territory, only broken at long intervals by clearings around some wretched negro hut, built of rough logs and chinked with clay. Along the banks of rivers and creeks, where the land lies sufficiently low to be flooded at high tide, the swamps have been made to produce some of the finest rice in the market. Fish of fine quality, and in great abundance, dispute with the alligators for possession of the streams, while game of every description, from bear and deer down a long list, not only exist, but are found in the greatest abundance. Under the old régime, these lands were counted among the richest possessions of the wealthiest planters in the State, and the titles of their owners could be traced back to royal grant. Here almost princely style was kept up by the planters, and they probably enjoyed as many of the comforts and luxuries of life as ordinarily fall to the lot of mortals. Now, however, no portion of the South, with perhaps the exception of the line of Sherman's march to the sea, shows more plainly the desolating influences of war. With but a single exception, not one of the fine old residences—many of them erected in colonial times—no building of any kind or description, unless the negro huts can be called such, remained standing at the close of the war in this whole district; and a very considerable portion of it is still *in statu quo*. It may seem strange, perhaps, that with such natural advantages there should be no greater progress made during these seven years. But this can scarcely be wondered at when the difficulties in the way are properly apprehended.

For a considerable time after the close of the war, there was not a single white man in the whole district now supposed to be represented in Congress by R. C. De Large, and it was a matter of life and death for one to make his appearance, so excited had the negroes become under the influence of their leagues. Mr. B. was the first white man to venture among them, and time and again his life has hung upon the slightest thread. On one occasion he was shot at as he stood in his yard at night, and, by the mistake of the assassin, one of his negro foremen standing beside him was killed in his stead. Nor have capitalists felt disposed to place money where the principal could only lie idle or the interest be eaten up by taxes. But more than this, the deadly fever lurking in the shades of this wonderfully luxuriant vegetation during the warm months has ever been a serious drawback to the full development of this portion of the State, and it now deters not only strangers but even the oldest inhabitant from attempting to inaugurate a new order of things. Wherever there is rice cultivation, these malarial influences are attendant. It is true that the planters resided on their plantations in the winter, but the first or tenth of May found them rapidly moving away to other portions of the State, or to watering-places at the North, there to remain until a heavy frost assured their safe return. This low country fever, formerly supposed to be fatal, can now be broken in its force by proper medical treatment when applied in time; but the poison remains in the system to such an extent that nothing short of an absence of a year or more will suffice to eradicate the seeds of disease. The danger of contracting the fever is limited to the time the dew remains upon the ground, and so, by having summer-houses in the higher and more healthy spots known as "pine barrens," by remaining within doors from the time the dew commences to fall until it has wholly disappeared under the heat of the morning sun, and by a plentiful use of quinine, the white overseers manage to get through the time "between frosts"—a period of four or five months. A single violation of such precautions may bring the penalty. With considerable truth they may say with the Psalmist, "In the midst of life we are in death." But it often happens that these "pine barrens" are by no means within reasonable or convenient distances, and overseers are forced to spend a very considerable portion of each day upon horseback in going to and fro between their homes and the plantation. Mr. B.'s overseers, six in number, ride from fourteen to twenty miles every morning after the sun is up, and back again the same distance in the evening before the sun goes down. But the most curious part of the thing is that what is destruction to the white man has not the slightest effect upon the negro. A case of fever among the low-country negroes is never known. How it would affect those from the up-country has never yet, I believe, been fully ascertained, although the better opinion seems to be that while not possessing an entire immunity, they still would not be so severely affected by it as the white man. The causes for this strange exemption from disease so disastrous in its consequences to those belonging to the Caucasian race, and some means of communicating this very desirable virtue to the latter, may yet prove worthy the successful attention of a second Jenner. Notwithstanding all the difficulties in the way of rice cultivation, a number have tried it since the war, and, among them, several Northern men; but the obstacles in the way, especially the very formidable one of labor, have, in many cases, proved too much to be overcome. It must be remembered, also, that aside from all the difficulties incident to the general development of agricultural resources at the South in the culture of cotton, corn, etc., there are some peculiar to rice-planting. Cotton or corn fields suffer little, or perhaps even gain, from an entire abandonment. Not so with a rice-field. The mere disuse of the land for a single season entails positive loss, and the longer the time, the greater is the loss.

It is hard to realize this without previously understanding how great is the labor and care necessary to make a successful crop. Rice lands, as I have said, are original swamps reclaimed from the water. They must be banked in and divided into trunks and sections, so that they may be flooded or drained as the necessities of the crops demand. The water must now be put on and again drawn off, and often, in the case of fields lying side by side, one must be under water and another be perfectly dry. The exact times when these alternate conditions must be complied with require the exercise of the greatest care and nicest discrimination. The whole system of banks, trunks, ditches, and flood-gates is exceedingly expensive as well as complex. An insignificant break in a bank or leak in a flood-gate may in a single night cause the loss of a year's patient industry, and so important is it that such accidents should be guarded against, that "trunk-minders" are appointed, whose sole duty it is to watch night and day alongside the banks and flood-gates. Especial care, too, must be taken lest the fields be flooded with *salt* water. In times of prolonged drouth the salt of the ocean impregnates the river water at distances from the sea which seem almost incredible, and one application of such water will suffice to destroy the crop.

From what I have said, it may be readily seen how disastrous must be such entire neglect of these lands as occurred just previous to and immediately following upon the close of the war. Mr. B. assured me that he always calculated upon losing the crops of the first two years upon these lands while in the process of regeneration. He pointed out *one* flood-gate just completed which had cost one thousand dollars. And there are dozens —I might say hundreds—such scattered over his land, 50,000 acres in extent. Just consider this. The land which he thus controls either in his own right or by lease was formerly divided into *nine* plantations. The negroes living on these plantations and now dependent upon Mr. B. for their daily bread are over 2,000 in number. He employs six white overseers, and under the latter are thirty or forty negro foremen. His mules are reckoned by hundreds. His expenses, at a rough but moderate estimate, are in the neighborhood of $125,000 yearly—$20,000 alone go to pay the rental of some of his land which he has leased for terms of three or five years. While I was with him he was having a little "meadow-lot" of 1,000 acres fenced in as a cattle-range. And yet the war left him literally without a cent in the world, and nothing but a combination of courage, tact, energy, and perseverance could have given him his present success. All that he has done has been accomplished solely by the aid of borrowed capital, upon a portion of which he paid thirty-six per cent. interest, and from that down to twelve. And after all this, his first three crops were failures, and a debt of a hundred thousand dollars a natural result. But he has struggled and fought his way, until to-day—seven years from the commencement of his efforts—he is in a fair way to realize a well-deserved success.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC FIELD-DAY.

LONDON, April, 1872.

A MOST interesting institution as an illustration of English æsthetic culture, and a delightful one to have made the acquaintance of, is the Amateur Photographic Field Club, in whose company I passed a day of last week amongst the first spring leaves and delicious sensations of one of the loveliest spring openings I ever remember in England. The club on whose privacy this letter may possibly intrude, but I hope not offensively, is composed of gentlemen devoted to photography as an art of recreation as well as æsthetic culture, and the sole end of its organization is to meet one day in each summer month at some selected locality where English nature is in a lovable mood, and, after spending the day in picturesque quest, to rendezvous late in the day at the inn of the locality, and talk over the hunt and what it had developed, and whatever else the news of the day suggested. In saying that it includes the best of the English amateurs, I say that it includes the most expert and artistic landscape photographers living, in spite of all professional competition—a proof the more, if one were needed, of the value of general culture; and when I add that the photographic enthusiasm is a most complete solvent, excitant, and developer, any one initiated will comprehend all I mean, which is all that could be said of club intercourse.

The locality of the day was Esher, a quiet Surrey village on the Mole, an equally quiet, willow-guarded stream, such as in England, *faute de mieux*, carry the title of rivers; a level country, fertile for the most part, and with an enormous common. The member for the day under whose guidance the meeting is conducted, Mr. H., was of our squad, and, on arriving at The Bear, the inn of the rendezvous, we found that two or three others had arrived by previous trains, and we entered our names for the benefit of those who should come by later instalments, and set off for the common.

The ordinary equipment of the clubbist is a small, portable camera, with an indefinite number of slides for dry plates—generally for half-a-dozen—a folding tripod stand (which serves at need as staff), focussing cloth, and a lens of the construction which the peculiar quest of the amateur suggests. If he is after architecture, he carries a Ross or Dallmeyer rectilinear; if for landscape and picturesque subject, a landscape lens of almost any make, but I find Grubb's generally preferred. With all this the load is less than ten pounds for the sizes generally preferred by amateurs, and the results I find are as satisfactory as if more ambitious and cumbersome apparatus were employed. Of the squad of five who took the road to the common under H.'s lead, three were provided with this description of fabrique, one with a more ponderous dry-plate apparatus, and one, H. himself, with a tent for wet collodion of his own invention, which weighed little more than our dry-plate equipment. There is *per se* a satisfactoriness in using wet collodion and finishing your picture on the spot, and the temptation to invent and have constructed mechanical appliances for this end has given rise to an infinitude of tents and dark boxes on all conceivable plans, some of which are portable in one hand, and others can only move swung on a pole between two strong carriers, and which fold in all the curious and ingenious ways which mechanism provides for. H.'s was one of the extremely portable and compressible, which means for the most part that it requires a long time and much patience to get to work with it.

The Queen has a beautiful place at Esher, Claremont (the residence of the queen of Louis Philippe during the last years of her life), and our road ran along the grounds for a mile, the ungrateful and inhospitable paling only now and then giving satisfactory glimpses of the velvety turf of the park glades, the broad shadows of the great oaks spreading over it with the faint and gauze-like quality of the unleaved tree-shadow; but the ugly Greco-English villa, with that most preposterous of all dwelling architectural features, the Grecian portico, overshadowing the windows beneath it, was conspicuous at every turn of the road. It does seem as if every architectural sin to which the fertile Eden apple-seeds had given causation, ever so indirect, have come to their most perfect development under the art culture of England. Nowhere in the world does one meet such architectural monstrosities as here.

The day was, for our purposes, perfect: only occasional breaths of wind stirred the tree-tops, not a cloud in the sky all day long; and we tramped through the dust of the Queen's highway, like so many respectable jewelry pedlars, down the turnings past the park until we debouched on the common, where H. declared it to be his intention to "have a shot" at some Scotch firs, of which groups stood here and there towering above the thickets of furze. Those of my readers who don't know what Scotch firs are may be told that they are excessively like our pitch-pine, only more irregular and slightly more picturesque, so that H.'s fondness for the firs seemed to us like settling down to the first tolerable subject to be rid of his load. The rest of us, therefore, after a half-hour spent in reconnoitring dispersedly in the immediate neighborhood of the firs, finding no subject worth the using of our limited dry plates, left H. to his humid recreation and plunged into the wooded plain beyond. It was too much, for a mile or so, like one of our pine barrens with an occasional boggy spot, to be studied as English landscape, and we, without guide or direction, began to think that Esher was a mistake. Presently, however, we struck another high-road, and, turning back toward the village, we came upon one of those wide views of garden country, fertile farms, fields of springing corn, and wide pastures, with here and there white cottage-walls seen amongst the trees, and glimpses of the Mole, almost flush with its banks—one of those not pictorial but lovely and memorable phases of nature which scarcely any even of our widest and longest cultivated valleys can show—so superbly stocked with the wide-spreading meadow elms, so rich and green as to its surface, miles and miles of almost prairie level melting away in the gray mist and bloom of an English distance! We happened, on the very edge of the common, on a cottage fenced in with ditch and hedge, just such as doubtless have been the farm-laborers' habitations for centuries, identical as to thatch and wall and door—this little enclosure itself, perhaps, reclaimed from the common, generations ago, who knows?—with wall-flowers in the borders, a lumbering shed, like the cottage, densely thatched; al*l* in a certain haphazard keeping and the perfection of the picturesque. How we all rushed at it, swarmed over the tiny garden to find points of view, and rejoiced in the uncomfortable little den! To us the fever-breeding thatch a foot deep in malarious humidity was a godsend, and I don't think one of us wished the poor farmer a more healthful dwelling, as with cheerful, even hilarious, interest he gave his consent to our planting our cameras where we best liked, and wondered what human interest there could be in such *œconomia* while the Queen's grand villa was so near. I took my place near the bee-hives, down in the uttermost corner, focussed, uncovered my plates, and sat down in the shade of the hedge to muse.

The charm of any plate working is that you are never in a hurry. If clouds intervene, if unwished for or pertinacious curiosity insists on finding out what you are taking, or if even, as often happens, impertinent vanity insists on being photographed malgré the photographer, you have only to put the cap on your lens again and wait till the cloud or the vulgarity or the impertinence has melted away, and then uncover, and the operation goes on again. And so we took the cottage. A far-off glimpse of another and larger—a farm-house with towering hay-ricks and doubtful suggestions of palings and moat, white, foamy trees in blossom—lured us on a mile further: prosperous agriculture; divers children with red cheeks and white blouses climbing up the palings, photographic obtrusions with their bashful flitting, opening and shutting the wicket, hanging on it as it swung to and fro, and then cutting away as they saw that we noticed them; a solitary duck going in obstructed gyrations in the weedy water of what we at first took to be a moat, but found was only a huge puddle—stagnant, and filled with dwarfish aquatic plants, another delightful fever-nest put there to make reflections and the parish doctor's bill.

I thought, as we planted our cameras, of the square and painful dry-goods boxes with green doors and window-blinds which we in New England find comfortable, and how my photographic friends would be shocked with all the accumulated angularities and unendurable proprieties—perhaps as much as a town councilman or supervisor at home would be horrified at that undrained marsh and that miasm-feeding thatch. One sees that every cloud not only has a silver lining, but that either side may be the silver one to somebody. We went our way to the rendezvous chuckling over the unfortunate clubbists who had not been happy enough to find so much human discomfort; stopped two or three times by the way to "pot" some other little bits; wound up with the village green, where the half-holiday was being knocked into cricket-balls, and the old church where the hideous paling shut one into such close quarters that Dallmeyer's widest angle rectilinear hardly served to bring the church all on one plate. By that time the hour of dinner had arrived and the appetite, and we dropped in by ones and twos until we were ten, with our ham and eggs, chops, village bread and butter, with huge tankards of foaming ale or tea, *au choix;* and, the first quenching of the thirst over and the sharp edge of hunger dulled, we followed the law of clubs and talked. One had been as far as Walton with reverent quest of the souvenirs of the regicides, and three had been down by "Wolsey's tower," a most apocryphal antiquity of most unquestionable hideousness, which stands in a lonely stretch of park-land amidst aged oaks and elms overlooking the mall, but which our antiquarian members cameraed for its name. I doubt if it had seen a hundred years. It looked to me like the fantasy of a retired parvenu who had died when the battlements were on, no one since caring to put in the doors and windows. It certainly was of perpendicular gothic, but it was not only in Henry VIII.'s time that they abused that style. However, there were, I feel confident, some good negatives made of a bad subject on that field-day.

We took the last train back to London, after one of the most interesting days I have ever passed in rural England. In the course of a few days the secretary will call us together to compare notes and negatives, each member being obliged to furnish a certain number of prints annually to the portfolio.

W. J. STILLMAN.

THE PRUSSIANIZED FRENCH ARMY.

PARIS, June 4, 1872.

I CANNOT imagine a more profound social revolution than that which is involved in the new French military law. It is something more than a political law; it touches all the relations of life; it will, for good or for evil, completely alter the whole organization of France. It is certainly worth notice that France, though it now hates Germany with a bitter hatred, is adopting the German ideal of an armed nation. We are doing, after Sedan and Metz, what the Prussians did after Jena. I have been several times to Versailles to attend the discussion of the law in question, and have found myself not far from Baron Arnim, the envoy of the Emperor of Germany. I could not help looking at him with great curiosity. His is a name which a few years, and I may almost say a few months, ago would have evoked in the mind of a cultivated Frenchman only feelings of sympathy; yet I observed him with sadness, and I wondered what could be his sentiments while he was proudly and disdainfully looking at a French Assembly engaged in the difficult work which his ancestors and the friends of his ancestors had successfully accomplished in their own time. The efforts of the German liberals and of the German patriots had a central idea—the constitution of Germany. In the darkest days which followed Jena there was some hope left for Germany; the kings, emperors, and dukes were all the vassals of Napoleon, but the nation did not accept the odious bond of slavery, and its own conscience promised to it a brighter future. France has been humbled, not only in the person of its rulers, but as a nation, and its political divisions are so profound that they occupy its attention and its time more than the desire of national regeneration. There was joy in Paris after the capitulation of Sedan among a large class of people, because this national misfortune was felt to be the end of the Empire. I remember hearing the sad news at Brussels, where I was anxiously waiting. A young and enthusiastic republican came to my hotel, and said, almost with exultation, "The French army has capitulated at Sedan; the Emperor is a prisoner." "Yes," said I to him, "but Alsace is lost." I saw at one glance the whole future, and I measured in an instant the consequences of such a momentous event. After her disaster of Jena, Prussia was even more humbled than France, but the revolutionary feeling did not become a secret ally of the oppressor. The whole country instinctively was drawn to its old dynasty, to its military aristocracy; the professors, the intellectual teachers of the country, did not separate the cause of Prussia from the cause of the Prussian monarchy; all minds were united by a secret bond. What makes me more distrustful of the future of France is the terrible antagonism of the international revolutionary spirit and the old national tradition. The men who made war against the Germans after the 4th of September were the very men who had advocated the cause of Prussia at the time of Sadowa, not for any love for Bismarck, but because at that time they considered Austria as the representative of reaction. They are now supporting the cause of King Amadeus in Spain, not because they love kings, but because Amadeus takes the place which might have been occupied by the Duke of Montpensier, who is an Orleans prince. They are completely one-sided; they cannot look at any question except in its relation to their own republican interest. They belong to the school of internationalism, which is not founded on principles, but merely on convenience. They would be the allies of despotism if despotism could serve their projects.

The *mot d'ordre* in the Republican party is now the military regeneration of France by means of the compulsory service. We are going to make an army on the Prussian system, with *Einjährige*—with a term of service of four years for some, of one year for others; the Republicans advocate the same term of three years for all, but the Government did not dare to make such a sweeping reform at once. The men of the same levy will be divided into two classes, the one-year class and the four-year class; and the Government would even be favorable to the free substitution of one-year men for four-year men. General Chanzy, who is one of the framers of the bill, said in my presence that he considered it an impossibility to bring at first all the young Frenchmen under the yoke of the three years' service; but this three years' service is the present ideal, and it is hoped that it will be obtained by degrees. The system now proposed supposes the existence of permanent *cadres* of 140,000 men, and of a permanent force, obtained by levies, of 418,000 men, with the power of *tripling* this number in time of war. These numbers have been almost literally copied from the German rolls. The Chambers in Germany accept this permanent force of 418,000 men as a necessity (one man in a hundred of the population), and the financial arrangements of Prussia with the confederate states are based on this. This number is a minimum, which is above discussion; the war-budget is not open to criticism as long as it remains within this bound. This solid substratum of an army can hardly be built where there is not a sort of secret understanding between the Chambers and the Government. Will it be so in France? Will the Opposition allow the Government always to have this minimum of 418,000 men? Will the war-budget of the Republic be accepted by the Monarchists, or the war-budget of the Monarchy by the Republicans? All military laws will be vain, if the door is constantly open to a change, if nothing is permanently settled, if some numbers, some things, are not placed as it were above discussion. For the present, there is a sort of unanimity. The parties differ in the Chamber on the articles of the law, but the general features have been accepted by all parties, by the Duc d'Aumale as well as by Gambetta. Will it always be so, however? All parties have now a legitimate hope of coming to power; but will the Republicans, if the constitutional monarchy is established, leave it without reluctance the use of a permanent army of 418,000 men? If the Republic lasts, will not the Monarchists be afraid to see such a powerful and dangerous weapon in the hands of a Gambetta, of a Rabagas? The army, after all, must always reflect to a great extent the sentiments of the people. If the country is not politically disciplined, if the citizens are not law-abiding, the army will itself become revolutionary. It is not enough to make an army; if a common spirit does not move it, it will become a herd of armed men.

There are many men in Germany and in the United States who have an equal admiration for Germany and for republican institutions. But I will ask them to answer frankly this question: Do they believe that a Germany organized without royalty, without monarchical institutions, could have accomplished what Wilhelm and Bismarck have accomplished? Do they believe that the national-liberals, that all the various *Vereine* which hold their meetings across the Rhine, could have succeeded in striking those quick and terrific blows, and in turning the German army into the most powerful and perfect instrument of destruction? The art of politics is an empirical one; it deals with facts and not with theories. France has a perfect right to become republican if she chooses; but then she ought to renounce the system of large standing armies, to adopt a policy of non-intervention, and to renounce for ever her lost pretences. For Germany will not become a republic for many years to come; the spirit of the Hohenzollern will control it for a long period yet; it will be an armed nation, something more than a nation in arms. The only way to conquer a force is to oppose to it a stronger force. France is still capable of a great military effort. She has even now 150 regiments of infantry, 80 regiments of cavalry, and 30 regiments of artillery. But the army is spiritless, because the country is divided against itself. The whole future of the army as well as of the country lies in an enigma. What is to be our future? is in everybody's mouth. What will be the motive power of the country and of the army? We are forcibly reminded here of the predictions of M. Renan in his "Moral and Intellectual Reform of France." He doubts whether France can ever become thoroughly Prussianized and accept a Spartan organization which turns every man into a soldier. According to the terms of the new law every Frenchman will be in the active army from 20 to 25; in the reserve, from 25 to 30 years; in the first ban of the territorial army (this is the equivalent which has been found for the landwehr), from 30 to 35; and in the second ban, from 35 to 40 years.

The principle of the territorial or provincial corps has only been adopted for the second army, composed of the landwehrmen, not for the first. The men between twenty and thirty will still be thrown indiscriminately into all the regiments; the reasons for which are various. There is first the old prejudice arising from the belief that the national unity would be endangered by the existence of provincial regiments. It is thought that Breton regiments would not have the same spirit as regiments of Gascons, of Basques, of Provençaux, and the army has always been looked upon as the apparatus in which all the elements of the French nationality are, as it were, chemically mixed together. But this is perhaps not the strongest reason in favor of the dispersion of the conscripts in all the regiments. It must be sought in the danger which would arise from the existence of Parisian regiments and of a Parisian army. It is thought that such an army would be a permanent revolutionary force, which it would be impossible to discipline. In every French regiment you will find new men whom their comrades call the Parisians, who are generally very clever, quick-witted, but unruly, disobedient, and always ready to criticise. During the last siege of Paris, a few regiments were formed of purely Parisian elements. One of these regiments, of artillerymen, occupied the barracks of Vincennes on the 18th March. Instead of keeping the old donjon against the insurgents, it opened the doors to the Commune, and forced its colonel to flight. It is easy enough for Prussia to have a Pomeranian army, an army of Westphalia, etc. There is no city in Germany which is a country in itself. But fancy what a Parisian army would be, recruited in Paris, officered by Parisians, and located in Paris. It would, no doubt, become a danger for the state and for the rest of the French army. This is the true reason why the principle of territorialism has not been adopted for the active army, and has only been accepted for the landwehr. But the great advantage of territorialism is thus lost, which is the rapidity and cheapness of the mobilization. Our wandering regiments are now often very far from their depots, and, when the army is mobilized, all the men on furlough or in reserve must join their depot before joining their regiments. As it is, the new military law is a sort of compromise between the old French organization created by the laws of 1818 and 1832 and the Prussian system. Of necessity, the army which it will create will become a more perfect imitation of the German army. We are only taking the first step. If the country can bear such a sacrifice, we shall soon take another; if the country is too reluctant, we shall have to return to the old sytem of conscription.

Postscriptum.—In my letter on "French Protestantism," I said that the Lutherans and Calvinists meet in the Consistorium. This is a mistake. The Lutherans have only two chapels, and keep apart from the Calvinists. But the Calvinists or Reformed of all shades have a common organization. As for my other remarks on the numbers and importance of the Protestant Church, I believe myself to have been in the right, and I have nothing to change.

Correspondence.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your London correspondent, Mr. Stillman, in his letter dated May 7, remarks that "the *début* of the New York Museum on the London market has been a costly one."

Permit me to say very briefly that the Metropolitan Museum of Art has not yet been in the London market for the purchase of *any pictures whatever.* The statement of the newspapers that an agent of this Museum made several purchases for it at the Gillott sale is wholly erroneous and unfounded. No purchase was made there for the Museum, and no order whatever was sent for such purpose. Consequently, Mr. Stillman's criticism on the management of the Museum and the wisdom of its purchases has no significance except to show "what *might* have been" true, *provided* thus and thus had been done.

As these statements are injurious to the interests of the Museum, I am sure you will gladly correct them. Very respectfully,

G. P. PUTNAM, *Rec. Sec.*

NEW YORK, June 4, 1872.

⁂ If European dealers and auctioneers intend to use "the New York Museum" in this way as a lever, the trick should be exposed.

DO THE FRENCH LISTEN?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been impressed with the accurate knowledge of French manners and language shown by a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine;* but we are none of us infallible: "aliquando dormitat bonus Homerus." In a passage quoted by you he says:

> "A second example is the total absence, in French, of any word equivalent to 'listener.' It seems hardly credible that with thirty-seven millions of talkers no provision other than the cumbersome paraphrase *celui qui écoute* should have been made for auditors. The only interpretation of so odd a blank is in the supposition that each Frenchman chatters for himself, not for others; and that, not caring whether he is listened to or not, he has never recognized that he has no denomination for the person to whom he speaks. He has the verb *écouter*, but no corresponding substantive."

This is pretty merciless satire, and is assented to by the critic in the *Nation*, No. 363. Now it somewhat curiously happens that the French *have* the word *écouteur* in not unfrequent use:

> "Ecouteur, -euse, *s.* Celui ou celle qui écoute, qui cherche à pénétrer les secrets d'autrui.
>
> "Vous me savez assez alerte pour voir les gens sans qu'ils m'apperçoivent, et assez maligne pour persiffler les écouteurs.—*Jean Jacques Rousseau.*
>
> "*Fam.* Ecouteur aux portes.
>
> "*Prov.* A fol conteur, sage-écouteur."

It is most commonly employed for those who overhear what was not addressed to them, but this makes the word only the better "equivalent to listener." Yours respectfully,

L.

[We think even "L.'s" quotations show that the equivalent of *écouteur* is "eavesdropper," not "listener." "Listener" in the common sense, in which it is ordinarily used in English and in which *Blackwood* used it, means one who likes to hear talk, and remains silent and attentive when talk is going on; for this there is certainly no French equivalent. *Ecouteur* bears the same relation to it that our word "spy" bears to "looker-on," or "bystander," or "witness."—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

THE opening of the Adams Academy, in Quincy, Mass., in September next, is an event of more than ordinary interest. It is not often in this country that so historical an atmosphere surrounds any new institution. Originally endowed by President John Adams, with whom in the closing years of his life the foundation of such a school was a favorite idea, the Academy building, which has only just been erected, stands on the site of the house in which John Hancock was born, and which was subsequently owned and occupied by Josiah Quincy, jr., of Revolutionary fame, who was associated with John Adams in the famous defence of Captain Preston and the British soldiers on their trial for "the Boston massacre." Hancock's father was pastor of the First Church in Quincy, then Braintree, and the house in which he lived must have been long since demolished, as only the remains of a cellar marked the place where it stood when the ground was deeded to the town of Quincy by the second President, fifty years ago. The documents in this case, by the way, afford a curious landmark indicative of the change which has come over the system of education during the last half-century. The battle between physics and the classics had not then begun to rage, and Mr. Adams was evidently warmly attached to his "humanities." Not only did he prescribe that "a schoolmaster should be procured learned in the Greek and Latin languages," but also "if thought advisable, the Hebrew, not to make learned Hebricians, but to teach such young men as choose to learn it the Hebrew alphabet, the rudiments of the Hebrew grammar and lexicon, that in after-life they may pursue the study to what extent they please." What degree of proficiency in the latter language Prof. Dimmock, who is about to leave Williams College to take charge of the new Academy, may have, we cannot say. We imagine, however, that he will find no difficulty in acquiring all that will be called for. Meanwhile, in view of the great reputation and utility of the Phillips Academy at Exeter, it is agreeable to know that the Adams Academy, which is intended to be an institution of a similar character, is to be organized by one so competent as Prof. Dimmock, whose success as an instructor is well known among all friends of Williams College, not only throughout New England but in New York and the West.

—Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke's Shakespearian "Concordance" appears to have had the effect of stirring up another lady to link her name with that of the poet, and what the Englishwoman did for the dramas, Mrs. Horace Furness, of Philadelphia, has done for the "Poems" strictly so-called. We have before us, in a pamphlet, her very complete index to all the words in "Venus and Adonis," that portion of the Concordance having been printed first and separately, "in order that certain details which types alone can make clear may be mastered" by the compiler. We should say that the index is only too full and minute, though perhaps there is no need of our saying much on this head. Still, the bulk of the work, its cost, and the labor of the index-maker, are no doubt increased when we have the prepositions, the definite and indefinite articles, the conjunctive words, and words similarly inconspicuous, treated as if they were terms which stick in the reader's memory and for whose sake he seeks concordances. For example, take the case of the sixth line of "Venus and Adonis," to which, as it happens, the first of Mrs. Furness's references is made: "And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him." It is quite conceivable that a reader might recollect several of the expressions in this verse. He might want to know where "'gins to woo him" occurs; or whereabouts "bold-faced" is to be found, or "bold-faced suitor"; but why should the "a" be printed on his memory? Of this "a" by itself, as of any other unattached "a" in all the poems, it is probable that he would have not the least morsel of definite recollection. We can see but one good end accomplished by Mrs. Furness's plan of putting every word, no matter how insignificant, into her concordance, and that is a statistical end, and one of no importance to the reader or even to the student of the poems. Whoever will count Mrs. Furness's first page or so of references may learn that in "Venus and Adonis" the indefinite article is used one hundred and thirty-six times. As for the ill accomplished by the plan as here carried out it is not great to be sure; but there is an increase of cost and of bulk, and neither is desirable. But how very much the good of the index overbalances any fault it has, a glance makes pretty clear, and an attentive examination puts beyond peradventure.

—He that is slow to anger and ruleth his spirit, frequently saves himself from very ridiculous positions, and though all the rest of us who travel are under obligations to the British traveller for the perpetual grumbling and growling which he keeps up when in foreign parts, and by which he improves those regions as places of sojourn, there are places, and this country is pre-eminently one of them, where our friend and relative never opens his wrangling and fault-finding mouth without making out of himself an absurdity. This was well known to all Americans; but the latest illustration of it is worth attention. A very angry British gentleman wrote to the Springfield *Republican* last week in these terms. The hollow mockery of the "Yours Respectfully" is evident when one remembers that "An Englishman" was no doubt threatened with an apoplectic seizure when he took his pen in hand, and had to unbuckle his stock before he could proceed to express his indignation:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPUBLICAN:

"In your weekly of the 14th inst. you have a leader headed 'Women Suffrage in England.' You say Jack Bright, the manager of the cause, is a good fellow, but a bungling tactician and a nobody in the House. To say the least about the matter, you make two very great mistakes. Jack Bright, well known as John Bright, did not manage the cause. The same Jack Bright, instead of being a nobody in the House, wields a greater power than any other single man, not even excepting the premier himself, and the same may be said of his power out of the House. The writer of this will take the liberty of sending a few copies of the *Republican* to England for the purpose of showing how the American newspapers instruct their readers generally on Englishmen and English institutions. Yours Respectfully,

"AN ENGLISHMAN."

As the editor informs Iracundus, the fact of the matter was that the types made "Jacob" into "Jack," the average American compositor not being aware, as a general rule, that Mr. John Bright has a brother Jacob.

—Norman McLeod, D.D., is the third British man of letters who has died within a month, the others, representing Ireland and England as he Scotland, being Mr. Charles Lever, of the consular service, and Henry Lytton Earle Bulwer, Baron Dalling, a well-known diplomatist. None of them was of very high distinction in literature, though Mr. Lever was widely known and widely liked, as he deserved to be; indeed literature may almost be said to have been with each of them a secondary pursuit, religion, theology, and pastoral work having taken up most of Dr. McLeod's time, and the public service and social life having much occupied that of Mr. Lever and Lord Dalling, better known as Sir Henry Bulwer. Doctor McLeod, born in 1812, became a successful Presbyterian minister of a more liberal kind than is altogether common in his native country, and deserves mention as having done something towards ameliorating the condition of Scotch children on the Sabbath-day by giving them in "Good Words for the Young" and other publications some readable Sunday literature. He had been partly educated in Germany, and had seen something of various countries outside of Scotland, the United States among others, and may be supposed to have thus been made more liberal-minded.

—Baron Dalling will be longest known in literature by his incomplete biography of Palmerston, a statesman in whose diplomatic school he was practised, and by his "Historical Characters," a work in which he discusses with much knowledge a few public characters contemporary with him. The "Talleyrand" and the "William Cobbett" (Tauchnitz edition) we recollect best; but that they were all good, in a good kind of writing, the reader may see who will compare them with the similar work of another contemporary of Lord Dalling's, Miss Martineau. The difference is the difference between the work of a man of the world and that of an able woman—a partisan determined that the world shall be better, and clear that she knows how to make it so. The cast of Lord Dalling's mind was different from this, and a cautious, trained diplomat, latterly a little superannuated by changes rather than years, is lost in his death. He had been not undistinguished nor unserviceable. He was born in 1804, being an elder brother of the novelist, entered the diplomatic service at the age of twenty-four, when he was attached to the British embassy at Berlin, and before death reached the dignity of minister at Washington and ambassador at Constantinople.

—Mr. Lever began life as a physician, and is said to have been a good one, and to have rendered efficient service in the North of Ireland during the outbreak of the cholera in 1832. He was made by the Government the medical superintendent over a large district, including the towns of Londonderry and Coleraine, and, to reward his zeal and skill, was shortly afterwards given the post of physician to the Legation at Brussels. We may suppose, however, that his gaiety, his social disposition, his wit and tact, were almost as operative in securing him this promotion as his knowledge of medicine—a profession which he now soon abandoned for a lifetime of constant novel-making and of nearly as constant civil service abroad, his friends and friendly patrons keeping him in consulships, which he creditably administered. His first novel he began in the Legation at Brussels, and it was of a kind which he continued to write for some years, which, indeed, it may in a way be said that he continued to write all his life. Most readers, however, who laughed over "Charles O'Malley," the best known of these early stories, would deny that it had anything in common with "Lord Kilgobbin" and "Sir Brooke Fosbrooke." The discovery of the resemblance, though it may be made, requires a deeper examination than it is necessary to give these novels. The novelist had latterly grown more thoughtful than the bookmaker who strung Irish stories and jokes into "Harry Lorrequer," and the later novels, whatever the course of the story might be, were the expression of long years of watchful study of social life—or, perhaps we might better say, of certain classes of men and women who figure at once in social life and in public affairs. But no doubt we may make both assertions, for to the last, if Mr. Lever's eye was keen for a diplomat, a minister, a conspirator, it was good, too, for such humorous and naturally-marked characters as the owner of O'Shea's Barn or of Kilgobbin Castle. The rollicking fun of "Charles O'Malley," a book full of fighting, punch-drinking, singing, hard riding, had no noteworthy resemblance to the close observation, statecraftiness, elaborate wit, and reflective remark of the later novels, and the same class of readers, if we may judge, will not be found to enjoy both the late and the early. The luckier the reader who grew up with them, and had his fun out of Lorrequer's blackened face and Mickey Free's courting Consule Planco, and has been amused and entertained with the last story from Mr. Lever's pen—that in which he told his audience that he wrote it in breaking health and in broken spirits, and that he bade them good-bye. On the whole, few men of our generation have more innocently and unpretendingly given a greater amount of amusement; and this has latterly been mingled with much sensible talk and instruction, pleasantly conveyed, as befits an experienced, clever man grown old in a busy life.

—At a meeting of the Reichstag, on April 15, Dr. Prince-Smith brought forward some original notions of copyright. "Copyrights are infringed," he said, "only when the first publisher has published too small an edition or put his price too high. Now, if he leaves unworked any field which he might have cultivated by aid of a larger edition or a lower price, it is natural and proper that some other bookseller should republish his book and reap the harvest. The first publisher receives the proper reward of his want of foresight." There is no end to the extension that an ingenious mind might give to this doctrine, which is merely Proudhon's famous apothegm inverted to read "robbery is property." We have known idealists who held that property should be at the disposal of those who could make better use of it than the owner for the time being; but never one who was willing to leave the decision of that question to anybody but himself. At all events, if a liability to be plundered is rightfully added to the ordinary penalties for a lack of foresight, it is clear that publishers should not be the only class in the community to be exposed to it.

—The first volume of Mommsen's long-expected "Römisches Staatsrecht" has just appeared, and the second volume may be expected within the year. This is to form the first part of a new "Handbuch der Romischen Alterthümer," Becker's and Marquardt's having been for some time out of print. In the new work Dr. Marquardt will be responsible for the same departments a siu the old one—that is, Administration, Public Economy, Military and Religious Antiquities; these volumes will not be long delayed. It is characteristic of Mommsen's original method of handling a subject that he devotes two volumes out of his three to the subject of the magistracy, taking this as the starting point for the entire discussion. This is at first sight surprising to one who is accustomed to take up the subject historically, beginning with the patriarchal institutions of the patrician state; the author, however, prefers to treat his subject *statically,* if we may use this expression, rather than historically, giving, of course, the successive developments of the several institutions, but omitting any history of institutions as a whole. This point of view will at least be serviceable in fixing the attention of his readers primarily upon the actual facts of Republican Rome, rather than the obsolete institutions of the monarchy. That he begins with the magistracy results from the fundamental importance of the auspices in the Roman state; these were possessed by the magistrates and gave them their sanctity. The first volume treats of the magistracy as a whole, the second will treat of the several magistrates, the other institutions being reserved for the third.

—We mentioned, in the *Nation* of May 2, the approaching sale at Leipzig of the Weigel Collection of early specimens of the art of printing. From the journals of that city we learn that the prices obtained surpassed all expectation, as well they might when the British Museum competed with the principal institutions of Europe devoted to the history of art, not to speak of a number of private collectors and dealers, notably from London and Paris. On the first day a metal-engraving print on parchment (A.D. 1100–1150) was knocked down at 1,125 thalers. The second day's sale embraced block-books, playing-cards, and engravings in stipple, and among them the highest figure was reached by a unique copy of the "Ars Moriendi" (A.D. 1450), first edition, with thirteen pages of text and eleven of pictures, small folio. This brought 7,150 thalers, the British Museum purchasing. Two later editions of the same work sold for 1,200 and 1,245 thalers. Next after it came a "Biblia Pauperum," complete (A.D. 1460–1475), at 2,360 thalers. Four playing-cards of the year 1460 went for 1,800 thalers. All these prices were exceeded (speaking relatively) on the third and closing day, by that obtained for a colored print, 7 x 5 inches, representing the Virgin Mary as Queen of Heaven (A.D. 1451), and proving incontestably that Germany and not Italy had the honor of inventing engraving on copper. This beautifully-executed design fetched the "colossal" price of 3,950 thalers. Other copper-plate impressions also commanded high prices—from 2,800 thalers downward. The total product of the sales amounted to 82,000 thalers. A large part of the collection undoubtedly went abroad, but the German Museum at Nürnberg succeeded in retaining much that was valuable and unique. We may properly close this summary with a mention of the forthcoming work on "Early Typography; or, Letterpress Printing in the Fifteenth Century," by the late William Skeen, of the Ceylon Civil Service, and author of many works of profound and varied scholarship relating to the East. He had but just finished the one whose title we have here given when his death occurred, in March last,

MORE NOVELS.*

MESSRS. HOLT & WILLIAMS have chosen an excellent novel for the second number of their "Leisure-Hour Series," namely, Turgenef's "Smoke." Like all of this author's stories, it is much subtler than it may at first seem to the reader who has learned by experience that most novels are to be read simply for the pleasure of the hour we hold them in our hands, and that only too many of them are as little worthy of memory or of serious reflection as are the visions of our dreams. With Turgenef's work, the case is very different. In our opinion, he is the equal of any living novelist, or, if that estimate be disputed, he is at any rate one of the greatest, and on that account his writings demand attentive consideration. No one, let us say, should be deterred from making their acquaintance by a vague dread of the uneasiness they may find in unknown and foreign scenes. To be sure, Turgenef is a Russian—we might almost call him, in the broadest sense, a Russian of the Russians—and in all of his novels there is a great deal that will be better understood by his countrymen than by us, so very different are the conditions of life in Russia and in the United States, notwithstanding the artificial intimacy that diplomats and politicians grow eloquent about. But yet there is nothing which need discourage the reader, nothing which is not many times made up to him by the accuracy and loveliness of Turgenef's treatment of the human heart. A hasty summary of the plot of "Smoke" would rather mar the enjoyment which so largely consists in its surprises, and would give after all but a very unsatisfactory notion of the real merit of the story, which does not lie in the machinery, but in the marvellous way in which the inner-most secrets of character are revealed. This much may be said, however, that it tells of the love of a young Russian for a married woman, whom he had formerly loved, and who had loved him in the days of their early youth. The problem is further complicated by the fact that the man, Litvinof, is engaged to another girl. In the hero we see a young man of a pleasing nature, honest, modest, and sincere, in spite of the position in which he is placed. He is neither exalted as a model of manhood nor yet denounced as a disgrace to humanity. Here, as everywhere, Turgenef understands perfectly how to keep his characters in the proper perspective. The heroine, Irene, the Countess Ratmirof, is a much more complicated character. She is a fascinating woman who interests us most, however, by reason of the incongruity between what she seems to be and what she really is. She is a coquette, but no flirt—that is to say, she possesses that charm of coquetry which consists in suggestiveness, in arousing wonder and admiration, without the heart that alone can make a woman truly admirable. She is dishonest from weakness and not from wickedness; she cannot be other than she is. Julian Schmidt, in a very interesting essay on Turgenef, has spoken of the difference of the author's treatment of Irene in this novel and of heroines like Helen in "On the Eve," who hide the richness of their natures just as Irene hides the poverty of her own, and so both kinds remain a problem to the reader. This is very true, and it is of especial interest to observe the gradual way in which this complexity of Irene's character is set before us. It is not analyzed for us. We see her in different circumstances, and have to make up our minds for ourselves; and it is only later in the story that a full perception of it begins to dawn upon us.

The most touching part of this very sad novel is the account of Litvinof's relation to his betrothed, Tatiana. She is a simple-minded, transparent girl; no heroine, bedecked with every charm, to whom Irene is to serve as a rival. An admirable, although by no means exceptional, example of Turgenef's power may be seen here in the description of the interviews at Baden between her and Litvinof, racked with grief for the pain he is causing this innocent creature, but driven on by his overmastering passion for Irene, and not by that alone, for she has already placed her future in his hands. Tatiana suffers, but suffers proudly, with a generosity towards her faithless lover that redoubles his torture; she does not fully understand him, but she knows well enough that the joy has gone out of her life. We quote a shorter extract than we could wish from this scene:

> "The door of the next room opened, and Tatiana, looking pale but very calm, softly entered. She sat down by her aunt, and gently took her hand within her own.
>
> "'Sit down, Gregory Mikhailovitch,' she said to Litvinof, who was standing like a statue near the door. 'I am very glad once more to see you. I have told my aunt of my decision, our decision; she entirely approves of it. . . . Without mutual love there can be no true happiness; esteem alone is not enough' (at the word *esteem,* Litvinof involuntarily cast down his eyes), 'and it is better now to separate than to repent when it is too late. Do you not think so, aunt?'
>
> "'Without doubt,' began Capitoline Markovna, 'without doubt, Tanioucha, one who cannot appreciate you, . . . who has decided . . .'
>
> "'Aunt,' said Tatiana, cutting her short, 'remember what you promised me. You have always said to me, "Truth, Tatiana, truth and frankness before all else." Truth and frankness are not always pleasant; if they were, the exercise of them would be no credit to us.'
>
> "She tenderly kissed her aunt's white hair, then turning toward Litvinof, continued:
>
> "'We have decided to leave Baden. . . . We think it will be best for all of us.'
>
> "'When do you go?' asked Litvinof in a low tone,
>
> "He remembered that Irene had asked him the same question. Capitoline was about to answer, when Tatiana stopped her, gently pressing her hand over her cheek.
>
> "'Soon, very soon, I think.'
>
> "'Will you permit me to ask in what direction you intend to go?' continued Litvinof in the same low tone.
>
> "'First to Dresden, then to Russia . . .'
>
> "'What difference does it make to you now, Gregory Mikhailovitch?' asked Capitoline Markovna in a shrill voice.
>
> "'Aunt!' said Tatiana again.
>
> "There was a moment's silence, broken first by Litvinof.
>
> "'Tatiana Petrovna, you know how sad and painful must be my feelings. . . .'
>
> "Tatiana rose.
>
> "'Gregory Mikhailovitch,' she said, 'say no more on that subject, I beg of you, if not for your own sake, at least for mine. I have known you longer than since yesterday, and can readily understand what your feelings are. But why open those wounds afresh?' She stopped, striving to control herself, to hold back the tears which had started to her eyes; she finally succeeded, and continued: 'Why open these wounds again? . . . But time is passing. I have one more favor to ask of you. Be kind enough to mail a letter for us; it is very important, and we have not the time to go. Wait a minute, I will get it for you.'

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[*] "Smoke." A Russian Novel. By I. S. Turgenef. Translated from the Author's French Version by Wm. F. West, A.M. New York: Holt & Williams. 1872.

"Choisy. A Novel. By James P. Story." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

"My Little Lady." New York: Holt and Williams 1872.

"Wash Boltor, M.D.; or, The Life of an Orator, with his Speeches. Collected by his admiring friend, Ducdame, a Member of the Cincinnati Bar." London (for the Author): J. C. Hotten; Cincinnati; Robert Clark & Co. 1872. Pp. 274.

> . . . .
>
> "She returns with the letter. . . .
>
> "Litvinof raised his eyes. . . . It was indeed his judge that stood before him. Tatiana seemed to him to have increased in stature; her face, glorious with such beauty as he had never seen in it before, seemed as hard and cold as that of a marble statue; her simple dress fell in stiff folds like those of antique drapery; she was looking straight before her, and her cold, fixed glance seemed to come from eyes of stone. Litvinof read there his sentence; he bowed, took the letter from her hand which was outstretched toward him, and silently left the room."

The translation, in spite of occasional petty inaccuracies and roughnesses, some of which we have taken the liberty of correcting in the above extract, is commendable.

A novel that bears for its motto a quotation from "Lucile" prepares the reader for some freak of sentiment of the most advanced modern type, and that is certainly what we find in Mr. Story's "Choisy." It must be said that if a certain sort of novels grow more common, as they threaten to do, parents will have to be as eagle-eyed about what fiction, even if written in English, they admit into their house as they generally are about French novels. The plot of this story is as follows: Charley Wales, a young man with "big brown lion's eyes with baby lashes," is the son of a rich New York banker and the friend of Dick Huntley, well known for his "spotless Italian skin, blazing black eyes, and famous long moustaches, which were the envy of masculine New York." Huntley is a villain and a "runner" for gambling-houses, but yet he bears a good reputation in the world; he is a rising broker and a general favorite. One snowy evening Dick beguiles Charley to a fashionable "hell," which is described with great unction; there Charley drinks and plays freely, losing all his money, and ending the evening by what is delicately called an "irregularity" with a draft for ten thousand dollars which he has in his pocket. His father arranges the money matters, and sends his promising son abroad. He leaves behind him an amiable young woman, his cousin, and in new lands he seeks new pleasures. Our author describes these scenes of dissipation with much raciness and a lofty contempt for the meagre glances that most Americans get at these improving sides of European life. Charley falls into the hands, at Huntley's recommendation, of one Somers, a sort of King of Bohemia, and the rigs they run are set out at great length. He meets a French baroness, a *femme incomprise,* as such people, with great contempt for the intelligence of the rest of the world, call themselves. These two, the baroness and Charley, live out a French novel together; they hide in obscure corners of Switzerland, he fights the harmless duel, they make the inevitable journey to Italy—it is all complete, even to the discovery which causes him to leave her giving "a low shuddering sob and sinking senseless on the floor," while he mutters smothered oaths and laughs a clear, cold laugh. After this change in his moral nature, he meets his old love, all is forgiven, they marry. Huntley is detected in his villany by a lucky accident, exposed, and driven from the country, and so the novel ends. The baroness, by the way, becomes a confirmed gambler, and is now living, we are told, at Nice. The author, for his last words, says:

> "Stone her, if you will, ye righteous, and waken thus, as it seems your part to do, the evil that would fain sleep. Drive innocence mad by the cry of madness. Fan the spark which unnoticed would die, until you burn the world. Cry havoc, and tell us of our guilt. Torture us with anticipated punishment, until we shall forget the very name of goodness, and remember only evil."

At the risk of "burning the world," we propose to "cry havoc," and tell Mr. Story of his guilt. In the first place, if he chooses to drag his hero through the mire of America and Europe, and to show him in his wretchedness, however distasteful such a representation may be, it may yet be of use, so long as the writer is not dazzled by the meretricious tinsel of the images he calls up. The outline of many of Balzac's novels, of "La Cousine Bette," for instance, would not make an agreeable column for summer reading; but no one who has read that grim novel can forget the terrible stern morality, as impressive as that of life itself, which underlies all the immorality of the story. Thackeray's "Barry Lyndon" is no Sunday-school story hero. But those novels are not written for the ordinary innocent novel-reader, and that a novel like "Choisy" should be foisted upon him is a serious matter. The author seems to be inspired simply by a lickerish fondness of the tawdry joys he describes. He is as vain of his cheap Bohemianism as is a raw sophomore of the glory of his class. The men are as self-conscious in the splendors of their debauchery as if they were marching to execution with banners flying and trumpets playing. They console themselves under their crapulous headaches by the thought of the joys of seeing "life."

> "When Somers came in later, he found the youth stretched out in luxurious *abandon* on the sofa, encased in a crimson dressing-gown, and fairly floating in smoke. The effect by gaslight was highly dramatic.
>
> "'*Diable des Ætnas!* how you sons of freedom do smoke!' cried Somers, divesting himself of his coat, and regarding Charley with serious eyes; 'your daily portion of tobacco would shake me up, Charley, and I'm no chicken. I must look after you, you know—*vous voila gardé!*'
>
> "The speaker busied himself the while at the sideboard, which particular feature of their *ménage* he had taken good care to have a model of its kind. He got out glasses and water and a mystic *carafe,* small in size, but ominous in appearance, from which he poured a clear, greenish liquor into the two goblets, and, by gradual and regulated additions of water, transformed the whole into a milky, misty mixture that curled and wreathed itself like genii smoke."

That is the way to mix absinthe. Did the author ever read "Ouida's" novels? She is an excellent guide through the intricacies of such scenes.

If all this were for any good result, it might, in spite of its monotony, be endured; but the only moral seems to be, disgrace yourself as much as possible; it will all come right in the end. By the side of such qualities, the poorness of some of the French novels seems like a merit.

"My Little Lady," the first of Messrs. Holt & Williams's well-printed and prettily bound series of novels and poems, already alluded to, is a very readable story, far above the average of new novels. It is by an unknown author, and—judging by the knowledge with which the women are drawn, and the sentimental, sketchy weakness of the delineation of the men, as well as by the absence of any abstract observation or reasoning in what she writes—by a woman. "My Little Lady" is an appropriate title; for all of the best part, which is indeed original, is descriptive of the life of a very young girl from her fifth to her fourteenth year. In general, few novelists would be able to write anything about such a heroine that would interest readers who had mastered words of two syllables; but this volume is vastly more entertaining than many which only concern themselves more especially with the unfailing subject. The little girl is the daughter of a gambler, and naturally does not receive a conventional education; but, thanks to this independence, she has great affection for her father, and a charming ignorance of the wickedness of the world. It is in depicting this innocence that the writer achieves her greatest success. The little girl's wonderings, sufferings, emotions, are admirably represented—indeed, with a vividness that is seldom surpassed even by those who describe the familiar nursery. Winding through it there is, of course, a love story; but it is much less interesting than the account of the girl's devious career between the gambling places of Europe and the quiet convent. We recommend the story cheerfully. It gives us something which every reader will feel to be natural.

In the narrative of Wash Boltor's life it would appear to be the author's design to illustrate the career of the average American politician. The scene of action is laid in Boshville, under which designation there is but little difficulty in recognizing Cincinnati. The name of the hero might as well have been candidly spelt Bolter, for he was always found vociferous in the party which was in a position to command and bestow office. Some of Boltor's oratory goes to vindicate this erratic course. To literary polish the work has no claim. The writer is evidently familiar with the American political stump speech, and the defence of slavery he puts into one of Boltor's speeches is a model of its kind. One passage runs thus:

> "These black nomads were living in idleness, with no other mission under heaven than to kill and be killed, eat and be eaten, to be the sport of their own black princes, or a *bonne bouche* for a hungry lion or hippopotamus. In Africa they were neither useful nor ornamental; they had no arts or sciences, and in mechanical knowledge were far below a beaver or a digger-Indian. To make a long story short, the trader in his capacity of purveyor to the world, whether it be ice from the North Pole or coal from the Equator (for it generally happens that nature puts the things precisely where they are not wanted), brought, among his spices, gums, and nuts, to America, a sample of these black Aborigines. And thus these nomads, from leading an idle and useless life in a menagerie, were elevated to be co-laborers of a civilization that wears clean linen and believes in the Bible and the divine right of labor. (Applause.)"

The following little sketch gives us assurance that in some respects Cincinnati possesses features of our old New York civilization:

> "The fifteenth ward of Boshville had its fire-engine house, with the usual attendance of about fifty 'Moses,' all good with their fists, all with their mouths down at the corners, all with soap-locks, and all wearing long-toed boots, and hats resting upon the bridge of their usually broken noses. They all snarled when they spoke, all carried their hands in their pockets, and of course chewed tobacco, sneered, leered, swore, drank, and carried knives secretly."

MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

IN the *Atlantic's* concluding article about John Brown, Governor Andrew is quoted as making a remark which we dare say most of our readers have at one time or another found verified by facts of their own observation. The Governor had been invited to meet Brown, and saw at once that he was perhaps not precisely mad, but in a condition of mind decidedly abnormal: "I confess," the Governor says, "I did not know how to understand the old gentleman fully, because when I hear a man talk upon great themes, touching which I think he must have deep feeling, in a tone perfectly level, without emphasis, and without any exhibition of feeling, I am always ready to suspect that there is something wrong in the man's brain. I noticed that in conversation the old gentleman scarcely regarded other people, was entirely self-poised, self-possessed, sufficient to himself, and appeared to have no emotion of any sort, but to be entirely absorbed in an idea which preoccupied him, and seemed to put him in a position transcending an ordinary emotion and ordinary reason." Fortunately, to live in this state of tension for years together is not given to many persons; but, by moments at a time, it is probably known to most people—as in the sobering effect of great emergencies. Doubtless every railroad accident exemplifies it in several instances. In this momentary form of it, our old dramatists used it with a striking power that only the very "high tragic vein" could exhibit.

"Why Semmes of the *Alabama* was not Shot" is the first of two articles which Mr. John A. Bolles, solicitor of the Navy Department, contributes to history, and which, judging by this one, will be excellently worth having. For Semmes Mr. Bolles apparently has contempt, which, however, does not prevent his feeling something like contempt for the lawyers and statesmen who allowed themselves to talk of the Confederate cruiser as a "pirate," "buccaneer," and so on. The article is one more reminder that between 1860 and to-day we, as a people, underwent some very sharp and some very much needed lessons as to a good number of questions of national and international polity and practice, and found them hard matters to learn and to digest. Very hotly we hated "the legal mind" in those days; and it may be doubted if even yet we are quite reconciled to dismiss our passionate notions and come down to the acceptance of hard facts. Mr. Bolles's duty after Semmes was put in jail was to furnish the Navy Department with answers to a dozen or so of questions, on the affirmative settlement of which the so-called "Admiral" would have been executed. We have not here the answers to all of them, but of such answers as we have all are in Semmes's favor, while there is no indication of what was the result as to the two remaining. Mr. Bolles and his fellow-investigators had not far to go in order to learn that Semmes's ship was a true "belligerent" ship; that Semmes had a perfect right to burn captured vessels, instead of sending them into port for adjudication; that, in fact, he had no doubt learned this policy from the instructions given by our Government to Captain David Porter, Captain O. H. Perry, Captain Charles Stewart of the *Constitution*, Captain Morris of the *Congress*, Commandant Warrington of the *Peacock*, and a dozen others of our most noted sailors; that he was fully entitled to employ all the customary cheats, falsifications, and swindles of Christian warfare; that he was perfectly justified in flying the American flag, or burning a whaler that he might lure other whalers under his guns; and that "stealing chronometers" was a part of his legitimate business. Mr. Bolles has not yet reached the questions whether Semmes was guilty of cruel treatment of prisoners, and whether he was disgracefully and criminally perfidious in his conduct towards Captain Winslow of the *Kearsarge* in escaping from his captor after due surrender. To these points the August *Atlantic* will give attention, and we advise our readers to look at both articles, as a perusal of them will be useful in getting us ready for the decision of the Geneva arbitration, however that may turn out.

Mr. Parton's "Jefferson" will be a surprise to Mr. "Sunset" Cox, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Voorhees, and other gentlemen whom New England worries, and should be pondered by them and their constituents. The admiration for Massachusetts felt by Mr. Jefferson and his reforming friends, who avowed their intention to make Virginia as much like New England as possible, instead of leaving her what she was—an Old England, and a poor one at that, lost in the woods—will be a surprise to most Virginians, who, should they read this biography of a man on whom they pride themselves, will discover how intolerant, witch-hunting, persecuting, and ignorant the "Mother of Presidents" remained at a date long after the derided intolerance of the Puritans had almost wholly passed away.

"The Poet at the Breakfast Table" is continued and "The Diversions of the Echo Club" concluded, both being rather better reading than usual, and the latter containing some good criticism. Mrs. J. W. Howe, in particular, has some deserved fun made of her and the tripod, Mr. Joaquin Miller is properly rated, and Mr. Walt Whitman has more truth told about him than has latterly been falling to his lot. The critic seems to omit from his account of Mr. Whitman's poetical outfit that quality of mind which probably led Mr. Emerson to "greet him at the beginning of a great career"—a piece of criticism on an "American" poet, by the way, which ought to be satisfactory to some of our discontented poets. The quality of mind of which we speak is that intentness of pantheistic vision, that perception of the mysterious life of nature—rather that rapt contemplation of mere existence, of Being itself, whether embodied in a paving-stone, a bee, a grimy hand, a girl, a murdered man, what not—which in a greater or less degree has marked the poetry and philosophy of very many of the poets and philosophers of this century. Mr. Whitman, his education not having been properly cared for, has naturally looked upon this gift of his as being peculiarly his, and peculiarly valuable, and therefore to be used without flinching. That other men have it, and know that it is to be used within limits, and that it alone is not enough to constitute a poet, Mr. Whitman seems never to have suspected, and the result is to be seen in the generally stupid and tiresome mass of indigested, incoherent prose and poetry mingled which, with an audacity born of ignorance, he pours forth in all honesty and with an occasional happy effect. He forgets, or rather he never knew, that while "leaves of grass" are good, "beauty's rose" is, for poetical purposes, better than almost any amount of green fodder. The life of the grass, of each blade of it, is as inscrutable a mystery, in some minds as awe-striking a mystery, as the life of the soul of man. But what of it? The poet who is so stricken through and through with this truth that he cannot behave like a person endowed with discourse of reason, who fails to see that, despite all the blades of grass on a thousand hills, it is still assigned the poet as his business to be an artist—to know what to select, what to leave out, and when to leave off—is simply a poet in the rough, and of no particular value to anybody except some bedevilled transatlantic critic, who has his notions about what it is that "democracy" produces in the way of literature.

"Anecdotes of Public Men" is as readable as any of the rest of the July *Galaxy*, though the number contains several pieces that will be liked. Among the others there is a strange phantasmagoric ghost-story by Ivan Turgenef, which contains some imaginations sufficiently grisly, but perhaps less impressive than they were intended to be. Some of the picture-painting, however, is fine, and some of the satire and invective powerful and cutting. For instance, "this fable teaches," or may teach us, even in the heats of the Presidential canvass, that politics in Russia are another matter than our American politics. The vampire ghost is bearing the narrator through the air, and the two are hanging above Russian territory:

> "I had a feeling of sadness and also of indifference, almost of ennui; but not in the least because it was Russia over which we were taking our flight. No; the earth in and for itself; this flat plain that spread beneath me, the whole planet with its short-lived, helpless races, oppressed with poverty, sickness, and care, chained to a clod of dust; this rough and brittle crust, this sediment upon our planet's fiery core on which a mould is grown that we call by the high-sounding title of the vegetable world; these men-flies, a hundred times less useful than the flies themselves with their dwellings of clay and the fugitive trace of their little monotonous lives, their eternal strife against the inevitable and the immutable—how it shocked me! My heart beat heavily in my bosom; the desire to contemplate any longer these unmeaning pictures had entirely left me. Yes, it was ennui that I felt, but something sharper than ennui as well. Not once did I feel pity for my fellow-men; every other thought was swallowed up in one that I hardly dare to name; it was loathing, and the profoundest, deepest loathing of all was—for myself.
>
> "'O cease,' breathed Ellis, 'cease your thoughts, else it will be impossible for me to carry you. You are too heavy.'
>
> "'Home!' I cried to her with the tone in which I had summoned my driver once when at four o'clock in the morning I took leave of the friends at Moskow with whom I had been discussing Russia's future. 'Home!' I repeated, and closed my eyes."

"Tammuz and the Mound-Builders" we venture to call a profitable article—though we have not read it, and though we know nothing about the ancient Tyrians or about American antiquities. The author shows to his own satisfaction that the Cardiff Giant is a Phœnician figure, and the work of Adonis's worshippers, who fled across the Atlantic from before the face of Sennacherib. For other articles the *Galaxy* has two instalments of novels, more of General Custer's "Life on the Plains," and some poor poetry. "The Scientific Miscellany" is full and interesting, and the "Drift-Wood" is very good. The "Galaxy Club Room" is devoted to epigrams, old and new, and the "Nebulæ" deals largely with music as a social entertainment and with the stage; and about the latter some good remarks are made, especially under the head of the histrionic temperament in its relations to happiness and reputability. The literary criticism also is more than fairly good, though we should say that less praise of Miss Rhoda Broughton with her female variety of Guy Livingstoneism might be desirable. That authoress might very well be recommended to a certain young person of whom we have heard, for she is enough like Guy to be a welcome addition to the slate-pencil quarry and chalk quarry of British modern fiction. The young lady in question had been persuaded to read Mr. Bret Harte's "Condensed Novels," the expectation of her mentor being that when once she had seen her favorite author in his true proportions she would scoff at him and depart from him. No sooner was the travesty finished, however, than the student gets down "Sword and Gown" for a new perusal, the reading of the other brummagem having had the effect of making her "homesick for Guy."

In *Harper's* there is nothing of special moment. One illustrated article is about Rome; another short one is about the guillotine, and has some horribly suggestive pictures; another is about the recent exploration at Golgos, in Eastern Cyprus, with its Greek and Egyptian antiquities; another is a chapter or two of Anthony Trollope's "Golden Lion of Granpere"; another, by Mr. M. D. Conway, is on Mazzini, and is enthusiastic rather than instructive; Señor Emilio Castelar contributes a second paper on European Republicanism, and is very hopeful of its future. More useful, perhaps, than any of the rest of the magazine is Mr. Charles Nordhoff's third article on California, in which he gives information and advice to such as contemplate making a home in that State. Mr. Nordhoff praises Californian soil and climate in a way that ought to satisfy a pioneer of '49 himself, and appears to have plenty of evidence with which to back his view.

The July *Scribner's* has an article on the Christian Sabbath which will make good Fourth of July reading. "Go to Italy," says the patriotic editor, "to France, Spain, Ireland, to any part of Germany, Catholic or infidel, and find, if possible, any people so temperate, pure, chaste, truthful, and benevolent as the Sabbath-keeping communities of America. It cannot be done!" How many years, now, of kissing the toe of the Pope does our editor suppose will have to be done by the wicked Italian nation to balance this American ebullition of spiritual humility and admirable contriteness of heart? By what sin fell the angels? let us ask him. We for our part can at this moment think of a certain community of Americans; a community American in a singular degree; of Sabbath-keeping Americans, also; a community to whom the lager-beer saloon, the theatre, and the race-track are unfamiliar, and the Sunday-school a very familiar thing, and there lies buried among them, his tomb a place of honor, its occupant remembered with admiration, a man who was one of the most colossal thieves, one of the steadiest liars, and one of the loosest livers that have ever disgraced recent Christian civilization. Such was Mr. James Fisk, and he lies buried at Brattleboro, in rural Vermont. Under the circumstances, a little civility to our neighbors would not be amiss, and we may profitably recollect that pharisaism and self-laudation, even though we are the very best people the sun shines on, will not indeed deprive us of our glorious superiority to the publican nations, but still will make us less entirely admirable than we might be. We hardly know any country in Christendom which need be throwing stones at the glass houses of any others, and we think our contemporary would have difficulty in apportioning the exact ratio in which Americans, Austrians, Prussians, Frenchmen, Italians, Englishmen, and Scotchmen are represented in the kingdom of heaven.

"West Point" is the title of an illustrated article whose title and the name of whose author, Mr. B. J. Lossing, explain its nature; "Draxy Miller's Dowry," a nice enough love story of its kind, with more good feeling than hard sense in it, but with much natural feeling, is concluded in this third part; Mr. W. C. Wilkinson finishes his criticism of Mr. Lowell's prose, making of the criticism a poor thing; Mrs. Fanny Howell tells of woman as a smuggler, and of the female detectives employed to watch and examine their erring sisters; Mr. Warner's "Backlog Studies" go on as formerly, and furthermore contain this time a true-sounding story about a philanthropist and his moral indignation, and there are fifty or sixty other well-filled pages, some scientific, some literary, some social, and all such as the readers of *Scribner's* may properly like. As we have charged the editor with spiritual pride and, to say the least of it, with not being a publican or miserable sinner, it is no more than fair to say that the editorial department contains some agreeable writing, well thought and pleasingly expressed, and some of it bright and amusing enough to be Mr. Warner's.

The *Catholic World* very sharply reviews Mr. Austin Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors," charging upon him, in general terms and in specified instances, unfairness or ignorance or both in the treatment which he accords to Roman Catholic affairs and the assailants of Roman Catholics. The charges appear to be sufficiently sustained, though there is a somewhat unnecessary degree of heat in the case, for example, of Burnet. Burnet was no saint; but his was not a saintly time, either in the political or the religious world. We rather find an opportunity for giving a dislikable man a sound basting than avail ourselves of an opportunity to be just, when we take the standard of an honest political era, a religious-minded church, and try by it such a man as Burnet in such an age as that of William and James and Marlborough. Plenty of scope there is for objurgation here, whether we are Protestant writers or Catholic; but how well worth while it is for any of us to take off our cravats as soon as our opponent comes in view, is a question. A principal fault in Mr. Allibone's work the reviewer in the *Catholic World* does not mention, though he objects to the undue swelling of its size by the admission of absolutely useless names. It is hard to tell what names are absolutely useless; and we should be rather afraid to see any diminution of the list; but the dictionary is needlessly encumbered with platitudinarian criticisms from sources entitled to no respect. Pages of Griswold or of citations from the *North American Review* of fifty years ago are a mere infliction upon the reader. These are faults in a very useful and respectable work, but faults they are.

Other articles in the *Catholic World* are these: a review of Eastlake's "Gothic Revival"; four chapters of Mrs. Craven's story, "Fleurange"; a short sketch showing how "Miss Etheridge" became converted to the Catholic Church; a painful story, apparently true, by the author of the "House of Yorke," a writer who may be expected to do better in the future, as she shows some capacity and some aptitude; "The Duties of the Rich in Christian Society"; a review of Müller's "Chips from a German Workshop," which, we suppose, philologists with a desire to hear something of the true faith and sound doctrine may perhaps like; more about the way in which the Church has upheld the rights of woman; and more of the neat and graphic sketching of the last days before the late siege of Paris. This, it will be seen, is a table of contents reasonably well varied; but the *Catholic World* is not yet a magazine which magazine readers not Catholic in faith will much care to read; and we fancy the young Catholic readers would be held by it more certainly and in greater numbers if it were in the hands of Catholic laymen instead of father confessors. Nobody wants partridge all the time or even half the time; and a young Roman Catholic youth or maiden, albeit heaven is at hand and hell also is near, likes light food—lighter, we imagine, than the *Catholic World* purveys, though it improves in this respect.

Corals and Coral Islands. By James D. Dana, LL.D., Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in Yale College, etc. (New York: Dodd & Mead. 1872. 8vo, pp. 398.)—Every naturalist will give this book a hearty welcome. There are so few popular works concerning any branch of zoölogy which commend themselves to the student of nature, that every substantial addition to the list has a value as a new cord between the investigators and the general public. Professor Dana has been peculiarly fortunate in his subject and his opportunities. There is a poetic interest attached to reef-building polyps such as belong to no other creatures of the sea or land. The notion that people of average education have of them is usually derived from verses or sermons, where we hear the well-worn stories about the coral "insect" and its mysterious ways. This book will go far to make an end of the cheap wonderment with which the coral-building polyps have been regarded. Simple unadorned truth concerning these creatures is vastly more wonderful than the poet's picture. No phase of life gives us such elements of the picturesque. Whether we study the coral reefs as we would a bed of flowers for beauty of structure and form, or in a broader view consider the part played by them in the economy of the earth's surface, the impressions we gain are very striking. They are to the sea what the forests are to the aerial ocean. They purify it, they afford shelter for innumerable forms of life, they store up in their ruins vast quantities of materials of the highest utility to man. They build the greatest monuments of organic life. Over the Central Pacific lie, thickly scattered, the vast towers they have reared, and for a thousand miles along many shores there are ramparts which they have built against the sea. Out of the abundant stores of his own great work on corals as well as from a few other but much inferior sources, the author has gathered all the facts that are necessary for a good knowledge of the structure, habits, and general affinities of polyps. During the voyage of the Wilkes Expedition, he had for a long period constant opportunities of studying the organization and relations of these creatures. The results of his labors constitute the great memoirs on recent polyps published among the reports of that exploration. Although it was the good fortune of Mr. Darwin, his predecessor by a year or two in the exploration of the Pacific coral reefs, to give the true explanation of their formation, yet Mr. Dana fairly shares with him the honor of having developed the geological history and value of these great structures. Not the least among the author's advantages is the training in exact statement and well-ordered concentration given by his experience in the preparation of his standard text-books of mineralogy and geology. So few of our great writers of research have made successful efforts in popularizing science, or even in making it readily accessible to students, that success in this regard is no small distinction.

The first hundred pages of the volume consist of a zoölogical sketch of coral-building animals. As far as the polyps are concerned, this is sufficient for the purposes of the general reader. The account of the Hydroids, however, is rather short, as from it alone no clear idea would be got of the nature of the communities of this class, which has probably done as much work in the successive seas of the earth as the more modern polyp corals. The Bryozoans certainly deserved more notice than is taken of them in the scant two pages which they have here. There is no figure showing the soft parts, and the three representations of the solid materials of the cells imperfectly express their range of form. After an excellent résumé of all that is known concerning the laws of the distribution and rate of growth of reef-building corals, we come to the second chapter, which treats of the structure of coral reefs and islands. The phenomena of growth among them are far more complicated than in any other of the great physical features of the earth. Nothing is wanting in the description and illustrations to convey a clear idea of the existing character and history of typical forms in all the important stages of their development. The third chapter continues the study of the physical history of the reefs and islands with special reference to the causes of their features. The series of changes from fringing to barrier-reefs and then to the atol is well shown both in the text and figures. Here the author is often led away from the strictly scientific path into giving descriptions of scenery and life on those lonely islands whose world is a little circle of land, with a few dozen plants and animals, and the oceans of air and water.

The distribution of the islands and reefs is the topic next in order, and directly connected with the concluding part of the first chapter. In the fifth, there is little except a catalogue of the living reefs and islands, with some attempt to account for their absence at particular points. We should like to have seen some further discussion of the causes of the general absence of reefs in the East Indian Archipelago, as we cannot think the lack of currents there sufficient for the argument, nor can one unhesitatingly accept the suggestion that the inundations of heated waters from volcanic eruptions might have had a considerable influence in limiting reef development. We do not seem to have got to the bottom of this question of the law of their distribution, and yet this point must be settled before we can begin to think of using living corals as data for conclusions concerning the climatic conditions of ancient seas. It is doubtful, however, whether any degree of accuracy on this point would do much to justify the conclusions concerning the temperature of past times, which many naturalists venture unhesitatingly to draw from the resemblance of the animals of two widely remote periods. Professor Dana, though his statements are made with cautious reserve, apparently concludes that the existence of reef-building Astrean corals in the rocks of the Oolitic era in Europe, as far north as the parallel of 55°, is "strong evidence that the isocryme of 68° Fahr., the coral reef boundary, extended then even to that high latitude." It would be such, we submit, only on the supposition that animals of the same tribes were generally limited to the same conditions of temperature during the stages of their development in the past; but we have very many cases where the same genus has species ranging from the equator to the arctic circle, and in the higher categories of family and order the distribution is often over that range. It was once believed that the Elephas Primigenius of northern regions proved a warm climate in that region during the time of its existence; we now know that it was really better fitted for its arctic conditions by its hairy covering than any existing mammal. It seems more reasonable to suppose a certain variation in the capacity of different species within the same groups to resist heat, which is quite consonant with the known profoundly plastic nature of organic life, rather than to suppose the prodigious physical changes which would be required in order to carry the isocryme of 68° F. to within twelve degrees of the arctic circle.

The sixth chapter discusses the changes of level which have been observed in the Pacific Ocean, and the last the geological conclusions which may be derived from the study of the work done on the coral reefs. Though discussing points which have long been the property of science, these chapters abound in new suggestions of great value to the student of the past history of our earth. Space forbids that we should consider any of the many questions which there invite consideration. Professor Dana's work is characterized by an eminent fairness of tone towards all his fellow-workers in the science. It will be a matter of satisfaction to all American naturalists to find the long and careful researches of Professor Verrill and the admirable contributions of L. F. De Pourtales of the Coast Survey both given their due place in science. Through the researches of these two distinguished naturalists this country has been able to claim the first place in the recent researches into the structure and classification of polyps. The book is well indexed, and there is appended to it a table giving the recent changes in the nomenclature of the species described in the author's report in 1849, which will be exceedingly useful to the naturalist, while it will serve to afford the unscientific reader an idea of the tangle of names which grow up around any natural object that comes into the hands of the species describer. We cannot forego the opportunity to call attention to the fact that Professor Dana is one of the few men of our modern science who have achieved success in many distinct lines. Not only in the case of the polyps, where some of his earliest and best work was done, but among works on the crustacea, on the general relations of animals, on minerals, on general geology, and even on the structure of the moon, his writings are found in the front rank.

Ivan at Home; or, Pictures of Russian Life. By Herbert Barry, author of "Russia in 1870," etc. With numerous original illustrations. (London: The Publishing Company, limited. 1872. 8vo, pp. 322.)—Since the advent of freedom and liberal institutions in Russia, the mystery which used to shroud the Northern Empire is being dispelled, and of late years we have had various books to enlighten us on what is going on in that country. Most of them, however, have been of little use because of their exaggerations, either one way or the other, and because they have expressed rather what the authors thought than what they knew of the state of things in Russia. Mr. Barry, in his previous work, "Russia in 1870," endeavored to relate facts and to describe what was actually taking place, and, as he brought much conscientiousness to the task, he produced a very fair picture. His success led him to a second venture, in which we think he has hardly done himself or his subject justice. "Ivan at Home" takes too superficial a view of the present life in Russia, to understand which aright much knowledge and experience are necessary; but its sketches of life in a Russian manufacturing village, which is a different thing from life in the agricultural districts, are pleasant and interesting.

There is much agreeable talk in the book about the customs and superstitions of the peasantry, their behavior at weddings and funerals, their religious observances and fatalism—a fatalism which Mr. Barry represents as sometimes pushed to an extent otherwise almost incredible. All the officials and institutions of the *ancien régime* come in for a share of the author's blame, and he had as good a chance as any one in Russia to test their character and ways. Perhaps he dwells overmuch on the days that are past, never to return—the burden of nearly every writer on Russia—and has too little to say of existing institutions and their workings. We all know the faults of the old Russian proprietor and the old Russian judge, but we want now to know if the new stock is superior to the old. We fear that there is still much carelessness and shiftlessness in Russia, for a whole class does not change its character in ten years. Bribery and corruption are still prevalent, though not as formerly. No rumor has ever yet tainted the fame of the new judges, but the other officials are much the same. One will be treated politely enough in the public offices, and if he waits patiently his business is sure to be attended to in its order. Small affairs pass easily enough; it is worth no one's while to stop them. But large affairs cannot wait, for business men must nowadays be prompt, and the administrative machine must be greased to make it move faster. It is no longer the chief official who takes the money, but it is his secretary, on whose good-will it depends when the matter shall be presented to the consideration of his chief. Such an official is well described by Mr. Barry on page 181, and the portrait will be easily recognized at St. Petersburg. Corruption, however, is no greater in Russia than in America, and the use and manipulation of "rings" are just being found out; and men of business who have had dealings with every European government will tell you there is very little difference in them, except in the *modus operandi*, England and Germany bearing the palm for honesty.

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Page 22, column 2, line 11 from bottom. For "added" read "made."

Page 58, column 1, line 5. For "Bulon" read "Bülow."

Page 61, column 1. See correction on p. 74.

Page 65, column 2, line 22. For "Cook" read "King."

Page 340, column 2, line 18. For "one of the directors" read "son of the Director."

Page 375, column 2, line 42. For "library" read "literary."

Page 392, column 2, line 2 from bottom. For "Mortluc" read "Montluc."

Page 398, column 2, line 22. Omit "Sherman."

REGISTER OF BOOKS RECEIVED DURING THE HALF YEAR.

Theology, Metaphysics, and Ethics.

Abbott (Rev. L.), Laicus	(Dodd & Mead)	$1 75
Bacon (Rev. L. W.), Inside View of the Vatican Council	(Am. Tract Society)	
Bailey (Rev. T. J.), Defence of Holy Orders in the Church of England	(Pott, Young & Co.)	
Baring-Gould (Rev. S.), Legends of the Patriarchs and Prophets	(Holt & Williams)	2 00
" " "	(Macmillan & Co.)	2 00
Barnes (A.), Notes: Corinthians and Galatians	(Harper & Bros.)	
Bartol (R. C. A.), Radical Problems	(Roberts Bros.)	
Baynes (H. S.), Horæ Lucanæ	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Berean Day-Book for 1872	(Carlton & Lanahan)	
Bingham (Rev. J. F.), The Christian Marriage Ceremony	(A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)	1 50
Brooke (Rev. S. A.), Christ in Modern Life	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Chadbourne (P. A.), Instinct	(G. P. Putnam & Sons)	1 75
Christianity and Modern Thought	(James Miller)	
Collins (Dr. S.), Autobiography	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Collyer (Rev. R.), Nature and Life, A Man in Earnest, The Life that Now Is, 3 vols.	(Lee & Shepard)	4 50
Conant (T. J.), The Book of Proverbs	(Sheldon & Co.)	
Deems (Rev. C. F.), Jesus	(U. S. Pub. Co.)	
De Puy (Rev. W. H.), Three Score Years and Beyond	(Carlton & Lanahan)	
Dix (Rev. M.), Lectures on the Two Estates	(Pott, Young & Co.)	1 25
Examination of Canon Liddon's Bampton Lectures	(Little, Brown & Co.)	
Fontaine (Rev. E.), How the World was Peopled	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Gray (Rev. J. C.), Bible Lore	(Dodd & Mead)	
Haskins (Rev. S. M.), Early Confirmation and Communion	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Henry (Rev. C. S.), The Bishops' Declaration on Baptism, swd	(Pott, Young & Co.)	
Hickok (Rev. L. P.), Creator and Creation	(Lee & Shepard)	
Hinton (J.), The Mystery of Pain	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Hodge (Rev. C.), Systematic Theology, Vol. II	(Chas. Scribner & Co.)	
Hoffman (M.), The Ritual Law of the Church	(Pott, Young & Co.)	4 00
Holly (H. H.), Church Architecture	(M. H. Mallory & Co.)	
Howson (Rev. J. S.), The Metaphors of St. Paul, and Companions of St. Paul, 1 vol	(Hurd & Houghton)	1 25
Jacob (Rev. G. A.), Ecclesiastical Polity of the New Testament	(T. Whittaker)	2 50
Jamieson (Rev. R.), Commentary on the Old and New Testaments, Vols. I. and II.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Lang (Dr. H.), Leben Jesu und die Kirche der Zukunft, swd	(Berlin)	
Lange (Rev. J. P.), The Book of Joshua	(C. Scribner & Co.)	
The Books of the Kings, Part I	" "	5 00
Lay (Rev. H. C.), Studies in the Church	(Pott, Young & Co.)	1 25
Lynch (Rev. T. T.), The Moral of Accidents and other Discourses	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)	1 75
Mahan (Rev. M.), On Confession, swd	(Pott, Young & Co.)	
Manning (Rev. H. E.), Sermons on Ecclesiastical Subjects	(Cath. Pub. Society)	2 00
Maurice (Rev. F. D.), The Lord's Prayer	(Hurd & Houghton)	1 25
McCabe (Rev. L. D.), Light on the Pathway of Holiness	(Carlton & Lanahan)	
McClintock (Rev. J.) and Strong (J.), Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature, Vol. IV. H, I, J	(Harper & Bros.)	
Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the M. E. Church for 1871, swd	(Carlton & Lanahan)	
Müller (M.), Letters on the Science of Religion	(C. Scribner & Co.)	
Notes, Questions, and Answers on the Collects, bds	(Pott, Young & Co.)	0 20
Nott (Rev. E.), The Resurrection of Christ	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.)	1 50
Paine (Dr. M.), Physiology of the Soul and Instinct	(Harper & Bros.)	
Potter (Prof. N.), The Science of Nature vs. the Science of Man	(Dodd & Mead)	
Seabury (Rev. S.), Theory and Use of the Church Calendar	(Pott, Young & Co.)	2 50
Segneri (P.), Lenten Sermons, Vol. I	(Cath. Pub. Soc.)	1 50
Shairp (J. C.), Studies in Poetry and Philosophy	(Hurd & Houghton)	1 50
Smith (Rev. W. C.), Pillars in the Temple	(Carlton & Lanahan)	
Somerset (Duke of), Christian Theology and Modern Scepticism	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Spurgeon (Rev. C. H.), Sermons, 9th Series	(Sheldon & Co.)	
Tears (E. H.), The Fourth Gospel the Heart of Christ	(Noyes, Holmes & Co.)	
The Christian Mother	(M. H. Mallory & Co.)	
Townsend (Rev. L. T.), God-Man	(Lee & Shepard)	
Van Oosterzee (Rev. J. J.), The Theology of the New Testament	(Dodd & Mead)	
Washburn (F. T.), Maronier's Hand-Book of Religious Instruction, swd	(Unit. S. S. Soc.)	
Weldon (G. W.), Unity in Variety	(T. Whittaker & Co.)	1 50
Wilson (Prof. W. D.), Psychology of Thought and Action	(Andrus, McChain & Lyons)	

Poetry.

Abbey (H.), Ballads of Good Deeds, and Other Verses	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Brincklé (J. G.), Poems	(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)	
Bryant (W. C.), The Odyssey of Homer, Vol. II	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	5 00
Dorr (Mrs. J. C. R.), Poems	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Fawcett (E.), Short Poems for Short People	(F. B. Felt & Co.)	
Horne (R. H.), The Great Peace-Maker	(Sampson Low & Co.)	
Hugo (V.), L'Année Terrible, swd	(F. W. Christern)	
Johnson (C. F.), Lucretius on the Nature of Things	(De Witt C. Lent & Co.)	2 00
Leland (C. G.), Music Lesson of Confucius, and Other Poems	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	1 50
Scheffel's Gaudeamus	" "	1 50
Longfellow (H. W.), Three Books of Song	" "	2 00
Macdonald (G.), A Hidden Life, and Other Poems	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.)	1 50
Within and Without	" " "	1 50
Miller (H.), The Student's Dream, and Other Poems	(J. P. Morton & Co.)	
Morris (L.), Songs of Two Worlds	(London)	
Olrig Grange	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	1 50
Piatt (J. J.), Landmarks, and Other Poems	(Hurd & Houghton)	1 50
Pope (Mrs. M. E.), Poems	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Saint Abe and his Seven Wives	(Geo. Routledge & Son)	
Sax (J. G.), Fables and Legends of Many Countries	(J. R. Osgood & Co.)	1 50
Sieg (W. M.), Griseldis: a Drama	(Trübner & Co.)	
Stoner (P.), Robert of Woodleigh, and Other Poems	(James Miller)	
Thaxter (Celia), Poems	(Hurd & Houghton)	1 00
The Minor Poems of Homer	(A. Denham & Co.)	1 50
Venable (W. H.), June on the Miami, and Other Poems	(R. W. Carroll & Co.)	1 50

Political and Social Subjects.

Brown (W.), Thoughts on Paper Currency	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Byles (J. B.), Sophisms of Free-Trade	(H. C. Baird)	1 25
Crapsey (E.), The Nether Side of New York	(Sheldon & Co.)	
Dobbs (A. E.), General Representation, swd	(Longmans)	
Dutcher (S.), Minority or Proportional Representation	(U. S. Pub. Co.)	
Fawcett (Prof. H. and Mrs. M. G.), Essays and Lectures on Social and Political Subjects	(Macmillan & Co.)	$3 50
Fretwell (J., jr.), Volkswirthschaftliche Perspectiven in England, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)	
John (Dr. R. E.), Ueber Geschwornengerichte und Schöffengerichte, swd	(L. W. Schmidt)	
Kameke (H. F.), Die Neuen Reichs-Goldmüngen, swd	" "	
Lanman (C.), The Japanese in America	(University Pub. Co.)	1 50
Mann (C. A.), Paper Money, the Root of Evil	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
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